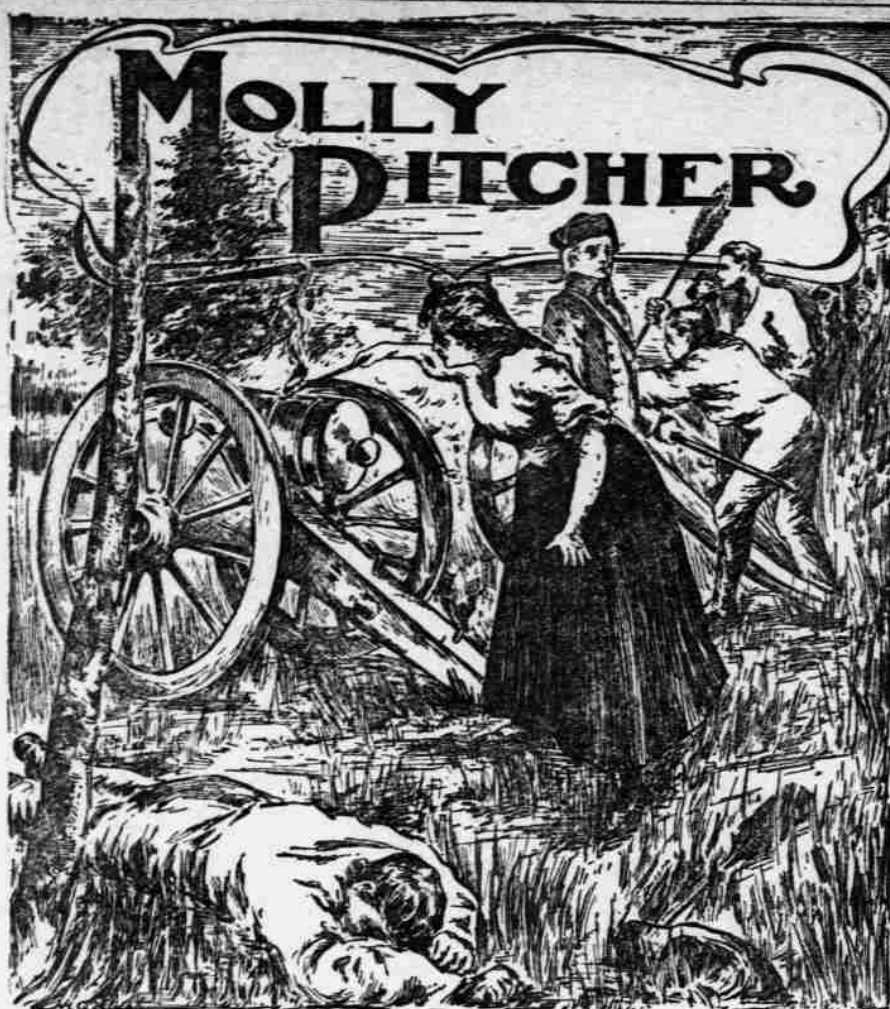




Pitcher the gunner is brisk and young;
He's a lighthearted heart and merry tongue,
An eye like a fox, an eye like a hawk,
A foot that would sooner run than walk,
And a hand that can touch the livestock home.

As the lightning darts from the thunder-
dome,
He hates a tory; he loves a fight;
The roll of the drum is his heart's delight;
And three things, the gunner's wife,
His country, his gun, and his Irish wife.

Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, with your hair so brown!
Sweet Honor's roll will say he's richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

A bullet comes singing over the brow,
And Pitcher's gun is silent now,
The brazen throat that roared his will,
The shout of his warlike joy, is still,
The black lips curl, but they shoot no
flame,
And the voice that cries on the gunner's
name
Finds only its echo where he lies
With his steadfast face turned up to the
skies.

Oh, Molly, Molly, where he lies
His last look meets your faithful eyes;
His last thought sinks from love to love
Of your darling face that bends above.

"No one to serve in Pitcher's stead?
Wheel back the gun!" the captain said;
When like a flash, before him stood
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair, and eyes of flame,
And lips that falter the gunner's name.

