

THE LONG, HARD HILL.

They were standing in the sunlight Of the summer time of life; She was still without a husband, He was waiting for a wife.

Often times the way was sunny, Other times 'twas full of lures, But the love that had come to them Was the true love that endures.

LOYAL TO COUNTRY.

One warm morning in the spring of 1780 Mrs. Slocumb was sitting on the broad piazza about her home on a large plantation in South Carolina.

"There come some soldiers," said her sister, pointing toward an officer and twenty troopers, who turned out of the highway and entered the yard.

Mrs. Slocumb made no reply, although her face became pale, and there was a tightening of the lips as she watched the men.

Raising his cap and bowing to his horse's neck, he said: "Have I the pleasure of addressing the mistress of this plantation?"

"It is my husband's," "And is he here?" "He is not."

"No, sir. He is a soldier in the army of his country and fighting her invaders."

"He must be a rebel and no friend of his country if he fights against his king."

"Only slaves have masters here," replied the undaunted woman. Tarleton's face flushed, but he made no reply, and, turning to one of his companions, gave orders for a camp to be made in the orchard near by.

"My family consists at present of only myself, my child and sister, besides the servants, and we must obey your orders."

In less than an hour the entire place was transformed. The white tents covered the lawn, horses were tied to



the high rail fences, soldiers in bright uniforms were moving here and there. Before entering the house the British colonel called some of his officers and gave sharp orders for scouring the country within the neighborhood of ten or fifteen miles.

This sharp command was not lost upon Mrs. Slocumb, nor was she slow to act upon it herself, as we soon shall see. But for the present, trying to stifle her fears, she determined to make the best of the situation and avert all the danger possible by providing for the comfort of Tarleton and his men, and accordingly she had a dinner soon ready fit for a king, and surely far too good for such a cruel and bloodthirsty

man as Tarleton soon was known to be. When the colonel and his staff were summoned to the dining-room they sat down to a table which fairly groaned beneath the good things heaped upon it.

"Undoubtedly the officers will occupy large portions of the country," replied Tarleton. "Yes, I know just how much they will each occupy," said Mrs. Slocumb, unable to maintain silence longer.

"I have a husband, whom you seem to forget, and I can assure you he is not the man to allow even the king himself to have a quiet seat on his ground."

But the conversation suddenly was interrupted by the sounds of firing. "Some straggling scout running away," said one of the men, not quite willing to leave the table.

"No, sir. There are rifles there, and a good many of them, too," said Tarleton, rising quickly and running to the piazza, an example which all, including Mrs. Slocumb, at once followed.

"May I ask, madam," said Tarleton, turning to her as soon as he had given his orders for the action of his troops, "whether any of Washington's forces are in this neighborhood or not?"

"There come some soldiers," said her sister, pointing toward an officer and twenty troopers, who turned out of the highway and entered the yard.

Mrs. Slocumb made no reply, although her face became pale, and there was a tightening of the lips as she watched the men. Her fears were not allayed when she became satisfied that the leader was none other than the hated Col. Tarleton.

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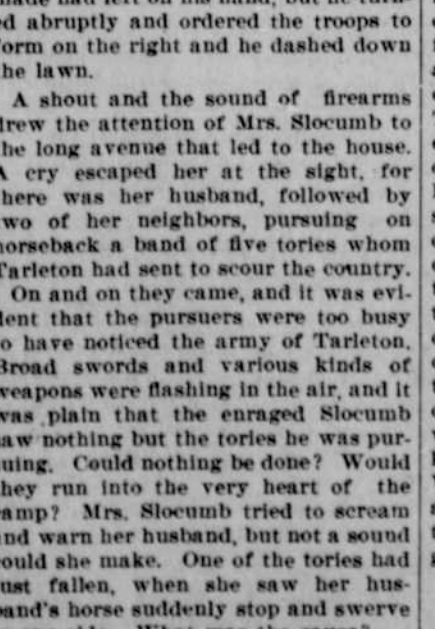
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Recognizing the voice, Slocumb and his followers for the first time stopped and glanced about them. Off to their left were a thousand men with pistol shot. As they wheeled their horses they saw a body of horsemen leaping the hedge and already in their rear.

