GETTING TO BE A MAN.

I'm glad my hair ain't yallow. And all curled up and long; I'm glad my cheeks ginit dimpled, m And that I'm gittin' strong! I wisht my voice was hoarser, To talk like Uncle Dan, Because I want to hurry And git to be a man!

I'm glad the women never Come up to me and say: "Oh, what a purty little boy!" In that soft kind of way! I wear big shoes, and always Make all the noise I can, Because I want to hurry STATE ASSESSMENT And git to be a man!

Onct I tried to chew tobacker, But couldn't do it quite, It made me awful dizzy-They said I was a sight. But some time, when I'm older ... I bet you that I can-I won't give up that easy. 'Cause I want to be a man!

I've got on pa's suspenders-Wisht I had whiskers, too. And that my feet was bigger And schoolin' was all through! Wisht Edison or someone Would come out with a plan To help a boy to hurry And git to be a man! -Cleveland Leader.

DRAWN TO HIS DOOM.

There was unusual excitement at Fort Clark. Cattlemen, cowboys, horse ranchers, teamsters, soldiers, all moved around in in uneasy, excited way, and threats of violence against some unknown person came fast and furious.

Fort Clark is a frontier post in Southwestern Texas. It was not of so much importance as a town in '69 as it is now; but, civilization not having erept so close over iron rails, it was of more. importance as a frontier post. Word had come in that Willie Pray, a sheepherder on Turkey Creek, had been found in his cabin with a gaping knife' wound in his breast, and a Mexican woman, whom he had recently engaged to go out to take charge of the domestic arrangements at his ranch. was also discovered with her throat

Whatever was the cause of the double murder was only a matter of surmise, but surmise is generally enough for Judge Lynch. He doesn't waste a wound in his side. much time upon quibbles. The matter was argued out in this way:

"Anybody seen any Indians about?" came from a young soldier who stood in a group near Bill Chunk's store.

"'Tain't no Injuns," came from a long-haired hunter, who was seated on a stump mending the cinch of his saddle with buckskin thongs.

"Why, Uncle Bill?" came from several voices.

"Injuns don't knife unless it's for hair. 'Sides that, ef they'd bin around, I reckon that thar jacal ud bin a blazin'. How did this yer news come anyhow?"

No one seemed to know. The report just appeared to spring up without there being any responsible author for it. It started as a rumor, and the story gradually developed until the whole post knew of it and was consequently

"Here comes Jake Breen," said one of the group, "he seems to know as much about it as anybody.'

When Jake came up he said he did not know any more than the rest. Someone had brought in the report and he had just heard folks talking about it. He agreed with Uncle Bill that it was not Indians, and, with many oaths, he explained his theory.

"You see, Pray took a greaser woman out there to look after his ranch. Most Mexican women have lovers of their own color. Everybody knows Mexicans are jealous and revengeful. They mostly use a knife, while a white man uses a shooting iron. The report says that both were killed with a knife. which shows that it was done by a Mexican who was jealous of Pray, and the only Mexican we know of about the place is the herder he had looking after his sheep. It looks as if he was the guilty party."

"That's so," said several, "the Mexican must have done it."

"Then what's the use waiting around here? The greaser ain't going to come here and ask us to hang him. He may be around the ranch yet, if he ain't skipped to Mexico. We've got to hang a greaser mighty quick, if we wants to do justice in this matter," said Jake, and the most of those there assembled appeared to agree with him.

Jake was a desperado of the first water, and was necessaritly an authority in these matters.

"Whar's the coyote ez brought th

news?" said Uncle Bill. Again there was no answer.

"I reckon we'd better go and see efthey're dead, afore we hang anybody. We'd best go to the ranch and take a look at the late lamented afore we undertake to do anything else. We can take a judge along for convenience, in the whisper were so astonished for a case we need him. I'm going to the moment that they could not grasp the ed for a reny staked out on the

dently making their way slowly in the direction of Pray's ranch, as a man was apparently urging them on, while a dog was keeping them from straggling.