"Wheel back his gun, that never yet
His lightning drill did forget
His voice shall speak, though he lie dead;

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waves above so many school houses to-
day; and the youth of other countries
also love their national flag and their
native land, so that the patriotic spirit
is not confined to any one people nor to
any one period of human history.

Just because that spirit is sweetest
where the people are most earnest to
seek the happiness of all their country-
men, it is right that we study the his-
tory of other countries and peoples, to
see if we can learn from them that which
will make us more blessed and prosper-
ous.

Sometimes we think that there never
was a country where everybody had so
much cause for being happy as in these
United States. And sometimes we forget
that nearly all the laws, maxims and
incentives to patriotism which move our
own hearts and bless mankind had their
real origin long before Greece and Rome
were known to history.

The trials of our forefathers when they
first landed upon these shores and during
their gradual attainment of national in-
dependence never fall to awaken sym-
pathy. And yet the most noteworthy
adoption of a new country by a wander-
ing people was that of the Hebrews. The
devotion of his Hebrew ancestors to their
native land when they were captive ex-
iles, far away from home, is a sublime
type of the patriotic spirit in its noblest
and best expression: "If I forget thee, O
Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her
cunning! If I do not remember thee, let
my tongue cleave to the roof of my
mouth!"—Gen. Henry B. Carrington, U.
S. A.

AMUSING POLITICS.

Our Fathers Knew Something About
the Game Themselves.

From the vantage point of 125 years of
observation the mutations of politics
strike the observer as something ex-
tremely amusing. The politicians of to-
day looking down upon our forefathers
our superior height; but the old fellows
knew a thing or two about politics them-
selves. We haven't improved on their
thorough manner of abusing political op-
ponents. In volubility, in vindictiveness
and in fertility of invention, the politi-
cians and journalists of 100 years ago
seemed to be very close to the original
well springs.

Even Washington was not exempt from
shafts of ridicule and vials of vitriol
calumny. He was one of the best abused
men of his day. The partisans of Jeff-
erson did not leave the great George a
shred of reputation or a vestige of char-
acter, and bitterly did he resent the at-
tacks. Jefferson is on record as saying
that Washington was the most sensitive
of any man in public life.

And it is of record that the statesman
of his Country, whose icy calm and
remarkable self-control are matters of
more or less apocryphal history, gave
way to ungovernable rage and made the
air sulphurous with the violence of im-
precations when a particularly caustic
criticism of his acts or personality was
published. There was a well-defined vein
of old Adam in the first President, and
his enemies delighted in working it for
all it was worth. The things said about
Washington would give pause to a re-
ckless partisan of this age of license of
speech.

But every dog has his day, and Jeff-
erson had his. Jefferson was accused of
nearly everything that an exuberant fan-
cy could invent. The clergy of New Eng-
land contributed a fair share of the ob-
loquy heaped upon the sage of Montic-
ello. They called him an atheist and
intimated that he was in league with
Satan to destroy the body and damn the
soul of the nation. Time has proved the
clergy in error on both counts, but the
circumstances are offered in evidence to
establish the fact that the religious teach-
ers of the present day who assume the
burden of regulating public affairs and
who volunteer to furnish pedigrees for
public men on demand are not pioneers
in the field, but are only following in
the rut of precedent.

When Jefferson was elected President
he referred to the matter as a revolution
as important in its way as that of 1776
had been; which goes to show that there
has been no change in partisan clap-traps
since Jefferson set the fashion. When
the administration is turned over to the
other party, the event is hailed as a
revolution of the utmost importance,
and most far-reaching effect. The result
does not always bear out the prediction,
but as nobody expects it to do so nobody
is disappointed.

After the Fourth.

Hurrah! hurrah, for the glorious Fifth!
And our boys who survived the fray;
Who wear the scars of the bloodless wars,
They fought and won in a day.

The shouting, screaming, howling mob
That rent the heart as with leading
strings,
Those same distracting boys?

But yesterday they were soldier lads,
Marching to life and death and
glory, while with frowning brow each told us how
he was going to make things hum.
"You bet you will. And you bet they did!"
They're now the invalid corps,
With blackened staves, and powder grains,
But safe at home once more.

Then hurrah, hurrah, for the glorious Fifth!
Hurrah for our patriot kids,
Who are laying low for repairs, you know,
And doing as mother bids.

