

Eugene Weekly Guard.

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors.

EUGENE, OREGON.

Youths in their first year at college are not the only fresh men.

But almost any political doctor will admit that the trust evil is evil.

Arctic explorers do not succeed in finding much except one another's remains.

With the possible exception of the repairs in a new house there's an end to all things.

Mr. Baer has not as yet expressed any fear of what may happen to a man who dies rich.

Nine men out of ten would rather find \$400 worth of gold in an old pot than to have written "Paradise Lost."

A woman never can understand why a man buys a new derby hat that, as far as she can see, is just like his old one.

If King Leopold hears what Marce Waterson said of the "four hundred" he will take the next ship for New York.

The woman who worries over leaving her children to the care of a nurse does not get very far into society nowadays.

Peary was about 400 miles from the pole when he was forced to turn back. Four hundred miles is a long way where there are no sidewalks.

The American heiress wants quality and the impetuous nobleman wants quantity. Bring the two together and the result is a matrimonial merger.

Medical science has not yet discovered the snailpox germ, but perhaps the doctors, like the rest of us, prefer to look for it through a long-distance telescope.

King Alfonso wants to rebuild the Spanish navy. All right, Alfrey; rebuild it if you want to, but when you have it rebuilt be careful that it shall never get into a fight.

The Duchess of Marlborough, it is reported, will be declared by the Kaiser to be of royal birth. There are others in this country who are descended from a long line of ferryboats.

It is indeed startling to learn that London now proposes that the mistress shall go to school to learn how to treat the maid. Is it possible that the women's clubs have not settled all that?

It is a great relief to the country to have Greenland proved an island by Lieutenant Peary. We laid awake one night last week, fearful lest it might turn out to be a simple peninsula.

A man has committed suicide leaving a note saying: "I have just found out what an ass I am." If this sort of intelligence spreads, Chancellor Andrews may stop worrying about overpopulation.

It was Zola's misfortune that though his novels were written for reformers they attracted not reformers, but muck hunters. Clean-minded folk declined to waste through undeliberate filth to dubious social reform.

The Gregson incident, in which a British officer was whipped and ducked because he was "socially undesirable," seems to indicate that the lesson of the Boer war on the worth of "social" standards in armies is not yet thoroughly learned.

The experiment which the government has been making in enlisting sailors for the navy from the interior of the country has been successful. Several hundred farmers' boys from Kansas, Iowa, Kentucky and Nebraska have been in training on the ships Lancaster and Hartford during the past few months, and their instructors say that they are making excellent sailors. Most of the boys got their first smell of salt water when they boarded the ships.

The haste which various scientific gentlemen make to announce that Peary's last expedition is not a failure betrays a prompt recognition that the general estimate is likely to be that way. Peary's expectation of conquering the pole did not thunder so loudly in the preface as Baldwin's did. But it was nevertheless predicated on the confident assertion that by preparing bases of supply and arranging for a steady advance that icy citadel was certainly attainable. Yet in the finale it comes to the same result as its predecessors.

Tradition says that the Queen of Sheba asked Solomon to thread an intricately pierced stone, and that he did so by means of a hair tied to a living worm. A long sewer in an Ohio factory recently became clogged, and a son of Solomon came to the rescue. Tying a long ball of twine to the shell of a mud-turtle, he put the animal into the entrance of the sewer and turned on a stream of water. The turtle burrowed his way through the refuse, was "watered on" at each manhole, and emerged victorious at the outlet. A rope attached to the twine, a saw and strong arms accomplished the rest swiftly and economically.

