

**A SONG OF DUTY.**

When'er battle, when must toll;  
He may not pause too long to grieve;  
He must toll on with brain or brawn,  
For life is such a little while.  
When joy too strongly may beguile,  
'Tis written, joy must be denied;  
We may not pause too long to smile,  
We must toll on, what'er betide.

And when a sorrow comes to him  
Man may not pause too long to weep,  
Grief chastens, tamed at the brim,  
But it destroys when quaffed too deep.  
The onward march we still must keep,  
How'er the spirit may be tried,  
We may not pause too long to weep,  
We must toll on, what'er betide.  
—Washington Star.

**THE BARBARIAN'S LESSONS.**

WOULD you like to go rowing this afternoon, Miss Blake?"

"Am I to consider this an invitation, Mr. Farrell?"

"I meant it as such," returned the young man, with a puzzled look.

"I shall be pleased to go."

"Thank you. I will be at the wharf at 2 o'clock, and have the boat ready when you come."

Miss Blake laughed.

"Not at all, Mr. Farrell, you will call at my room, Parlor D, if you do not find me here on the piazza, and we will walk down to the wharf together."

The perplexed look on his face deepened.

"I suppose I haven't said things right, Miss Blake, but I think you for promising to go, and I will call for you."

"His feelings as he walked away were hard to analyze—a man doesn't like to be laughed at even by the girl he admires."

"Why can't they take the will for the deed?" he muttered, discontentedly.

"I thought I was extra polite. It's a wonder I didn't shout: 'Come on, Blanche; let's go rowing,'" and he laughed aloud, imagining the consternation of stately Miss Blake at such a mode of address.

Meanwhile that lady was saying to her aunt: "What a barbarian he is! Some one should give him lessons in etiquette."

"As they floated over the placid waters of the beautiful lake, he said suddenly:

"Miss Blake, I fear I am a rough sort of a fellow, not in any way that one might call polished. When a fortune unexpectedly came to me two years ago, I went to school, and I've spent nearly every minute in hard study. There were no girls in the school; I've really never been acquainted with any girls as scarce in Arizona."

"There are many things I would like to learn. Will you tell me what was wrong in my way of asking you to go rowing?"

"There was nothing wrong, Mr. Farrell, and it was very discourteous in me to make you feel that there was."

"Don't evade my question, Miss Blake; it would be kinder to tell me the truth."

"Believe me, Mr. Farrell, I know never spoken as I did had I known what you have just told me. I thought that you expressed your invitation in that way because you thought that with your wealth any one would be elated at the opportunity to go with you."

"Please tell me a better way."

"It may seem captious to you, Mr. Farrell, but you said: 'Would you like to go?' Now, a woman likes to believe that her acceptance will be a favor."

"Oh," comprehendingly, "thank you. Now, Miss Blake, will you do me the favor to permit me to act as your escort to the dance, Wednesday night?"

"That is excellent, Mr. Farrell."

"I await your answer, Miss Blake."

"I thought this was a rehearsal."

"No, this is 'de real ting'."

"It gives me pleasure to accept your escort, Mr. Farrell. Now, do you realize the responsibilities and the privileges of your position?"

"Yes," promptly, "I am to call for you; dance with you all the evening, take you back to Parlor D, and, anxiously, 'do I go in?'"

"Certainly not. And you do not dance with me all the evening. Certain dances are yours by right of escort. Unless you are a good dancer, those are all you will have with me."

Farrell gazed at her dimly.

"And you must not forget to send flowers in the afternoon."

"I'll send a barrel full," eagerly.

"No, just a few. I like carnations and I like violets."

"Thank you."

"You are permitted also to call the next afternoon."

"His face brightened. "Thank you, is this by right of escort because you'd like—because you wish to honor me by allowing me to come?"

"She laughed enjoyingly.

"For both of those reasons, and because I shall be glad to see you."

"And so you go to-morrow, Mr. Farrell? It seems but a short time since you came."

"It is six weeks. I had intended to stay but three. I shall not forget your kindness, Miss Blake—your efforts to teach good manners to the barbarian."



**FIGHTING FOREST FIRES.**

FEW people know that in California at all hours of the day and night a force of government policemen is on duty, walking regular beats in the heart of the mountain forest as they would in a populous city, making occasional arrests and regular reports to headquarters, quite in the style of the modern policeman.

