a chain e. That hellish foce confederate for his barm

Can wind around him, but he casts it off With as much ease as Samson his green withes.

He looks abroad into the varied field Of Nature, and though poor perhaps compared

With those whose mansions glitter in his sight. Calls the delightful scenery all his own. His are the mountains, and the valleys

his. And the resplendent rivers. His to solor With a propriety that none can feek But who, with filial confidence inspired, Can lift to heaven as unpresumptions

And smiling say-my Father made them

-William Cowper,

## THE TRUMPET CALL

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THERE was something worse than weeping and wailing Pink dragoous when it became known that their pet squadron had been gobbled up by the enemy and sent off to languish in the retirement of the racecourse at Pretoria. Even their old rivals, the Tyrone fusiliers, with whom they had met and fought in all parts of the world with belts and fists, had nothing but pity for them, and delicately forbore to make any remarks upon the

Since they were under orders for the Cape the Tyrone fusillers were on their thest behavior, and the Pink dragoous at the depot felt too low and depressed even to desire a farewell fight with the Irishmen.

So they chummed instead. For the first time in the history of the British army Pink dragoous and Tyrone fusiflers were seen walking together, drinking together and smoking each other's tobacco. Some of them even walked out with the same girl, and proud were the damsels who walked out escorted by a fusilier and a dragoon, thus forming a link, as it were, 'twist two galfant regiments which had been at enmity since the days of Wellington.

No man could rightly trace the cause of the quarrel between them. One historian claimed that at the battle of Waterioo the fusillers had peppered the dragoons under the mistaken impression that they were French cavalry, thus adding injury to insult. Another authority held that the trouble arose between the regiments during the peninsular war, when, after the fierce buttie of Albuera, the fusiliers had come up for their share of some pipes of looted Vaidepenas wine to find that the Pink bussars had absorbed the last glassful and had filled up the pipes with water.

Perhaps the truest story of the feud was that which told how, when quartered in the same town, after the Crimean war, the dragoons and fusiliers had intermarried freely, so that they had become almost as one family. All had gone well until the daughters of the fusiliers who had wedded dragoons began to patronize the daughters of dragoons who had married fusiliers referring to their bushands as "fut sojers,"

Anyhow, all these wrongs were forgotten in the one great trouble which had befallen the Pinks. Sympathy found beer to drown sorrow, and no one rejaiced but the wives of the men who had been made prisoners. When the day of departure came for the fusiliers, the band of the Pinks played them down to the station. Then the dragoons bung on the footboards of the carriages to bid them a last farewell. and close-cropped heads were cuffed affectionately.

"W'll bring 'em back, du't you fear, an' their 'orses, too," said the Tyrone

"An' ould Kruger wid 'em," interposed a corporal on his own account. Although there was plenty of room in

the special train, the Tyrone fusiliers preferred to travel fifteen in a compartment, as being more sociable and convivial than the orthodox five a side. So the bugler had a compartment all to himself, and was spreading himself accordingly.

"Don't you be afraid, Danny," he said to the trumpeter; "I'll keep a good lookout for your chaps when we reaches pretorier, an' I'll see what I can do

"Don't you be too sharp an' get a-cuttin' yerself, Bugler Simmons!" replied the trumpeter, with gentle sarcasm, "especially along o' that new bay'nit o' yours, an' if you see my pertickler friend, Corp'ral 'Awkey along o' them pris'ners, give 'im my love au' arsk 'im if 'e likes Pretoria better'n Portland. All right, guv'nor-all right! Keep yer 'ands orf the army, carn't yer, a-lavin' its precious lives for the likes o' you, ain't it?"

These last remarks were addressed to the guard.

"Don't forget them calls I taught yer!" cried the trumpeter to his departing friend.

"Not 'arf!" shouted back the bugler appreciatively.