A character in one of Arthur Sherburne Hardy's novels said, in answer to somebody who wanted to argue with him: "When I see two men arguing I see two donkeys in a treadmill. Write out what you want to say and I will go home and think about it." The application of this trenchant remark will hit about nine out of ten of those who indulge in arguments. They rarely do much good. They are of use to certain temperaments, because they aid in facility of expression. It is said that Gladstone acquired his command of language from the custom which obtained in his family of arguing every question, small and great. It may have

been good for genius, but it could not have been a comfortable family to live in. Most argument intended to convince is a dead failure, because the personal pride of the antagonist is aroused, and he is only strengthened in his own position. This, again, is not a good thing, because it usually means that the habit of seeing only one side of a subject is confirmed. There are two sides to everything, whether we see them or not, just as there are to the moon. People who cannot argue without indulging in personalities ought never to do it. Those who cannot do without the to quogue argument should also be discouraged, and equally unworthy of attention are those who tempt them. It is hardly in human nature, when one is told that one's relatives or political party, or church, has certain faults, to refrain from pointing out that the other person's belongings have faults just as bad. Yet this proves nothing except that human nature is imperfect and that the pot is always prone to call the kettle black.

Researches in modern science continue to hold out the most flattering promises. Human beings are to live longer, the ills that flesh is heir to are to disappear and perhaps even death may have no terrors. Experiments are being made by the State of New York to determine the character and amount of food needed to keep the human body in the best possible condition. By means of respiration calorimeter the healthful demand for food by different persons can be known. The man who is eating too much or unsuitable food—that does not supply muscular tissues or energy—can know at once what to do and what changes to make to secure the needed benefits. The United States government, too, is carrying on experiments testing the effect of various food adulterations upon health. Utilizing a dozen volunteers, Dr. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, will determine the value or harm of many articles of diet whose virtues are now questioned. Reports come from Rome to the effect that a prominent physician there is making experiments to determine the depth of a person's sleep. The results show there are certain periods when the sleeper is more easily awakened than at others, and by use of a specially designed instrument it can be known at just what time a man ought or ought not to rise. Word comes from Paris that Germ-proof houses are at hand. There are to be no more palatial residences holding the germs of all the ages. Single-storied houses are to be the models. These houses are to be built of porous earthenware and to be set on gravel. The roof will be tiled, not slated, and the windows will reach from top to bottom of the walls. In no room will there be corners to harbor dust and bacteria. The skirting will curve into the hardwood floors instead of striking them at right angles. There is to be no place for disease. From Paris, too, comes the assurance from wisecracks that old age is to be abolished, or rather extreme old age is to become enjoyable, through occasional fasting. By this cheap process bodily life is to disappear, youth is to be renewed and man to enter on a new career. As if all these assurances were not enough to make life worth living, an Illinois physician has come forward saying he has raised the dead and can do it again. "These are only a few of the hopes held out by modern science, but there is still opportunity for other wonders. The most helpless invalid and the most aged have reason to cheer up, expect perfect restoration of health and the joys of new life.

A NERVE DEFINED.

Quick Answer from Kindergarten Pupils.

A certain Brooklyn kindergarten contains during the school term many bright little folks, and their answers to questions are often very amusing. On a morning not long ago the head teacher was giving a talk on physiology and asked:

"Who can tell me what a nerve is?" "I know," said one little tot.

"Well, what is it?"

"It's what makes the tooth hurt when you have the toothache."

This created a laugh, and a number of other answers followed, when a little girl, who is usually depended upon to give a reply to almost every question, raised her pointed finger and said:

"I know the answer, teacher; I can tell you."

"You may answer, Emily," said the teacher. "What is a nerve?"

"When anyone is too fresh my mamma says, 'Oh, what a nerve!'"

The lesson ended after a desperate effort to restore order.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Petroleum as a Beverage.

The Medical Society of Paris has expressed the opinion that it is necessary to adopt some measures against the alarming spread of petroleum drinking. At first it was thought that this habit had sprung up from the increased taxation on alcohol imposed by the French government, but an investigation showed that this was not the case; the habit had been prevalent some time previously in certain districts and had spread with great rapidity. The victim of the petroleum habit does not become brutal, only morose. Opinions differ among physicians as regards the effects of petroleum drinking on the human system, but all agree on the harmfulness of this new vice.

Getting Rid of His Enemies.

First Small Boy—Did you throw any old shoes after your sister when she got married?

Second Small Boy—Not much! I threw all my mother's slippers.—Philadelphia Record.

