

**THE MALAGASY SOLDIERS' WAR SONG.**

...of the Third volunteers  
Forward with confidence and courage  
... Queen Ranavalonajankajy,  
... a sovereign who is wise and good,  
... the fatherland, which is sweet and  
... defend the independence of this kingdom,  
... our war song, which says,  
... would rather die than not conquer."  
...ing ability with might and with life,  
... our bodies as a wall of defense,  
... our strength as a shield for protec-  
...tion.  
... the different our glory shall be,  
... medals to wear,  
... our flag our memorial for aye,  
... who are here are ready for all that.  
... soldiers have a fixed time,  
... sufficient for what is designed,  
... for what is wrong and unwise,  
... honor to the agreement that's  
... made.  
... "I would rather die,"  
... "I would rather die and done  
... ally profess our allegiance true."  
... Malagasy born.  
... is not feared. What is to come  
... or tremor.  
... and life split are our charms  
... to abate our courage as fire,  
... and bitter make us more manly,  
... we can never white breath in us  
... taste.  
... here we yield ourselves, saying,  
... are soldiers ourselves, and our generals  
... are honored."  
... O ye army? —New York Sun.

**SWANLEE'S GIRL.**

Two men were riding tired horses  
on an ill defined trail through North  
Carolina woods. The one was a New  
Yorker—keen, alert, dark haired and  
usually one day behind with his  
wing. His companion, who rode with  
him, was an old-fashioned Kentuckian,  
with a broad, weathered face, and  
was, as he said, "a real horse man."  
The Kentuckian was sitting on his  
low pigskin gaiters, with their but-  
tons down the shin, betraying him for a  
gentleman of the islands be-  
hind the sea. They were not friends—  
merely acquaintances. They had fore-  
gotten some few miles back at cross-  
roads, and finding that they were cross-  
ing in the same direction had jogged  
along in company.  
For the past hour the multitude of  
trees had bothered them much, and  
they had been a good deal of toss up in  
their choice, and at last neither had any  
other ideas to offer about the route, and  
there was no question but that they  
were most satisfactorily lost. The last  
of the sky was turning to a cooler  
blue, and a couple of tree toads were  
loudly commencing the overture to  
their nightly opera.  
"Say," remarked the American,  
"you ever ridden down a strange  
hill of this sort after nightfall?"  
"Can't say I have."  
"Then, sir, you've an experience in  
which won't be all mollusks. You  
sit till the trees begin to sneeze up  
and you on the kneecap. Then you'll  
get Co-lumbus! See that?"  
"Corn—these green shrubs?"  
"Corn, sir. Indian corn, you call it  
back in the old country. And here  
it's a nigger-corn. I guess 'Tain't  
nigh enough for a Tar Heeler's shanty."  
They wheeled round the edge of the  
patch, their horses picking a way  
spatially over the outthrusting roots of  
timber, and pulled up before a  
small frame house. As though their ar-  
rival had been expected, the rough door  
opened and a man stepped out and  
looked at them. He was an old man and  
he looked at them with a steady gaze.  
"How do you do?" he asked.  
"The Englishman shrugged his shoul-  
ders, and the New Yorker answered for  
himself.  
"S. T. Vanrennan, real estate agent,  
and place, New York city. Stick to  
your own trade, colonel, and shouldn't  
you what a blockade still was if I was  
an one."  
"For a moment the old man seemed  
ready to resent this last remark, but  
for a moment. Then southern hos-  
tility asserted itself.  
"Well, gentlemen," he said, "how  
I serve you?"  
By putting us on the road for Ashe-  
ville."  
"I could not do it. Asheville's good  
miles beyond this, and the trail's far  
bad for strangers to follow in the  
dark. You must bunk with me, gentle-  
man, this night."  
There was a little more talk, and then  
the horses were led round to a barn at  
the back, unaddled, rubbed down  
thoroughly and presented with six corn-cobs  
each, after which the two adjourned  
into the cabin, sipped off heavy corn  
bread, strong flavored bacon and raw,  
ginger, smoky corn whiskey. After the  
old man, the Yankee, pleading tiredness,  
retired to the far room and slept. The  
New Yorker, who was traveling in the moun-  
tains to pick up a character, was glad  
enough to sit up with his host and talk  
the smelly kerosene lamp over un-  
related tobacco and corn-cob pipes.  
Their conversation was, on the whole,  
pleasant. Only twice was it inter-  
rupted. On these occasions footsteps made  
themselves heard on the hard, red ground  
outside, and then, after a pause, a sil-  
ver half dollar rolled in under the door.  
The old man pocketed the coin, lifted  
the latch, and reaching a hand out into  
the darkness, brought in a quart bottle,  
which he proceeded to fill from a keg  
that waited through the door a strong  
cup of smoky spirit. Afterward he  
settled the bottle into the night, and  
heavy footsteps recommenced and  
set out in dimness.  
On the first occasion the old man com-  
mented to his guest: "Say, sir, you've  
got that call in the mountains, a ten-  
foot; but, from the face of you, you  
aren't straight. Please remember you've  
got nothing."  
"I'm under the tie of bread and salt,"  
said the Englishman. "You needn't fear  
me. And he fell to talking about the  
game in the woods.  
When the Englishman awoke next

