when he had a great case on hand, for

any of the preparation of a great action to a subordinate or junior member. Every document, letter, reference or scrap of information on evidence was examined by himself. It was no uncommon thing for the property of the pr

ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX

HIS WAYS AND PERSONALITY-AS A PRACTICING ATTORNEY IN PITTSBURG HE EARNED \$200,000 A YEAR

V / ASHINGTON, June 2 - When Philander Chase Knox, who, as Attorney-General of the United States, is conducting the prosecution against the beef trust, entered the Cabinet, he relinquished a private law practice of \$300,000 a year. The firm of Knox & Reed always demanded and received large fees for their professional services. This story of the Indianapolis streetrailway case, the last great argument made by Mr. Knox before he came to Washington, is illustrative. He was anxlous to go to Europe for a rest when the pressure upon him to argue this case before the Supreme Court became so strong that, to rid himself of further importunity, he named a fee to the company which he believed would be prohibitive. To his surprise it was accepted instantly; he argued the case in conjunction with the late ex-President Benjamin Harrison, and won. General Harrison evidently regarded P.

C. Knox as a secondary consideration in the presentation of the case, though the onsensus of the opinion was that Knox had carried the court irresistibly by the masterful character of his argument. Some time later Harrison and Knox met on the boardwalk of Atlantic City, and after an enchange of civilities, the ex-President, in a manner that was not altogether free from a patronising air, said:

"By the way, Knox, how did you come out in the settlement of your account with the Indianapolis Street Railway Company? I get \$25,000 out of them for my mervices."

"I am very glad to hear it, General," feplied Knox, pleasantly. Then, in a nodestly deferential way, he continued:

"I grot \$125,000." 'What!" blurted the ex-President, over whelmed with astonishment. Then, appreciating the embarrassment of the situation, he wheeled and continued his walk without another word.

Knox a Country Banker's Son. Phil Knox, as he was known then and as he is known today among his intimates in Western Pennsylvania, was 16 years of age when he left home to attend Mount strained, a natural logician, and a rhetoric- Knox and "Jim" Reed in point of brains of age when he left home to attend Mount
Union College, Ohio. He was born in
Brownsville, Fayette County, Pa., May 6,
1853. His father was a country banker,
a boyhood friend of James G. Biaine, who
sent his son to the public schools until
he was ready for college. He was graduated in 1873 and immediately registered as
a law student in the office of H. Bucher

server are not in the office of H. Bucher
a law student in the office of H. Bucher

sitrained, a natural logician, and a rhetoriclan whose command of language is still
lan whose command of the carnegic Company: Congressman
of the Carnegic Company: Congressman
log in the carnegic Company is gave the team a loose rein, nev
of the Carnegic Company. The la

a law student in the office of H. Bucher Swope, of Pittsburg. No two natures were more dissimilar than preceptor and pupil. Swope, then United States District At-torney for the Western District of Pennsylvania, was nervous, flery, impetuous, aggressive and master of the greatest vocabulary of vitriolic adjectives that was ever exhibited in a district courtroom. At all times, however, his diction was polished, and in this respect his pupil owes much to the master, though the former was Swope's antithesis, cool, self-re
But Pittsburg was then heading for international fame. Conditions were shaping themselves for the men who had wit and wisdom to mount the crest of waiting arrived, when his sole companion was the office boy. This was particularly true

But Pittsburg was then heading for international fame. Conditions were shaping themselves for the men who had wit arrived, when his sole companion was the office boy. This was particularly true

"How do you wish this money applied, morning before any of the others had arrived, when his sole companion was the frequently appeared at the office in the morning before any of the others had arrived, when his sole companion was the frequently appeared at the office in the morning before any of the others had arrived, when his sole companion was the frequently appeared at the office in the frequently appeared at the offi ever exhibited in a district courtroom. At all times, however, his diction was polished, and in this respect his pupil owes ing themselves for the men who had wit

N THE death of the Rev. Father

Dolling there has passed away a

great preacher, absolutely unique among his English brethren, if, indeed, the world itself holds a parallel. He was a

pastor of the poor, yet peers were proud to shake him by the hand. Very much

what Father McGlynn represented to the poor of New York, Father Dolling was to the masses of the East End of London.

