# A Broad Hint.

T WAS an early summer evening, too warm to walk, and just comfortable for talking. So Capt. Bill

That afternoon the captain bought four ind his brother Jack sat contentedly on the shaded bench in the captain's garden, overlooking ten miles of sea, from Sheppey cliffs to Southend. They smoked two pipes apiece over the situation in China, and two more over the decay of the mercantile marine During the fifth pipe after tea, the anclent female who "did" for the captain shuffled by with a grunt, and tolled slowly across the fields to her home in the village of Minster. The captain followed her retreating figure with a shake of his head.

"Gits more contrary every day, she do," he remarked, feelingly. "Wus an' wus!"
"Wot you want," said Brother Jack, "is a wife.

The captain relit his pipe, and looked thoughtfully at a trail of smoke struggling between sky and sea. "Lady of Lorne five minutes late," he

observed, casually. "I s'pose, now," inquired Jack persist-

ently, "you've some one in your eye?" "I won't say,' admitted Bill, "but I might 'ave."

'Keeps a baccy shop?" "You don't mean to say as people 'as been talkin'?"

"Talkin'!" repeated the brother. "Wen you gives me a couple o' pound o' baccy, orl in half-ounce bits! Wot's the need o' talkin'?"

The captain sighed as one confronted with an insoluble problem.

"You goes in," continued Jack, wagging the stem of his long clay pipe in admonition, "in the mornin' an' 'as 'aif an The captain nodded. "An' in the afternoon an' 'as another." The captain growled assent. "An' in the evenin' an' 'as one more." "Sometimes two," he said solemnly.

"That 'ere big chest wot came off the Saucy Jane is 'most full already. You'll 'ave to set up a shop yourself soon if you don't stop it." The captain refilled his pipe slowly.

"'Ow am I goin' to stop it? That's the pint." Jack smiled the superior smile of twice married wisdom.

'Harsk 'er wen she'll 'ave the chest moved up to the shop?" "S'pose she won't?"

"Then she won't. There's others." "S'pose," asked the captain as one who

puts an abstract argument, "as I was set on 'er?" "More reason to settle it."

"Ay; but not all at onst," said the captain, artfully. "I've bin leadin' up to it." 'Ow long?'

"A matter o' two year." Jack laughed scornfully. "Some men," he stated, "would 'ave

married a dozen gals in two year." "Ay," said the captain, enviously, "deseay they would. P'rhaps I might give 'er

a 'int, if I knowed 'ow." "Wy don't you send 'er somethink out of the gardin? A few flowers-

'Ain't got none; only wegetables." "Well," said Jack, "wegetables is-

"Ay, with a bit o' pork. If I 'ad a pig

"But you ain't."

"No." He sighed. "That's where it is." They smoked another couple of pipes in

"Well, mate," sald Jack, "I must be goin'. So long."

Bill watched his brother till he had gone over the hill. Then he walked indoors with an air of resolution. "Marrers an' peas," he muttered, "it shall be."

Then he brushed himself carefully, and set out with a jaunty air to the village, where the widow Riley kept a smart shop in which tobacco, sweetstuffs and penny novelettes predominated. After a few re marks upon the weather, he invested in his usual half-ounce, and repaired to the Waterloo for his usual whole pint. Then

he returned for another half-ounce. "Just for the mornin'," he explained. "Lor', captain, you don't love nothink like your smoke!" said the widow, archiy. She was a nice-looking, round-faced

widow, and she had a very pleasant "Don't you think that, Mrs. Riley," said the captain, with sudden boldness

"If I was to tell you wot I liked best you'd never believe me." "Oh, go on, captain," said the widow with a laugh. But the captain's courage

fled and took him with it. "Might 'most think," he muttered with

awesome delight, "as she knowed wot was in my mind to say!" Next morning, when the ancient Mrs.

Grummidge had gone down to the coastguards' houses for a gossip, the captain cut a couple of vegetable marrows and picked a few pecks of peas. He added a gallon of potatoes and packed them carefully in a big basket. Then he hailed daft Tommy, who was busy frightening the crows from Farmer Jackson's field. "Hi, Tom, my man!" he called. "Like to earn a pint?"

"Yus," said Tom, grinning.

"Then take this 'ere to Mrs. Riley at the shop, with my compliments, d'you see?" Tom looked doubtful.

"Who'll scare the birds?" he asked. "Oh-er-I will," said the captain. "Look sharp."