Then, having made a grimace at the gnard, he pulled in his head and settled himself comfortably in the corner to start a tluy packet of particularly villalnous eigarettes which had been

pressed on him by a sympathetic friend as they marched out of the barracks. Beyond the trumpeter of the Pink dra; us, Bugler Simmons had had no friends to see him off. He had not missed this last tribute to the departing soldier, since throughout his short life he had never enjoyed the privileges of

relationship. He had been an orohan at the tender age of 6 months, had been raised in a in sounding wind instruments.

On lady, indeed, as the troops had marched down to the train, had, much full of knives an' about three thousand to his indignation, lifted him in her pirates behind him." arms and klesed him.

"Just as if I was a bloomin' baby!" he remarked scornfully to himself as his eyes as he regarded this remarkhe sat in the corner puffing bravely at able youngster, who, in the very face his eigarette; "walt till we comes across of death, was more interested in the some o' them Hoers, that's all!"

Five weeks later the bud luck of the Pink dragoons fell upon the Tyrone fusillers, and Bugier Simmons had his first chance of tasting the stern reallties of war to the uttermost dregs of

the curs. Of course, it was nobody's fault in particular, and everybody's fault in general, and the fusillers cursed nothing but their own proverbial luck, when they found themselves at the nightfall of a day of battle cut off from the army and surrounded by an overwhelming force of Boers.

They occupied the position of some strength, such as the Boers themselves love-a bowider-strewn kopje, standing bigh above the surrounding plain. In the middle of the afternoon an order had come that they were to take the position.

They had taken it, with a loss of over 100 men.

Later on a message had come, saying: "Hold position until you are rein-

They had held the position with the loss of another hundred men against an overwhelming Boer attack, but the reinforcements had never arrived, and to cartridges were beginning to run short. Then, with twilight, the beavy firing of cannon on the surrounding hills had died away.

The fire of their opponents, too, as the day drew to a livid streak of gray over the western mountains, had sixckened down to an occusional aniping

Bugler Simmons had been very happy all the afternoon. He had found a snug corner between two large bowlders, occupled by a wounded Boer, one of the defenders of the bill who had been left behind in the fight,

He had tied up the Boer's legs with tender fingers and an air of importance which had brought a quiet smile to the bronzed face of his patient.

"Now, I'm just s-goln' to borror that there Mouser o' yourn for a bit o' shootin!" he had remarked coolly when he had concluded the operation to his fancy; "that is, if you don't mind me pottin' at your pals," he added with some diffidence.

The Boer laughed. He was an Irish "Boer," and, although a citizen of the Transvaal, had no great sympathy with his friends, who had left him so precipitately when the Tyrones had rushed the kopje at the point of the bayonet. "Never mind me, youngster," he re-

plied as he slipped off his bandoller. which was well filled with cartridges. I'm only a prisoner of war,"

"You talk jolly good English for a Dutchy," remarked Bugler Simmons, as the Boer showed him how to load the strange weapon.

"My father was Irish," answered the Boer.

"Then you're on the wrong side, cocky," said Bugler Simmons with con-

"I sha'n't be to-morrow morning" answered the prisoner with grim mean-

"You mean we shall all be dead if those reinforcements don't come up?" eried Bugler Simmons His prisoner nodded.

'Looks like it, don't it?" remarked the boy cheerfully; "but we ain't dead vet, wot ho! We sin't got much money. but we do live?" he added, as he sighted and fired.

"Hit anything?" asked the Boer with

a laugh. "Kicks a bit," suggested Bugler Sim-

mons, rubbing his shoulder. "She's a bit beavy for a young 'un like you," answered the Boer, as he slipped another cartridge into the breech. "By the way, sonny," he add-

ed, "how old are you?" "Fourteen last birthday," replied

Bugler Simmons promptly. "Too young for this business," murmured the wounded man to himself.

"Say, Dutchy," said the bugler, "d've see that chap down there, crawling behind that rock? Is he a pal o' yours?" "I don't think so," answered the Boer. Why?"