To champion their cause in religion and politics was his life's work. Like his

American contemporary, his radical sym-

pathy and his extreme zeal often brought

down upon him the censure of his ecclesinstical superiors. He was a typical

priest of the church militant, robust in

build, caring not a jot for the opinions of

His practices were often of the strang-

est. He had his own view of the best means to recialm those who had fallen

away from the church, During his pas-

torate in the East End of London he determined to bridge over any social distinc-

tion between himself and his flock, and adopted workman's clothes, generally the costume of a sailor. With their clothes he frequently put on also their style and

manner of speech. To them he was al-ways "Brother Bob." On the other hand,

ritualist. A Catholic clergyman who had once attended Father Dolling's church smilingly declared afterward that while

the ceremonial was deeply impressive, on the whole he preferred his own simple

So many are the stories told of Fathe

Dolling's peculiarities that they would fill a volume, but one or two will illus-

trate his sterling character and quaint

When he was Vicar of St. Agatha's

his religious life, he was an extreme

bishops or fellow clergymen. When he was convinced his course was right, he



ATTORNEY-GENERAL P. C. KNOX.

burg newspapers, and John T. Chambers, the largest individual glass producer in the United States, at that period a part-

success. They were chaperoned by no ad-vantageous circumstances; they had no influential friends in the background; they burg newspapers, and John T. Chambers. were generally regarded as an energetic pair who possessed no advantages above other junior members of the bar.

"Grew Up" With Pittsburg. But Pittsburg was then heading for in-

ENGLAND'S FATHER M'GLYNN

him to spend 18 or 10 hours a day in the him to spend is or 20 hours a day in the preparation of a case.

This has developed a rare faculty of self-control which invades even the domain of sleep. Day or night the Attorney-General can awake at any hour, or at the end of any period of time which he may have determined. He can tak a half-hour nap and waken himself on the minute. Knox an Early Riser.

In Washington the early-rising habit is a feature of his daily life. He is up at 6 o'clock and breakfasts with his family at &. The intervening two hours are spent behind his famous roadsters, "Wert" and Kinley said:
"B. C.," a team that cost \$8500, and which, driven by the Attorney-General two years law and his ago, lowered the world's pole record for a gentleman's team to 2:121/2 and 2:101/2 These horses were trained by General Knox himself, and one of the familiar sights vouchesfed to early risers in the suburbs of Washington is that of the Attorney-General in cap and duster spinning along the country roads, or climbing the heavier of the Potense in a light wasthe heights of the Potomac in a light wag-on behind his favorite team. Outdoor life is the Attorney-General's

hobby, although he declares that in no respect is he a faddist. He loves to hunt and fish and play golf. He is a charter members of the Castalia Club, one of the most wealthy and exclusive hunting and fishing clubs in the United States. It controls an immense game preserve near Sandusky, O., where Mr. Knox and his famlly have spent a fortnight or two every

year for the past half-dozen years. The feat of the Attorney-General in lowering the pole record for gentlemen drivers of the world was a surprise to everybody except Mr. Knox himself. He made a study of the horses for weeks before the trial on the Brunot Island's private track, below Pittsburg. He marked all their pecultarities of temper and motion. In these practice spins. "Wert" was the pole horse. One day in June, 1900, apparently without reason and against the vigorous protest of drivers and trainers. Mr. Knox put "Wert" on the other side of the pole. He knew just what he was doing, however, and the record-breaking whirl began. He gave the team a loose rein, never the touch of the whip, but now and then encourag-ing them with a word. The result of it

The Attorney-General is a man of generous impulse who never permits any record of his benefactions to become A characteristic instance is related by a prominent and wealthy woman who called on him in behalf of a charity organization immediately following the great blizzard of 1898 in Western Pennsylvania. She soner in a struggling concern on the South
Side, Pittsburg,
During his career in Pittsburg, "Phil"

Licited a contribution for coal and food, and the response was a check for a very considerable sum, so large in fact that

"BROTHER BOB" DOWLING, RADICAL PREACHER, WHO SERVED THE POOR OF PORTSMOUTH.

know, but they are all cold and hungry." was the answer.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Attorney-General is his remarkably retentive memory. He never forget a name or face. A gentleman who had business with the department relates this incident: The Attorney-General had written to him months before on a matter in which the visitor was greatly interested. The letter was one of a thousand similar ones, per-haps, dictated by General Knox. In the course of conversation the visitor quoted

"But you certainly did, I remember it who gave you. Old Glory, the name that you very distinctly."

