

THE FREEMAN.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain...

THE TRUMPET CALL.

HERE was something worse than weeping and wailing among the Pink dragoons when it became known that their pet squadron had been gobbled up by the enemy...

Since they were under orders for the Cape the Tyrone fusiliers were on their best behavior, and the Pink dragoons 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 dragoons and Tyrone fusiliers were seen walking together, drinking together and smoking each other's tobacco.

No man could rightly trace the cause of the quarrel between them. One historian claimed that at the battle of Waterloo the fusiliers had peppered the dragoons under the mistaken impression that they were French cavalry, thus adding injury to insult.

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 Tyrone had rushed the kopje at the point of the bayonet.

"Never mind me, youngster," he replied as he slipped off his bandolier, 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 conviction.

"I shan't be to-morrow morning," answered the prisoner with grim meaning. "You mean we shall all be dead if those reinforcements don't come up?" queried Bugler Simmons.

w rabout school, and had drifted into the army by reason of his proficiency in sounding wind instruments. On Monday, indeed, as the troops had marched down to the train, had much to his indignation, lifted him in her arms and kissed him.

"Just as if I was a bloomin' baby!" he remarked scornfully to himself as he sat in the corner puffing bravely at his cigarette; "wait till we comes across some of them Boers, that's all!"

Five weeks later the bad luck of the Pink dragoons fell upon the Tyrone fusiliers, and Bugler Simmons had his first chance of tasting the stern realities of war to the uttermost drags of the cup.

Of course, it was nobody's fault in particular, and everybody's fault in general, and the fusiliers 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 bowlder-strewn kopje, standing high 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 reinforced."

They had held the position with the loss of another hundred men against an overwhelming Boer attack, but the reinforcements had never arrived, and the cartridges were beginning to run short. Then, with twilight, the heavy 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 slackened down to an occasional sniping shot.

Bugler Simmons had been very happy all the afternoon. He had found a snug corner between two large bowlders, occupied by a wounded Boer, one of the defenders of the hill 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 a-goin' to borrow that there Mosser o' yours 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 peetin' at your pals," he added with some diffidence.

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ing up the hill after him, and you gets so excited that it fairly makes you sick when it cuts off short just as the pirate king comes up the hill with his mouth full of knives an' about three thousand pirates behind him."

The Boer took the tattered dog's-eared paper, and a queer look came into his eyes as he regarded this remarkable youngster, who, in the very face of death, was more interested in the 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?"

"Wot an' leave our chaps behind? Not me!" responded the bugler rather indignantly.

"There will be about seven thousand men on to you by daylight, and your general seems to have forgotten you. If you keep those two stars in a line with the top of you mountain peak, you will come to the horses of the commando which are surrounding us now. Why not take my hat and run down there, collar a horse and ride for reinforcements. Your general has mislaid you. There are some good horses down there, too; some that we collared with a squadron of your dragoons," added the Boer.

Then Bugler Simmons made no more demur. He sought his officer, who had been mourning him as dead, and laid a plan before him. His officer gave him his blessing and a compass, the face of which was painted with luminous paint, so that its points might be read easily in darkness, and explained to him the probable position of the British forces.

Half 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 horses.

They were answered by the tramp of disciplined hoofs 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 Bugler 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 succession.

The dragoons' horses set example, while the Boer steeds stamped in sympathy. Picket ropes and hobbles snapped like pack threads and there was a thunder of hoofs on the plain. In vain 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 Simmons was surrounded by a racing crowd of 800 horses, against which nothing could stand.

LIFE OF THE QUEEN.

VICTORIA PLAINER THAN MANY OF HER SUBJECTS.

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

The home life of Queen Victoria has ever been a subject of widespread interest and sympathy. Her somewhat dull and monotonous childhood, her idyllic married life, her long widowhood and her peaceful but busy old age have alike attracted both writers and readers on every hand.

And the costly magnificence which characterizes the state apartments the Queen's private rooms are always notable for their comfort and homeliness. In matters of dress, too, Queen Victoria is far more economical than many of her middle-class subjects.

withstanding the resources of the royal kitchen and the well-laden table that her Majesty always likes to see before her, 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 plentiful supply of cold viands on the royal sideboard, though she rarely takes anything cold. 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 Beatrice and Lady Ely to both ask for cold chicken, and asked for the same herself. Great was the consternation, and the Queen secretly enjoyed the scene, though the servants did not enjoy the lecture they subsequently received from the mistress 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 beverage.