AN INTERNATIONAL TOWN.

Nogales on the Mexican Border—How
the Laws Are Enforced.

It would be incorrect to date a letter
from either Nogales, Ariz., or Nogales,
Mexico, alone, for the town belongs so
thoroughly and completely to both that
neither half is a town at all. It is the
most completely and curiously interna-
tional place that can be conceived of.
There is no separation of the two parts
visible as you look down on the town
from the hills, and the life and the or-
dinary traffic of the place flow back and
forth with no one, apparently, to say
them nay. However, it must not be
supposed that there is free trade across
the thoroughfare, which on one side is
called International street and on the
other the Calle International.

In the middle of the street, where the
Calle Elias, or main business street,
crosses the international avenue, stands
a stone obelisk about twelve feet high,
and in the vicinity of this are always
one or two guards in civilian dress, who
pay no attention to empty-handed
passers-by, but will stop any carriage
or any person who offers to cross with
a burden that might contain dutiable
material. Occasionally, on the Mexican
side, one sees a Mexican soldier in uni-
form, but the cartel near by is too
small to hold more than a small detach-
ment, and neither soldiers nor uniformed
customs guards are ever in evidence
along the border.

The Americans live apart from one
another in individual houses of all
grades, most of which are very neat,
and some of which are quite fine and
must have been costly. Their streets
run up the sides of the mountain gien

CUBAN BATTLESHIP.

FIRST AND ONLY ONE THE ISLAND
EVER HAD.

Bought by Colonel Prentiss Ingra-
ham for Five Dollars, It Was Never
in Any Armed Encounter—Confi-
scated at Wilmington, N. C.

"While there is a good deal of talk
these days about Cuba," said the man
who likes to converse, "it should not
be forgotten that the man who was
first to float the Cuban flag over an
armed deck is in the United States
and is not blabbing about it, either.
He is Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, au-
thor, traveler, soldier, sailor, and a lot
of other things. In the summer of
1899 Colonel Ingraham bought, in New
York City, for the large sum of \$5, the
steamer Hornet, which had once been
the Lady Sterling, a blockade runner
captured by the United States govern-
ment and made a dispatch-boat for the
service of President Lincoln. A
wealthy Cuban living in New York
had bought her from the government,
and he sold her to Colonel Ingraham
for \$5 because he wanted to. You see
she had to belong to somebody and
Colonel Ingraham was the best man
because he knew his business. She
made two trips to Cuba as a filibuster,
carrying arms which she took on board
at sea so as not to implicate the United
States in any act against a friendly
government, Spain being on terms with
us at the time. Colonel Ingraham was
in command.

"In October of 1899 she cleared from
Philadelphia for Liverpool and put in
at Halifax under stress of weather, or
so it was stated. Here she was met
by Admiral Edward Higgins, an ex-
Confederate officer, and formerly of
the United States navy. The Hornet
remained in Halifax until suspicion
pointed so strongly her way that the
English authorities were about to seize
her a second time, though she had al-
ready been searched and nothing had
been found on her which she had no
right to carry.

She left Halifax in such a hurry
that she was fired on from the forts,
but got away all right, making the
run to Cape Sable, sixty miles, in three
hours. At sea Admiral Higgins order-
ed her course southward, and the forty-
five sailors on board mutinied, and
there was a fight for the ship, the offi-
cers winning. Off Martha's Vineyard,
the ship was met by several small ves-
sels carrying arms and men, and these
were taken on board, and the Hornet
became a fully equipped vessel of war,
having twenty-six officers, 300 men,
and nine guns, one 100-pound gun
chaser, two sixty-pounders, four thirty-
pounders, and two twenty-four pound-
ers. Once at sea with this equipment,
Colonel Ingraham, who had been in
command of her since her purchase,
turned her over to Admiral Higgins,
the officers received their commissions,
Colonel Ingraham becoming command-
ant of marines, her name was changed
to the Cuba, and Colonel Ingraham,
with his own hands, raised the Cuban
flag over her, being the first Cuban
flag ever to go up over an armed deck
of a Cuban vessel, and, by the way,
there has not yet been another one.