In many cases these beats are so isolated and lonesome that the policeman does not see a soul for weeks save the men of the adjoining beats. But it is not to preserve order that the national government employs this force and pays it, but to guard against forest fires, which have yearly been increasing in number and destructiveness.

Millions of feet of valuable timber are burned every year as the result of the carelessness of hunting parties in leaving camp fires smoldering until the whole Sierra Madre country seems likely to burn up, and not only is there an immense loss in standing timber, but the removal of the trees allows the springs and creeks which feed the rivers to dry up, the winter snows are not conserved for irrigation and the effect felt hundreds of miles away.

The government has endeavored for many years to control these destructive forest fires, but during the fall of 1899 and 1900 the situation became so alarming that it took up the matter much more energetically and systematically than ever before. The ranges are now subdivided into smaller districts than formerly, and each district

is under direct supervision of a superintendent or warden. Each warden has under him deputy wardens or rangers, who patrol smaller subdivisions several times a day during the summer and fall months and report regularly to the warden under whom they are working.

For this patrol service the government pays its men \$2 a day and expenses. The work, aside from actual fighting of fires, is not so very hard, but it soon becomes very monotonous and it is sometimes very hazardous.

It consists in patrolling a given beat several times a day. The patrolmen are clothed with police power and have orders to arrest anyone who has done anything that would cause a blaze, or has in any way disregarded the regulations of the forest reserve commission.

It is also the ranger's duty to keep a sharp lookout for incipient blazes; to extinguish them, if he can, alone; and if not, to report the fire to his superior and the nearest known help in that particular neighborhood.

There are various causes for the forest fires. Some are started by accident, some by thoughtlessness and some by deliberate, criminal carelessness. By far the most frequent cause is the smoldering campfire, carelessly left by hunters and others. Recent laws make it a misdemeanor to leave any embers from a campfire which the next rising breeze might fan into a flame. The matter of taking timber unlawfully from the forest reserve also comes under the direct attention of the forest rangers.

"Thank you, Blanche, dear. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Very good. Now, perhaps, we would better go back to the hotel. I see my aunt sitting on the piazza."

"She may continue to sit there. This is no rehearsal, Blanche. I am in earnest; I want my answer."

"Wait a minute; I am going to say 'yes,' but," speaking hurriedly, "in heaven's name don't you say 'Thank you.'"

**BUSINESSLIKE EPHRAIM.**

There Was Not Much Romance in His Proposal of Marriage.

"No, there wasn't much romance about Ephraim," said the postmaster, stroking his beard thoughtfully.

Ephraim had been the great man of the town, and his death, the day before, had called out reminiscences to which the postmaster seemed anxious to contribute.

"I don't s'pose if you'd b'iled Ephraim or put him under the stone-breaker you could have drawn a tear out of him. Never saw him laugh. Likely enough he never kissed his wife or one of his children."

"And yet he wasn't a mean man or a hard man. I callate he often laughed and cried inside, but 'twasn't his way to show it. And he was a natural-born business man, up and down, top to toe, and that partly accounts for it, too."

"I've ever hear how he supposed to Aunt Eleanor, his wife? Happens I know because she and my wife was cousins, and the peardoin' tickled Eleanor so't she had to tell it."

"Ephraim wasn't ever a talkative feller, and he didn't go round much with 't'her other young folks. Jest stayed home and 'tended to his knittin'-work, as it were, but he was well thought of by everybody, and Eleanor and her pa and ma always made him welcome."

"So he come in sort o' casual, one p'ticular Sat'day night, and set around as usual, puttin' in a word now and then, till Eleanor's pa went out to see to a sick cow he had, and Eleanor's ma started off up chamber somewheres. And then Ephraim speaks up all at once, and he says:

"I'd kind o' like to marry up you, Eleanor," says he.

"'Sho' says she. 'Would ye? She was dumfounded, and couldn't think of anything else to say."

"Yes, I would," says he. He never

moved out of his chair, but he looked her right square in the eye, real friendly. 'I've got a place o' my own, ye know,—rented, but I can take it back 'most any time,—and two hundred 'most dollars out on intrust, and enough besides to stock the place. I make ye an offer,' he says, 'and I'll hold it open for ye till next Sat'day night.'