Crime in Buenos Ayres.

Buenos Ayres has issued its criminal statistics for 1901. They include 900 murders, 244 attempted murders, 1,710 assaults, and over 5,000 thefts, burglaries, and swindles.

When a man opens up a business the papers say he has a large circle of friends, and after the accounts begin to accumulate in his ledger he begins to believe it.

If the wish is father to the thought, the thought must be sunny.

FLOWERS FOR OUR RULERS.

Benquets Are Supplied Bountifully to Congressmen and Senators.

Cut flowers are supplied gratuitously by Uncle Sam to a number of persons and institutions in the city of Washington and members of Congress have come to regard them as among the most desirable of their perquisites. The greenhouses from which the flowers in question are maintained principally to supply the city parks with the plants which make them such a feature of the city's beauty throughout the greater part of the year. After the White House is supplied the hospitals and other public institutions receive flowers. Many other worthy causes also share in the distribution. Families of members of the cabinet, the supreme court and legislative members come next. This custom, which has prevailed for years, of distributing the cut flowers is still followed.

Besides the greenhouses in charge of the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Ground, and the White House conservatory, other gardeners are those of the Agricultural Department and the botanical gardens. The latter are under the direction of the Senate Committee on Library. The gardens of the Department of Agriculture are devoted largely to the growing of plants other than floral.

The flowers from the White House conservatory are used for daily decorations of the executive mansion and it is for state functions and all other ordinary occasions that the supply of the park greenhouses is drawn upon. Through this source of supply not an inconsiderable amount that would otherwise have to be spent for flowers for many state dinners runs well up into the hundreds and sometimes even thousands of dollars. The floral decorations for the Prince Henry dinner, which were most elaborate, would have cost \$4,000 if purchased in the flower market. As it was the real expenditure in the floral decorations was only a few hundred.

USE OF WATER AT MEALS.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald insists that the avoidance of water at meals is a mere "sanitary superstition." It is not possible for any normally constituted human being to eat his way to the first quarter installment of a modern dinner of over-heated meat dishes and greasy viands without experiencing a distinct longing for a cooling diluent, and before the end of the second course that craving assumes the urgency of positive demand. Has not Professor Orthodoxy enumerated five distinct sources of peril from indulging that aptency, and proved that the water instinct is wrong; and that nature knows nothing about it?

The most specious of these arguments is the alleged risk that the introduction of cold water would coagulate the albumen of the ingesta, and thus complicate the labors of the digestive organs. But is it not evident that those organs should be allowed a casting vote in the decision of that controversy?

Dr. Schrodt, the author of "Natur-Heilkunde," holds, on the contrary, that our diet is not half fluid enough, and demonstrates that organic warmth will soon reduce over-cold beverages to the right medium, and that a craving which nothing but fresh water will satisfy is a clear proof that the stomach is suffering from an excess of caloric and a deficiency of moisture.

Just wait, and that distress will subside, insists Professor Oswald. Yes, the subtle chemistry of the organism will eventually find means to satisfy its needs from internal sources, just as the agony of a famished man will give way to a dull torpor; the system has made another forced loan on the reserve stores of its own tissues, and made the sufferer a little more comfortable, though also a little leaner. Even thus the disappointed stomach will make shift to lead moisture from some other part of the organism where it is less sorely needed and the distress subsides, though a feeling of vague discomfort remains, suggesting that the sort of moisture reabsorbed from the lower alimentary duct is not exactly what the stomach wanted.

What Age Is He?

The Navy Department is trying to answer the question: "How old is Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, retired?" Is he 90 or 100? The records do not show and Rear Admiral Selfridge will not tell. He says it is nobody's business how old he is. But as he entered the navy in 1818, and must have been at least 15 years old at that time, the supposition is that he is between 90 and 100. The Admiral's oldest son, Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., owns to being 60 years. The senior Selfridge was born in Hubbardston, Mass.—Philadelphia Press.

Singular Signs for Travelers.

