SAMMY THE TOMBOY.

Or, Fate of a Stolen Apple.

By Phoebe Frances Hollis.

"Sammy! Sammy!" called a loud, untune-

ful voice, "come here."
"Yep!" came back the answer, and Sammy soon appeared, not a boy, as you might suppose, but a freckled-faced girl of 14, of the regular tomboy style.

Her hat was hanging down her back, held on by the elastic around her throat, her clean called dress was rumpled and covered with grass and dirt stains, and altogether she was anything but a lady-like looking girl. She was a homely child, too, with her freckled face and boylsh features, and hair neither red nor brown, but a nondescript mixture between the two.

But her eyes-they were the merriest, sauciest eyes ever seen; no one could d'alike the child after once looking into those eyes. Perhaps that was why her aunt forgave so many of her mischlevous and troublesome

"Yep!" mimicked the aunt, "that's a nice way to answer me. Now I should like to know what you and Rufus mean by chasing that young colt all over the field. Didn't I tell you to let him alone?"

"Yep-that is, yes'm; but, Aunt Jane, Uncle Hiram said I might chase him if I wanted

cle Hiram said I might chase him if I wanted to, and he guessed the coit could stand as much as I could—but he can't," she added triumphantly, "'cause he is getting tired already, and I ain't a bit."

"Uncle Hiram, indeed," retorted her aust. "Your uncle is just as bad as you are, and just as much of a trouble. You're to mind what I say, and not what your Uncle Hiram tells you. Yesterday, when I found you chasing the old black hen with a stick, it was Uncle Hiram; and the day before, when I found the cat tied to a tree by the tail, it was Uncle Hiram again. Now, you just come in the house, and take off your clothes and go to bed. I'll see if I can't make you mind."

"O! Aunt Jane, please don't; it is such a lovely day, and I'll be good, indeed I will. Mad you know," she continued in a wheed-ling tone, "that old black Susan deserved a whipping; just think, she stepped on two of her little weeny downy chicks, and killed them. And Thomas had eaten one of the little birdies in the nest up in the old cherry

tree. So, he deserved what he got, too. Do may that you think mo, too, Aunty Jane, 'cause I know you do."

"Well, well, child—come in with me, and help me mend some socks, and I'll let you off this time. But wait until I catch that Rufus; I'll give him a thrashing."

The next day a note was dispatched to the The next day a note was dispatched to the

II. Mr. Daniels had an only child, a pretty, winsome girl, not very strong, and for whom he had been looking for a companion. He and often asked Aunt Jane to let him have Sammy, whom he knew could som be cured of her over belsterous ways, by association with his gentle child.

Next day Sammy drove away with the minleter and his daughter, and Uncle Hiram and Rufus felt as if the sunshine had gone out of their lives, and poor Aunt Jane was seen o lift the corner of her apron to her eyes several times.

several times.

When the fall term opened, Sammy was sent to school with Lily, and though she was always getting into trouble on account of her miachlevous tricks, she was always to be found at the head of her class, and her teacher was proud of her.

"I'll tell you what," said Maud Lane one evening in October, "let's do something at the witching our hour of midnight that will show us who our husbands will be."

"Husband" snorted Sammy, who intended to be an old maid, "do, for goodness sake, let him stay where he is. It'll be had enough when he does come, without having the 'spirits' bring him before his time. I'd rather find a fairy godmother, who'd make me beautiful, or give me lots and lots of gold; I'd like to see a ghost, too—a real one."

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tinguish his features.

With a yell of which an Indian would have been proud, Sammy rushed after the others and the man ran after her, and soon

others and the man ran after her, and soon caught the terror-stricken girl. They were now in the opening, and the bright moon was shining down on both. Sammy still held the apples in her apron.

"Now, will you kindly tell me what you and your companions were trespassing on my ground for?" inquired he in a very human voice, full of laughter and would-be sternness, and he held her arm so that she could not run away not run away
"We-that is-I-I-we wanted to see our

"Well, no," she answered, calmly survey-ing him, "I don't think you'd do at all."
"Why not?"
"Well, you are too thin; then, besides,

saucy yet sympathetic eyes, and what a sweet, lovable smile.
She was more than pretty; she was beautiful—so thought a gentleman standing in the doorway. For the young squire was there,

doorway. For the young squire was there, too, to complete the circle.