"If I wrote those words then I confess With such pride everywhere,

I am losing my memory." insisted the At-torney-General. The letter copying-book was sent for, and General Knox pointed out the sentence, but not as the visitor had quested it.

sylvania for one year, in 1875 and 1875. He has never made a political speech. He has neither state, city or precinct at his back or under his control. In giving reasons for his appointment, President Mc-

"His intimate knowledge of corporate law and his standing in his profession alone have led to me decide upon Mr. Knox as Attorney-General Grigg's successor."

Although he is verging on 50 years of age he looks five years younger. He is of medium height, full faced and smooth shaven. Phrenologists would say that language; they are full eyes, dark and ex-pressive. The mouth and jaw indicate firm-ness, the forehead is high and hair brown. changing into gray. Whether in court or in private conversation General Knox speaks with great deliberation, carefully choosing his words, though, when roused, he expresses himself with all the vigor necessary to emphasize an opinion.

He is not a society man; rather the Atroney-General is a "clubable man." He has been president of the Pennsylvania Bar Association, and the Duquesne Club of Pittsburg. He is a member of the Union League and Lawyers' Club of New York, besides other clubs in Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

His Washington home is on K street, two short squares from the Department of Justice. It is the former George W. Childs residence, and was purchased re-cently by General Knox for the sum of \$170,000. The Pittsburg home of the Knoxes is on Elisworth avenue, a large, magnifi-cently furnished stone house, standing on a slight eminence surrounded by sloping werelawns and old shade trees. The striking feature of this home is the library, whose walls are entirely concealed by paintings of Indian and frontier life executed on the pelts of wild animals by A. F. Harmer, of California, a painter whom Mr. Knox

specially engaged for this work.

The family of General Knox consists of his wife, who was formerly Miss Smith, daughter of one of the pioneer iron manu-facturers of Pittaburg, three sons and a daughter, the latter just reaching woman-hood. The Knoxes are Protestant Episcopalians, Mr. Knox being a vestryman in the Church of the Ascension, Pitts-burg. Discussing religious creeds one day with some of his friends, the Attorney-General in reply to a question as to his belief, said:

"My creed is to live for those I love and to do all the good I can." ALFRED ALLEYN.

well for the entertainment as if she had well for the entertainment as it among the second of the entertainment as it among the second of the tion, who happened to be a peeress, sent Father Dolling a check for \$250.

As in religion, so in politics, Father Doi-ling was a "hustier." In the Conservative stronghold of Portsmouth his influence. It calls up voices over se stronghold of Portsmouth his influence
became so great that as long as he remained in the borough he sent up two
Radical members to Parliament. More
The lark's gay quick bleat and the bee's carnest

GEORGE ADE'S FABLE IN SLANG

OF THE SYNDICATE LOVER, THE PICKLED PAPA AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE LADIES' AUXILIARY

Front Fente.

trol, and it was time to call out the en-tire Department. He was for Petty and had no Shame in the Matter. He would gristly Hands and stocky Shoulders. His had no Shame in the Matter. He would had no Shame in the Matter. He would conception of a Glad Summer's Day was send an A. D. T. Boy at 6, saying that to get out and play 72 Holes, followed he would be up at 8, and then he would by several Sets of Tennis, after which it

Objects, animate and inanimate, that were

lege to go around and mow the Grass in It was the kind of transfiguring, old-

fashloned, romantic-novel Love that made him think well of her Kin-Folks. He new that any one who was related to the Queen of the Human Race was cer-tainly Right. So he tried to stand Ace with the Old People and a brother