"That's Pray's greaser now," said Breen. "I know him by his having that dog with him. We'd better get him while we have a chance," and he turned his pony's head in that direction.

ing to a bright, intelligent-looking young man riding near him, who got his title by being a lawyer, "'pears like you'd best go along an' see that the Mex don't escape from the hands o' justice," and a sly twinkle came into his eye, as he added: "Seems like a mighty desprit feller, the way he drives them sheep, an' Jake an' the other fellers maybe couldn't handle right alone. I'll take keer o' this cavyard."

So the young lawyer and five others followed Jake Breen in a dash over the prairie to capture the Mexican, while the rest of the cavalcade rode on to the rauch.

Pray's jacal, or hut, was a rude affair, constructed as many of them are in that country, by planting live oak pickets, ten feet long, in an upright position, side by sile, to form the walls. and making a roof of prairie grass thatch. The cracks were stopped with mud, and there was no opening except the door, which furnished all the light and ventilation needed, besides that which came in through the numerous crevices in the rude structure. It was situated in a grove of trees on the banks of the creek.

When the party rode up they found the door of the cabin closed, and not a sign or sound of life anywhere around. "Hello, house!" called Uncle Bill. 'Thar don't seem to be nobody here," he added, and then dismounting he walked up to the door and gave it a push. It opened inwardly, scraping on the dirt floor as it did so, for it hung loose on its strap hinges.

"Well, I'll be derned!" exclaimed the old man as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light in the cabin; "ef it hain't so, fer a fact!"

And then the others crowded up to look in, and see what Uncle Bill had seen; the body of the woman on the floor, near the rear of the room, with her throat cut, and the body of Willie Pray near the door, lying in a pool of blood, which had evidently flowed from

"Don't crowd that thar door, men, I want ter see," said the old man, as he caught hold of Pray's hand. "That gal's gone, but this here boy seems ter be kinder warm yit. Give a hand, a couple o' yo'uns, an' let's see w'at a leetle fresh air'll do."

They took him up gently and bore him to a grassy place in the shade of some trees. Here they laid him tenderly down upon a bed of blankets, and after moistening the lips with liquor, they began examining the wound.

They had just reached this stage of the proceedings when there was a diversion. It came from the party who had gone off to capture the Mexican. They rode along, the unfortunate greaser being tied to a lariat attached to the saddle-bow of one of the men. He was running along uttering protestations. his face actually pale with terror.

"No sabe, senors; no entender, Senor

"Here he is!" called Jake Breen, as the company came to a halt. "We've got the scoundrel."

And then they all crowded up to where the wounded and apparently dead man lay upon the blankets. As the last party came up they approached the feet of the wounded man. The Sheriff led the Mexican up, the others making room for them.

"Stand back, men, an' let us have air. This yer corpse seems to be re vivin' some;" and Uncle Bill put his arm under Pray's shoulders to raise

And just then a strange thing happened. The wounded man opened his eyes and stared round in a dazed sort of way. Then fixing his gaze straight before him and raising himself up with his arm outstretched, pointing his finger toward the trembling Mexican, he said in an almost indistinct, hesitating

"You-you-killed-her," and then he seemed to gasp for breath, but he made another effort and added: "Jake Breen," and then would have dropped from exhaustion if the strong arm of Uncle Bill had not been at hand to ease him gently down.

When the name was mentioned it astonished the men as much as if they had heard thunder from a clear sky. The ones on the outer edge of the circle had not heard the name at all, but had seen the action, and supposed that Pray was pointing to the Mexican and not to the burly figure of Breen, which loomed up behind that unhappy individual. They, therefore, naturally crowded up closer, and their scowling faces boded no good for the descendant of the Aztecs.

Those who were close enough to hear nch," and Uncle Bill picked up a sad-| situation. There were two men who hat lay on the ground near him and | did, however, understand what it meant, and when the one, Uncle Bill, looked up to speak the other, Jake ppeared Breen, had allowed himself to be crowded out of the circle and was already on his horse.

coyote," called Uncle Bill, and those hear to him sprang to their feet for more lasting than giass of them had been down on one some on both, so as to watch the d man. Those who understood ot out of the crowd and by eafing, "He says it's Jake the others to understand. few moments of delay

a. When Breen saw the toward him he knew too meant. He had supposed , and now when he faced rpse the eyes were open

herd of sheep quietly grazing, but evi- | had too much experience in Judge Lynch's court to await further developments. He permitted the other anxious spectators to crowd him out, and he quietly and quickly got into the saddle of the lawyer's horse, which was not only the nearest to him, but the best one in the lot. It was near the corner of the hut that he mounted, and when the others realized the situation he was "Say, Squire," said Uncle Bill, turn- already started on his way to the south-