On the banks of a stream near Strasburg is a stone with this singular inscription, which was no doubt intended for the information of stragglers traveling by the road: "Take notice that when this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." This recalls the famous finger post which is said to have been erected by order of a surveyor of roads in Kent: "This is a bridge path to Faversham. If you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

French Happy Home Broken Up. A Parisian lady has been compelled by the police to break up her happy home, consisting of 20 hens, 60 cocks, 30 pigeons, 4 cats, 8 dogs, a parrot and a dozen small birds. Her neighbors objected to being kept awake all night by the cats and dogs, and to being roused up at an unearthly hour by the crowing of the cocks.

Stunted. Ottiman—I hear the Popleys have moved out near you. Have you seen their baby? Is it a tiny little nite? Subbs—Yes, but you must remember it passed the first six months of its life in a fat.—Philadelphia Press.

A woman's idea of a bargain is something she can't afford when she needs it and which is offered at a reduction when she has no use for it.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VI.

Our prisoner's furious resistance did not apparently indicate any ferocity in his disposition toward ourselves, for on finding himself powerless he smiled in an affable manner, and expressed his hopes that he had not hurt any of us in the scuffle.

"I guess you're going to take me to the police station," he remarked to Sherlock Holmes. "My cab's at the door. If you'll loose my legs I'll walk down to it. I'm not so light as I used to be."

He rose and stretched his legs, as though to assure himself that they were free once more.

"If there's a vacant place for a chief of the police, I reckon you are the man for it," he said, gazing with undisguised admiration at my fellow-lodger. "The way you kept on my trail was a caution."

"You had better come with me," said Holmes to the two detectives. "I can drive you," said Lestrade. "Good! and Gregson can come in the car with me. You, too, doctor; you have taken an interest in the case, and may as well stick to us."

I assented gladly, and we all descended together. Our prisoner made no attempt to escape, but stepped calmly into the cab which had been his, and we followed him. Lestrade mounted the box, whipped up the horse and brought us in a very short time to our destination.

We were ushered into a small chamber, where a police inspector noted down our prisoner's name and the names of the men with whose murder he had been charged.

The officer was a white-faced, unemotional man, who went through his duties in a dull, mechanical way. "The prisoner will be put before the magistrates in the course of the week," he said; "in the meantime, Mr. Jefferson Hope, have you anything to say?"

"Hadn't you better reserve that for your trial?" asked the inspector. "I may never be tried," he answered. "You needn't look startled. It isn't suicide I am thinking of. Are you a doctor?"

He turned his fierce black eyes upon me as he asked this last question. "Yes, I am," I answered. "Then put your hand here," he said, with a smile, motioning with his manacled wrists toward his chest.

I did so, and became at once conscious of an extraordinary throbbing and commotion which was going on inside.

In the silence of the room I could hear a dull humming and buzzing which proceeded from the same source. "I cried, 'you have an aneurism!'"

"That's what they call it," he said, placidly. "I went to a doctor last week about it, and he told me that it was bound to burst before many days passed. It has been getting worse for years. I got it from over-exposure and under-feeding in the Salt Lake mountains. I've done my work now, and I don't care how soon I go, but I should like to leave some account of the business behind me. I don't want to be remembered as a common cut-throat."

The inspector and the two detectives had a hurried discussion as to the advisability of allowing him to tell his story.

"Do you consider, doctor, that there is immediate danger?" the former asked. "Most certainly there is," I answered.

"In that case, it is clearly our duty, in the interests of justice, to take his statement," said the inspector. "You are at liberty, sir, to give your account, which I again warn you will be taken down."

"I'll sit down, with your leave," the prisoner said, suiting the action to the word. This aneurism of mine makes me awfully tired, and the trouble we had half an hour ago has not mended matters. I'm on the brink of the grave, and I am not likely to lie to you. Every word I say is the absolute truth, and how you use it is a matter of no consequence to me."

With these words Jefferson Hope leaned back in his chair and began the following remarkable statement: "I can vouch for the accuracy of the subpoenaed account, for I have had access to Lestrade's notebook, in which the prisoner's words were taken down exactly as they were uttered."