Consequently his Work was mapped out for him

call Liberal in his Views. That is, he was not utterly set against the High Ball as a Substitute for 5 o'clock Tes. Furthermore, he bad stubbed his Toe often enough to know from ead Experience the true Value of two small pairs when five are sitting in. Had it not been that he took on his daily Package in a Club instead of a Saloon, and carried a gold-headed Cane, a good many people would have said that he Drank. As it was, he simply had the Name of being a High Liver. When he Name of being a High Liver, When he was slightly Overset and carried about 165 in his Gauge he was exceedingly Dignified; in fact, a Gentleman of the Old School. He objected to playing Poker with a Stranger, but he loved to skin a

usually married to an elderly Sport. Having found it impossible to wean him away from the Red Eye and the Saturday Night Game that laps over into Monday Morning, she tried to catch even by re-forming all the rest of the Universe. She was a member of 33 Organizations that were out to whip-saw the Cigarette, down the Cocktall and give a lasting Ki-Bash

same House with they wouldn't how they knew that she had enough Piety to supply four ordinary Mortais, so they did not have to go out and accumulate uny. The whole Bunch. Father included, extense to get past the Turnstile on needed to get past the Turnstile on Riedle. You don't have to win out the Riedle. You don't have to win out the

To Various Correspondents.

S. T. 4.—Wallows is a trisyllable word.
F. H.—Grover Cleveland is 5 years old:
David B. Hill. 59; Roosevelt. 42.
A. C. R.—These columns are not devoted to deciding bets, but to information of general interest.

Mother's Ticket.

The Sister with the busy Dome was in two or three Philadelphia Library Clubs.
She read one Book a Day, even in the lottest Weather. If she had stopped to take Breath, the Publishers would have secured a lead and she never could have secured a lead and she never could have caucht up. On Monday it would be (Copyrighted, 1902.)

NCE there was a yearning Bache- | Charles Major, on Tuesday it would be It fings itself into the shower of noon, lor who wanted the Girl so bad that he would come around at Night and took up at the Windows of her Boodwar and gnaw the Palings of the Emeracn Hough, and on Saturday it Would be It would be John Kendrick Bangs, on Thursday it Would be John Kendrick Bangs, on Thur Front Fence.

Would be Conan Doyle. Then on Sunday
The slightest film of floating gossamer.

The Fires of Love had got beyond Conshe would hold her Head and try to Which the faintest touch of insect's wing would

phone her at 7 to find out if she had re-ceived the Note. | Was time to bat up a few Flies, and then, food | food

So Father took the Candidate down to his Club and gave him Old Stuff that was 130 Proof, and then tried him out in a nice little cut-throat Game. By the time he got away from the Pirates he was due to show up and attend Morning Service with the prospective Mother-in-Law. He let on that he was keen for a good Sermon and he made an awful Bluff at singing the Hymns that he had not heard for 20 years. On Sunday afternoon he was due to meet Brother Walt at the Country Club and play him for a Ball a Hole. After a couple of Sundays, Walt had enough Haskels to last him a Life-Tin When he had hurried to his Room rubbed himself with Witch Hazel, he would tear for the House, where the living Book Review would be waiting to ask him if he didn't think "Dorothy Vernon" was better than "Mary MacLane." While he would be doing Foot-Work and side-stepping the Questions that were calculated to show him up as a howling Ignoramus, the Real Thing would be sitting back waiting in vain for an Opening.
This went on for quite a Spell, He had
been joited at Poker, trimmed at Golf, put against long Sermons right in Fly-Time and conned into reading 47 Books that did not appeal to him. He seemed to be making grand Headway with all members of the Outfit except the One that he wanted to snare out into a Dim

Corner and hold in a Strong Embrace orever and ever.

After awhile he began to weaken on the Scheme of playing up to a whole Cast of Characters. He wondered if it would not be just as easy to love a lone Orphan.

She was Wise. She saw herself losing a Good Thing. It was a shame to back-cap her own Tribe, just when they were pullto the Blue Chip and the Kitty. As abon her own Tribe, just when they were pullas she had a little Money saved up she sent it to the Missionaries in Kakaroo.

Night she fought off the others and lived sent it to the Mirsionaries in Kakaroo.

By attending Services at least twice every
Sunday she hoped to establish a good Genaral Average for the whole Family.

Are the other members of the Family

The the other members of the Family

SCRAP BOOK

The Name of Old Glory.

a sentence from his letter.

"I never wrote such a sentence," said
General Knox.