It was not long before he, too, was paying his respects to her, and as she raised her lovely eyes to his face, he knew that it would go hard with him if he could not persuade her to accept the title he had given her in jest. Squire Halford was no laggard in woold, and before long. Sammy had promised to fulfill her fate and brighten his life.

"But are you sure you can consent to marry such a tow-headed snub-nosed person as my

"Well, if you can put up with such a homely, pert little vixen as I, I might." And so Sammy's fate was sealed. MORE TEA IS DRUNK.

Oriental Beverage Greatly Increasing in Popularity.

increasing in favor as a beverage in Chicago, relates the Post. So say observers of such things. And in proportion as tea gains popularity it displaces coffee. The changing preference of the public may be to "We—that is—I—I—we wanted to see
future husbands," she answered,
"Well," he queried in answer to that,
"look, will I suit you?"
'Sammy was afraid of nothing mortal, and as she saw she had to deal with fisch and as she saw she had to deal with fisch and look, as she saw she had to deal with fisch and look as an article of commerce, but Chicago dealers attribute the change to a passing look and say they do not believe tea will ing fad and say they do not believe tea will retain favor over coffee as distinctively the domestic beverage of the American people.

The popularity of the 5 o'clock tea as a social affair has to a noticeable extent in-

Novel and Exquisite Combinations

Straw and Silk.

Glimpse Into Swell Sewing Circles Working for Sweet Charity's Sake -Entertainment for the Wenry Tollers.

FASHIONABLE NEW YORKIES

NEW YORK, March 7 .- To sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam for charity's sake is one of the ways for killing two birds with one stone in this season of propriety and penitence. The fine seams, of course, are laid by the bejeweled fingers of fashionable femininity in the simplest garments, meant for humble wearers, but for fear those lowly tasks might weary the lively seamstresses every hostess who calls a sewing class meeting at her house provides music, recitations. jugglers exploits, along with a dainty lunch-



Now, if you were dark I might like creased the market for the Oriental plant. ing away one's needle stints and the spler she maid soriously. One dealer is of the opinion that Anglomania did little utensils of the task.

bring him before his time. I'd rather flut a fairy godmother, who'd make me beautiful, or give me lots and lots of gold; I'd sarous a real one."

But as all the girls—there were six in the group—were older than Sammy, her voice was drowned in the clamor for a view of their future lord and master.

"I'll tell you what," said Sammy, who, seeing that she must give way to the older

"Sammy," well named." And he laughed nature of the Englishman. notice that the relative consumption of these two staples is influenced in its fluctuations

> ing favor as a beverage at the expense of coffice. I hold the belief that we never will see the popular taste in this respect changed until the American temperament undergoes remarkable change.

Bronchitis yields at once to the healing influence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Not Their Exact Words. The general tendency to look at the actions of others through one's own particular spectacles is frequently observed. Perhaps not so often noticed, however, is the habit of un-consciously rendering another's speech into one's own language, says Youth's Com-

A Boston girl who had been taking her first lesson in bicycle riding expressed her satisfaction at home at the result of the "The man said," she repeated, "that I had made most satisfactory progress for a nov-

woman, after a moment's reflection; "what he did say was, 'You'll do fust-rate for a new

When Mr. Bryant returned, he asked:
"Miss Robbins, what did the man say
about my chair?"
"He said," answered the visitor, "that the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted."
"What a fine fellow!" said Mr. Bryant, laughing. "I never heard him talk like that. Were those his exact words?"
"Well, he said, "'It joggles just right!" repeated Miss Robbins.

of exquisite pale greens and blues, pinks and yellows are the foundation material of which SEWING BEE ACCESSORIES.