"Not long after this, a month or so,
the Cuba was caught in a hurricane
and had to put in at Wilmington, N. C.,
for coal. She had hard coal, which
would not make steam, and steam was
necessary. The Spanish mail steamer,
with \$3,000,000 in treasure and 200
Spanish officer from Cuba, had got
away from her on this account, and
this was worse than a hurricane. She
was suspected by the authorities at
Wilmington, and, though every effort
was made to get away before she could
be searched, it was impossible, as her
engines had been uncoupled for re-
pairs, and she was captured. Admiral
Higgins surrendered her to Colonel
Frank of the United States army, but
refused to pull down his flag until he
had been tried and the ship was finally
conducted to the trial lasted a month
and resulted in the acquittal of Hig-
gins and Ingraham; the other officers
were sent to Washington under bond,
and released later, and the men were
paid off and discharged. The Cuba,
however, was held and sent to New
York, under command of Captain Maffi,
formerly of the famous Confeder-
ate privateer Florida, and she was
later taken to Baltimore, where she
was left to rot. I understand she is
lying in the mud down there now, and
if she is, the Cubans ought to resur-
rect her and take her home. Colonel
Ingraham is now living in New York
City."—Chicago Evening Ocean.

SECRET OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

Mystery of a Man and Woman Who
Meet Daily in the Churchyard.

A man about 45 years old, silk hatted,
frock coated and shod in patent leath-
er, goes into the old churchyard at St.
Paul's at noon every day. He passes
through the Broadway gateway, walks
around the path on the north of the
church and with eyes fixed on the clock
waits for the hands to point to half
past 12. Then he crosses his hands
and walks down the path on the Ful-
ton street side of the church.

Then a woman appears on the scene.
She wears black silk and a dainty hat.
She passes around to the rear of the
churchyard, takes out her purse and
leaning upon the gray stone of the Ben-
jamin Haight vault, takes money from
her purse. This appears to be a signal
for the man to turn and go back along
the walk. As he goes along the walk
the woman starts from the rear of the
churchyard. As they pass each other
she slips a coin or a bill into his hand.

On a day he is spoken by either. Not
a smile wrinkles the face of either. In
fact, if their countenances depict any-
thing they depict scorn. The woman,
who is about 30 years old, has large
black eyes, which have no more
warmth in them than has the wind in
winter. She stares coldly, gloomily, at
the man as he passes. As to the man,
hateful to him is the coin or note she
passes to him—at least that is the way
the crowd on Broadway figures it out.

Bustling Broadway stops here to see
the couple meet in the church-
yard. Messengers, bank clerks, brokers
and typewriting girls stop and peer be-
tween the rails of the iron fence. They
have long noticed this financial trans-
action in the graveyard, for the strange
couple have appeared there daily for
many months.

Typewriting girls, anxious to get a
glimpse of the woman's face, go into
the churchyard with novels and sit
reading, while they wait for the
strangers to arrive.

When the couple go away Broadway
moves on its way too, speculating on
the secret that these two persons pos-
sess.—New York Sun.

HOTBEDS OF BRIGANDAGE.

The Numerous Bandit Bands of Bul-
garia and Macedonia.

Bulgaria and Macedonia are the hot-
beds of brigandage, known as such for
ages. The territory is mountainous,
crossed by no regular thoroughfares
except the paths worn in the rocks by
the feet of the caravans of centuries.
These districts are populated by Bul-
garians, Albanians, and Turks, living
in small towns among the mountains,
where a hard and precarious living can
be eking from the stony soil only un-
der the most favorable conditions.

With little or no protection from the
government, and subject to repeated
and heavy assessments upon their
scanty crops and straggling herds by
the roving bands of brigands, whose
strongholds are in the same mountain
fastnesses, it is not a surprise that the
people become restless and learn to
look upon the brigand leader as a great
and powerful man. Fathers apprentice
their sons to these leaders of law-
lessness and crime to learn the profes-
sion, with the earnest hope and prayer
that by their prowess and strength,
they, too, in due time may be at the
head of a robber band of their own.
The region, moreover, is especially
adapted for brigandage, because it is
the meeting place of Europe and Asia,
where lawlessness and rapine are fos-
tered by the intense race rivalry and
hatred that consequently prevail.—
Rev. Dr. James L. Barton, in Woman's
Home Companion.

