What is the dream in the buby's eyes, As he lies and blinks in a mute surprise? With little, wee hands that simlessiy go Hither and thither and to and fro; With little, wer feet that shall lead him

-God knows. But a prayer from my heart like a beni-

son goes; Bundle of happiness, youder he lies-What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

What does he wonder and what does he That we have forgotten so long, long ago?

Bathed in the dawnlight what does he That slow years have hidden from you

and me? Out of the yesterday seeth he yet

The things that in living he soon shall forspet. All that is hidden beyond the blue skies? What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

Speak to me, little one, ere you forget; What is the thought that is lingering

there get? Where is the land where the yesterdays meet.

Walting and walting the morrows to You wee, funny bundle who only will

What do you wonder and what do you think?

Bright as the moonlight asleep in the akies.

What is the dream in my baby's eyes? -Utica Globe.

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## Story of a Shield Pin.

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DO not like to take up personal cases, as we detectives tain class of work, so when Miss Angell of Broadside street sent for me to take up a "small personal mystery" I responded with a poor grace.

Scarcely had she begun to tell her story, however, than I became so interested that I begged her to continue and tell me the details as far as possi-

Mlss Angell was engaged to Mr. Cloud-a peculiar combination of names to begin with, and was devotedly attached to him. In fact, she confessed with tears in her eyes that his love was more, or had been more, than life to

The rest of the story I will let her tell in her own words.

"Mr. Cloud." she said, "Is in the habit of calling on me almost every evening. About a week ago be came to dinner, invited by mamma. He was to attend a supper of the Phoenix Club at 10 p'clock, and were evening dress.

"At the table we noticed an exquisite shield pin he wore. It shone so brilliantly that it caught the eye at once. Mr. Cloud took the plu off and it was passed around the table for us all to examine

"It was a shield as large as a quarter with the outside edge bordered with pure rubles, blood red, all of a size and without a flaw. The center of the shield consisted of a large diamond cut not very deep, yet too deep to be sunken, so it was elevated in a wire setting. Around the diamonds were perfectly matched black pearls. The combination was so unusual that we exclaimed as we handled the jewel and I remarked that I had never seen it before.

"When we had finished examining it Mr. Cloud said: 'That is my Phoenix glub badge. It belongs to the president. When I was elected the badge was presented to me by the members and when I resign, and a new president comes in. I must give up the badge to him. It is the president's badge, to be owned by him during his term of office. Of course, it is only to be worn at the meetings."

"Mamma spoke of its great value. Yes,' said Mr. Cloud, 'it is indeed very valuable. It is worth thousands. If I were to lose it I should feel ruined, as I could never hope to replace it."

"As he spoke Mr. Cloud's face berame very serious. 'We once had a tase of that kind,' said he-'a most curisus case. The president lost his badge and committed suicide next day. You see he was suspected of having sold it."

"After we had looked at the badge and talked about it, I very foolishly asked to wear it, and in a fit of waywardness I reached across the table. took it up and put it in the bow of ribbon at my throat.

"At the close of the meal, Mr. Cloud asked me for it, but I, to tease him, said I meant to keep it, and ran up stairs with it on.

"After they were seated in the parlor I stole quietly down the stairs and placed the pin in the lining of Mr. Cloud's overcost, directly under the inpel.

"I went back up to my room and came down stairs again. I found mamma and my sister seated alone in him away, and Mrs. Angell delicately the parlor. Mr. Cloud had gone out to send a telegram. He would be back in a minute.

When he returned, which was after half an hour, he came in for only a minute, to say good-by, he said, and to ask for his pin: 'Come, Mazie,' he said, you have teased me long enough. Let me have the pin now. I must go."

"'I gave it back to you,' I said, 'and you have it now.

Then I stood up and running my fingers along the lapel of his coat felt for the pin. It was gone!

"I turned as white as snow and as I felt the color leaving my face, I said; I gave it back.' "My mother looked up surprised and

Mr. Cloud stared at me. 'Yes, I gave it back. I put it on your coat. You must have it."

"'Why, Mazie,' said Mr. Cloud, 'how can you say so?

pass over the disagreeable scene Mr. Cloud's chagrin or my mother's inches.

s maxement, even as I explained bow I had stolen down the states and had fastened the precious pin in the lapel of the cont, just for fun, and how I intended after teasing him to tell him that it was there. As I talked I could see my mother's incredulous looks and Mr. Cloud's absolute dismay. They did

not believe mel "After the most paluful quarter of an hour which I ever expect to spend Mr. Cloud left, shaking hands cordially with my mother and saying a cold good-night to me.