It took only a few moments to have a dozen riders following on the trail, headed by the lawyer on Jake Breen's

"Say, you 'uns!" called Uncle Bill, to those who had not yet started, "'tain't no use fer us to fine in thet thar chase. One had better ride down to Uvalde an' tell the folks, an' one had better go to Clark for a doctor from the post an' an ambulance. The rest can stay here till mornin' an' hear from the other fellers. Thet sun ain't half a hour high, an' w'en she drops yer know hit ends the chase unless they're mighty clost on ter him, ez thar ain't no moon."

What the old man meant was that there could be no chase after sunset. There is no twilight in Texas, and when the sun sets one passes directly from daylight to dark. One might make his way by starlight, but he couldn't follow

a trail in the shadows. The sun rose next morning in a clear sky and soon afterward the pursuing

party were up to the ranch. "Did you get yer hoss, squire?" inquired Uncle Bill.

"Yes." "Whar'd you find him?" "Down by Elm Water hole." "Did you find Jake?"

"Did you bring him along?" "No: we just left him ther among the

trees." "Well, then, ez everything has passed off so pleasant like, and the doctors thinks the boy kin be moved, I reckon we mought jest ez well go back to Clark."-New York Mercury.

PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS.

They Are Needed in Country as Well as in City.

Among the many plans which have been suggested in England for commemorating worthily the sixtieth anniversary of the coronation of Queen Victoria in June next, none seems to find more favor than the proposition for a concerted movement for setting aside plots of ground or places of historic interest to be dedicated to the common use and enjoyment of the people.

It is pointed out that this is a plan which will give the people of each town and county a personal interest in the celebration, while it will give them also the feeling that they are sharing in a great national movement. Should this plan be adopted, hundreds of "Queen Victoria" gardens, parks, playgrounds and fields, dotted over the kingdom, may express the popular appreciation of Queen Victoria's beneficent reign, and at the same time confer a great and lasting benefit upon the people.

They have been slower in England than we in this country to recognize the advantages of public playgrounds. The establishment of parks and gardens and recreation-places for the public use is no new thing with us. The movement in that direction is increasing, and many of our chief cities vie with each other in the extent and beauty of their park systems.

There are one or two errors which should be guarded against, however. For one thing, places set apart for the public use should not be too good to play in. Neat paths, closely trimmed sods and signs of "Keep of the grass" do not meet the need. These are all well, but somewhere in the park there should be grass which one can stretch out upon, and ground that the boys can trample over.

Another mistake is that communities do not begin soon enough to set aside land for commons and public grounds. They wait until the pressure of population makes breathing-spaces absolutely essential to the general health. By that time land commands a large price, and the difficulty of securing enough for it within easy reach of the people is considerable.

Playgrounds, too, are needed in the country as well as in cities. It is often assumed in the country that boys and girls have all outdoors in which to play, and that special provision for them is not necessary; but it often happens in rural communities that there is no place in which children may romp freely. They either play in the roads or trespass in private fields and pastures. Rural communities which move in season to secure open grounds for the public use not only provide for the children to-day, but save large expenditure later, when population presses upon them, and land comes to be reckoned at so much the square foot .-Youth's Companion.

Breakless Mirrors.

by providing mirrors which will not oreak. He simply employs celluloid where glass was heretofore used. A perfectly transparent, well-polished celluloid plate receives a quicksilver backing like that of a glass mirror. This backing is in turn protected by another celluloid plate which also mir-"He says it was Jake Breen; stop the rors, so that practically a double mirror is furnished, ligher, cheaper, and

Best Fire-Proof Doors.

Numerous experiments to determine the best fire-resisting materials for the construction of doors have proved that than an iron door.

The class of people converted at revivals have to be saved as often as the wheat.

Unless there is an old woman in the house, anything that is put in the famed to speak. He had | ily Bible is mislaid for years to come.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veteraus of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc., Etc.

The Unionist's Fate.