'Yus." Tom gazed lovingly at the vegetables. 'Wot be they worth?" he inquired, touching the marrows. "A matter o' ninepence," said the cap-

tain, boldly. "And t'others?" "The peas be better'n they're sellin' at

sixpence in the town," stated the captain, proudly, "an' taters, too." 'Lor'!" said crazy Tom; and off he ran

leaving the captain waving his red handkerchief wildly at the marauding crows. Tom was a long time gone and the captain found the scarecrowing rather warm work. He had an uncomfortable feeling that the occasional passersby were laughing at him, and Mrs. Grummidge told him frankly that he was "hacting like a born hijot!" He had muttered several nautical prayers to himself before

Tom returned with an empty basket. "You ain't let none on 'em settle?" he asked anxiously. Tom was an artist in

"No, no! What did she say?" "Too dear." said Tom, briefly. "An' so they all said; but"-

"What!" roared the captain. "Too dear. Did the best Oi could for Two an' thruppence the lot; an' spent my tuppence; an' 'er's the rest.' The captain grabbed the handful of coppers and rushed into his dwelling like a

"Cap'n be crazier than Oi!" said Tom with a chuckle. "An' if 'e knowed Oi

That afternoon the captain bought four half-ounces before he completed his explanation to the widow. She was so goodtempered about it that he felt he must do something. Moreover, her hand touched his for nearly two seconds when he took the first half-ounce.

"The question," he reasoned with himself, "Is wot does a woman expeck a man to .ay. If Jack 'adn't come back to Lunnon, I'd 'ave arst 'im." Then he had an inspiration. Why not ask Mrs. Grummidge?

Mrs. Grummidge was very tall, very angular, very plain, very deaf. "But," argued the captain, "she must 'ave 'ad experience in 'er time, and' I've 'eard as fashions in these things doesn't alter snuch." So he strolled out into the kitchen for a box of matches, when the widow Grummidge was washing up the tea things. The captain had been half an hour late for tea, so the good lady was not in the best of humors. On such occasions her infirmity of hearing was apt to increase.

"Hi!" he shouted in her ear, "Mrs. Grummidge!"

"I haint deaf," she replied, irritably. "Of course you hain't," he agreed, with a view of propitiation. "You hain't 'arf sharp, neither!'

"Lor', cap'n!" she said with a smirk. "I'd ike your opinion on somethink-on goin' courtin'."

"Caught wot?" "No, no; courtin'."

"Caught 'im? Who?" "Courtin' a gal," he roared. "W'en you was at sea?"

"Not a gale; a gal-a woman." dropped a plate with a crash. 'More fool you!" she said, severely. "'Ow ought I to tell 'er?" he inquired,

gnoring the protest. "Tell 'er wot ?"

"I want to marry-" "Eh?" che cried, with sudden interest.

"I-want-to-marry," he shouted. "Marry!" cried Mrs. Grummidge, with gasp. "Oh, cap'n! I never thought of a gasp. such a thing! But as it's you as harsks She flung herself upon the captain's manly breast, with one bony arm tight round his collar. She still held the wet dishcloth in her hand, and in her excitement she squeezed it so hard that a perfect torrent ran down the back of his

The rest of the scene was too painful to dwell upon. Within twenty minutes Mrs. Grummidge was richer by a couple of sovereigns and the captain was poorer by housekeeper.

"I'd write an' harsk Jack," ruminated the good man, mournfully, "but I wasn't never no 'and at writin'." Then he had another bright idea. "The very thing!" he told himself, and off he rushed to the widow's.

"Good evening, Mrs. Riley," he said. "Good evening, captain." She commenced to get out the half-ounce. "I-I didn't come for 'baccy," he said. "The fact is, Mrs. Riley, I came for-er-

advice." She laughed even more pleasantly than usual. "Fancy you comin' to me," she said, rehly. "I s'pose it's about-tobacco?" archly. "No-o," he confessed, "er-not exackly,

It-er-well, the fact is, it's about court-"Courtin'! Lor', captain! As if I knew anything about it!"

"It's like this 'ere," he explained. "A friend of mine-" He coughed deprecatingly. "A pertikler friend o' mine wants to go courtin' a lady.' "Then," said the widow, "why doesn't

"'E don't know exackly 'ow to give 'er a 'Int."

A vouthful customer appeared at this juncture and was served with an ounce of acid drops. Then the widow returned to the tobacco end of the counter.