"Eleanor was starin' at him all the time, and mind ye, with ner mouth open. And before she could get any words to put into it, 't's time I was gettin' along home,' Ephraim says, 'so I'll bid ye good night, Eleanor.'

"Well, that was all there was to it. First off, Eleanor was mad at his makin' an offer so-fashion, and leavin' it open jest such a time, 's though he'd been dickerin' for a yoke of steers. But when she come to think it over she realized it was only Ephraim's way, and she believed he liked her and she knew she liked him, and so she took him up, and neither of 'em ever was sorry for it."

"No, Ephraim didn't make love romantic—no gettin' down on his knees and writin' poetry and seek-like doin's. But if you ever see a woman better perferred for and more uplifted and more waited on by inches than Aunt Eleanor was, I'd like to have ye p'int her out."

"Actions speak louder'n words, they say, and I callate that's true. There's women in this town would be willin' to forget they was called angels before they was married if they could be treated like human bein's now."

**Few Mountain Peaks in Europe.**

While the Alps have isolated peaks such as Mont Blanc (15,781 feet) and the Matterhorn (14,836) the mean elevation of the highest Alpine chain is from only 8,000 to 9,000 feet. Colorado possesses more than 120 peaks over 13,500 feet in altitude, of which no fewer than thirty-five peaks range from 14,000 upward. In the whole of Europe there are not over twelve mountain peaks of note.

**Floating Canneries.**

In Sweden there are floating canneries. They are small vessels, which follow fishing fleets, and men on them can fish while they are fresh.

Don't tell your friend that you wish you had a million dollars to give him; invent a scheme to benefit him that will work.

**ENGLISH BOER WAR GENERAL REDUCED AFTER CONFESSING BAD JUDGMENT.**



**GEN. SIR REDVERS H. BULLER.**

Gen. Buller's recent speech, in which he confessed he had, while commander-in-chief in South Africa, and making his noted official attempts to relieve Ladysmith, advised Gen. Buller to hang on to surrender the place, resulted in his being relieved of his command in England and placed on half pay.

**GROVER'S QUIET LIFE.**

**EX-PRESIDENT SPENDS HIS DAYS IN ABSOLUTE EASE.**

He Has No Responsibility Upon Him—Shuns Society and Reads and Fishes at Will—is Liked by the Students of Princeton College.

Our only living ex-President, Grover Cleveland, seems to have mastered the secret of living, writes a Princeton, N. J., correspondent. No man knows better how to enjoy existence, and fortunately for him he has abundance of means with which to gratify every reasonable desire. For Mr. Cleveland is reputed to be rich, his possessions amounting, if the gossips are to be believed, to several million dollars in value. He entered the White House a comparatively poor man. His expenses during his term were not extravagantly large and were met by the contingency fund annually voted by Congress to the President, so that when he stepped down and out his four years' salary was practically intact. With his friend and former private secretary, Col. Daniel E. Lamont, and under the pilotage of E. C. Benedict, he made several profitable investments, mostly New York stable railroad shares, and realized handsomely. Those who have the opportunity of knowing allege that he was worth a million or more when he was called the second time to Washington, and that his investments were bringing him far more than the salary he received as President. He purchased a home in Princeton and has lived quietly ever since, taking little part in public affairs, and on rare occasions de-

would hold it in one hand while he drank the soup out of his plate.

He would persist, furthermore, in putting his fingers into the dish to help himself. Once he put his fork into the soup, and held it up and looked at it as if disappointed. After repeating this unseemly several times, he licked the fork, threw it to the floor and drank his soup from the plate.

His favorite game was peek-a-boo. He would put his head behind one of the large tin boxes of the cage, utter a peculiar sound, and then look suddenly out to see if his master was noticing him. He found great pleasure in this game, and would roll over, kick up his heels and grin with evident delight.

One night Moses came to his master's bed and woke him up. Mr. Garner spoke to him, and he replied with a series of plaintive sounds which showed that something was wrong. Taking a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other, Mr. Garner went to the cage, and discovered that a colony of ants had invaded it. The cage was immediately saturated with kerosene, the ants were dispossessed, and Moses returned to his bed.