"The chagrin of the British Tarleton was as great as the relief of Mrs. Slocumb, and when on the following day the troops moved on, the cordial adieu of the hostess led the colonel to say: 'The British are not robbers, madam. We shall pay you for all we have taken.'"

Use for Old Street Cars. The many uses to which the old horse cars have been put in San Francisco are indeed striking. In this city the horse cars have almost entirely disappeared before the cable and electric cars, and as a result the street railway companies found themselves with a large number of cars upon their hands.

Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design has always been limited to an irrigation scheme, larger, no doubt, than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals, and by the slow aggregation of waste water which had accumulated in the Birket el Querum, but still essentially the same in character.

Testing Cement. The tensile strength of cement is now tested accurately by a machine of peculiar construction in possession of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The cement to be tested is cast in special molds, which fit into two sockets, so that no clamping or binding is required, the size of the cement between the sockets, where the strain is applied, being one inch square.

Sharp Scotchman. The Scottish American tells a story of a cobbler who was sentenced by a Scottish magistrate to pay a fine of half a crown, or, in default, twenty-four hours' hard labor.

Women as Interior Decorators. The decoration and furnishing of the most successfully completed great houses of recent construction have been absolutely dictated and supervised by the women most interested, and there seems no reason why the woman decorator has not come to stay.

Men in Hospitals. At the siege of Metz the French in the hospital averaged 17,000 men, nearly 10 per cent. of the garrison.

Novel Dishwasher. A housekeeper, who is noted among her friends for the scrupulous neatness of her establishment down to the smallest detail, says that she has discovered that the best sort of dishwasher is a

whisk broom. This she estimates above the ordinary soft dishwashing shops. Two such brooms, respectively, one for plates and tery, the other for metal dishes, ways hang over the sink in her kitchen and are in daily use. An especial commendation is the ease with which they are kept clean, a moment's turning under the running faucet washes away every scrap which may cling to them, and an occasional dipping in water, to which a little washing soda has been added, keeping them perfectly sweet.

JOSEPH'S CANAL IN EGYPT.

An Engineering Work Still Used Though Built 4,000 Years Ago.

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still less those that will continue in that far-off age to serve a useful purpose.

This canal took its rise from the Nile at Assut, and ran almost parallel with it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile Valley, with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river bed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends.

Her duties will not be of a dangerous character, but will consist principally in the serving of papers and notification of jurors. Miss Ferguson is a native of Utah, her mother being a prominent woman suffragist of that State.

How to Grow Graceful. Describe a circular movement with each arm twenty times in succession. Extend the arms forward, outward and upward thirty times in succession, taking eight or ten deep inspirations between each series.

The English Nurse. Nowadays the French nurse is little seen, unless with very poor folk. In her place with the children of the rich is the English nursery governess.

Created by the Trade Winds. About the middle of the century Lieut. M. F. Maury, the American hydrographer and meteorologist, advocated a theory of gravitation, claiming that difference in density, to difference in temperature and density, would sufficiently account for the oceanic circulation.

Wax Matches. Wax matches are employed in Europe to an extent vastly greater than in this country.

Not Specific Enough. "Am I the only woman you ever loved?" "Oh, no," he answered promptly; "you are the sixth."

His Wastefulness. Sapsmith—Do you know, Miss Sally, I spend a great deal of my time in self-contemplation? Sally Gay—Isn't that more like throwing it away than spending it, Mr. Sapsmith?—Puck.

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WOMEN AT HOME.

A FAIR DEPUTY SHERIFF.

WOMEN are fast rising to positions of prominence and responsibility in the West. The latest of these to enter a field that has hitherto been closed to the opposite sex is Miss Clair Ferguson, whose picture appears in these columns.



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