"'Cos I'm going to pot 'im." replied Bugler Simmons quickly, as he cuddled the stock of the rifle against the cheek which the lady had kissed, and sighted. The Boer behind the rock was alming

at a wounded British soldier who had dropped in the rush for the kopje and was now trying to crawl to cover, There was a sharp report, as the

whole of the bugler's little body twisted with the recoil of the rifle, and the Boer behind the rock pitched forward on to his face.

"Got 'im!" said the small savage triumphantly; "my, but that was a close

shave for Private Jones!" He had certainly saved the wounded

"That was a clean shot, young 'un." said the Boer with approval, "but you mustn't show your body like that when you fire, or you'll get plugged, as safe as eggs!"

"Right, oh, Duchy!" acquiesced the delighted bugler. Then a thought struck him. "I say, would you like something to read?" he asked, thrusting his smoke-fouled little paw into the breast of his tunic, "'Ere's the ha'penny journal wot I take in when I'm at home. It's six weeks old, but there's some proper reading in it; all about pirates and snakes and buried money. The worst of it is that those chaps always knock off their stories in the most excitin' parts. Now, there's Jack Dashaway in that story, 'e's just going to get nobbled by the pirates wot are com-

the army by reason of his proficiency so excited that it fairly makes you sick when it cuts off short just as the pirate king comes up the bill with his mouth

> The Boer took the tattered dog's eared paper, and a queer look came into fate of a novelette hero than in his own. "I say, youngster," he said; "why don't you clear out of this and get back

> to the army? "Wotl an' leave our chaps be'ind? Not me?' responded the hugler rather indig-

> "There will be about seven thousand men on to you by daybreak, and your general scens to have forgetten you. If the top of you mountain yeak, you will come to the norses of the communitawhich are surrounding its now. collar a horse and ride for reinforce-There are some good horses down there.

Then Bugler Simmons made no more plan before him. His officer gave him ten. his blessing and a compass, the face of

. . . . . . . . . Haif an hour later Bugler Simmons was crawling quietly among a dense crowd of Boer horses. Armed with a penknife, he cut hobble after hobble till, in the darkness, he came to a bridled and saddled horse, who attempted to bite him affectionately.

He felt the brute's knees. There was no doubt about it. He had happened upon an old friend, Corporal Hawkey's Ginger, late of the Pink dragoons, now serving in a Boer remount.

For reasons best known to himself Ginger always bit at a trumpeter, but he allowed Simmons to climb on to his back without resenting.

Some Boers on the outside of the crowd of horses moved backward and forward suspiciously, and Bugler Simmons lay low on Ginger's neck as he inflated his lungs and placed his trumpet to his lips.

The Boers and the besieged on the hill above heard a sharp succession of cavalry calls sounding from the midst of the borses.

They were answered by the tramp of disciplined boofs as the horses of the squadron galloped toward the sound of the trumpet. In another second the whole mass of horses was in motion, surging round Ginger, on whose back lay Bugier Simmons, giving call after call, until he felt the troop horses responding, bringing their Boer brothers with them.

"Forward!" "Charge."

The calls rang out in quick succes-

The dragoons' horses set example, while the Boer steeds stampe led in symparny. Picket ropes and hobbles snapped like pack threads and there was a thunder of hoofs on the prain. In valu the Boers shouted and tried to head them off. The mass had started, and from the center rang out the "Charge, which kept the leaven in a state of wild excitement. In a few minutes Bugler crowd of 800 borses, against which nothing could stand.

They charged over a Boer encampment, and the twenty men who occupled it were found the next day beaten to a pulp beneath the thundering hoofs.

The pace slowed after six miles, when an English patrol hove in sight. The trumpet from the middle of the mob of horses sounded a signal of distress, and the patrol bore down.

"Are you a circus?" called the officer n charge.