and the open crown is covered by a full bag of the same material, drawn up with lavender silk cords. Inside this capacious nest is the most charming set of antique silver sew-ing tools. An old Dutch thimble, a pair of exquisite slender scissors, said to have once hung from Marie Antoinette's chatelaine, a quaint grindstone for sharpening needles ar quaint grindstone for sharpening needles and a set of old silver reels for thread, from Germany. Among all these curiosities is a pocket that holds a small silver-mounted figure, carved from black bog oak, and representing a little saint, who in Ireland is because of the least thread of the least terms. lieved to bless the work baskets of the in-dustrious with strong, graceful and swift

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, at the head of

rather awkward long strawbound or gilded legs and frivolous bows or flowered ribbon flutter from handles and lids. One and ali, in the tufted linings of the sewing stands, owner's name in jewes about the bottom, the small gold scissors, with red or blue enameled handles, the tinted leather needle books, bound and initiated in gold and the emerys to match the prevailing color of the basket, and showing a gold top.

A goodly number of Lenten seamstresses

A goodly number of Lenten seamstresses use brocaded satin reticules with gold gate tops; others have the satin bags, gathered to delicate hinged frames of wood that shut and open like a campatool, to sit when in use on four low legs beside the busy woman, but Mrs. William Sloan, one of the richest Presbyterian woman of New York, employs a cradic shared backet entirely desped in a cradle-shaped basket, entirely draped in the richest laces, offset by crisp bows of pale yellow ribbon to match her sewing things that are mounted in metal quite up to the highest gold standard.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

"Take the stand, Mr. Potts," said the young lawyer from town, with an air of triumph.
Judge Bloom of the Blue Gizzard district,
so says the Atlanta Journal, scrowled at the witness as he took his place, and the attorney

"You saw the defendant take a pistol from

his pocket?"
"Yas."
"You saw him fire at this man?"

pocket?"

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Bloom with considerable vehemence. young attorney in amazement, "how can you render such a verdict in direct conflict of the positive testimony of an eyewit-"Jes' bekase I have Prowed Bill Potts for fifteen year an' never knowed him to tell the truth yit."

of loyalty to his home city, made it impossi-ble for him to retreat, so quick as a flash he ble for him to retreat, so quick as a flash he was on his feet with not a single premeditated suggestion to offer. He spoke of the supremacy of Savannah as a southern port and of her people. By this time he was warming up. He extolled the virtues of the people who dwell beside the sea; how they commune with the infinite in beholding daily the boundless ocean. He spoke of Georgians of the hills, the great men who had flown upward like "eagles in their arids," etc., but he said the influences in the lives of the people along the coast were more broadening and sublime.

down flext day and read it. Asking that he relative before breakfast, asking that he relative tefore breakfast, asking that he r

people along the coast were more broaden-ing and sublime.

By this time he was so completely warmed

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"If find the prisoner not guilty," said Judge."

"If find the prisoner not guilty," said Judge." for his offense is exceedingly grave."

"I find the prisoner not guilty," said Judge and the antithesis came quickly to his ready mind-"a harplet in the kingdom of heaven! Applause and laughter prevented further speech, and the meeting broke up.

Judge Falligant in his younger days was

> well.
>
> In 1865 he wrote the well known poem, which became a popular song just after the war, "Off with Your Gray Suits, Boys."
>
> The verses were suggested by an incident of the times. Major Carroll Thomas came into Augusta from his Burke county plantation one day decked out in his full conplantation one day decked out in his full conwritten what he thought would suit he came down next day and read it over to an elderly

Ye who have led our van. To you 'twas the pledge of glorious death When we followed you over the gory heath And whipped them man to man!

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ELECTROTYPE FOUNDRY.

Winding off the last verse with so many "downs," the poet recited the lines in his own tragic way and turned eagerly to his aged relative with an expression of triumph on his face.
"Well, Bob," said the relative to the

aspiring poet, "if you have finished with your 'downs,' let's down to breakfast." Children and adults tortured by burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin diseases may secure instant relief by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, it is the great pilo

remedy. The New Office Boy.