morning, he found that his traveling  
companion had already departed.  
"I didn't press him to stay," said the  
old man, "but I hope you will honor me  
with a longer visit. My name is Colonel  
Swanlee, which you may have seen  
mentioned in accounts of the war, and  
once I had a 40 room home here and  
close on 200 niggers working on a fine  
estate. The house and the niggers are  
gone, and the estate has run back for  
the most part into forest. You know the  
war ruined most of us southern gentle-  
men, and our lands were bought up by  
pork packers and successful drummers  
and Yankee trash generally. I've been  
luckier than some. I haven't sold a rod  
of ground. I've been spared seeing filthy  
railroads plow through my land, and  
I've some other mercies to be thankful  
for. That northerner was right when  
he hinted at my having a blockade still  
round here. I do run one. I know it's  
against the law, but the law—as laid  
down by Yankees—ruined me. Conse-  
quently I've but small respect for it,  
especially as now it's sized to suit all  
shades of color. Come, sir. You said last night  
you were in no hurry to get on. Will  
you stay awhile and rough it with me?"  
The invitation was genuine, and the  
Englishman remained, and because the  
life was fresh and interesting to him,  
and because old man Swanlee was loath  
to let him go, he staid on till the  
weeks grew to a month. There was  
much to occupy his time. Any one with  
a taste for scenery may gratify it to the  
full in the wooded mountains and val-  
leys of the Allegheny country. Some-  
times he took his horse and rode along  
the rough trails far afield—over the  
great Smokies and looked down on Ten-  
nessee. Sometimes he roamed through  
the second growth forest which had  
sprung up in tropical luxuriance over  
the once cleared land, occasionally shoot-  
ing a wild turkey, or a hawk, or a flying  
squirrel, or whipping in two a small  
rattlesnake, but for the most part find-  
ing full enjoyment in admiring this  
gallery of pictures which nature by herself  
had painted.  
Once indeed he visited the distillery  
in its weird hiding place under the wa-  
terfall and gazed curiously over the  
crude appliances with which the fiery  
corn whiskey was produced. But that  
was seldom referred to. In the evening,  
when they sat together under the wooden  
piazza, the Englishman and his host  
either smoked or smoked in silence, or  
listened to the warm southern night and  
listening to its myriad insect noises, or  
else the old man would talk and unfold  
pictures of past southern splendor in the  
haleycorn days "befo' the war."  
They seemed to be living then in an at-  
mosphere of nearly half a century before,  
and at times the Englishman had hard  
work to bring himself back to the true  
realities.  
But at last there came a breaking up  
of the pastoral, and it arrived in bar-  
barous shape. The place was raided by  
the revenue men.  
The visitor was away before hunting in  
the woods when they arrived, but hasten-  
ed back when the sound of heavy fir-  
ing came down to him over the timber.  
He gained the hut, perhaps luckily, too  
late for interference, but the history of  
what had occurred was written out be-  
fore him in ruddy lettering. Three offi-  
cers of the excise lay twisted and dead  
on the red soil, shot down by that ter-  
rible ten fire repeater, which carried its  
charge like a heavy ball for the short  
distance. Further out was Vanrennan,  
doubled up over a stump like a half  
filled meal sack. Flitting in and about  
the trees, still farther down the trail,  
were four saddled horses leisurely graz-  
ing.  
There was no sign of old man Swan-  
lee.  
Had he run for the woods, or—  
The newcomer rushed across the clear-  
ing and into the cabin. The Carolina  
planter, the Confederate colonel, the  
blockade distiller, the murderer, was  
stretched out on the floor, with blood  
oozing into pools around and about his  
head. An ear shredded through  
by one bullet, temple grazed by another;  
his left elbow shattered by a third. None  
of these were mortal; none could cause  
this prostration. Ah, there was a worse  
wound, in the groin, that meant death!  
Under the impromptu surgery the old  
man woke up.  
"That blasted Yankee Vanrennan!"  
Says I shot his father at Seven Pines  
when I was skinning for Lee outside  
Richmond. Very likely. I know the  
orders were to take no prisoners. It was  
all in the way of business. And then,  
by way of dirty vengeance, he brings  
the excise about my ears. No southern  
gentleman would have done that—none  
but a mongrel Dutch Yankee. How  
ever, he's got his gruel, and so have the  
revenue men, and I'm dying. Hello,  
who are you?"  
Old man Swanlee gripped his gun  
again and started up full of fight.  
"Oh, it's you, sir, is it? I ask you:  
pardon, I'm sure," he said, bowing  
with old fashioned courtesy, "but this  
little domestic trouble must be my ex-  
cuse. Those fellows have pumped lead  
in me till I've been a trifle thrashed  
out of balance. Thanks! If you would assist  
me on to the floor again and bring the  
corner of that box over my head."  
He rested a minute to collect his  
thoughts, and then went on afresh.  
"Now, Mr.—I've forgotten your name  
—circumstances compel me to ask you  
an intense favor. I've had good com-  
rades, and I've had staunch friends, but  
some were shot in the war, and some  
have died since, and the rest are scat-  
tered. I know not where. There isn't a  
son within riding distance, except Tar  
Heeler, and I'd almost as soon trust my  
little girl to a nigger as one of them."  
"Your daughter is it that you're  
speaking about?"  
"That's so. I haven't mentioned her  
before. I don't let her have any truck  
with the lot down here, and didn't in-  
tend to until the place was ready to re-  
ceive her as she should be received—as  
my mother was received when she came  
upon the estate. Yes, sir, that's what  
I've been toiling and slaving for in  
these years, barely spending \$1 in cash  
except a few cents an acre for taxes;  
holding on to the land with a miser's  
grip, while the forest stamped the snake  
fences out of sight brewing a vile spirit  
for the mountaineers around. No, sir,  
I've not sold moonlight whiskey because  
I liked it, or hugged my balance at the  
banks merely to put myself back on the  
ancestral dunghill. I've done my crow-  
ing. But, sir, when my little girl was  
born in Richmond, during the siege,  
my wife made me promise before she  
died that, come what might, I'd see the  
child mistress of the house we'd been  
driven from here. My wife was a very