"Are you sure she doesn't know?" she inquired. "'E-er-'asn't told 'er." The captain

mopped his brow with the red handkerchief which had put the crows to flight. "She might guess." she suggested. 'Does 'e go an' see her often?"

"'Bout four times a day,' he confessed. "W'v doesn't 'e arsk 'er right out?" "'E don't know egzakly 'ow to do it."

said the captain in a mufiled voice. "There's lots of ways," said the widow. leaning her elbows on the counter and resting her chin upon her hands, "Can't you think of a way, captain?" There was a provoking gleam in her black eyes. "Wot." he asked doubtfully, "wud be

the usual thing?" "Lor', captain, I 'aven't been through it times." She snrugged her plump shoulders.

"'E thinks a horful deat of 'er," he said, "'E might tell her that, solemnly. mightn't 'e?"

"Yes," she agreed. "Certainly 'e might." Mr. Brown, the sexton, came in and twaddled about the crops and the parson's new pony. After waiting five minutes the captain bowed and took his departure. "I'll never 'ave the 'art to say it," he muttered to himself. "I'll 'ave to give it

All next day he kept away from the village and smoked from his store. "I'll never go there no more," he vowed. "It ain't no manner of use." But in the

afternoon he went. "W'y, captain!" said Mrs. Riley, "I wondered wotever 'ad 'appened to you." "Did you, now?" he said with delight,

'did you?' "I was wantin' to ask you for somethink, too."

"Marrers?" he replied, promptly, "or "No, no!" She laughed. "Advice."

"Ay!" His knees trembled, and he looked round for the shop chair. "It's gone-to be mended," she told him. with a suppressed smile. "Won't you

come inside, captain?" "You're werry kind, ma'am," he said, nervously. She lifted the counter flap, and he followed her into the cosy little parlor. He felt, he told Brother Jack afterward, as if he was riding on a lee

in a gale, with a weak bow anchor. "Anybody could be werry comferable 'ere," he remarked, when he had sat for a minute or two en the sofa. "If they got on with me," suggested the

widow. "Nobody couldn't 'elp that," stated the captain, with conviction. "I don't believe you wasn't never out of temper in your

life." "Nonsense, captain!" She sat down on the other end of the sofa. "I'm out of temper now."

"Ah!" said her admirer, uneastly "It's about a friend of mine, an' a ger-

said the captain, feroclously. "Wot's 'e

bin an' done?" "'E don't do nothink," said Mrs. Riley, "only 'angs about. That's w'ere it is," The captain dropped his cap suddenly and

picked it up again. ''Asn't 'e given 'er no 'ints?" he de-

"It depends on what you call 'ints." "Sent her marrers, say, an' suchlike?"
"Ye-es," she admitted. "I believe 'e

"Come to see 'er reg'lar?" "Sev'ral times a day; but still"- She shook her head over unnamed deficien-

"Maybe," said the captain, tremulously. 'e'd like to make 'isself a bit clearer, if e knowed 'er mind." 'Ow,' said she, innocently, "is 'e to

know if 'e won't arek 'er?" "Couldn't she give 'im a 'int?" "Not." the widow said, calmy, "unless

she was quite certain that 'e wanted "She might reckon on that," assented he captain, with unmistakable emotion. Mrs. Riley studied the floorcloth intently. Then her gaze wandered up the opposite wall until it rested upon a bright colored calendar, with a picture at the top, professing to represent the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." As Romeo

Juliet's neck. "That is a-very pretty picture," said the widow, with a becoming blush. The captain dropped his cap again and edged along the sofa.

had only the tip of one toe upon the lad-

der, there were obvious reasons why he

should put his arms round the almanac

"Mrs. Riley," he said, "if you was on balcony, an' I was on a ladder"-"No, you wouldn't!" The captain edged

"Mrs. Riley." he whispered, "if you'll go an' look out o' the top window-I'll take the liberty o' borrerin' your steps!" -The King.

### BURIED ALIVE.

Fate of a Spaniard Who Entered the Filipino Lines.

John R. Howard of St. Paul has received from his son, Lieut, H. P. Howard, Sixth cavalry, who is on Gen. Young's staff in the Philippines, a copy of the Manila Free-lom of May 6, which contains an account of the burial alive of a Spaniard who went into the lines of the Insurgents where his brother-inlaw was in command, to try to influence the latter to submit to American occupation. Free-

dom says:

'The expedition under Col. Hardin, consisting of Maj. Case's battailon of the Twentyninth infantry, that left Manila on the 20th of last April, effected a landing near the town of None, Island of Marinduque, five days later. The news was brought to Manila by a Spanish hemp steamer that arrived in port yesterday, with several Spanish prisoners on board.