"I have blended ranks of the gray and the blue—"

With such pride everywhere, As you east yourself free through the rapturous And leap out full-length, as we're wanting

had quoted it.

Philander C. Knox has always been a
Republican. The only office he ever held,
prior to his call to Washington, was that
of Amistant United States District At-

By day or by night, Their delightfulest light Laughing down from their little square heaven

Who gave you the name of Old Glory? Say, Who-Who gave you the name of Old Glory? The old banner lifted, and faltering then,

In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

his eves indicate unusual command of And we cheer it and shout in our wild, brerzy We-the crowd, every man of us, calling you

We-Tom, Dick and Harry-each swinging his And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our When-Lord-we all know we're as common as

sin! And yet it just seems like you humor us all And waft us your thanks as we hall you and

Into line, with you over us, waving us on Where our glorified, sanctified betters ha And this is the reason we're wanting to know-And we're wanting it so-where ou ther went we are willing to go).

Who gave you the name of Old Glory-oh, ho! Who gave you the name of Old Glory? The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was By the side of you river he weeps and he

Repeat it and cheer it, is a tang to the spirit As calt as a tear—
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by.
There's a shout in the throat and blur in the

And an aching to live for you always-or die, If, dying, we still keep you waving on high. For you, floating above, And all the stars of all wars and the sorrows

Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory? Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast, And fluttered an audible answer at last-

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said—
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-Of my bars, and the heaven of stars overhead— By the symphol conjoined of them all, skyward

As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,

The Light Is Ever Silent.

Not one faint throb of its rast pulse is heard By creature-ear. How silent is the light; Even when of old it wakened Memnon's lyre, If breathe no music of its own; and still,

When at sweet sunrise, on its golden wings, It brings the melodies of dawn to man It scatters them in silence o'er the earth.

The light is over silent: Most silent of all heavenly silences; Not even the darkness stiller, nor so still; Too swift for sound or speech, it rushes on Right through the yielding skies, a

That flows but abbs not, breaking on the shor Of this dark earth, with never-ceasing wave, Yet in its swiftest flow, or fullest Spring-tide Giving less sound than does one falling blos

Which the May breeze lays lightly on th

Such let my life be here; Not marked by noise but by success alor Not known by bustle, but by useful deeds Yet full of its oft-penetrating power; Its stlent but resistless influence; Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working Hour after hour, upon a needy world. —Horatius Bonar.

Our Master. Immortal love, forever full, Forever flowing free, Forever shared, forever whole, A never-ebbing sea!

No fable old, nor mythic lore, Nor dream of bards and seers, No dead fact stranded on the shore Of the oblivious years.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet A present help in he; And faith has still its Olivet, And love its Galilee

Is by our beds of pain; We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole again.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord, What may thy service be? Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word, Thy litanies, sweet offices

Thy litanies, tweet one of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

—John G. Whittier.

With a Rose. Lady, lest they should betray, On thy lips this rose I lay.

Fragrance of the rose is less-Rosebud Tos, lest they reveal-What a rose heart should keep

With a hue that theirs outvies,

Eden since, no winard knows Spell that bindeth like a rose-Flower of love, the last to leave Bud that blossomed first for Eve. With my rose for lock and key, None shall pick thy lips, pardie!

But to me, if they unclose

-Charles Henry Webb.

All the notes of the forest throng

Flute, reed and string, are in his song; Never a fear knows he, nor wrong, Nor a doubt of anything.

All weather that comes to him is the best, While he sees his mate close on her nest,

for a bird forgets in a real No wonder the thrush can sing.

-E. B. Sill.

formation will be answered in these west of the Columbia River. Subsed columns. Letters should be written on one side of the paper, and must ship of the San Juan Islands. That was be accompanied by the name and address referred to King William, of Germany, of the writer, not for publication, however. All letters without the name of the United States. writer go to the waste-basket. Canadian Boundary Treaties,

Please give name and date of the different treaties between Great Britain and the United States in regard to the boundary line between this country and Can-ada, also the names of the agents or Commissioners who negotiated the same. W. A. W.