prond woman, sir. Her family claimed  
descent from Pocahontas."  
"But," objected the listener, "I don't  
see how this could be. Since slavery has  
been abolished—"  
"One can't get the lazy brutes of ne-  
groes to remedy? Quite so. But I'd  
a scheme, sir, to work that. It would  
be very frightful gall to the Yankees,  
but it would have paid here all the same.  
I should have imported Chinese labor,  
and with that and a strong hand things  
would have been much the same as they  
were in the old days. But that scheme  
must be abandoned now. A man with  
no previous experience, such as your-  
self, would never know how to handle  
such cattle. Would you kindly reach me  
that bottle of the locker? I'm get-  
ting very faint. Thanks. I seldom pat-  
ternize my own brew; but, whatever its  
demerits, it has strength. However, I  
haven't got much time left, and I must  
come to the point. America was no  
place for a southern girl after the war.  
With the niggers stirred up as they  
were, there was no telling what might  
happen to her. So I sent the child to a  
convent in Paris, and there she's re-  
mained ever since. But she's finished  
her education, and she's coming home  
right now—coming home to her inheri-  
tance. Yes, sir, the estate will be hers  
in an hour or so's time, and with it a  
matter of \$50,000, that has come out of  
moonlight whiskey. Now, sir, will you  
give a dying man a hand?"  
"I will do anything that lies within  
my power."  
"Then find out my daughter," came  
the astonishing reply, "and marry her."  
Horror struck the Englishman start-  
ed to his feet. Did not this man realize  
that he was a murderer, still red hand-  
ed?  
"My God," said old man Swanlee,  
"you are not going to refuse me?" He  
stretched out a bony hand and caught  
at the other's gaiter. "Heavens, man,  
think what you are saying! Think what  
this means to me!"  
The other turned away his head in  
despair.  
"It is not much I am asking. She's  
beautiful. I had her photograph sent  
me only the other day. She's highly  
educated; she's well born; she's rich.  
What more can a young man want in a  
wife?"  
"But," broke in the Englishman des-  
perately, "I am not free. I met a girl  
in Paris awhile back and crossed with  
her here in the boat from Havre. Be-  
fore we landed in New York she had  
promised to become my wife. I never  
could marry any one else. I—er—in  
short, I love her."  
The old man's knotted hands wrestled  
with one another tremulously. "I see,"  
he said at last, with a heavy sigh. "I  
should have liked it to have been, but  
what you say is final. Still, sir, you  
must do something else for me, if you  
will."  
"Anything that lies within my power,"  
exclaimed the other eagerly. "Believe  
me, anything."  
"Then find out my daughter and act  
as her guardian. Give her my dying  
command to obey you in everything, and  
she will do it. See that she has her  
rights, guard her from adventurers,  
watch that she marries a good husband,  
a man that is worthy of her, one who  
will treat her well."  
The old man's voice had died down  
almost to a whisper.  
His companion stooped over him. "I  
will do all you ask," he said earnestly.  
"But you had better tell me now where  
I shall find Miss Swanlee."  
"Thanks. You are very good. But I  
ought to have told you she is not bear-  
ing that name now. To avoid complica-  
tions which arose after the war I made  
her take another, which she will carry  
till she comes back here. She was christ-  
ened Miriam, after her mother, and—"  
The old man's voice dropped.  
"Yes, yes," said the Englishman im-  
patiently, "but what was the surname?"  
"Lee."  
"What, Miriam Lee?"  
"Yes, sir. Miriam Frances Lee."  
"Just God—that is the girl to whom  
I am engaged!"  
The Englishman reeled against the ta-  
ble, staring wildly at his host. Old Man  
Swanlee had ceased to live, but the an-  
gle of the hat propped him against fall-  
ing. On his grim old face there was a  
curious look of satisfaction.—C. J. Cut-  
cliffe Hyne in Pall Mall Gazette.

