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with their daughters' company
should not get their husbands elected
president.
The Tidings for artistic printing.

FOILED THE MAJOR

He Had to Flee at the Last Battle
of the Revolution.

A FIGHT WON WITH A BROOM.

The Engagement Was Short, Sharp
and Decisive, and In It the Patriot
Spitfire, Mistress Day, Earned the
Right to Her Title and to Fame.

The last battle of the Revolution was
not at Yorktown, nor was it any of the
many small skirmishes that occurred
after the surrender of Cornwallis and
before the formal declaration of peace
in 1783. The last battle was of the
nature of a duel, and it happened on
the day the British evacuated New York.

The great day that was to see the
last of King George III's regiments
leave these shores finally arrived. The
British army was to board the ships
that lay in the harbor. Washington
and his troops were waiting at Kings-
bridge and McGowan's pass to take
possession of the city immediately on
their departure.

Major William Cunningham, the
British provost marshal and command-
er of the prison on the common, gave
one last look about his office, tossed
the key on the table and went out
into the sunlight, slamming the door
behind him. In much unnecessary
violence. In his infamous reign was
over. There were few forms of cru-
elty that he had hesitated to practice
on the luckless Continental prisoners
in his charge. Among the mildest
were the contamination of their drinking
water by throwing rubbish into the
well and the appropriation and sale
of their rations for his own profit.

The friends and relatives of his vic-
tims were flocking back to the city
triumphant, and it behooved Major Cun-
ningham not to linger. So he left
the prison, turned into the common,
and crossed it to gain Broadway. He
strode along muttering curses under
his breath. At the corner of Broad-
way and Murray street something
caught his eye. He stopped, hesitated,
then turned aside and hastened down
Murray street.

"What audacity! What monstrous
audacity!" he thought. But it was like
that rebel spitfire, Mistress Day. He
would teach her one final lesson.
He reached the Day house, which
was a tavern near Greenwich street,
opened the gate and shook his fist at
the Stars and Stripes that fluttered
from a tall flagpole, as if waving a
triumphant welcome to the Continental
troops.

Wrathfully he seized the halyards
and began to pull the flag down the
pole. There was something about the
action that soothed his ruffled feelings.
He would at least take back to Eng-
land with him one captured rebel ban-
ner. But he had reckoned without
Mistress Day!

From her kitchen that patriotic
woman heard the creaking of the pulley
on her flagstaff. She tiptoed to her
front windows and peeped out. She
knew the major only too well, and she
determined to prevent this final out-
rage. She flew back to the kitchen and
seized her broom.

In the meantime, with his back to
the house, the major was hauling away
vigorously. A few more jerks and the
flag would be within his grasp. Bang!
His hat suddenly flew off and went
scuttling down the yard. In his as-
tonishment he continued to pull me-
chanically on the halyards. Bang,
whack! The major saw many times
more than thirteen stars, and the pow-
der flew from his wig in all directions.
He dropped the rope and turned about,
purple with indignation.

"Woman, do you realize what you
are doing?" he roared. The broom-
stick was in the air again, and the
major dodged. Whack! It struck him
squarely across the bridge of his nose,
and the field at once became ensan-
guined.

The bleeding officer now began to
take hasty counsel with himself. He
was late for the embarkation, the
American troops would soon be upon
the ground, his hat had received an ir-
reparable dent, his wig was in the
wildest disorder, his regimentals were
stained with marks of the bloody af-
fray, his head was yet spinning from
contact with Mistress Day's weapon,
and there were unmistakable signs
that Mistress Day's arm was by no
means weary! Some warning bugle
notes from the Battery decided the
matter. He turned about and strode
off, picking up his damaged headgear
on the way. Mistress Day, smiling
contentedly, returned to her kitchen to
continue the baking and brewing for
the evening festival.

It took the major some time to re-
move the evidences of conflict before
he appeared at the Battery. He must
have been hard put to it to explain his
lateness and his disheveled state to his
superior officer. His career after his
return to England continued to be dis-
reputable. He was executed for for-
geary eight years after he left New
York. As for Mistress Day, the woman
who flew the first American flag
in the evacuated city and who fought
and won the last conflict of the Revolu-
tion, she deserves a wider fame than
she has enjoyed.—Youth's Companion.

Cutting Remark.
If we judged ourselves by the same
standards we use for judging others
many of us would be cutting our own
acquaintance.—New Orleans Picayune.

Try a new way if the old way does
not produce good results.—Old Saying.

A HISTORIC BELL.

From the Guerriere to the Constitution,
Then to a Mill.

One would hardly expect to find an
object of historic interest in so pros-
aic a place as a New England mill—
an object older than the oldest title of
the English peerage, an object made
before the English parliament was
formed. Yet such an object is in daily
use in a factory at Saylesville, R. I. It
is a bell, whose history is a most in-
teresting one. Around the bell, about
four inches from the crown, is this su-
perscription: "Peter Secest Amsterdam,
Anno 1263, me fecit."