'One of these prisoners, in an interview with a representative of the Manila Freedom, stated that the disembarkation of Hardin's command

hat the disembarkation of Hardin's command was carried out at the cost of the life of Senor Jerez Burgos, the well known editor of the Spanish newspaper El Pilipino Libre, who ac-companied the expedition as a sort of peace-

"It is reported that when the transport cast anchor Burgos went ashore in a ship's boat. He landed and proceeded up the beach. He was met by a deputation of officers from the command of Col. Martin Lardizabal, Eurgos' command of Col. Martin Lardizabal, Rurgos brother-in-law. When Lardizabal was informed of the caracity in which Eurgos made his appearance on the soil of Marinduque he issued an order that his relation be taken prisoner at the first opportunity. In his rage Lardizabal is reported to have said: "I will show him what it means to come here to his native lard as a friend with our enemies." native land as a friend with our enemie

native land as a friend with our enemies."
"Burgos is reported to have entered the insurgent lines in a fearless manner, and exhibited little concern when he was placed under arrest. He was taken before Lardizabal and a stormy interview followed. Brother-in-law childed brother-in-law until both forgot the relationship, and then such heared insults on the head of the other. head of the other.

"In his rage Lardizatal cried to his guards, Take the trailor out and bury him alive. Burgos turned pale at the ghastly command and backed toward the door. The soldiers headed him off and despite his protestations, partially pushed, partially carried him out into the plaza, where the horrible order was carried "Lardizabal, appreciating full well that Col.

"Lardizabal, appreciating full well that Col. Hardin would avenge the death of his envoy, gave orders for the evacuation of the town. With all possible dispatch the insurrectos withdrew toward the mountains, while the native residents, shocked at the horrible death of Burgos, and fearing that the vengeance of the Americans would fall on their heads, packed up their valuables and left their homes. The Americans landed to find a deserted town, with the exception of one old leper, to tell the frightful story of the death of Burgos.
"After this version the reporter started out to verify the report. He found the story in circulation about the Ayuntamiento and the propost marshal's building and the details were practically the same. The story had also reached the ears of the friends of Burgos and his family who are, as well may be imagined,

reached the ears of the friends of Burgos and his family who are, as well may be imagined, very anxious to know the truth. This will not be ascertained to a certainty until the arrival of word from Col. Hardin, that may be expected at any day now.

"It will be remembered that the day before the departure of Senor Burgos for Mariaduque he stated to a Manila Freedom reporter: Larrival and the second and a brane may be higher.

dizabal is a good and a brave man. I believe I can influence him to submit to American occupation if I can convince him of the hopelessness of waging war against the Americans. He has a hot temper, though. I hope that I may not arouse it."

## Plant a Tree.

Stephen Girard, the founder of that noble institution in Philadelphia to which so many once poor boys, but now thrifty, successful men, are indebted, made use of these words: that if he knew he were going to die to-morrow, he would continue at his work, and he would plant a tree, "not to-morrow, though, but to-day."

In putting it this way he complimented the juality of usefulness to our last moments, of frompt, punctual dealing, and he also picked at a very good kind of activity; he would dant a tree.

Plant a tree! That does not necessarily mean a tree, but it may include a shrub, a flower-plant, anything that will grow and for which there is a need in the garden, field, somewhere.

Will young people think about the possible ood resulting? Look around the house look Will young people think about the possible good resulting? Look around the house, look along the road, and then look about your church, and see how desirable would be a piece of green, thrifty growth. Add flowers, costing so little, and pearls and rubies will result. It may be a fruit tree set down in the almost empty garden. What delicious pears, plums, apples, will hang from those limbs! If it be a shade tree, what an umbrella it will be in the hot summer, giving comfort imms: If it be a shade tree, what an umbrella it will be in the hot summer, giving comfort to the weary, hot walker, and starting a psalm of praise in his heart. If it be an evergreen tree, what a pretty picture it will make all through the year, and especially in the barren winter when it carries a robe of ermine that the last snowstorm sifted down on the green branches.