He rode in and cut the bugler's horse out of the snorting, stamping mob. "If yo: please, I've come for a little

help for the Tyrone fusiliers," answered Bugler Simmons faintly, but with a tone of rodent sarcasm. "You can tell those blooming reinforcements that we couldn't send cabs for them, but I've brought them a few horses!"-Pictorial Magazine.

Hard Work at the Vatican.

I met a prelate employed in the Vatcan the other day, and in the course of our conversation began to deplore my hard for in having to stay in Rome during the heat of the summer and work, for it has been the rule of her life to says Pall Mall Gazette. "Oh, well." he said, "you are not worse than we are in the Vatican. Now that most of the employes are away we who are left have to work hard."

"Work!" I exclaimed. "Yes, walk in the Vatican gardens and count the grapes of the Pope's vineyard!"

"Do you know that every evening the mail brings to the bronze doors of the Vatican an average of 20,000 letters and newspapers, to say nothing of telegrams? All the letters have to be opened, sorted and classified, while the newspapers are read and selections cut or extracts made during the night to be ready for perusal by the officers of state early next morning."

"And where does the Pope come in?" I interrupted. "They say he works so hard?"

"Much of this work is submitted to him, and he should read all the letters ddressed 'Sauctitati Suze Leoni Papae XIII., feliciter regnanti. However, as the whole twenty-four hours of the day would not be enough for the pontiff to even glance over them, he only sees what Cardinal Rampolla thinks necessary for his inspection."

Catch-as-catch-can is the matrimo nial motto of some girls

VICTORIA PLAINER THAN MANY OF HER SUBJECTS.

The Queen of England Lives More Frugally and Maintains a Greater Air of Homeliness About Her Private Rooms-Her Daily Labors.

The house life of Queen Victoria has ever been a subject of whilespread interest and sympathy. Her somewhat dull and monatonous childhood, her idyilic married life, her long widowhoed and her peaceful but busy old age have alike attracted both writers and readers on every hand. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Queen's you keep those two stars in a line with career has been the skill with which she has contrived to maintain the charm and simplicity of an old-fashloned English forme life potwithstandnot take my hat and run down there. Ing the pomp and ceremony which not cessarily belong to court. This is large ments. Your general has mished you, by due to her early training. The daughter of the Duke of Kent, a prince too; some that we collared with a of very limited become, the young squadron of your dragoons," added the Princess Victoria saw little of the lux uzy which is commonly supposed to abound in royal circles. Strict econodemur. He sought his officer, who had my was the rule of her early home, been mourning him as dead, and laid a and the lesson has never been forgot-

Amid the costly magnificence which which was painted with luminous characterizes the state apartments the paint, so that its points might be read | Queen's private rooms are always notaeasily in darkness, and explained to ble for their comfort and homeliness. him the probable position of the British In matters of dress, too, Queen Victoria is far more economical than many of her middle-class subjects.

w rabouse school, and had drifted into ling up the hill after him, and you gets LIFE OF THE QUEEN. withstanding the resources of the royal the army by reason of his professor has crefted that in family makes you gets ber, she sets an example of strict moderation, her own tastes in food being of the simplest. The Queen is a great stickler for old fashioned observances at the royal table. In particular she insists upon a pientiful supply of cold viands on the royal addeboard, though she rarely takes snything rold. The servants at Balmoral will never forget one occasion when only the half of a cold chicken graced the sideboard. The royal mistress noticed the state of affairs on entering the room. Soon she conveyed a hint to Princess Reatrice and Lady Ely to both ask for cold chicken, and asked for the same perself. Great was the consternation, and the Queen secretly enjoyed the scene, though the servants did not enjoy the feeture they subsequently received from the master of the household.

In the afternoon Queen Victoria never fails to go for a long drive unless the weather is exceptionally bad, for it is no small shower of rain that keeps her. indoors. Some of the ladies in waiting are said to attribute their colds to this cause. Sometimes when the Queen goes for a long drive a tea basket is taken along, and the cup that cheers is prepared in some quiet spot. A small portable table is then placed in the carriage and the kindly face of the monarch beams with gratification as she proceeds to pour out her favorite bever-

No Fixation in Space.