**TO "MAKE MEN,"**  
Salvation Army Will Start a "Farm Colony" in New Jersey.  
The "farm colony" which the Salva-  
tion Army has long contemplated  
starting in America will probably soon  
be established in Mahwah, N. J. The  
plan is based on the colonies suggested  
by Gen. Booth in his "Darkest England,"  
one of which was established in Had-  
leigh, Essex, Eng., several years ago.  
The object of the farm is not to support  
aged members of the Salvation Army,  
but to carry out Gen. Booth's "man  
making" plan, as his scheme for giving  
unfortunate mortals a new start in life  
has been called. The plan in brief is  
to take men out of the gutters, give  
them a chance to work if they are will-  
ing to do so, and finally render them  
self-supporting and decent members  
of the community.  
It is calculated by officers of the Salva-  
tion Army that there are in New  
York City, for instance, 100,000 men  
and women in the streets out of work,  
out of money, down at the heel, ragged,  
wretched, bankrupt in pocket and courage.  
The farm is intended to give these  
persons a new start in life. It is not  
intended that they shall be given money  
until they have earned it, because, say  
the Salvation soldiers, to give money  
to a man who has not earned it is to  
lessen his self-respect and make it eas-  
ier for him to accept charity again, per-  
haps to seek it, when he might earn  
money by honest toil.  
England, when Gen. Booth touched  
his big heart with his stories of "Dar-  
kest England," contributed \$500,000 for  
the work which he outlined, and it is  
not thought that this country will be  
less generous if an appeal is made for  
funds with which to attempt the ban-  
ishment of idleness and poverty.