If one boy, one girl, and still better, a cluster of young people in a church society, will take this kint about tree or shrub planting into careful consideration, how different eventually will be the grounds at home or about the

will be the grounds at home or about the church!

Things with roots do grow. They grow while you are sleeping, while you are off on a vacation, while you are doing anything rather than watching the trees. Just give the little rootlets a chance to hore like gimlets into the earth, and the feathery tips to shoot up and wave in the wind, and you will have good-sized roots grow and creditable banners above. An old man teld me about some big maples in front of his windows. In a newspaper, he brought them, when young and tiny, from a neighboring town and set them out. Then he gave me a ride about his town and showed me a fine growth of pines that the winds love to coax all sorts of tunes out of. He himself planted the seed of those pine trees. Little need once lying in the earth; now, trees like plumes rising out of it. Things planted do grow.

Now plant something this very spring, about

# What Croublea Cat Can Cause

HERE are indications that Mr. Broadway will be involved in a lawsuit, and all on account of the cat. Mr. Broadway likes cats. Mrs. Broadway does not. Mr. Broadway has long been aware of his wife's antipathy to the feline race, and for that reason he hesitated to assent to the proposition that all the men in the office should draw cuts to see which should give a home to the office cat which was about to become a vagrant through the prohibitive cat law recently enforced in a certain downtown building. Mr. Broadway was much attached to this particular cat, which the elevator boy had euphoniously christened Miranda, but a dearth of convincing reasons for introducing her into his household made him dubious about accepting her at a protege. "It we had any mice," he began, doubt-

fully "Oh, rats," put in one of the men, impatiently, and Mr. Broadway, being made to feel by this inelegant ejaculation that he was losing caste among his office assoclates through undue subjection to the prejudices of a woman, quickly assumed bold front, and said, recklessly. "Oh,

well, I'm in for it. Let 'er go." Of course Mr. Broadway got the cat. He carried her home himself that very night in a bandbox which the fanitor had been saving for just such an emergently, Mrs. Broadway looked up curlously when Mr. Broadway came marching into the back parlor with the cylindrical pasteboard drum tucked up under his left arm. "What have you there, Jasper?" she

asked sharply. Mr. Broadway answered by setting the bandbox on the floor and cautiously lifting the lid. Miranda's nerves had been worked up to a high pitch by the jarring and joiting that marked ber dark and inglorious progress from Nassau street, and the instant the door of her prison was opened she sprang from her cramped quarters and began to cavort unrestrainedly about the room. Mrs. Broadway was visibly alarmed at these antics and dextrously tucked her feet up under her body and slipped farther back in the depths of her capacious chair. "A cat!" she cried in afright.

cat, Mr. Broadway, a cat!" Mr. Broadway was watching Miranda's capers with considerable trepidation. For a moment he wished the physical characteristics of her race were not so palpable in Miranda's build, and that he could palm her off as some other species of the animal kingdom standing higher in Mrs. Broadway's estimation. This subterfuge being clearly impracticable, he said:

"Yes, Kate, a cat." "And what on earth did you bring a cat here for?" demanded Mrs. Broadway. Mr. Broadway picked up the bandbox, and with that for a suit of armor he squared himself bravely before his wife. "I brought that cat here," he said, "because we need her. I've had the life tormented out of me by mice for the last two months, and I'm getting tired of it. I'm not going to stand it any longer, I'm going to catch the infernal little pests. That's what I brought Miranda

home for." Having delivered himself of these feroclous sentiments, Mr. Broadway backed off a step. Mrs. Broadway touched the tips of her toes to the door and east suspicious glances in Miranda's

multitudinous directions. "Mice?" she echoed, after a little, 'Mice, did you say? Why, there isn't a mouse in this flat. There isn't one in the whole building."

Mr. Broadway perked up his oozing courage again. "Oh, come now, Kate," he said. "You needn't tell me any such stuff as that, just because you don't want to keep the cat, for I know better. Don't I hear 'em, night after night, racing through the partition as if the golf links, the baseball grounds and the lawn tennis fields of all mousedom were located in our walls? You may not hear em because you sleep ro sound, but I do. Why, their racket's something awful. I didn't sleep more than six winks last night, the little beasts took on so. you'll soen fix that, won't you Miranda? Come here, old girl. Just look, Kate,

isn't she a beauty?" Miranda, having by this time relieved herself of her surplus energy, now cantered gracefully across the floor and wiped her nose affectionately on Mr. Broadway's trousers. Peace and amity having been restored by this gracious act. Miranda was conducted to her new quarters in the store room for her even-