In a wild state, he would doubtless have abandoned his claim and fled to another place without an attempt to drive the ants away, but now he had acquired the idea of the rights of possession.

Teaching Moses to be cleanly was the most difficult task of all. He would permit Mr. Garner or the boy to wash his hands, but he was a rank heretic on the subject of taking a bath; nothing could convince him that he needed it. When a bath was given to him he would fight and scream during the whole process, and immediately after would spread himself out in the sun to dry.

Mr. Garner learned one word from Moses; it was the sound by which chimpanzees call to one another, and cannot be expressed by letters of the alphabet. Moses would call his master by this sound, and Mr. Garner used it when ever he wished Moses to come to him. Teaching him to talk English was more difficult, but he was getting along fairly well with "mamma" and the French word "feu," when he succumbed to illness. The last hours of Moses Mr. Garner describes with much feeling:

"He took the medicines I gave him as if he knew their purpose and effect. His suffering was not intense, and he bore it like a philosopher. He seemed to have some vague idea of his own condition, but I do not know that he foresaw the result. He lingered from day to day for a week, slowly sinking and growing feebler; but his love for me was manifest to the last, and I dare confess that I returned it with all my heart."

"Moses will live in history, and he deserves to do so because he was the first of his race that ever spoke a word of human speech. Fame will not deny him a niche in her temple among the heroes who have led the races of the world."

**LUXURY AND IDLENESS.**

They Have Brought Degeneration to the Osage Indians.

The Osage Indians are the richest community in the world. They number but 1,720 souls, all told—men, women and children; they own 1,500,000 acres of valuable land; they have \$9,000,000 in trust with the government which pays 5 per cent interest, and have leases with gentlemen for the use of their pasture lands which bring them between \$40,000 and \$50,000 a year, without counting the rent from the agricultural lands and the proceeds of their own labor, writes W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record. That, however, is very small. They are lazy, idle and in a state of rapid degeneration. There is no more striking example of the corrupting influences of wealth and idleness. The Indians have no incentive for education or labor, but spend their time loafing and visiting each others' homes, where, as the agent says, "they feast and gossip until one might suppose their capacity for both was exhausted; but each trifling occurrence serves as a text, which is discussed from every possible point of view. The old men find great pleasure in recounting the past history of the people, and have eager and interested listeners in the children. I find the most efficient weapons I can use against these tendencies to be ridicule and moral suasion whereby I impress upon them the necessity of looking forward and of staying at their homes to look more closely after their property and the interests of their children."

The entire tribe is composed of about 300 families, of which 1,170 are adults and 530 are children of school age. This gives them over 5,000 acres of land for each family, and more than \$50 every per capita, with \$30,000 cash for every family. Including the "grass money," as they call it, which is received from leasing the pastures, the income of the tribe will average \$500,000 a year, which is about \$300 per capita, or \$1,000 per family, without any labor whatever. This enormous wealth, and the increasing value of the lands which lie just south of the Kansas line and consist of valuable timber and large tracts of rich soil suitable for agriculture, have made citizenship of great value, and has caused many dissolute white men to marry into the tribe, so that 825, mostly Indian women are called, are not enrolled, and receive nothing directly, but

indirectly they control the shares of their wives and children, and have been gaining more and more influence among the people. The tribe is governed by a chief and fifteen councilors, and at the last election the mixed-bloods, or "squaw" men, by bribery and other influences, succeeded in electing their candidates for chief and the council. This has caused a great deal of discontent among the full-bloods, and it is probable that the government will be compelled to interfere in order to protect those who are really entitled to a share in the rights of the tribe.

**SAYS HORSE MEAT IS GOOD.**

Had Quarters of Donkeys, Too, Often Pass for Venison.

"Prejudice against the use of horse meat, for it is only a prejudice, seems to be wanting," said an old traveler yesterday. "I see that our consul-general at Vienna reports a large increase in the consumption of horse flesh for food, the total being something like 20,000 horses and fifty-eight donkeys, which is an increase of 3,000 over 1897."

"I have eaten horse meat and found it pretty good, and it was in this country, too. It is a fact not generally known that some of our Indian tribes not only eat horse flesh, but prefer it to beef. It has a sweetish taste, but a man soon learns to like it. The Indian cannot understand the white man's prejudice and refuses to accept it as serious. As a matter of fact, a large part of the venison which Indians bring into the trading posts out in Arizona for sale is not deer, but burro—that is to say, donkey. Travelers in that country also get a good deal of the same kind of meat."