The office boy in the reporters' room has been encouraged to try again, says the Philadelphia Record. Here's his latest: "A fresh boy in the office of an uptown business concern had some fun the other day with the green office boy who had his first day to work. When the newconer came to work the boy was told by the foreman the work he was supposed to do. Forgetting something the boss had told him, he thought he would ask his partner, whose name was Johnnie. Going to him, he said: The boss told me to take a bucket to the cellar and get something, but I can't remember what get something, but I can't remember what it is.' 'Oh! I will tell you,' said Johnnie. 'He wants you to go to the engineer and get He wants you to go to the engineer and get a bucket of steam: if he ain't got steam, get electricity. The boy journeyed to the cellar and tried to explain to the engineer what he wanted, but the engineer could not under-stand, and, after getting a little rattled, he yelled to the green han! to go up and see if he didn't make a mistake and wanted a left-hand monkey wrench instead. The boy went home that night, but has not yet re-

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ches, entered fully into their plot, "you know that that late apple tree that stands by the bay window up at the squire's house? Well, I've read somewhere that if you go at midnight and pluck an apple from a tree, cut it in half, throw one half over your left shoulder.

"Good: that's one on me. Well, I'm glad my future wife will have a smart tongue, as I am save she will never be a heauty. By half, throw one half over your left shoulder, and then, while you take a bite of the other half, say a rhyme to yourself with your eyes shut, when you open your eyes you will see your future husband's face before you. "Take your old apples." And she freed became a selly get out of the house when everybody is asleep, and all go together. It isn't very far." "Whet!" cried Mand Lane. "Go up to Remember, you are to be my wife." he re-

Why, I'd be frightened out of my life."
"Poob, scare-at! Who is going to hurt
you? Nobody lives there but the old man
and woman who take care of it. The young
squire is away traveling, though I did hear
that he was coming home soon.
At the appointed hour and evening they
gathered at the rendezvous, shivering and
shaking with fear at the weind performance. shaking with fear at the weird performance before them. They had ten minutes to wait for the magic hour. This was spent in climb-ing the tree and plucking the apples. Sammy thought 4t might be as well for her

to fill her apron with the apples for future

"What!" cried Maud Lane. "Go up to that great big gloomy house on the hill! Why, I'd be frightened out of my life."

Each had agreed to give a grunt with each word of the rhyme, so that all could open their eyes together. As the last grunt died away and they opened their expectant eyes there sounded in their ears a most awful answer to their anything but musical sounds; it was a moan or groan and a wall combined; then a voice asked: "What seekest Terror lent wings to the tempters of fate

DOMESTIC WALLES

"Well, Sammy, don't you know that

and fled from him.

Remember, you are to be my wife," he recalled after her laughingly.

Several times he tried to obtain an in-

sonage at all hours of the day, but though he saw Lily several times, he never could get more than a glimpse of Sammy. He had heard all about her from Rev. Mr. Daniels, and was more interested in her than Thus matters went on until the beginning of the new year, when it was agreed that both Lily and Sammy should be sent away to a boarding school, so the first Saturday after New Year's she was speeding away to a distant city, where they are to finish their

education.

Just as the train was moving off the window was thrown up quickly and a box of bonbons and some roses were thrown into the lap of the accordance the lap of the astonished Sammy, and the merry face of the young squire beamed on her; with a wave of his hand he called to her to accept them as a peace offering, and not to forget her future husband.

Terror lent wings to the tempters of fate and, shricking as they went, they sped down the lane without waiting for further developments, all but Sammy. Sammy, although quaking with fear, stood her ground.

"What seekest thou?" repeated the voice.
"I want to see my husband." answered she in a faint volve.

"Behold! he appears!" and there stepped forth from the like bushes at her side the

disaimilarity between the nervous disposi-tions of the two peoples. You remember the libelous story the paragrapher told about the Philadelphia girl who objected to coffee for breakfast because it kept her awake all day. It is so with the Americans and English. We prefer the stimulating influence of the coffee, which quickens the brain and in-vigorates the nerves, while the sedative ef-fects of tea agree with the more phiegmatic nature of the Englishman. "But Engired is not the greatest tea-drink-ing nation outside of Mongolia. The Rus-sians consume more tea than do the English. The French, Germans and Scandinavians, on