The common idea as to the path of the earth being "fixed in space" is taken exception to by astronomers, on



QUEEN VICTORIA

her youth riding was her favorite recreation, and in Scotland she has almost lived on pony back. Now, of course, carriage exercise has taken its place. Every morning her Majesty goes out in her little pony chair, often visiting the farm and stables in the course of her drive. Sometimes her chair is drawn by a beautiful donkey which was purchased in the south of France by his royal mistress to save him from III treatment. This donkey rejoices in the name of Jacko, and on holiday occasions wears a curious harness adorned with bells, and with two foxes' brushes hanging over his blinkers. The greater part of the forenoon of each week day is devoted to business, for no woman in the land gets through more actual work in the course of each week than the Queen. Her dispatch boxes are arranged on a table set in Windsor Park, near the Frogmore tenhouse, whenever the weather permits. Here the Queen carefully reads and annotates the innumerable dispatches which come to her from the foreign and home offices, attend personally to all important affairs of state.

But this by no means represents all the multifarious occupations of the Queen. Her private correspondence is enormous, for it is a kind of unwritten family law that all her children and grandchildren shall write to her every day. All important housekeeping questions are settled by the royal mistress herself, who often orders the meals and even keeps an eye on the household linen. Even the smallest details of domestic

economy are not regarded by the Queen as beneath her notice. A story is told that on one occasion she went into a practically disused room at Windsor and noticed a cabinet that had evidently not been dusted that day. She promptly wrote the royal autograph in the dust and beneath it the name of the particular maid whose duty it was to dust the room. This may seem rather a small matter, but when one remem bers that nearly 2,000 persons are employed in Windsor Castle and its precincis it shows a very remarkable knowledge of the personality of so vast a staff.

A Frugal Liver. After the busy morning's work the Queen takes a frugal luncheon. Not-

The Queen attributes her long life the ground that there are few, if any, and excellent health very largely to her | things in the domain of astronomy that practice of spending as much time as can really be called fixed space-the possible in the open air every day. In fact being that unceasing changes are going on, though these changes are generally so slow as to escape the notice of a superficial observer, but are fortunately periodic, so that they fall within the possibility of computation. Thus, the earth's path is not fixed, since the ecliptic changes its position among the stars, in consequence of which the obliquity of the ecliptic undergoes a very slow change, so that while at present it is a few seconds more than 23 degrees 27 minutes in about fifteen thousand years, astronomers calculate, it will be reduced to 22 degrees 15 minutes, after which it will begin to increase again-a change so slow and within such narrow limits that it can produce no sensible alteration in the

Pajamas Are Triumphant.

In enumerating the unexpected issues that have arisen out of the war with Spain the contest between pajamas and nightgowns ought not to be omitted. And while most of the other issues remain unsettled, this issue has been settled finally and forever by the triumph of the pajamas.

For years the battle between the new-fangled" pajamas and the old reliable nightgown of our forefathers had been waged with varying success, the pajamas gaining a strong yet uncertain foothold in the cities of the seaboard and making occasional incursions into the interior, the nightgown holding the interior and keeping up a harassing guerrilla warfare in the suburbs of the seaboard cities.

Pajamas are undoubtedly the most civilized possible night dress. In pajamas a man is ready for anything. He is at once undressed for bed and dressed for night emergencies of fire, strange noises in the basement or sudden descent of a foe, whether burglar or Filipino. In a nightgown a man is ready for nothing. In appearance he 175 years. At the spa more is "not in it" at all. In ability instantly mile the fare to the spa more ready for nothing. to face his fellow-beings he is ridiculous. In feeling he is wretched.