A Drug Store Story.

The present rate war which is raging
among the local druggists recalls the
old story of the man who rushed into a
drug store late one night and inquired
the price of a certain patent medicine.

"One dollar a bottle," replied the
druggist.

"But I haven't a dollar," replied the
man, "and my wife is very sick."

"It will cost you a dollar," insisted
the druggist, but without further par-
ley the customer, made desperate by his
wife's plight, snatched the bottle, and
putting down a dime on the counter
turned and ran out of the store.

Following him as far as the door, the
story goes, the druggist bawled after
him, triumphantly:

"Never mind; I've made a hundred
per cent on the medicine just the
same."—Syracuse Herald.

Time Saving.

A unique time-saving device is said
to be used in the office of one of New
York's large drug companies. Over
the desks of each member of the firm
and each manager of a department are
four incandescent lights of different
colors. When the individual is at his
desk and at liberty to consider ques-
tions from others in the office, his white
light is turned on. When he is in the
building and must be hunted up, he
leaves his green light burning. When
he is engaged and not to be disturbed
except for vitally important matters,
his blue light is in evidence; while the
display of his red light means, prac-
tically, "Danger! Will not brook in-
terruption upon any consideration."

Do you roast people to their face, or
behind their backs? The last trick is
cowardly; the other foolish.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-
INGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed
to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings
and Delights That Are Old, Curious and
Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Now here is a show case," said the
dealer, "that is bound to become popu-
lar. It magnifies everything put in it
to double its natural size."

"Can't use it in my business," re-
plied the prospective customer. "What
I want is a case that will seemingly
reduce the actual size of its contents
fully one-half."

"What is your line?" asked the deal-
er.

"My specialty is ladies' shoes," re-
plied the other, with a half-suppressed
grin.—Chicago News.

Knew Who He Was.

Spats—Who is that gloomy-looking
misanthrope over yonder?

Bloobumper—That is Spowder, the
celebrated lecturer of "Sunshine, or
How to Enjoy Life."

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Johnnie, in this sen-
tence, "John Shoes the Horse," what
does horse stand for?

Johnnie—Horse is a noun, masculine
gender and stands for John.

Teacher—Nonsense! How could that
be?

Johnnie—So that John can shoe it, of
course.

A Comparison.

Grandpa—I had a fellow out walking
yesterday, and—well, I guess, I tuck-
ered him out. But then he is old.

Bobbie—Why, grandpa, you are 82
yourself.

"Well, maybe I am, but this fellow
was at least a year older."

Seasonable Signs.

"I'm in court," read a sign on the
lawyer's door; "At the hospital," ap-
pears on the doctor's slate; "Be back
in an hour," say several more, while
others invite one to "Sit down and
wait."

"Gone to the bank" is the
broker's sign; "Back soon" is found on
the ice dealer's hook; "Out collecting"
says a dealer; "Sick in bed" is the
dentist's—so says his book. 'Twas
everywhere thus, so, with nothing to
do, I hid me away to the base-ball
ground; and there, strange to say, yet
none the less true, each of the above
in the grand stand I found.—Chicago
News.

Better Consult an Anriest.

She—Tell your mother I'm so sorry
I haven't been to see her lately, but
the distance is so great and the weather
has been so bad I haven't dared
venture.

He—That's all right. Don't mention
it. She'd be very sorry if you had.—
Fuck.

They Were.

Muggins—See how attentive he is to
her. I don't believe they are husband
and wife.

Buggins—Oh, yes, they are. She has
a husband and he has a wife.

A Tangled Case.

Judge—You were arrested for biting
a piece out of your husband's cheek.
You will be held thirty days to keep
the peace and—

Prisoner—Sure, your honor, O! lost
th' piece.

Between Friends.

Maude—So you are really engaged?

Clara—Yes.

Maude—Is he handsome?

Clara—Yes.

Maude—That's good. Is he wealthy?

Clara—Yes.

Maude—That's better.

His Weakness.

Albert—Why, don't you recollect that
girl? That's the girl you used to rave
over last summer—call her a "poem" and
all that.

Edward—By Jove! so it is! I never
could commit a "poem" to memory.—
Harper's Bazar.

Music Thrown In.