"After he had gone my mother said: Maxle, my darling girl, tell the truth It is not too late."

"There is nothing more to tell, mother,' I said. 'I have told you the whole truth.

"After a while my mother saw that I was in earnest and she believed me. But as next day came and passed, and no word came from Mr. Cloud, I saw that he doubted me. The third day there came a formal note saying that if I would return the pin he would give me its value in money, paying me as rapidly as his circumstances would As it was valued at many thousands, it was then beyond his ing the Highland Brigade with Lord Me-

"I tore the note into bits and did not

"That was a week ago. For the first three days I was too much overcome by mortification to take any steps toward establishing my tunocence. But now that I am in a solurer mind I wish to learn, if possible, what became of the pin after I placed it in the lining of the lapel of Mr. Cloud's cost and where it now is."

The recital took some time, for the young lady's emotion overcame her more than once. And I must confess that L too, felt indignant for her. First that fate should have played so unkind a trick upon so beautiful a young girl; and secondly, that her lover, Mr. Cloud, should have doubted her so

"I am willing," she said, "to spend any amount to clear myself of this disgraceful suspicion, and hope, with your assistance, to solve the mystery.

"It is so long a time," I began, "if

"Yes, I know," said she, impatiently, "Still," I said, "I will do my best, But you must allow me to talk with Mr. Cloud. That will be absolutely Decressify,"

At this she became greatly alarmed, but finally consented.

That same day I called on Mr. Cloud and was received by him in his private office. He was not cordial, and I soon saw that, while he would not accuse the young lady, he thought she had kept the plu. He told me that, on leaving the parior, he had put on his overcost and and had gone to the nearest telegraph office to send a message. There, meeting an old friend, he had gone into a cafe and taken a drink, after which he had returned to the ouse of his fiancee, having been gone about half an hour.

"Tell me the name of the cafe," I

Having carefully noted the names and addresses of all concerned during that half hour. I left Mr. Cloud and I will do him the justice to say that I think he was half-convinced that he might have made a mistake.

Going first to the telegraph office, I walked from there to the cufe. At that moment a wagon stood in front of the door and they were bringing out the solled table linen.

An inspiration came to me, and I said to the driver: "How often do you take away the linen?"

"Twice a week," said he. "But this week we had a breakdown and we are late, and it's almost eight days."

As the driver started away I said: "I want to search that load of napkins and if you will drive them into that vacant lot I will pay you well for your trouble."

Once in the lot I overhauled the contents of the wagon thoroughly; and was finally rewarded by feeling a hard lump of something which burt my hand as I pinched it.

Looking closer I saw tangled in the fringe a glittering jewel, which, as I extricated it, proved to be the diamond set in the gorgeous pin which had been so accurately described to me by Miss

Angell. I did not let the driver know of my booty, but making an excuse that I could not find what I wanted, I walked away, nor did I stop until I had telegraphed to Mr. Cloud. A few minutes mud," probably no one but himself dread. From the yellow and brown later I sat in the parlor of Miss Angell's knows. It is to him and to men like tailed moths, too, similar, though less residence talking to her. When I had him that the new Egyptian army owes told my story and laid the pin in her its existence to-day, and the results the markings on the back of the lap her joy knew no bounds. Just at that moment Mr. Cloud was announced, and Miss Angell then and there gave him the pin. I never saw a girl so happy. She almost hugged me.

As soon as Mr. Cloud saw his mistake he was humbly apologetic and tried to fall at her feet, but she waved suggested that, as his presence would always remind them of a painful chapter, it would be better if he were to go

away and stay away! I may add that when Mr. Cloud went into the cafe the pin was in the lapel of trates the man. His regiment had of the coat, but, becoming entangled in the fringe of his napkin, was pulled out and would have been lost forever had it not been for the perseverance of the plucky Miss Angell.-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Growth of Human Hair.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and one-half inches per annum. A man's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length. rarely exceeds 12 or 14 inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to 70 or 75 inches, though the Here I am, shoot me-if you dare!" which followed. I will not mention average does not exceed 25 to 30

# WHERE BRAVE HIGHLANDERS LIE BURIED.



GRAVES OF THE BLACK WATCH (BIGHLANDERS) BILLED AT MAGERSPONTEIN

Playne.