ing meal. Polly, Mrs. Broadway's maid, arises every morning at 6 o'clock. At 6:20 on morning succeeding Miranda's adoption into the Broadway family, a scream indicative of the pent-up emotions of many months, was heard to issue from the Broadway kitchen. This scream penetrated to the farthest corner of the flat, and in an instant Mr. and Mrs. Broadway had bounded out into the hall and were making a bee-line for the scene of the commotion. When they reached the kitchen door they saw Polly dancing around on top of the unlighted gas range, while about ten feet from her, at the foot of the sink, lay a medium-sized mouse. Mrs. Broadway cast one frightened glance at her recumbent foe and then vaulted lightly up beside Polly on the stove. But Mr. Broadway, being a man, stepped boldly over to the sink.

"Shaw," he said, holding out the mouse at arm's length. "The poor little thing's dead as a door nail. Miranda killed him hours ago. Didn't I tell you we'd soon see the effects of her presence in the house? Oh, I tell you, Miranda's a great mouser, aren't you, Miranda?"

And Miranda arched her tall at this compliment and sniffed at her prey in alm disdain.

Mrs. Broadway made but few com ments then on Midanda's prowess, but at 10 o'clock that morning when she and the woman across the hall bumped their heads together when removing ice from the dumbwalter, she said: "Isn't it terrible how many mice there are in this building now?"

The neighbor let her chunk of ice fall back with a little thud. "Good gracious," she said. "I didn't know about it. haven't seen any."

"Well, you will see them," returned Mrs. Broadway, reassuringly. "They are as thick as hops in our flat. They even keep us awake nights. We had to get a cat to clean them out. She's caught one already."

The neighbor disappeared into her own rooms then. Ten minutes later the janitor received an imperative summons to the third floor, "Frank," said Mrs.

Broadway's neighbor, sternly, "why don't you do something to get rid of the mice The place is fairly overrun with them. They're eating up everything about the house. All the tenants are having to bring

cats in to catch them." The janitor opened his pale blue eyes to the widest extent and tumbled his yellow hair excitedly. "Ay tank you make meestak," he said, in positive tones. "Ay not lak ta maas maself, an' Ay watch out for him. Ay never see him."

"But they are here," persisted the neighbor, "and I want you to take everything out of our storeroom in the base ment this morning and see if they have done much damage."

By noontime the news of Miranda's achievement had passed through the entire building, and later in the day when two women came to investigate the merits and prices of vacant flats they obtained a very discreditable report of that house from a tenant whom they chanced to know, and they sought a home elsewhere out of the reach of tormenting vermin. During the next two weeks Miranda continued to catch her nightly mouse, and her popularity as a faithful guardian increased. That of the house waned in direct ratio. As a result of this plague of mice three prospective tenants failed to sign leases and two ccupants moved While this exodus was at its height Mrs. Broadway received a caller one morning shortly after Mr. Broadway had gone to his office. The visitor was a boy

with kinky hair and a sooty face. "Say," said the urchin, "you tell Mr. Broadway that I've found a new den of mice, an' if he wants me to keep on supplyin' 'im with one reg'iar ever' night, I'll

et 'im have 'em at a reduced price.' Mrs. Broadway thanked the boy for this concesion and dismissed him curtly. In the evening she repeated the communication to Mr. Broadway. "Of course, Jasper," she concluded, loftily, "you may avail yourself of the discount, if you wish, but now that I have found you out, I think you had better not. Our landlord is a hot-tempered man. You have already cost him \$300 a month, and if he finds out about this trick of yours in connection with Miranda, he'll be apt to make thing pretty lively for you."

Mr. Broadway stroked Miranda's fur softly. "I expect he will," he said. "But Miranda's reputation is established now, so I guess I'll let the discount slide," New York Sun.

#### JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell Of Burns, of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well; Briefe is the glory that here earns, Briefer the story of poor John Burns; He was the fellow who won renown— The only man who didn't back down When the rebels rode through his native town But held his own in the fight next day, When all his townfolk ran away. That was in July, sixty-three—
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivairy,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before, I might tell how, but the day before, John Burns stood at his cottage door, Looking down the village street. Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine, He heard the low of his gathered kine. And felt their breath with incense sweet; Or, I might say, when the sunset burned The old farm galle, he thought it turned The milk that fell like a babbling flood into the milk-nail, red as blood: Were bullets buzzing among the trees. But all such far ciful thoughts as there Were strange to a practical man like Burns, Who minded only his own concerns, Who minded only his own concerns, Troubled no more by fancies fine. Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine-Quite old-fashloned and matter-of-fact, Slow to argue, but quick to act. That was the reason, as some folk say, He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight.
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round-shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there. Tossed their splinters in the air The very trees were stripped and bare, The barns that once held yellow grain The barns that once held yethow grain;
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest,
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns Just where the tide of battle turns, Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns. How do you think the man was dressed? He wore an ancient, long, buff vest, Yellow as saffron-but his best; And buttoned over his manly breast Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar, And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—With, tails that the country-folk called "swaller."

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,

He were a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat, White as the locks on which it sat. Never had such a sight been seen For forty years on the village green, Since old John Burns was a country beau, And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day

Veterans of the Peninsula, Sunburnt and bearded, charged away; And stripplings, downy of lip and chin-Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in-Glanced as he passed, at the hat he wore, Then at the rifle his right hand bore; Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scrapes of slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her
through!"
"Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Dardy," and begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothea,
And what was the value he ret on those:

And what was the value he ret on those; Walle Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff, Stood there picking the rebels off— With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat, And the swallow-tails they were laughing at. Which clothes all courage their voices checked; And something the wildest could understand Spake in the old man's strong right hand, And his corded throat, and the lurking frown Of his eyebrows under his old bell-cr.wn; Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe Through the ranks in whispers, and some me

naw.

In the antique vestments and long white hair, The past of the nation in battle there; And some of the soldiers since declare That the gleam of his old white hat afar, Like the created plume of the brave Navarre,

That day was their orifiamb of war. Thus raged the battle. You know the rest; How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed, Broke at the final charge and ran, At which John Burns—a practical man— Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows, And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns; This is the moral the reader learns; In fighting the battle, the question's You'll show a hat that's white, or a

Effect of Climate on Pianos.

The first planes known in America were imported from London in 1784 by John Jacob Astor, but as they could not stand the rigors of this climate they soon became ruined. The fact led to the attempt to build planes in this country, and in the early part of the present century uprights made their appearance.

Onions and cucumbers are two of the very oldest known vegetables. Like peas, the Egyptians grew them at least thirty centuries ago. Indeed, to the enion belongs probably the honor of being the first vegetable primeval man ever made trial of. Onions are not found growing wild anywhere, but a kind of leek is not uncommon in Southern Siberia, which is very like the Welsh national emblem.

Pennsylvania's National Banks Pennsylvania has more national banks within her borders than any other state. The number is 436. New York has 327.

### AN AUTHORITY ON CHINA.

How Consul General Goodnow Wor His Reputation. "I hope that Uncle Sam has some capa-ble men in China now, looking after American interests," said the drummer as he glanced over some late dispatches

from Peking.

"There's one at any rate," remarked an old railroad man. "His name is John Goodnow, and he halls from Minneapolis. Goodnow, and he halls from Minneapolis, Goodnow is consul general to Shanghai, and the story of his appointment to the position is one of those good things that sometimes fall to get into the newspapers. At the time that Goodnow was named for the pisce his friends and enemies alike were astounded by statements wired from Washington to the effect that Goodnow was a profound student of China and the Chinese, the possessor of a vast fund of Chinese, the possessor of a vast fund of knowledge concerning the origin and de-velopment of foreign trade in China, and generally speaking the best informed man on Oriental affairs, past, present and pending, whose name had been mentioned in connection with the consul general-

ship.
"In Minneapolis, where Mr. Goodnow was best known, he had never been suspected of more than casual interest in Oriental matters. That he might receive the appointment was correded on all sides, for Goodnow was the original Mc-Kinley man in Minnesota, and he did much to roll up in that state a big majority for the statesman from Canton, and so he was entitled to recognition at the hands of the administration. Senator Washburn went so far as to declare that Goodnow didn't even know the boundaries of the country, let alone anything of its interior economy. However, the present consul general is declared by the administration to be a most competent official, which merely illustrates the fact that good official timber is often found in un-

expected places.