"Not long ago I spent several weeks at a trader's store on the headquarters of the Little Colorado in Arizona. Beef was hard to get, but venison we had in plenty. One day, an old Indian, whom I had often seen in the place brought in the hide of a donkey and offered it for sale. The trader bought all kinds of pelts, those of sheep, goats, deer, mountain lions, etc., but he drew the line on donkeys."

"What do you mean by offering me a burro hide?" he said to the Indian. "Get out of here."

"The Indian looked dazed for a minute and then replied, 'You white men are queer. A week ago I brought you a hind quarter of that animal. You bought it and afterwards told me to bring in more if I had any. That hide is all that's left and now you get angry when I offer it to you. I can't understand you at all.'

"That trader was knocked speechless. For a week we had been feasting on 'venison' and telling each other how much finer it was than beef. As a matter of fact it was good food, so long as our prejudice against its name did not come into play. A young horse which has never done any work and has been well fed is a good deal better to eat than an old steer fattened for the butcher."

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Scolding an Author.**

George M. Smith, the publisher of "Jane Eyre," gives, in Cornhill, some of his recollections of Charlotte Bronte. He says that Thackeray, whom she greatly admired, made her very angry on the occasion of his first visit to London. She was determined at that time to keep her real name from the public, although she had written the most popular book of the day, Thackeray, who was in the secret, temporarily forgot to keep it.

She had attended one of his lectures on "The English Humorists," and after it was over he came down and talked with those of the audience who had stayed to offer their congratulations. He was in high spirits, and said, thoughtlessly, to his mother, "Mother, you must allow me to introduce you to 'Jane Eyre.'"

His voice sounded distinctly over the room, and everybody present turned to look at the little lady, who became not only confused but angry.

The next afternoon Thackeray called upon her, and Mr. Smith entered the drawing room in time to find a scene in full progress. Thackeray was standing on the hearth rug, looking very unhappy. Charlotte Bronte stood near him, her head thrown back and her face white with anger.

"No, sir," she was saying, "if you had come to Yorkshire, what would you have thought of me if I had introduced you to my father, before a company of strangers, as Mr. Warrington?"

"No," said Thackeray, perhaps preferring another one of his characters, "you mean 'Arthur Pendennis.'"

"No, I don't mean Arthur Pendennis," retorted Miss Bronte. "I mean Mr. Warrington, and Mr. Warrington would not have behaved as you behaved to me yesterday."

The little woman reached scarcely to Thackeray's elbow, but in her ferocious she looked no mean antagonist. He made some half-humorous apology, and the parting was a friendly one.

**Gold in Bricks.**

It has been discovered that the common red clay of which bricks are made contains gold at the rate of nearly a shilling's worth to a ton—even, in some cases, a little more. In the houses of London there are, at least, 5,000,000 tons of brick. Make a little calculation at the rate of 1 s. per ton, and it will be found that no less than £250,000 of the precious metal is locked tightly up in the ugly red wall of London alone.

**FURNITURE FOR THE GARDEN.**



**CIRCULAR SEAT. RUSTIC WICKER TABLE AND FURNITURE.**

The illustrations show some garden seats and furniture of the most approved modern designs. The amateur carpenter would not experience much difficulty in constructing similar ones from the material readily at hand.

indirectly they control the shares of their wives and children, and have been gaining more and more influence among the people. The tribe is governed by a chief and fifteen councilors, and at the last election the mixed-bloods, or "squaw" men, by bribery and other influences, succeeded in electing their candidates for chief and the council. This has caused a great deal of discontent among the full-bloods, and it is probable that the government will be compelled to interfere in order to protect those who are really entitled to a share in the rights of the tribe.

"Tape, how do people in the weather bureau find out what kind of weather we are going to have?" "I didn't know that they did, my son."

"Is your son Jack going back to college?" "No. The college president seems to agree with Mr. Schwab about its being a waste of time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Guide (referring to Egyptian Pyramids)—It took hundreds of years to build them. O'Brien (the wealthy contractor)—Thin it wor a gov'mint job—eh?—Tit-Bits.