**DEATH OF TECUMSEH.**  
POINTS ON A QUESTION THAT HAS  
LONG BEEN IN DISPUTE.  
The Claim That an Old Indian Warrior,  
a Bitter Indian Hater, Killed the Cele-  
brated Chief—A Document Found Among  
the Late Richard Conner's Papers.  
The following account of the death  
of the great Indian chieftain Tecumseh,  
or Tecumte, was found among the pa-  
pers of Richard J. Conner, editor of the  
Pera Sentinel, who died in this city  
July 25, 1895. It contains information  
touching the question that has hereto-  
fore been widely disputed. The death  
of Mr. Conner prevented the fulfillment  
of the task, says the Indianapolis News:  
"My father's family was captured by  
the Indians about the year 1785. It may  
have been earlier or a year or two later.  
They were carried to Michigan, and  
were afterward ransomed by some Mo-  
ravians, and the family settled about  
four or five miles below the present site  
of Mount Clemens, on the Clinton river,  
23 miles north of the city of Detroit.  
"When captured, the family lived at  
a place called Conner's Town, or Con-  
ner's Station, near what is now the east  
line of Coshocton county, O., adjoining  
Pennsylvania. The long journey  
through the wilderness then covering  
the distance from eastern Ohio to the  
Clinton river in Michigan was most  
painful and fatiguing.  
"My father settled on White river in  
central Indiana in 1802, but he had  
made a trip to the Wabash in 1800. He  
remained at his trading post until the  
breaking out of the war with Great  
Britain in 1812, when he joined the  
forces under General Harrison at Fort  
Meigs, on the Maumee river, and with  
his brother John acted as guide and in-  
terpreter for General Harrison. He was  
sent by the general down the Wabash  
to the Miami, Rattawatomie and  
Shawnee, to learn if possible their in-  
tentions and attitude in the approach-  
ing trouble with British forces. He  
knew Tecumte and his brother, the  
Prophet, intimately. The Prophet often  
befriended him, and was a trustworthy  
friend. My father always spoke well  
of these Indians. He had many conversa-  
tions with Tecumte in regard to the  
attitude of the Indian tribes under his  
direction and his reasons for his ad-  
herence to the British cause, and his co-  
operation with that country in the war  
that followed. Tecumte complained  
bitterly of the lack of faith on the part  
of the United States in regard to per-  
formance of treaty stipulations and  
contrasted it with the policy as carried  
out by Great Britain in its management  
of Indian affairs in Canada. He felt  
that there was no security for the In-  
dian and clearly foresaw that the time  
was not distant when the Indian would  
possess little or no part of the domain  
he had inherited from his fathers.  
"Tecumte seemed to be fully aware  
that step by step the tribes would be  
pushed farther west or exterminated  
by the bitterness and hate of the white  
man. With a power warlike and ag-  
gressive as Great Britain to back and  
ally the Indian, he hoped to put off the  
final day and possibly save a remnant  
of his people.  
"These, in part at least, were the  
reasons that actuated him in that won-  
derful crusade he was making, visiting  
the tribes covering the country from  
the lakes to Arkansas. My father said  
he had a persuasive tongue and a power  
to move his fellow savages rare indeed,  
and he never failed to rally the red man  
on to the war path. His nature was not  
naturally a savage one, and he often ex-  
pressed abhorrence of unnecessary blood-  
shed.  
"He declared that he would not tolerate  
cruelty or predatory warfare on  
peaceful, noncombustant settlements of  
white people, but he felt it his duty to  
rally the tribes and inflame them to a  
point of resistance and fair warfare  
against the government of the United  
States, which had for a hundred years  
persistently pushed the Indians from  
their homes and the places which that  
government had assigned to them with  
solemn pledges that they should always  
retain such as their future homes, and  
that it would protect them from the  
restless greed of white pioneers.  
"My father was in command of 800  
friendly Indians at the battle of the  
Thames, in Canada. His command was  
attached to Colonel Paul's regiment in  
that battle. His Indians did some good  
service and contributed to the defeat  
of the British and Indians.  
"After the battle, late in the after-  
noon, he was summoned to the head-  
quarters of Colonel R. M. Johnston, who  
stated to him that it was the rumor that  
the great chief Tecumte was among  
the slain in battle and requested my  
father to take some of his friendly In-  
dians and search the field and ascertain  
if it were indeed true. My father im-  
mediately took with him four or five  
Delawares and began the search, which  
was successful. When they found the  
body, some of the Indians were not sure  
that it was that of Tecumte. There  
was a striking resemblance between the  
two brothers, Tecumte and the Prophet,  
but one of them had a spot or defect on  
one of his eyes. One of the Delawares  
stooped down and pushed open the eye-  
lid, and it was at once known that the  
dead man was indeed Tecumte.  
"During the political campaign of  
1840 it was universally asserted by the  
Democrats that 'Colonel Johnson killed  
Tecumte.' My father often declared  
that it could not be; that an old Indian  
warrior and a camp follower of the ex-  
pedition in Canada, named Wheatley,  
was probably Tecumte's slayer. He was  
a bitter Indian hater and a crank  
on that subject. He was not enrolled as  
a soldier, but went to the battle on his  
own account. He, too, was killed in the  
fight. Tecumte was shot through the  
breast, and the wound plainly showed  
that he came to his death from the  
effects of a shot from a small bore rifle,  
such as the frontiersman usually car-  
ried.  
JOHN A. DEIBERT."