"It doesn't much matter to you why I hated these men," he said; "it's enough that they were guilty of the death of two human beings—a father and daughter—and that they had therefore forfeited their own lives. After the lapse of time that has passed since their crime, it was impossible for me to secure a conviction against them in any court."

"That girl that I spoke of was to have married me twenty years ago. She was forced into marrying that same Drebber, and broke her heart over it. "I took the marriage ring from her dead finger, and I vowed that his dying eyes should rest upon that very ring, and that his last thoughts should be of the crime for which he was punished."

Cumberland, over on the other side of the river. When once I found them out I knew that I had them at my mercy."

"I had grown my beard, and there was no chance of their recognizing me."

"I would go them and follow them until I saw my opportunity. I was determined that they should not escape me again."

"Sometimes I followed them on my cab, and sometimes on foot, but the former was the best, for then they could not get away from me."

"It was only early in the morning or late at night that I could earn anything, so that I began to get behind-hand with my employer."

"During two weeks I drove behind them every day, and never once saw them separate. Drebber himself was drunk half the time, but Stangerson was not to be caught napping."

"I watched them late and early, but never saw the ghost of a chance; but I was not discouraged, for something told me that the hour had almost come. My only fear was that this thing in my chest might burst a little too soon and leave my work undone."

"At last one evening, I was driving up and down Torquay Terrace, as the street was called in which they boarded, when I saw a cab drive up to their door."

"Presently some luggage was brought out, and after a time Drebber and Stangerson followed it and drove off. I whipped up my horse and kept within sight of them, feeling ill at ease, for I feared that they were going to shift their quarters."

"At Euston station they got out, and I left a boy to hold my horse and followed them on to the platform. I heard them ask for the Liverpool train, and the guard answered that one had just gone, and that there would not be another for some time."

"Stangerson seemed to be put out at that, but Drebber was rather pleased than otherwise. I got so close to them in the bustle that I could hear every word that passed between them."

"Drebber said that he had a little business of his own to do, and that if the other would wait for him he would soon rejoin him."

"His companion remonstrated with him, and reminded him that they had resolved to stick together. Drebber answered that the matter was a delicate one, and that he must go alone."

"I could not catch what Stangerson said to that, but the other burst out swearing, and resisted him to keep him steady, for he was still a little top-heavy. When we came to the door I opened it and led him into the front room. I gave my word that, all the way, the father and daughter were walking in front of us."

"It's infernally dark," said he, stamping about. "Well, look here, I said, striking a match and putting it to a wax-candle which I had brought with me. 'Now, watch Drebber,' I continued, turning to him and holding the light to my own face, 'who am I?'"

(To be continued.)

ONE GROUP AT A TIME.

King Edward VII, as is well known, is much interested in all matters relating to flying ships, and especially is he interested in Santos-Dumont and his efforts. A few weeks before the coronation it was extensively rumored that the king had quite made up his mind to accompany the clever young Brazilian in one of his aerial flights; that he had, in fact, made all arrangements for his travel through the air. A certain well-known scientific peer asked his majesty one evening after dinner whether the rumor concerning the royal aerial voyage was really true.

"Now, Lord—" answered King Edward, laughing, "it is likely that I would take this flying ship trip. The coronation has not yet taken place, and I can assure that I wish to wear my earthly crown before I put on the other."

Medicine of Dog Barks.

Little Ethel, aged 4, and her grandmother were great chums. One day the old lady was taking a dose of medicine and the child inquired:

"Grandma, what's that?"

"That is medicine, my dear."

"What is it made of, grandma?"

"Out of leaves and roots and barks," replied grandma.

"Oh, grandma," said Ethel, as her big eyes opened in wonder, "is it made of little dog barks?"

and when he came out he was so fat gone that I knew the game was in my own hands.

"Don't imagine that I intended to kill him in cold blood. It would only have been rigid justice if I had done so, but I could not bring myself to do it. I had long determined that he should have a show for his life if he chose to take advantage of it."