The detachable sort: "Miss Plummers has such beautiful hair! Why, she can sit on it." "How careless of her to leave it lying around on chairs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Back Again: "Hallo, old boy, haven't seen you for an age! What are you doing now?" "I'm back at the old stamping ground." "Eh? Where's that?" "Postoffice."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Deferred Payments: "Is your daughter learning to play by note?" "Certainly not," answered Mrs. Cumrox, a little indignantly; "two pay cash for every lesson. The idea!"—Washington Star.

Fred—I see the Van Billion girl has adopted the English fashion of wearing sandals. Ned (the rejected)—Yes; it's the old Roman custom, and probably takes her back to her happy childhood.—Cleveland Spectator.

"Isn't he philosophical?" "Well, I should say so! When the lightning struck his house, he sat perfectly quiet, and afterward said he was glad it happened, as he'd been thinking some time of getting his hair shined."—Boston Home Journal.

Farmer Jones (1 s. m.)—Clear out, ye varmint, or I'll shoot ye! Josh Medders (desperately)—Shoot me! I come here to elope with your darter Sal, and by gum, I'm going to! Farmer Jones—Oh, excuse me! I thought ye had come to serenade her.—Puck.

Mr. Goop—I tell you, Blithersby's wife is a jewel. Mr. Whoop—Is that so? Mr. Goop—I should say so. Why, he went fishing yesterday, and she came home with an empty jug, and a can of salmon and two salt mackerel, and she complimented him on his luck.

In the future, "Do ye keep an assistant to the cook?" "Yes." "And do the assistant have a helper?" "She has." "And have ye a kitchen-maid to clean up after the assistant's helper?" "We have." "Well, I'll give ye a wake's trial."—Brooklyn Life.

Ruling passion struck in death: "I saw Mrs. K. going into an auction sale last Monday. I can't bear craze for bargains extraordinary." "Yes, indeed. I believe she could die happy if she knew she would be laid out on a bargain-counter and buried as a remnant."—Town and Country.

Discovered: "They had been married a year before anybody knew it, and even then their secret was discovered only by accident." "Indeed?" "Yes, one evening at a card party, they thoughtlessly played partners, and they way they quarreled led the whole thing out."—Detroit Free Press.

"Does Miss Whupperly ever say anything about me?" asked Gaslett, who wanted to find out where he stood. "Well, yes," answered Goblett, "she asked me to-day where you have been keeping yourself. She said you hadn't called on her for the last two or three minutes."—Indianapolis Sun.

Might have been worse: "Poor b'ye!" exclaimed O'Hara, condoling with Cassidy, who had been injured by a blast; "tis tough luck teh hav yet hand blowed off." "Och! Faith, it might 'ave bin worse," replied Cassidy; "suppose O'd had me week's wage in it at the toime."—Philadelphia Press.

Ground plan completed: Nagus (literary editor)—How is your new society novel getting on, Borus? Borus (struggling author)—Splendidly. I've got the French phrases I'm going to use in the story all selected. There's nothing to do now but to fill in the English and divide it into chapters.—Chicago Tribune.

Mistress—I'm afraid you will not suit, Honora. And yet Mrs. Ranger said that you always gave perfect satisfaction at her house. The Cook—Yes, meen, we always got along first rate, me and Mrs. Ranger. Mistress—But did you rave a great deal of cooking to do there? The Cook—Didn't have any; lived on can stuff. Thought that was the way all real ladies did.

Revelist—Is it possible that you dance? Fair Sinner—Oh, yes, often. Revelist—Now, tell me, honestly and fairly, don't you think the tendency of dancing is toward sin? Fair Sinner—I must confess that sometimes while dancing I have very wicked thoughts. Revelist—Aha! I feared so. When is it that you have wicked thoughts? Fair Sinner—When my partner steps on my toes.—New York Weekly.

Curious Relic of Old Rome. During some excavations in the Forum at Rome the laborers unearthed the head and part of the body of a marble horse. It is a magnificent piece of sculpture, and great value has been placed upon it. According to experts, the relic dates from about the second century before Christ.

When a man writes to another man, asking a loan or other favor, he addresses him as "Hon."

Usually the newest thing in flannels is a baby.