Three hundred yards to the rear of the | who went up with the codin. The bedy ittle rownship of Modder River, on Dec. il, some fifty Highlanders, who had fallen with their general, were buried. The sodies of Gen. Wanchers and other offrers were interred in front of the graves body, its except and many mourners mov The situation of the of the wildions graves is picturesque. To the west lies he broad river fringed with trees, to the get lie the heights held by the enemy alle north and south the undulating oldr stretches out to the horizon.



thuen's force, who was killed at the bat tle of Magersfoutein, was first buried o the battlefield by the side of his brave men who also fell in the buttle. However, the Hon. J. D. Login, M. L. A., of Matjesfonteln, thinking rightly that the late general's family would be auxious, some future date, to arrange for the reinterment of the body, offered to have t transferred to his own cemetery ten Accordingly, the body was exhumed, and was sent down, in charge of some officers, including Capt. Rennie, A. D. C. to the late general, and Mr. Logan,

"FIGHTING MAC."

New Commander of the Highland

Brigade is a Fearless Soldier.

"Fighting Mac" is the name by which

Brig. Gen. Hector Macdonald, who

succeeded Gen. Wanchope as the com-

mander of the Highland Brigade, is

known in the annals of the British

army. He is an ideal soldier and brave

Macdonald has never forgotten Ma-

juba Hill, says an English writer in

giving a summary of the Scotch soi-

desperate resistance he was at last un-

armed and a couple of Boers ran at

him, Macdonald met them with his

naked fists and his assailants went

reeling back. Finding him so hard to

tackle, they were for putting a bullet

through his head, but a Boer with an

and we shall spare him. Let us take

Bennett Burleigh holds that Macdon-

ald has just that touch of genius which

BRIG. GEN. HECTOR MACDONALD

distinguishes the great soldier from the

good one. Undoubtedly he has the ca-

pacity for taking infinite pains. The

grind of work he has been through in

were for all the world to see at the

He is a stern disciplinarian, sparing

no man, himself least of all, but he is

adored by every black Soudanese and

brown "Gippy" who ever followed him

to shoot me in the next fight. Why

wait so long? Why do not do it now?

Atbara and at Omdurman

own hearts.

him."

sullen silence.

appreciation of pluck intervened.

him prisoner, at all hazards."

as a lion.

"Why don't you shoot?" neked their olonel

arrived at Matjesfontein on Dec. 27. Magersfontein is on the line of railway

between Cape Town and De Aar june

ed out of the station to travel to the

countery, which is situated four mile

away from the little town. It was only

the procession started across the Karron

The Karron is often said to be dreary and duli. To some, however, it is far

otherwise. The desolate, flat topped hills

oldly cut out from the horizon and over

looking the silent plains below, have a

grave majesty of their own. A more in-

posing background to that mournful pro-

and chieftain could not well be imagined

The body was placed on a gun carriage,

and was excepted by 195 officers and men,

including some of late general's brigade,

and attended by the band of the Duke

of Edinburgh's Own volunteers and the

pipers of the Cape Town Highlanders

When the procession began to move the stillness of the Karroo was broken by the

strains of the band. At length the cem-

Watch to the church. The first part of

the service was conducted by the Bev

B. Price, chaplain to the volunteers along

the lines of communication, and the sec

ond portion by the Rev. Mr. Robertson

chaplain to the Highland Brigade (who

first found the general's body). Three

rolleys were fired over the grave, which

was surrounded by beautiful wreaths.

and the sad ceremony was over. The

D. Edgecombe, Beautort West, in the

illustrations are from photographs by

London Hinstrated News.

stery was reached, and the coffin

ession following the body of the High

run of but a few minutes, and then

Next morning the train with the

"Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," and that re- much precious time but many a heart fuctant answer explained the secret of sche as well.-Christian Common Macdonald's power over half savage wealth. soldiers. There was no more grambling, and the same men and others like them followed him devotedly through the battles of Gemaizah, Toki, Afafit, Ferkeh, Athara and Omdur-

## DEATH'S HEAD MOTHS.

dier's characteristics. Though taken prisoner on that day he remained to Superstitions Dread with Which They the end unbeaten, for when after a Are Regarded in Poland.

Butterflies may mean much in the way of auguries. The variegated ones, of bright coloring, are fortunate, especially if fluttering near the wayfarer. But the bronze butterfly, or moth, is not lucky. Of all the race, however, the most dreaded as an augury is what is commonly known as "death's bend "No," he said, "this is a brave man, moth," People who are very firm of nerve in other matters have often been much agitated in finding one of these in a room. The villager does not simply augur death from the likeness to the skull in the marking of the back, but various minor misfortunes. This moth (whose scientific name, Acherontin atropos, is sufficiently grim; is a very large one, and, flying into cottage rooms and making for the candle, oftterror of omen. It is worth while reauguries which in many places accompany the moth's appearance, the fear how the term originated: it excited in parts of Poland in 1824. It swarmed in the potato fields-these

windows. light and extinguished it they anticipated war, pestilence, bunger and death to man and beast; in fact, the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, wildest horror, as described in the and on being told, he said: contemporary accounts, overspread in that year a very wide district. Even with a fool's cap." now, however, so many decades later. and in much less impressionable rural applied to a certain size of glazed writ-England, the aspect of the moth and the Soudan, "making riflemen from its sounds are seen and heard with terrible, omens are deduced. Possibly death's head moth, which are sufficlently startling to a nervous person or invalid when unexpectedly seen, account in some degree for the ill omen which its appearance is deemed to be. -Gentleman's Magazine.