Next to the habit of the daily bath palamas are the most valuable gift of the Orient to the Occident.-New York

Nearly every "no credit" sign is a

Give freely to the poor and you will surely increase your store.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Georgie's Ga

Pa and the Fortune Year They had a fair and Sosley church Thursdy nite, and the st and paw Went. They was the girl in a little tent in One an ing forehens by Holding Your Fifty sents and giving it to co Some way I don't Beleave guch things," paw Says.

"Neither do I," may told by she looked at the girl. The Drest like a Gipney ques g kind of conxen Hyen, so printy got to standing in frunt of the ingetton his minny.

"Come on," man (old him at ) over where the famey Workle E. "Of course," paw says "to as long as the munoy Gos b Enny way."

"Well," maw ansent, "In a Your Munny to charify her by Gerting sumthing back far you Want to pay for a Forting and have mine Told "Oh, they ain't Emything

ym. "Come on."

So we began looking at a Work and Pritty soon pay sp the tent kind of looking an f he didn't Want Ennyhele .... t. All at wirnst may looks ou where He was, and when Pro VO coming he started Back La Hadn't that of Empthing bed

cy Work and kind of white A little while after that mowife talking to the prescher and hiper away, and in About a min at the Tent and the girl with DO! en Eyes was Smiling Sons all fo they was a Lady faving letter told and paw had to Stapf a was blury Lissenen about the Belle man the Lady was going to be gied to, and the First thing). Chr innosuntly went Over to be booth. Maw was Coming an

Then we Got sents at the were Going to have supper when the time we started to Eat a count he Wasn't hungry, so he cory Around, and See if be suf 2410/3 nice peace of fancy work at for naw. After 1 et my les creamle

would go over where the fee My was, and when I got than I lose Coming out of the test as surpr "May I read the handsome a mun's Fewchur?" she ast mas th "Yes," paw says. "I gues rand

try it. I bleave you're a Lirand ettby way." tia de Then the Girl smiled it here.

paw Laft and ast her love for des would be: "Fifty sents," she says. "1 you ity, but if the kind, bandson cater gives a dollar and dumen the

change he gets his hand hivates Long." "Fil take a Dollar's Wr ways, "and melsby if I to (Sign Help charity some more by The Hold the other one a while w op By that time paw Sat Dours be Back tords the Fisp of the Rack tords the Fisp of Bgo, v Got out his manny. After it La

it away paw Held out his enem then maw reached over his poor t took Hold of it. OFFISH The girl was surprised said, G ed up at maw like if Hereet, member what he was Counts,

and maw Looked at his Hake Ci "I see menny Strange Rabor One of them is a Nold "ried y Fambly that is Getting milliant By a girl that wouldn't wring to on Him even if He wBrook close."

Then we started Home got Outside paw says to 5 know Blame well I only will sumthing to Charity."

"Yes," maw told him, " handsum gentleman duck change he gets his Hand long." Paw gave a Lamp!

With his umbrella and led dle. I don't no whether then was on Account of umbrella broke Or the For--Chicago Times Herald Not Huet, but No. 70

umples over inculcated dept Text iy illustrated by a true she ph heard. A little child be tup or 4 years of age, whose Paronn firm believers in Christian value become a good deal imist prine doctrine of that sect. Our dicinal dectrine of that sect. I min the Meeting with a fall and he one good deal hurt, she cried s, clean aunt, having in mind her belling to her:

"No, I am not hurt," Ty obj somewhat petulantly. "Then why do you of irrifati "I am crying because "What are you mad at a the po "I am mad because I o ain't hurt!"

te, but

Sun's Distance from The sun's distance is 6 two thousand times the bets and earth. A train running tembers 175 years. At the rate of LIFOR \$1,500,000.

Big Cargo of Bres The largest cargo of be put affoat for the Orient at Portland, Ore., in the held the equivalent of 2 of wheat, valued at \$140

The earth has a re twenty-four hours, but " tries they inaugurate of