Two or three years before the South seceded from the Union a fine young fellow from New England settled in one of the country districts of Alabama, where he opened a school.

Barlow, for that was the teacher's name, had no patience with secession, but he had come South to make money, and in order to win popularity and patronage he disguised his sentiments and was apparently willing to drift with the tide. He was soon on the best of terms

with his Southern neighbors, and the year before the war broke out he married a rich girl and found himself the master of a plantation and about a hundred slaves.

The school was given up, of course, and Barlow was transformed into a typical cotton planter.

Even then he was loyal to the Union at heart, but his greed tempted him to remain and pretend to sympathize with the secession cause.

The first gun was fired in Charleston harbor, troops rushed to the front, and a new republic was attempting to rise from a sea of blood.

The ex-teacher threw off his old habits and adopted those of the people around him. He enjoyed hunting and outdoor sports, liked his toddy, and was at his best when he was telling stories to a crowd of jolly fellows.

Naturally he was popular, and in every circle he was a prominent figure. He contributed liberally to the Confederate cause, but had no desire to enter the army. Fortunately he was not subject to conscription, as the laws of the Confederacy exempted every man who was the owner of twenty or more slaves.

People thought it perfectly natural and proper for him to stay at home to protect his property, and he was treated in every respect like a native Southerner.

The district had to be patrolled at night, and the younger men at stated times rode in couples all over the county between sunset and sunrise. Generally the men on patrol liked

their work. They carried their brandy flasks and plenty of cigars, and had their fun. They stopped at the bachelor quarters of some of the planters, and it was a rare thing to finish patrol scout without a game of cards for stakes high enough to make it in-

Barlow'knew enough of what was going on to convince him that the Confederates would be vanquished, and in a quiet way he made preparations for the final collapse. Through an agent in Montgomery he made occasional purchases of gold and greenbacks, and he stored large quantities of cotton in places supposed to be safe.

Much of his time was devoted to what might be called a campaign of education with his wife. He stuck to this systematically, removed her sectional prejudices, filled her mind with a longing to enjoy the gay life of the large Northern cities, and led her to agree with him that the success of the Union cause would be better for them than its defeat.

They decided to embrace the first opportunity when peace came to sell their land and go to New York to live. Their slave property, of course, would be a total loss.

With this understanding the husband and wife continued to play their parts as good Confederates, and the planter was always ready to patrol his district and aid in the preservation of peace and order among the slave population. He had become so accustomed to the expression of Confederate sentiments that he was rather proud of his eloquence in that line, and his talk was fully as extreme as that of his South-

ern friends. His wife feared that he would find it difficult to prove his loyalty to the Union when the time came, but he told her that the Federals would understand his peculiar situation and would think that he was forced to act

part to save his life and property. In fact, it would have been dangerous if he had pursued the opposite course. The few Northern Unionists in the South who did not hold their tongues had a hard road to travel.

The climax came before anybody was ready for it. Lee's army surrendered at Appomattox, and a flurry of confusion and uncertainty followed

throughout the South. Johnston surrendered in North Caro-A German genius fills a long-felt want | lina, and Jefferson Davis was known to be making his way through Georgia to the Southwest. The Confederates in Texas were still undecided about surrendering, and in some localities in Alabama and other States there was a

desire to continue the conflict. In Barlow's neighborhood the people were slow in coming to a full understanding of the changed condition of affairs. The Home Guards drilled ev- for several days, the outposts of the ery day as usual; the patrol system: was kept up, and the masters were as strict as ever by their slaves who did not realize what Appomattox meant, if they heard it mentioned. The conscript officers went their rounds, and the wood covered with tin resists fire better | small bodies of Confederate troops in that region held themselves ready to fight the invaders whenever it might be

One day it was rumored that a Federal raiding party had entered Barlow's vised a peaceful policy, but Barlow | really finished Hood's command?

suspected a design on their pare to draw him out and discover his real feelings. To deceive them he advised resistance, and declared his readiness to take his gun and go on a scouting expedition.

His offer was accepted by the captain of the Home Guard, and the unfortunate man armed himself and started out through the woods, after first assuring his wife that there was no danger and that he was only playing a game of bluff.