**A GOVERNOR'S FIRST OFFICE.**  
Elected Attorney General Because He  
Wasn't a Lawyer.  
Gov. Culberson, of Texas, tells the  
following story of how he entered poli-  
tics and obtained his first office, attorney  
general of the Lone Star State:  
"I had been practicing law," he says,  
"and thought I had made about enough  
reputation to justify branching out. I  
did not expect to be nominated, but I  
thought it would be a good introduc-  
tion to start with a race for the attor-  
ney generalship. George Clark, one of  
the ablest lawyers in the country, was  
my opponent. He was placed in nomina-  
tion by a brilliant speech, while my  
friend who proposed my name neglected  
to mention my legal attainments. It  
looked dark for me when a man from  
the panhandle arose and said: 'Mr.  
Speaker, they say Clark's a great law-  
yer. I come with proxies from my end  
of the State all in my pocket, and' was  
notified to vote for Clark. But I knew  
no one had any idea he was a lawyer.  
This State has been hogswoggled by the  
lawyers till she's so pore you can't  
sell enough cotton to pay for the cattle  
the cactus kills, all on account of the  
lawyers, and the railroads that keeps  
them up. I hope we won't put in any  
lawyer, and I'm for Culberson. No-  
body's ever accused him of being a law-  
yer.' That speech resulted in my  
nomination."  
**RUSSIAN GOLD.**  
The War Chest from Which She Offered  
Millions to the United States.  
Some surprise and a good deal of in-  
credulity has been expressed over the  
alleged offer of Russia to loan this  
country a large sum in gold. The  
amount has been variously given as  
\$60,000,000 and \$400,000,000, and it has  
also been stated that the loan was not  
tendered recently, but in 1893. The  
historic friendship of Russia for this  
country is cited as proof of the truth of the  
story.  
Russia is usually looked upon as a  
poor country and of limited revenues,  
notwithstanding its great extent of ter-  
ritory and millions of inhabitants. This  
is a long way from the truth, however.  
It is true that its natural resources are  
largely undeveloped and that it re-  
mains still almost wholly an agricul-  
tural country. But the people are so  
frugal and the resources so well hus-  
banded that the country is capable of  
yielding a large revenue. The public  
income for 1895 is estimated at 1-  
214,378,000 roubles, having almost dou-  
bled since 1883, when the income was  
628,080,983 roubles. The internal taxes  
are collected in paper, but much of the  
customs duties are paid in gold. The  
value of the paper rouble is about 50  
cents in our money, while the gold roun-  
de is valued at about 77 cents. But as  
only about one-tenth of the revenue is  
from customs, it is safe to put the year-  
ly income of the government at a little  
over \$600,000,000.  
It is true that Russia has an enorm-  
ous public debt, but it is difficult to  
estimate the exact amount. In 1893 it  
was computed at \$2,750,000,000, or  
about the debt this country owed at  
the close of the war of the rebellion.  
It has increased since, as the Russian