The treaty of Washington, sometimes from the names of the representatives of the United States and Great Britain who negotiated it-Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton-was agreed upon in 1842, and fixed the present boundary between Canada and the United States, from Nova Scotia to the point where the 49th parallel crosses the Columbia River. In June, 1846, Secretary of State James Buchanan concluded with the British Minister at

quently a dispute arose over the ownerwho, in 1872, decided in favor of the

Nothing distressed Father Dolling more turned into a dormitory for his homeless praching as "the Old Lady of Osborne."

Prenunciation of "Address." Is it proper to pronounce the noun "ad-iress" (referring to one's street number or town) with the accent on the first syl-lable? C. M. H.

They can't put you in jail for accenting the first syllable, but such prounciation is unauthorized. Webster, the Century and the Standard, as well as the older dictionaries, accent the last syllable. A called the Webster-Ashburton treaty, number of well-meaning, law-abiding citizens who wish to be strictly up to date, accent the first syliable. These also my "progr'm" and accent the first syllable when they speak the word "programme."

> He Is Not Exempt. Does a man with an honorable discharge from the Army or Navy have to pay road tex, or is be exempt.

Rev. George Gibson. Washington, Roland Pakenham, a treaty as the Rev. George Gibson, former pastoted to deciding beaming the 6th parallel and the Strait tor of the First Immanuel Church. San of general interest.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ETTERS asking for general infor- of Fuca as the International boundary Francisco, dead? Did he make a confession of the famous Durrant affal We think not, He made no such con-

FATRER DOWLING, ENGLAND'S "FATHER M'GLYNN,"

After the dancing was over the hall was referred to the late Queen Victoria in his

To Remove Grass Stains. What will remove grass stains from white cotton goods? I. N. Wash in clear, cold, soft water, without soap, before the material is otherwise wet,

Alcohol or soaking in lemon juice and salt are also recommended. Furnish's Vote in Albany. Did Furnish or Chamberlain carry City of Albany? D.

Albany precincts than did Chamberlain. Who received more votes outside of Multnomah, Chamberlain or Furnish?

Furnish received eight more votes in the

on one occasion when the writer was attending a service at St. Agatha's, a lady, very stylishly dressed and wearing hand on one of the several occasions when he was in trouble with his bishop, it was headsome lewelry, had taken a front seat.

The seabird's winged wall upon the wave he was in trouble with his bishop, it was he would take charge of the Church he was in trouble with his bishop. It was the voice of childhood, soft and he would take charge of the Church had the world's mighty murmur that handsome jewelry, had taken a front seat. Father Dolling had evidently remarked her presence with little approval, for in the middle of his sermon he pointed her out, declaring that, as she had usurped the place of some humble member of his congregation, probably out of a motive of curiosity, he would expect her to pay as

His Affection was none of your stingy, half-way Quivers It was the real Essence of Googoo, double strength. It was an Omnibus Love, that reached out its red-hot Tentacles and twined around all Objects, animate and inanimate, that were associated with little Honey-Bun. He would have deemed it a Holy Privi-

When he was Vicar of St. Agatha's, When he was Vicar of St. Agatha's, Portsmouth, the most thickly populated and vicious parish in that city by the sea, it was his custom to share his meals with any hungry member of his congregation. Twice a day, at breakfast and supper, Father Dolling took his seat at the head of a long deal table in a bare hall, with sand on the floor. His assistant priests, vowed to poverty and cellbacy like himself, and on either side, and the long table rapidly filled up with all sorts and conditions of men. No one was refused admission who had once taken the communion in his church.

Nothing distributed Father Dolling took and the language to the side, and the long table rapidly filled up with all sorts and conditions of men. No one was refused admission who had once taken the fused admission who had once taken the communion in his church.

Nothing distribute Father Dolling took his replayed the time to the point. "Which would you have them do," he asked, "dance to my tune or the devil's fidding?"

After the dancing was over the hall was

named Walter and a tall-browed Sister who was Intellectual.

sey's Father was what we might Good Friend, so he was no Gambler. Baby's Mother was exactly the Sort that

friendly to the prosperous Bachelor, and each one determined to put in a few quiet Plugs for Sla.