The full story never came out, but when Barlow's dead body was brought home the men who accompanied it said that he had been surprised in the forest by some Federal soldiers, who supposd that he was about to fire upon them from ambush, and they had upon the spur of the moment shot him down.

They carried him to the first plantation on their road, where he died from the effects of his wound. Some of the neighbors who were present informed the officer in command that his men had killed a man who, though a newly imported Yankee, was a mighty good Confederate. At the same time, how ever, they stated that the Federals would meet with no organized resist ance in that vicinity.

The Federals visited the Barlow plantation and carried off all the cotton stored there, and caused the negroes to scatter in every direction, the majority of them heading for Montgomery, where they expected to live a life of ease at the expense of the Govern-

Mrs. Barlow had the sympathy of the community until she put in her claim for her cotton, pleading that she and her husband were strong Union people and had never been genuine Confederates.

An outburst of indignation followed, and many interesting facts came to light showing the difference between the politics of the Barlows in public and in the privacy of their own home. The widow lost her cotton claim, but she sold her land and moved North among her husband's relatives, and made a reputation as a bitter South hater.

Barlow was the last man killed by the Federals in Alabama, and the pe culiar circumstances of his death caused the incident to be the subject of considerable talk.

"He was a bright, clever fellow." said an old citizen who told me the story, "and if he had not been killed One public duty he could not shirk. by the Yankees I verily believe that our district would have sent him to Congress on account of his red-hot secession talk. But when the truth came out it was a shock to everybody."-Wallace Putnam Reed, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Grant's Coolness.

While General Grant, then a lieutenant, was courting the lady whom he married, there occurred an event to which he never reverted without a shudder. A writer in the Midland Monthly, describing an adventure which the young lieutenant and Miss Dent met with, says:

When the water is high in the Mississippi the swift current abrades the banks, and they frequently "cave in" for several yards or rods at a time.

In early spring, in one of their afternoon explorations, Lieutenant Grant and the young lady were riding along the bank of the river, passing from one cove or valley to the mouth of another. Miss Dent was nearest the water

Suddenly Miss Dent's horse began to sink. The earth had given way under his hind feet. Grant's horse was close beside hers. In an instant he saw that her horse was sinking into the awful abyss!

Grant's cool head and splendid horsemanship here had opportunity to display themselves. Quick as a flash he leaned over, threw his right arm around Miss Dent's waist, and drew her to him as her horse disappeared in the seething and murky eddy that a moment later boiled and surged in angry tumult over the place where bank and horse had disappeared from sight! Fortunately the earth parted between the two animals, leaving Grant's horse on solid ground. Lifting and firmly holding Miss Dent, and applying the spur to his horse, he was on safe ground in a moment; then he gently lowered her to the earth-all this without a word from "the silent man," or

a scream or murmur from her. As he hastened back to rescue her horse she stood holding the bridle of his, outwardly as composed as if noth-

ing had happened. Her horse had disappeared. Grant followed down-stream and hailed a boatman in a skiff, who found the horse swimming several hundred yards below, amid driftwood and debris. He landed the animal at a place where it could climb the bank, and it was soon on safe ground, none the worse for the fright and the bath.

"Johnny" and "Yank." Every little while a new story is told which illustrates the nonchalant way in which the soldiers of the Federal

and Confederate armies used to talk across the lines during the Civil War. During the days, he says, when Sher man's army was operating in front of Atlanta, Hood's Confederate command had been thrown again and again upon Sherman's lift wing, only to be hurled back each time torn and bleeding. One morning, after this had been going on two armies found themselves within talking distance, and began to con-

verse as usual. "Hello, Johnny!" said a Federal sergeant.

"Hello, Yank!" "How many of you rebs are there left?"

"Dunno, Yank. 'Bout another killin', I reckon!"

Who can doubt that this brave American soldier of the South would have country and might at any hour reach | marched to the next "killin" " with perhis plantation. The other planters ad- fect composure, even though it had

ERRORS BY HISTORIANS.

Diogenes' Tub a Myth-The Hangibal Fable-Lies About Cleopatra.