"Among the many billets which I have filled in America during my wandering life, I was once a janitor and sweeper out of the laboratory at York College."

"One day the professor was lecturing on poisons, and he showed his students some alkaloid, as he called it, which he had extracted from some South American arrow poison, and which was so powerful that the least grain meant instant death. I spotted the bottle in which this preparation was kept, and when they were all gone I helped myself to a little of it."

"I was a fairly good dispenser, so I worked this alkaloid into small, scorable pills, and each pill I put in a box with a similar pill made without poison. I determined at the time that, when I had my chance, my gentlemen should each have a draw out of one of these boxes, while I eat the pill that remained."

"It would be quite as deadly, and a good deal less noisy, than firing across a handkerchief. From that day I had always my pill boxes with me, and the time had now come when I was to use them."

"It was nearer one than twelve, and a wild, bleak night, blowing hard and raining in torrents. Dismal as it was outside, I was glad within—so glad that I could have shouted out in pure exultation."

"If any of you gentlemen have ever pined for a thing and longed for it during twenty long years, and then suddenly found it within reach, you would understand my feelings."

"I lighted a cigar and puffed at it to steady my nerves, but my hands were trembling and my temples throbbing with excitement."

"As I drove I could see old John Ferrier and sweet Lucy looking at me out of the darkness and smiling at me, just as plain as I see you all in this room. All the way they were ahead of me, and one on each side of the horse, until I pulled up at the house in the Brixton road."

"There was not a soul to be seen, nor a sound to be heard, except the dripping of the rain. When I looked in at the window, I found Drebber all huddled together in a drunken sleep. I shook him by the arm. 'It's time to go out,' I said."

"All right, cabbie," said he. "I suppose he thought we had come to the hotel that he had mentioned, for he got out without another word and followed me down the garden."

"I had to walk beside him to keep him steady, for he was still a little top-heavy. When we came to the door I opened it and led him into the front room. I gave my word that, all the way, the father and daughter were walking in front of us."

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A Funny Moon.

One summer evening a little girl was out doors washing her feet. After a while she happened to look at the moon, just under a cloud. She jumped up and ran into the house as fast as she could, and said:

"I'm not going to stay out and that moon slippin' and slidin' 'round like that."

Pa Knew.

"Pa, what does 'absent-minded' mean?"

"My boy, that's easy. Did you ever stop to think?"

"Yes."

"And your thoughts ran on?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it."—Indianapolis News.

Proof Positive.

Lady—You say you were a soldier and a hero in the late war?

Tramp—Yes'm.

Lady—How can you prove your bravery?

Tramp—Give me a math and I'll light your gasoline stove for you.—Philadelphia Free Press.

Takes It Out in Trade.

Ascum—I notice that Mr. Kloseman has become a regular attendant at church. When did he get religion?

Brown—He didn't. It's just business with him. He loaned Rev. Mr. Gassaway \$10 some time ago, and he's had to take it out in pew rent.—Philadelphia Free Press.

Impossible.

Brown—Do you think she is a clever girl?

Smith—Um-m! Rather too good looking, don't you think?

OLD FAVORITES

The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there. She mingled with its gorgeous dyes The milky baldrick of the skies, And striped its pure celestial white With streaking fives and shining threes. Then from her eagle-beaked breast She calld her eagle-bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud! The sign of our life's royal fount, To bear the tempest's lashings loud, And see the lightning lanes driven, When strive the warriors of the storm, And rolls the thunder-drum of heav'n—Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given To guard the banner of the free, To hover in the sulphur-smoke, And bid its blinding flames abate, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly, The sign of our life's royal fount, When speaks the signal trumpet-toned, And the long line comes gleaming down, Ere yet the life-blood, warm and red, Has dimmed the gleaming bayonet, Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn To where thy sky-born glories burn, And as his springing steps advance Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthing loth Heave in wild wreaths the battlesquad, And gory sabres rise and fall Like shots of flame on midnight's pall— The mail thy meteor glances glow, And covering fives shall sink beneath Each gallant arm that strikes below, That lovely messenger of