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.

The Queen attributes her long life and excellent health very largely to her practice of spending as much time as possible in the open air every day. In 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 ill 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 tearhouse, whenever the weather permits. Here the Queen carefully reads and annotates the innumerable dispatches which come to her from the foreign and home offices, for it has been the rule of her life to 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 remembers that nearly 2,000 persons are employed in Windsor Castle and its precincts 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-

things in the domain of astronomy that can really be called fixed space—the 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 seasons.

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 Filippino. In a nightgown a man is ready for nothing. In appearance he is "not in it" at all. In ability instantly to face his fellow-beings he is ridiculous. In feeling he is wretched.

Next to the habit of the daily bath pajamas are the most valuable gift of the Orient to the Occident.—New York World.

Nearly every "no credit" sign is a lie. Give freely to the poor and you will surely increase your store.

Georgie's Gals

Pa and the Fortune Teller. They had a fair and Seaside church Thursday night, and the girl in a little tent in one of the big forechairs by holding her Fifty cents and giving it to the "Some way I don't believe in such things," paw says. "Neither do I," maw told her she looked at the girl. The street like a Gipsy queen, got to standing in front of the Jingleton his mummy.

"Come on," maw told him. "Of course," paw says, "as long as the mummy goes Enny way."

"Well," maw answered, "Your Mummy to clarify your by Getting something back that you want to pay for a Fortune I have mine told."

"Oh, they ain't anything to it," says, "Come on."

"So we began looking at Work and Fritz soon paw was the tent kind of looking away if he didn't want to know it. All at wint maw looked where he was, and when Paw coming he started Back La. Hadn't that of Ennything by cy Work and kind of what was talking to the preacher as he was away, and in About a minute at the Tent and the girl with en Eyes was smiling Some as they was a Lady having her told and paw had to stand was busy Lissen about the man the Lady was going tried to, and the First thing innocently went over to the booth. Maw was coming

Then we Got seats at the were Going to have supper the time we started to Eat paw he Wasn't hungry, so he very Around, and See if he could nice peace of fancy work as for maw.

After I et my ice cream would go over where the faw was, and when I got there Coming out of the tent and Going in.

"May I read the hand maw's Fewcher?" she asked. "Yes," paw says, "I guess try it. I believe you're a brand enny way."

Then the Girl smiled at here, paw Left and ast her how would be.

"Fifty cents," she says, "you ity, but if the kind, handm gives a dollar and dunn the change he gets his hand Long."

"I'll take a Dollar," W says, "and maybe I'll Help charity some more by Hold the other one a while. By that time paw sat down Back tords the Flap of the Got out his mummy. After it away paw Held out his then maw reached over her took Hold of it.

The girl was surprised and ed up at maw like if heet, member what he was Gata, and maw Looked at his Bank One of them is a Nold F Family that is Getting Hall. By a girl that wouldn't wing to on Him even if he Brook close."

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

"Yes," maw told him, "handm gentleman d change he gets his Hand long."

Paw gave a Lamp With his umbrella and tle. I don't no whether then was on Account of umbrella broke Or the —Chicago Times Herald.

Not Hurt, but The way in which nampus over inculated the ply illustrated by a true set of heard. A little child heur of 4 years of age, whose value firm believers in Christian principle became a good deal imed. Alinal doctrine of that sect. On in the left with her aunt, m in the Meeting with a fall and he one good deal hurt, she cried, clean pulling her self, and yelly vercomtly. "Are you hurt?" "No, I am not hurt," ery ob somewhat petulantly. "Then why do you cry?" "I am crying because I'm hurt." "What are you mad at?" "I am mad because I'm hurt." "I ain't hurt!"

Sun's Distance from The sun's distance is only two thousand times the earth. A train running miles an hour would take 175 years. At the rate of mile the fare to the sun would be \$1,500,000.

Big Cargo of Wheat The largest cargo of wheat put afloat for the Orient at Portland, Ore., in the held the equivalent of 100,000 bushels of wheat, valued at \$1,500,000.

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