The same year that Alexander died at Babylon Diogenes died at Corinth, 323 B. C., but not, we may be sure, in a tub, because he never made such a fool of himself as to live in one. The story that he did so had no better origin than a comment by his biographer, Seneca, who was not born till more than 300 years after the cynic's death. "A man so crabbed ought to have lived

in a tub like a dog." In 216 B. C. Hannibal, with about 50,000 men, nearly annihilated the Roman army of about 90,000 at Cannae, in Apulia, Italy, but it is all a fable to say that he sent three bushels of gold rings plucked from the hands of dead Roman knights back to Carthage as evidence of his victory. The messenger who carried the news back to the Carthaginian Senate on concluding his report "opened his robe and threw out a number of gold rings gathered on the field of battle."

Four years later the Romans, under Marcellus, attacked and captured Syracuse, belonging to Greece, because of its alliance with Hannibal against-Rome. As the invading ships approached, Archimedes is said to have set some of them on fire with immense burning glasses. However, modern science has so well watered this story that it only remains to add that even at this day the feat would be impossible.

Thirty years B. C. Cleopatra killed herself to avoid being exhibited at Rome in the triumph of Octavius, who had made war upon her and Antony, because the latter had divorced his (Octavius') sister on the Queen's account. But did she die from a snake's bite? It is better to think not. "If her death had been caused by any serpent the small viper would rather have been chosen than the large asp; but the story is disproved by her having decked herself in 'the royal ornaments,' and being found dead 'without any marks of suspicion of poison on her body."

Death from a serpent's bite could not have been mistaken, and her vanity would not have allowed her to choose one which would have disfigured her in so frightful a manner.

Other poisons were well understood and easy of access, and no boy would have ventured to carry an asp in a basket of figs, some of which he even offered to the guards as he passed, and even Plutarch shows that the story of the asp was doubted. Nor is the statue carried in Augustus' triumph, which had an asp upon it, any proof of his belief in it, since the snake was the emblem of Egyptian royalty, the statue (or the crown) of Cleopatra could not have been without one, and this was probably the origin of the whole story. Here one may naturally ask: Who has not heard of Cleopatra's wondrous pearls, one of which, at a banquet giv-

fictitious or vinegar was evidently different in those days from the presentday kind, which will not melt pearls. It was nearly 100 years later that the Emperor Nero also killed himself, 68 A. D. Stabbing was the choice this time, though, and of this we make no question. What we wish to say about him is that he was not so bad a monster as usually imagined. His mother, Agrippina, was not put to death by his order,

en in Antony's honor, she dissolved

in vinegar? Either this story also is

"The Burning of Troy," while Romo was on fire. Our knowledge of him is gained mostly from Tacitus, who hated him, and from Petronius Arbiter, who was put to death for conspiracy against him. "Even in Rome itself the common people strewed flowers on the grave of

nor did he play upon his harp and sing,

Two Sets of Girls.

Nero."—Pearson's Weekly.

There is in one of our largest cities an fimmense shop owned by a man eminent in good works, as well as in business and in politics. Its employes fall naturally into little clubs or coteries, the men and women of similar tastes often going to spend their summer vacations together.

Last August four girls from this store

went to a sea-coast village in New England. Their pale faces and eager delight in the sea and fields touched the hearts of the old fishermen and their wives, who speedily made friends with them, and welcomed them to their little The girls were uneducated, but they

were simple, sincere and modest as the finest gentlewomen. They fished, rowed and walked, striving to understand the new world around them. When their holiday was over they went back to town, rosy and strong, their brains full of new ideas, and the richer for life by a few faithful friends.

Four other girls in their turn went to the same town. They had spent their savings in plumed hats and cheap silks. A coarse perfume surrounded them: they wore gilt bangles and rhinestone necklaces. Each had her hired "bike" on which she raced incessantly up and down in front of the hotel, "scorching" and even "jockeying," as on a horse, bouncing up and down on her seat, and shouting to her companions.

When the daily railroad train came in they were always at the station, bareheaded, joking with the conductors or brakemen. The villagers watched them askance; but they were not criminal girls. Their only ambition was to "catch a beau." The idle men of the village soon gathered around them, and they went back to town more vulgar and nearer ruin than when they came

to it. This is a literally true incident. It shows that the country will give back to you the crop which you plant in it. The pure air and beauty of nature are as stimulating to the growth of weeds as of flowers. If you choose weeds they can be gathered at any wayside,-Youth's Companion.