into battle; for he is a leader after their "A Southern Gentleman, Sah." John R. Kendrick, Jr., who was born In spite, however of the warm liking in the South and who makes frequent he inspires in those above and under trips to South Carolina and Georgia, him, it is on record that some of his s a keen observer of people and customs. "The most incomprehensible being in the world," he remarked the

flusky Soudanese once mutinied against him. Macdonald's method of dealing with the outbreak once again illusother day, "is that peculiar type of person who describes himself as a necessity to make long forced marches Southern gentleman, sah.' The simple under the fierce desert sun, and the word 'gentleman' has no meaning to conditions were so hard that the men him at all. But a 'Southern gentlebecame mutinous. One day during the man is quite another matter. On my march Macdonald heard two or three last visit to Atlanta I met an old chap of the native soldiers saying: "Wait who was as garrulous as he was proud till the next fight and I will take care of his lineage, and who was as poor that this slave driver of a colonel does as he was proud. During our convernot come out alive. I myself will shoot sation he said so much about Southern gentlemen that I made bold to ask Macdonald recognized the men by him for a definition of the term. their voices, called a halt and sternly 'A Southern gentleman, sah,' he reordered the culprits to step out from marked with great pomp, 'is a man the ranks. Facing them he cried: "Now, you are the men who are going who has never permitted anybody else. to shave him and who has never blacked his own boots."-Philadelphia Rec-

The rebels grounded their arms in When a school teacher bakes a cake, everybody wants to taste it.

# CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household -Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Two boys had sat down together to work out some problems in algebra. One of them had been busy with his pencil a full minute when he noticed his companion sitting with folded strms and knitted brows.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Why don't you begin?"

"I'm finding out how to begin," returned the other, quietly, and he went on thinking. The first speaker covered a page of foolscap with figures, found almself in a labyrinth from which there seemed no escape, and looking back over the statement of the problem, discovered a mistake in his first equation. Long before this, however, his companion had worked the problem through and reached the correct result. He had not wasted time because he had looked at all sides of the question before he began.

A great many of our young folks overestimate the importance of haste. They carry too heavy work in school in order that they may graduate a year earlier. They skim through their library books that they may return them and take out others. They settle important questions on the impulse of the moment, because they have not learned that there is real economy in taking time to see all sides before making a decision.

carried by men of the Second Black Now and then we meet people who toes up a pontry to save themselves the trouble of making up their minds. But even this is hardly more foolish than It is to follow blindly the first impulse that comes into our heads. To act without stopping to think is the poorest economy in the world. Nebody wastes time so hopelessly as the person who decides without deliberation, who, because of this wrong beginning, follows the wrong path, and finally is forced to retrace his steps and start again. A little hard thinking before we begin to act would save us not only

> Uncle Jack. You min't dot no Lincle Bark, I dot one, he brings me back Most the purificat flogs I got; See the sallerman he bought? Wen I put him in the wind Bof his arms des spinned and spinned. Don't you wish you had one, too, 'At yore Uncle bringed to you?

You win't dot no Uncle Jack 'At carries you 'round piggy back'. Th'ough the best rooms till yore Ma Says she's sure she never saw Sech a fool as Uncle is; Don't you wish 'at you was his Nephew, gettin' presents, too While he's scolded 'stead of you?

Oncet my Uncle made a boat . At I used to float and float In our baf-tub, till one day got whoopin' cough, an' they Chopped it up for kindlin' wood. Uncle said they never should Chop up hoats like 'at wifout Cause, and Ma, she said, git out, -Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Foolscap."

Every one knows what foolscap paper is, but not every one knows why en extinguishes it, which doubles the it was so called. An exchange ventures to remark that not one in a huncalling to mind, in view of the gloomy dred that daily use it can answer the question. The following will tell you When Oliver Cromwell became pro-

tector, after the execution of Charles and jasmine plants being its favorite I., he caused the stamp of the cap of haunts-and at dusk into open cottage liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English Government, Soon The noise peculiar to the moth be- after the restoration. Charles II., came to the terrified peasantry a voice having occasion to use some paper for of anguish, and when it flew into the dispatches, some of this Government paper was brought to him. On looking at it, and discovering the

"Take it away; I have nothing to do

The term "foolscap" has since been

ing paper.-Morning Star. Two Little Girls. The lazy little girl that shivers all day

In the suitry house at her listless play, With a dreadful pain in her head, She never, never knows how nice and



Is the rosy little girl, that, out in the storm, Goes skipping about with her sled. -Philadelphia Times.