**HOW TO TRAVEL FREE.**  
IT IS EASY, SAYS A GLOBE TROTTER  
WHO HAS BEEN THERE.  
His Account of a 50,000 Mile Journey  
Without Money, Passes or Influence,  
Riding on Brake Beams and the Tops of  
Coaches—How He Worked It.  
The "night shift" was waiting to re-  
lieve the "day gang," and as these vet-  
eran railroaders loitered about the Lake  
Shore yard office at Forty-third street  
they fell a-telling stories.  
"They drifted around to the subject of  
"head heading" and some one spoke of  
the habit foreign noblemen have of  
starting penniless to encircle the globe.  
One after another gave his opinion of  
the practice. At last an old "switch" took  
his turn. He said:  
"If I had some one to back me and  
there was anything in it, I believe I  
could make a trip of 100,000 miles,  
never miss a meal or handle a cent of  
money, complete the distance inside of  
a year and get back with clothes as  
good as, if not better, than I have now,  
and I wouldn't work a day."  
This brought up a lot of argument,  
but the man continued:  
"How much worse would that be  
than the trip my partner and myself  
have just made? A year ago last May  
the coal strike down in West Virginia  
put us on 'the hog train,' and since then  
I can prove that we have traveled a dis-  
tance that altogether would make over  
two trips around the world. Of course  
most of the trip has been on land and  
over railroads, but we have found water  
just as easy when we wanted to travel  
that way.  
"We started for China to get railroad-  
ing out there, and got as far as Liver-  
pool on the trip when Jack backed out  
and we 'stowed away' and came back.  
On the trip over a captain on one of the  
cattleboats carried us on a card, but the  
man coming back didn't recognize let-  
ters and we had to 'make a sneak.'  
When we landed, we hadn't a cent, but  
that cut little figure. We had to have  
work, and we had to go to some place  
where business was good, so we made a  
start. We got out of New York over the  
New York Central to Buffalo and the  
Lake Shore from there to Chicago. The  
big strike had just started when we got  
here, and as we didn't want any 'scab'  
job we didn't stay here long. We went  
south to New Orleans, and from there  
to the Pacific coast over the Southern  
Pacific and came back east over the  
Santa Fe.  
"The Santa Fe was the only tough  
streak we struck. Why, the men out  
there have got the 'marble heart' in its  
worst form. They won't carry you in  
a caboose or on a passenger train with-  
out a pass, and that the officials won't  
give you, so you have to watch your  
chance and 'ride the rods.' I am not  
much stuck on riding underneath a  
train. It's liable to induce nervous  
prostration, but if it has to be done to  
get over a road, I can do it.  
"On the new big box cars the brass  
rods hang a foot and a half below the  
body of the car and it's an easy matter  
to grab the slide iron of the door and  
swing yourself under. If you can't fix  
yourself comfortably on the rods, why,  
you can work along toward the end of  
the car and lower yourself down to the  
brake beam.  
"How do you get on top of a passen-  
ger train?" he was asked.  
"That's easy enough. Just watch  
your chance and when the train is about  
ready to leave pick two cars—the bag-  
gage cars are the best, because no one is  
watching them generally—stand up  
on the brake wheel and you can reach  
the top of the cars. If you have strength  
enough it is an easy matter to swing  
yourself up, and, once up there, you  
can, if you keep quiet, ride till daylight.  
You have to lie down flat to hang on,  
but that is not bad, because if you sat  
up or stood up the cinders from the en-  
gine would cut your face and hands to  
pieces. They come back across the top  
of the cars like birdshot out of a gun,  
and with almost as much force.  
"If you have nerve enough you can  
stow yourself away on the truck of a  
passenger car so no one can see you. I  
have done it, and rode over 200 miles  
before I was caught. For that job you  
want a little board about six inches  
wide and a foot long, with two cleats  
in the middle on one side. Then find  
your four wheel truck—a six wheeler  
won't do because you can't get inside—  
get on the side of the track opposite the  
depot, and as she starts to pull out grab  
a truck rod with one hand and a corner  
of the truck with the other and slide in  
on the brake beam feet first.  
"Bolts to the middle of the brake  
beam and reaching from front to rear is  
the brake rod. Put your 'ticket' (the lit-  
tle board) on the brake rod, the cleats  
will hold it in place, put your feet on  
the back brake beam and your back  
against the center beam of the truck,  
and you can ride almost as comfortably  
as you could 'up stairs' in a seat. You  
are in behind the wheels, and it will  
take a pretty sharp eye to find you if  
you keep quiet. Oh, I tell you a man  
can do a heap of traveling on nothing  
if he is a hunker.  
"Since we started my partner and I  
have been in every state and territory of  
the United States, and I figured it up  
last night, and we have traveled over  
50,000 miles, and if there has been any  
one time that we have had over a dol-  
lar I don't recollect it."  
"How did you get food on that kind  
of a trip?" asked a listener.  
"Sometimes the boys were good and  
would 'throw a meal into you,' but if  
they didn't, why there was nothing else  
to do but to 'hit a back door' and try  
to 'batter out' a 'lump.' It sounds  
tough, but I've had it to do several  
times in the last year. I tell you when  
I get to work steady I'm going to sink  
my dough, and when I get enough I'll  
go to some new country and get me a  
piece of land. Railroading is getting to  
be too much of a 'hot foot' job for me."  
—Chicago Record.  
Miss Marion Talbot.  
Miss Marion Talbot went into the  
practical side of sanitation with an en-  
ergy that proved her sincerity, and  
which also soon converted her into an  
authority. She studied the plumber's  
trade, thinking to be a proficient artisan  
at this branch of labor, but found it too  
hard an occupation for a woman. Her  
practical knowledge of plumbing is, as  
may be guessed, of great value to her in  
her work, first, as professor of sanita-  
tion, and now as dean of Chicago uni-  
versity.