Lines Recited at Berkshire Festival. Who have wandered like truants, for riches or

fame! With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her She calls you to feart from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts and your lanes, And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our Take a whist from our fields, and your exceltent wives
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your

Come, you of the law, who can talk, if you Till the man is the moon will allow it's And leave the "old lady that never tells lies"

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line: White you shut up your turnplies, your neigh-The old roundabout road to the regions below. And whose head is an ant-hill of units and

Though Piato denies you, we welcome you still As a featherless biped, in spite of your quilt. With the burrs on his legs and the grass at his No dodger behind, his bandannas to share,

constable grumbling, "You musta't walk In yonder green meadow, to memory dear, He staps a mosquito and brushes a tear; The dewdrops hang round him on blossoms and He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his

There stands the old schoolhouse, hard by the old church; That tree at its side had the flavor of birch; Oh, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks, Though the grainle of youth had so many "hig

slumps, The boots fill with water, as if they were pumps, Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed. With a glow in his heart and a cold in his

'Tis past-he is dreaming-I see him again; The ledger returns as by legerdemain: His neckcloth is damp with an easterly flaw, And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw, He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy gale, That the straw is a rose from his dear native And murmurs, unconscious of space and of

"Al. Extra super. Ah, isn't it prime!" Oh, what are the prizes we perish to win. To the first little "shiner" we caught with a No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial plent Then come from all parties, and parts, to our

Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you at A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass, And the best of old-water-at nothing a ginea.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The American Fing. When Freedom from her mountain height, Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure role of night. And set the stars of glory there! She mingled with its gorgeous dyes. The milky haldric of the skies, And striped its pure celestial white

With streaking of the morning light,

Then, from his mansion in the sun, She called her eagle bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand The symbol of her chosen land! Who rear'st aloft thy regal form. To hear the tempest-trumping loud, And see the lightning-lances driven, When strive the warriors of the sto And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven-Child of the sun'to thee 'tis given To guard the banner of the free, To ward away the battle-stroke,

And bid its blending shine afar, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory! Fing of the brave! thy folds shall fly, The sign of hope and triumph high! When speaks the signal trumpet-tone, And the long line comes gleaming on, are yet the life-blood, warm and wet, Has dimmed the glistening bayener, Each soldier-eye shall brightly turn, To where the sky-born glories burn, And as his springing steps advance. Catch war and vengoance from the glanca. And when the cannon-mouthings loud Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud, And gory sabers rise and fall Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall, Then shall thy meteor glances glow.

And cowering foes shall shrink beneath

Each gallant arm that strikes below That lovely messenger of death, Flag of the seas! on ocean wave Thy stars shall gilter o'er the brave; When death, careering on the gale, Sweeps darkly round the beilled sall. And frighted waves rush wildly back Before the broadside's reeling rack. Each dying wanderer of the sea Shall look at once to heaven and thee, And smile to see thy splendors fly In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home! By angel hands to valor given, Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven! Forever float that standard sheet; Where breathes the foe but falls before us. With Freedom's soil beneath our feet. And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us? -Joseph Rodman Drake

My woods with many voices speak to me— My Southern woods, that are my home and kin. Their wide arms welcome me, to lose therein All worldly care, and wander forth as free As in dear childhood days I used to be. In Springtime, when the earliest buds begin To waken, and the wild March breezes wir The jasmine's sweet response, then every tree Gives greeting as I pass beneath the bough: "Love and have hope," they say, "for God is And when the world is clad in pride of May,

"Heart, sing for jey, as we are singing now-"Listen!" so speak the voices of the wood. "Love and be glad; for God is love," they say, Still to'my soul the woods their sermons preach When breathless Summer burns the grames dry And lapped in quivering heat the broad fields The leaves are languid, yet in murmurous

speech They tell each other what the tall pines teach: "Love and be patient; bide his time," eigh—
The solemn pines that soar up toward the sky
So far it almost seems within their reach,
And while the golden Autumn loiters by, No meiancholy mars its feding glow-Even while the brief, sharp Winter-tide is here,

Still are my great pines green against the sky. And they and leafless boughs alike breathe low.

The thrush sings high on the topmost bough-Low, louder, low again; and now He has changed his tree-you know not how, For you saw no flitting wing.

He has last his last year's love, I know He, too-but 'tis little he keeps of wee For a bird forgets in a year, and so