The date, together with other well
authenticated facts, leads to the belief
that the bell was long used in a con-
vent belfry in England and was taken
therefrom for public use during the
reformation. But the connecting link
between its life in the old world and
its advent to America is the famous
naval battle between the Guerriere
and the Constitution.

The Guerriere, a helpless wreck, was
rolling in the trough of the sea, while
her brave but defeated commander,
Captain Dacres of the royal navy, on
the deck of the American frigate, the
Constitution, was offering his sword to
gallant Captain Hull.

The two officers had been friends in
time of peace, having often exchanged
hospitalities at the Mediterranean
ports, and now Hull's magnanimity
shone out.

"I'll not take your sword, Dacres,"
said he. "Keep it."

In the meanwhile the boats of the
Constitution were busily engaged in
transporting the crew of the defeated
ship to the deck of the victor. A mid-
shipman reported to the first lieuten-
ant that the ship's bell had been car-
ried away by a grapeshot from the
Guerriere and that there was no way
of announcing the time to the ship's
company.

At that moment the Guerriere gave a
succession of heavy plunges, and the
clear tones of a fine bell rang over the
water.

"Go get the Englishman's bell," said
the lieutenant to the midshipman.
"There will be no further use for it on
board that craft."

The Guerriere surrendered at 7
o'clock in the evening of Aug. 19, 1812,
and at 8 o'clock the same evening Pe-
ter Secest's bell in sonorous tones rang
out the hour on board "Old Ironsides."

With the lapse of time the bell, amid
the confusion and debris common to a
great navy yard, became misplaced,
lost its identity and was thrust care-
lessly to one side. It found its way to
the scrap heap, was afterward sold by
the United States and finally came to
rest in its present quarters.—Boston
Post.

AN ANIMAL IN PAIN.

It Suffers Less Than Man on Account
of Its Low Intelligence.

It is a platitude that "pain is as one
feels it." But that statement falls a
considerable way short of the truth.
The measure of pain undoubtedly de-
pends as much upon realization, compar-
ison and constructive memory as
upon sensation. In other words, the
individual with the most highly devel-
oped imagination enjoys and suffers
most intensely, though not perhaps
most violently. Pain and death are
terrible in proportion as one is capable
of relating them to experience. To
children they are not terrible in this
sense, because children have small
experience and even smaller powers
of imagining relations.

In the case of animals the power of
constructing a memory picture and re-
lating the same to present conditions
is probably exceedingly low, if not en-
tirely absent. Pain to an animal rep-
resents an unpleasant experience
begun and ended sharply. It is un-
related. It has no social or moral sig-
nificance. It is not terrible in the wide
sense. An animal lives from moment
to moment. At any given moment its
happiness is a question in the main of
physical comfort. The caged skylark
(though it must not be supposed that
this is any defense of an objectionable
practice) experiences none of the
misery of the caged man. It does not
know that its liberty is hopelessly lost.
It cannot relate its present position
to past experience in the way in which
a prisoner can and must do. The cage
is merely an accidental obstruction
which may at any moment disappear.
Should the bird stop struggling it does
so because struggling is unpleasant,
not because it is hopeless.—London
Chronicle.

Mightily Practical.
"Your business college for young la-
dies seems to be all right."
"It is all right."
"Do you give the girls a good practi-
cal business training?"

"In reply to that question I can only
say that 60 per cent of our graduates
marry their employers the first year."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Plains of Argentina.
The roads of the plains of Argentina
have deeper dust in summer and deep-
er mud in winter than those of any
other part of the world, consequently
the wagons used on them have wheels
that are from six to fifteen feet in
diameter.

Chilly Text.
Mother—Tommy, what was the gold-
en text at Sunday school today? Tom-
my (who lives in Alaska)—Let me see.
Oh, yes! "Many are cold, but few are
frozen."—Judge.

A wise man contents himself with
doing as much good as his situation
allows him to do.—Lord Bellingbrooke.

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About eighteen acres, one-third cleared, part in crops; neat little house, been built three years; city water, lights and phone; several hundred dollars' worth of wood on the place. It can be developed into a fine fruit ranch, chicken ranch, or a small all-purpose ranch. Price \$2,100, on easy terms.

A two-acre tract on Terrace street; a four-room house with two porches and basement. The two acres are all in fruit, just coming into bearing. These trees, as well as the whole place, are in good condition. There are about one hundred cherry trees, balance are apples, pears and peaches; about one-quarter acre of strawberries; good barn, chicken house and wood-shed. There are seventeen hydrants on this place, and every foot of the place will produce. Price \$2,700. Terms on part.

We have a client in southern California who wants to trade a nice bungalow for cheap land in Jackson county. This property is free of incumbrance.

We have a client in Portland who wishes to trade a residence lot for a home in Ashland—a small home costing from \$1,200 to \$1,500.

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We have 240 acres in the Dead Indian country to trade for a small ranch close to Ashland.

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