"About the time of McKinley's election Goodnow's business affairs were in a bad Goodnow's business affairs were in a bad way. He had thought of a mission to Germany, and had about made up his mind to apply for an appointment that would take him there. In this state of mind he called one day on Samuel Hill, son-in-law of James J. Hill, the president of the Great Northern, Railroad company. To Hill Goodnow unburdened himself. He explained his financial collarse voiced his plained his financial collapse, voiced his ambition with regard to a German appointment, and asked Mr. Hill's advice. Sam Hill promptly urged his visitor to drop the German project like a hot brick and to turn his attention to China. "'China,' said Mr. Hill, 'is to be the

scene of a great commercial advance within the next ten years. It will be the bat-tle ground of the world's commercial energies. In Germany you would be buried alive; in China you may, if you are lucky and alert, achieve fame, honor

"But, my dear fellow," exposiulated Mr. Goodnow, 'I know next to nothing about China or the Chinese.' "'Very well,' said Hill, imperturbably, 'who does, for that matter? Why, there are mighty few people in the world out-side who do know anything of the Chi-nese—that is anything worth printing. All really valuable works dealing with the China of to-day you could carry home in

your coat-tail pocket." "Well, remarked Goodnow, fitness for the position would cut some ice. I'm afraid I couldn't land it.'

"Now, look here, went on Mr. Hill, you're in luck. There is one man in the United States who knows more about China than was ever written in books. He is a deep student of that country. There isn't a map the Russians have made of which he hasn't a copy, and those portions of China that the Fussians haven't mapped out are not worth mapping. The commercial future of China is, practically speaking, an open book to this man. He is in need of such knowledge to be forehanded in the game of

trade that is now being played. I refer to James J. Hill, my father-in-law.' "Yes,' said Goodnow "hat's so. If I knew what Jim Hill knows about China I could be appointed minister to the impe-

'Hold on,' interrupted Mr. Hill; "this evening James J. Hill starts for New York, en route for Europe. I travel as far as New York with him. You get a York Central, and present yourself to me on the train. I'll take you to the old gen-tleman, and lead the conversation up to China. Before midnight you'll know more about China than anybody else, except the president of the Great Northern rail-

"'Good,' said the coal man, "I'll do it.'
"'That evening on the Hill car John
Goodnow listened while the elder Hill
talked of China. Hill treated the subject exhaustively, as he always does treat a subject, beginning at the beginning and going through to the end. The disquisition was from an American point of view, essentially commercial, which was precisely the point of view Goodnow wanted. Mr. Hill was so impressed with the earnestness of the young politician that he offered to lend him a lot of Russian maps and other important documents Goodnow accepted the offer gratefully. Later he got the maps and studied them, for they were done in Russian, but John got a man who knew Russian to construc for him. Being the fortunate possessor of a really marvelous memory, he recollected the greater part of Mr. Hill's dissertation, and the maps helped him greatly. In two weeks Mr. Goodnow was ready. He went to Washington saw the president, and talked China with Washington such comprehensive ludicity that Kinley was impressed. So were newspaper correspondents. They Goodnow knew his China backwards, exploited some of John's plans for the expansion of American trade and influ-ence. A week or two later Mr. Goodnow was appointed consul general to Shang-hai, vice Jernigan, removed."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Aunty on a Merry-Go-Round.

An old colored auntie, weighing fully 250 pounds, mounted one of the little wooden ponies of the merry-go-round at the street fair yesterday.

She said she was out for a good time. but evidently did not enjoy herself or this occasion. Immediately at the toot of the whistle the swing started, and amid the beating of drums and the big pipe organ attachment aunty became excited and nearly fell off the pony. She called frantically to the boss to "stop det infernal machine!" The more she yelled "Whoa! whoa!" the faster the swing appeared to go, and the old aunty made the circuit twenty-five times, which, she said, "seemed al-mighty long." When the swing stopped she piled off, drew a long breath, paid her nickel, and started for the midway, declaring that she had had more than a plenty of "them kind of swing." -Topeka Capital.

belonged to Mrs. T. B. M. Cardeza of Germantown, Pa., but which died recently, is to be kept green by a monument costing \$200. Caesar was nine years old and three feet tail, and was a great pet among the Cardezas' large collection of animals. The dog was buried in a fine coffin, with real slik lining and silver handles. On the monument, which is now being constructed, will be inscribed the following: onstructed, will be inscribed the fol 'Erected to an old and faithful friend."

The memory of Caesar, a Great Dane that

Her Instrument. "Does Miss Giddy play?" asked Prof. Dalsegno of Mr. Hunker. "Oh, yes. She's playing young Callowbill now."—Detroit Free Press.