the other hand, are great coffee drinkers, the French ranking first in that respect. "There are two classes of tea drinkers. They may broadly be designated as amateurs and experts. By the amateurs is amateurs and experts. By the amateurs I mean the great body of people who drink tea as an ordinary article of diet—a pleasant beverage to sip with solid food. They are satisfied with the best of the ordinary brands known to commerce. Not so with these whom I have called experts. They drick tea for its flavor, and no composeur of wines is more fastidious in his choice. For this class of consumers there are carefully cured brands of tea ranging in price as high as several dollars a pound. In commercial circles we

by varying prices more than by anything remain. Everybody knows that men are greater coffee drinkers than women, while the fair sex consumes much more than the ordinary proportion of tea. Again, coffee is almost universally the breakfast drink, and is also preferred at the principal meal of the day, while tea generally goes with of the day, while tea generally goes with the lighter meals. When, as sometimes happens, the market value of tea or coffee is sharply advanced we readily observe a marked increase in the demand for the other article. The same is true of different brands. Just now, for instance, Rio and Santos coffees are unusually cheap, while Java is ab-normally expensive. As a consequence the South American brands are in great demand, to the partial exclusion of the Java product. On the general proposition that ten is gain-

"Why, did he really say that?" was the surprised query.
"Well, no," answered the Boston young

they are made, while satin lace and brocade form the lavish decorations. SEWING BEE ACCESSORIES.

Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, who leads one of the largest classes of smart Catholic seamstresses in New York City, keeps her rough gingham and cotton subjects for stitching in a huge hat of pale lavender straw, mounted on three glided legs, set like the crossed sticks from which a gypsy kettle hangs. Within the hat is lined with pale blue sating, and the open grown is covered by a full large.

seams. one of the generous Baptist ladies' sewing guilds at this season, uses a big flat green, yellow and red basket of Indian weave, scorns

palian Dorcases at her house and gives out the work herself from ample double-decked basket, woven of waite satin straw, tutted in pink and white broached satin, while without the basket is draped with white without the basket is draped with white and rose-colored scarfs of Aberty gauze. The upper deck is the bisket proper, holding a sewing outfit complete in gold, while in the under part a large sachet bag contains the various garments in process of making. Mrs. Gerry's basket is not unique in shape or decoration, as the flowered gauze scarfs are used laviship for draping the rather awkward long strawbound or gilded delicately perfumed sachet cotton is used, and a very great deal of emphasis is laid on the coquettish gold thimble bearing the

"Mr. Potts, you were present at the chooting scrape, were you not?"

Also tin cans and Japanned ware.

ROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

Creamery Machinery

Judge Robert Falligant, wit. orator, jurist and kind-hearted, is known in every southern state. He presides in the eastern circuit of Georgia. His sayings are quoted in every

By this time he was so completely warmed up he could not find expression in mere prose. He lesped to poetry—and Byron at that. "You saw him fre at this man?"

"Yas."

"You saw him return the weapon to his pocket?"

"I shore did."

"Come down, Mr. Potts," said the lawyer.

By this time he was so completely warmed up he could not find expression in mere prose. He lesped to poetry—and Byron at that. When he rounded off the climax like an actor the applause was deafening and the judge grew more fervent. This was not enough. He wanted to express his loyalty to his home in grander phraseology. He wanted to say that he would rather be the smallest creature. But its gleam the negro banner mars—

quite clever at verse. While he was in the war he wrote many poems which have lasted

home in Georgia.

The story that has carried his name farther perhaps the reason the major wore his "regiished his hearers by saying that he had rather be a fiddler on the coast of Georgia than a harpist in heaven. It was a confine to wear. He was confronted by an officer of the federal forces at Augusta who demonstrated the federal federal forces at Augusta who demonstrated the federal f than a harpist in heaven. It was at a banquet. The judge was down to respond to the toast, "Savannah." He was surprised when asked to respond. But what could he do? The nature of the toast, the sentiment of loyalty to his home city, made it imposs.

Off with the starry wreath.

'Tis time to lay it by.

Down with the vows we've made! Down with each memory!
Down with thoughts of our noble dead,
Down, down to the dust where their forms are laid, And down with liberty!"