Ate the Buttons,

Grandma could not believe her eyes! She had herself sewed buttons on Margaret's and Dorothy's new clothes. And now here they were, come to have their little walsts and petticoats buttoned, and not a button to be seen!

Grandma was sure they were good buttons, for she had taken them out of the package mamma brought home with a lot of shopping.

The little girls, with laughing faces, stood in front of her, notding up their little clothes from dropping down watching her astonishment. Then Dorothy said: "I'm going to 'fess, grandma."

"And I will, too," said y "We ate the buttons, grants "Ate buttons! Ob Margo die! When did you do it

quickly!" "Oh, grandma, they wenq so good?" and Margaret soto rub a speck of black of a tasted sweet, and then we by it was just like yellow tally ate them all up before we the our clothes fell down, and policy you forgive us?"

Dear, white-halred grants 012233 till the tears ran down here. Fifty marning and she had hought perso buttors for a joke near pafer grandina would be caught insich.

He Won the Game. "How is your brother, Tis Mon "How did he do that?" "We were playing at whe . . . . . . farthest out of the winder parts

Knew the Dan. "Can any of you tell the sydis E. the collarbone?" saked the sa

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"It is used for the collars promptly replied the small III pu foot of the class. Good for the Rate Pile "When I bought this dog popular,

was splendid for rate. Wig. Evid touch them." "Well, ain't that splends gran

Not Always, Though RELY "If I say," sold the tear DIFFE pupil loves his teacher, wher

sentence is that?" "Sarcastle," said the boy. A Lang Welt.

"Tommy, you must not un PGO! arn talking "Oh, slater, must I wait my bood 22

The Wrong Work and a "Ethel, is the cook dressingle, an eps?"

"No mamma, who is a theur.'

COULD NOT EQUARE HI house

His Facuse for Being Out WARE winced His Wife lin Wast Wind

The little hours had crawled & Co comb of the roof of night als no over until three of them in June down the far aide toward the O. morning, when a soldary chart might have been seen slippings of house with his short to his bouch ! needless, oh, how medles theen times the devices of man, Epped tory and vold are of cuting CORD painstaking efforts. ordin

His wife was wide awake mad ing for him when he caterd; and

tified sectuation of their apar from "I was so afraid of water an dear," he stammered as h info shoes fall from his nerveles O. I Inch the floor with a couple of di

close ingether they seemed plant. She asked him in a stone sper s where he had been to be pur are that time of night. He thanks in for an opportunity to expire E told her a harrowing tale aroofs and delayed trains and telepoin ! and no messengers that warran of order and telegraph we moved a heart of murble, hotal said a word as she tooked cast of

"Do you doubt me?" he said the dignant at the implied suspectors silence, and then pleadingly: ty to doubt me? Oh, Mary, how a Her face softened and the out

her eyes relaxed. "No. William," she respondents gently. "No, I do not doubt? first there might have been safes in my mind, but now, that there is none. Not a shadow, a go and I'm as sure that you so an

that you are standing before the William bowed his os. shame and turned up the gather request—so she could get a bowd at him.—Washington Star. and

Pold in Advance. Il A builder in Glasgow, harning the that his men did not start wand proper time, thought that burst drop down about hair past a fee morning to see. Going up Wats caught sight of a joiner standard I asking his name, which he is some be Malcolm Campbell, he Dout into the office and, handing and days' pay, told him to leave? After having seen the man cleaners the yard he went up to the rup and told him he had made as of Malcolm Campbell by parelev

off for not starting at the propi at "Great Scott!" exclaimed byers man, "that chap was only bollwou job!

When Royalty Ries and Here are the exact hours several European monarchs and their slumbers. The Kalset told, rises at 5 o'clock, swaller of coffee and then begins w Emperor Francia Joseph is ab buttered toast. The King of Palis, King of Sweden, the King of gians, the King of Denmark tan and the Prince of Buigati the same hour as ordinary The record for indolence is h ex-King Milan. He retires it peep of day, rises at midday a long time over his breakfac

When a woman falls to mi by managing a church enter she regards with suspicion who sold tickets at the door.

When a woman believes et her husband tells her, her comdoesn't denote imbecility as = 10denotes extraordinary cleves