MRS. U. S. GRANT.

most beautiful one. For several years  
Mrs. Grant has been engaged in writ-  
ing a book of her reminiscences. This  
will cover more than fifty years, and  
it will be full of unwritten history.  
Gen. Grant left a large number of pa-  
pers and valuable letters. He also left  
a diary which contains a great many in-  
teresting entries. Mrs. Grant has about  
300 of his love letters, and there are  
other valuable manuscripts. His state  
papers, however, will probably be is-  
sued in a separate volume by Col. Fred  
Grant. Mrs. Grant's book will be made  
up chiefly of her own reminiscences,  
and they will be interesting in the ex-  
treme.  
**A Unique Occupation.**  
A unique occupation taken up by cer-  
tain enterprising young women in need  
of a little extra money is that of "gray  
hair pullers." The day the first gray  
hair makes its appearance is one of sor-  
row to many fashionable women, and  
the hair is generally pulled out, regard-  
less of the old saying that a dozen will  
come to its funeral. Soon afterward the  
gray hair puller is summoned and en-  
gaged to come at regular intervals. She  
takes down her patron's hair, combs it  
gently and carefully removes every hair  
which has departed from its original  
hue and pins up the locks again.—New  
York Letter.  
**The Average Woman.**  
Some one has suggested that a copy  
of the statue of the "average woman"  
recently exhibited in Boston should be  
placed in every girl's school in this  
country in the hope that it will serve  
as a much needed object lesson. The  
statue is the result of 5,000 measure-  
ments taken by Dr. Sargent of Harvard  
from young girls. The result is a figure  
at least "50 per cent removed from a  
perfect type," showing conclusively the  
crying need of physical culture for  
American women. The statue of the  
"average man" obtained in the same  
way is a much more nearly perfect  
figure.

**She Had Him.**  
Husband—Don't you know that every  
time a woman gets angry she adds a  
wrinkle to her face?  
Wife—Yes; it's a wise provision of na-  
ture to let the world know the kind of  
husband she's got.—Photos and Sketch-  
es  
A man likes to think that when he  
makes up his mind, nothing on earth  
can move him.  
Women do not take seriously to liter-  
ature until they have passed the "trade-  
last" age.



RUSSIA'S \$630,000,000 WOULD MAKE A  
CUBE OF GOLD TEN BY TEN BY SEVEN-  
TEEN FEET.

treasury is constantly meeting any de-  
ficient in the revenue by making a new  
loan.  
But it is in the accumulation of it  
that the most interest is felt  
just now. When Russia emerged from  
the war with Turkey in 1878, it was  
with the determination never again to  
begin a conflict with a foreign power  
without being amply prepared for it in  
a financial sense. The lack of money  
was her embarrassment in the Crimean  
war of 1854, but she failed to profit by  
the lesson. The second lesson taught  
her twenty-four years later seemed to  
have made an impression on the mind  
of Russian statesmen, for they at once  
adopted a policy of accumulation,  
which has been persisted in ever since.  
Paper money might serve the govern-  
ment at home, but it would be of no use  
abroad, especially in case of war. So  
the contents of this war chest are  
known to consist only of gold and its  
size is something startling. The amount  
held at home is believed to be equal  
to \$475,000,000, while abroad nearly as  
much more is safely invested and ready  
to be called almost at a moment's no-  
tice. It is from this war chest con-  
taining altogether \$950,000,000 that  
Russia probably offered to let this gov-  
ernment have a large sum.  
**Turpentine for Worms.**  
If turpentine is given to lambs for  
worms, let it be done after a twenty-  
four hours' fast, and when the first  
stomach is empty. It is not unlikely  
that the whole flock is affected if we  
feed worms in one. The turpentine and  
linseed oil can be administered with  
milk, or the turpentine poured upon  
the salt allowed them; they will eat  
it readily.

**Brave Alice Meade.**  
Alice Meade is the heroine of New-  
ton, Mass. She spends much of her time  
bathing on the Charles river and is a  
cool headed, skillful oarswoman. When  
a poor, weak man ventured out on to the  
water, overturned his boat and was  
suddenly drowning, Alice went to the  
rescue. She could not draw him into her  
boat, but she caught him by the hair of  
the head, and sculling with one oar  
towed him to the bank.