

THE FREEMAN.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
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 enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—my Father made them all!
—William Cowper.

THE TRUMPET CALL

There 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 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 news.

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. 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, 'twixt two gallant 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 Waterloo the fusiliers 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 battle of Albuera, the fusiliers had come up for their share of some pipes of looted Valdepenas wine to find that the Pink Hussars 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 husbands 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 rejoiced 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 hung on the footboards of the carriages to bid them a last farewell, and close-cropped heads were cuffed affectionately.

"Will bring 'em back, dn't you fear, an' their 'orses, too," said the Tyrone fusiliers.

"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 reach Pretoria, an' I'll see what I can do for 'em!"

"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 pettlerker friend, Corporal 'Awkey along o' them pris'ners, give 'im my love an' ask 'im if 'e likes Pretoria better'n Portland. All right, gov'nor—all right! Keep yer 'ands off the army, car'n't yer. It's 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 guard, he pulled in his head and settled himself comfortably in the corner to start a tiny packet of particularly villainous cigarettes which had been pressed on him by a sympathetic friend as they marched out of the barracks.

Beyond the trumpeter of the Pink dragoons, 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 orphan at the tender age of 6 months, had been raised in a

workhouse school, and had drifted into the army by reason of his proficiency in sounding wind instruments.

On lady, 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 o' 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 dregs 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 Mouser 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 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 Tyrone fusiliers had come up for their share of some pipes of looted Valdepenas wine to find that the Pink Hussars had absorbed the last glassful and had filled up the pipes with water.

"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 sha'n'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.

"Looks like it, don't it?" remarked the boy cheerfully; "but we ain't dead yet, wot ho! We ain'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 Simmons, rubbing his shoulder.

"She's a bit heavy for a young 'un like you," answered the Boer, as he slipped another cartridge into the breech. "By the way, sonny," he added, "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'ye 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 aiming 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 private's life.

"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, Dutchy!" 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 'happenny 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 gobbled by the pirates wot are com-

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' 'bout three thousand pirates behind him."

The Boer took the tattered dog-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 be'nd? Not me!" responded the bugler rather indignantly.

"There will be about seven thousand men on to you by daybreak, and your general seems to have forgotten you. If you keep those two stars in a line with the top of yon 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 bells 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.

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

The pace slowed after six miles, when an English patrol bore 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 in charge.

He rode in and cut the bugler's horse out of the snorting, stamping mob.

"If you please, I've come for a little help for the Tyrone fusiliers," answered Bugler Simmons faintly, but with a tone of roent 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 Vatican the other day, and in the course of our conversation began to deplore my hard lot in having to stay in Rome during the heat of the summer and work, says Pall Mall Gazette. "Oh, well," he said, "you are not worse than we are in the Vatican. Now that most of the employees 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 addressed 'Sanctitati Suae Leoni Papee 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 matrimonial motto of some girls

LIFE OF THE QUEEN.

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 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. Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Queen's career has been the skill with which she has contrived to maintain the charm and simplicity of an old-fashioned English home life notwithstanding the pomp and ceremony which necessarily belong to court. This is largely due to her early training. The daughter of the Duke of Kent, a prince of very limited income, the young Princess Victoria saw little of the luxury which is commonly supposed to abound in royal circles. Strict economy was the rule of her early home, and the lesson has never been forgotten.

Amid 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.



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 tea-house, 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 household 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-

withstanding the resources of the royal kitchens 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 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 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

Georgie's Gab

Pa and the Fortune Teller.
They had a fair and Sosheyble in Our church Thursdy nite, and me and Maw and paw Went. They was a bewtife girl in a little tent in One corner telling forcheus by Holding Your hand for Fifty sents and giving it to charity.

"Some way I don't Beleave mutch o such things," paw Says.

"Neither do I," maw told him, after she looked at the girl. The girl was Drest like a Gipsey queen and Had kind of coaxed Eyes, so pritty soon paw got to standing in frunt of the Tent and Jingellun his munny.

"Come on," maw told him. "Let's go over where the fancy Work is."

"Of course," paw Says, "it's all rite as long as the munny Goes to Charity Enny way."

"Well," maw anserd, "You can give Your Munny to charity just as Easy by Getting sumthing back for it. Or if you Want to pay for a Forchen sposing I have mine Told."

"Oh, they ain't Ennything in it," paw scys. "Come on."

"So we began looking at the Fancy Work and Pritty soon paw was Over at the tent kind of looking around Like if he didn't Want Ennybuddy to notus it. All at unust maw looked up to see where He was, and when Paw saw her coming he started Back Like if he Hadn't thot of Ennything but the Fancy Work and kind of whisseln soft.

A little while after that maw Got to talking to the preacher and Paw stayed away, and in About a minute he was at the Tent and the girl with the Coaxed Eyes was Smiling Some more, only they was a Lady having her forchen told and paw had to Stand outside. I was bizzy Lissenen about the Tall dark man the Lady was going to Get married to, and the First thing I new paw Inmously went Over to the pop Corn booth. Maw was Coming again.

Then we Got seats at the table and were Going to have supper, and About the time we started to Eat paw told us he Wasn't hungry, so he would look Around, and See if he couldn't find a nice peace of fancy work or Sumthing for maw.

After I et my lee cream I thought I would go over where the forchen teller was, and when I got there a lady was Coming out of the tent and paw Was Going in.

"May I read the handsome gentleman's Fewcher?" she ast him.

"Yes," paw says, "I guess I'll let you try it. I beleave you're a Little Witch, enny way."

Then the Girl smiled at paw, and paw Laft and ast her how mutch it would be.

"Fifty sents," she says, "All for charity, but if the kind, handsum gentleman gives a dollar and duzzent ast for change he gets his hand held Twice as Long."

"I'll take a Dollar's Wirth," paw says, "and mobby if I like it I mite Help charity some more by Letting you Hold the other one a while."

By that time paw Sat Down with his Back to the Flap of the Tent and Got out his munny. After the girl put it away paw Held out his Hand, and then maw reached over his Sholder and took Hold of it.

The girl was surprisid and Paw looked up at maw like if He couldn't remember what he was Going to Say, and maw Looked at his Hand and says: "I see menny Strange things here. One of them is a Nold man with a Famby that is Getting made a Fool of By a girl that wouldn't wipe her Shoes on Him even if He wore his Best close."

Then we started Home. After we got Outside paw says to maw: "You know Blame wail I only wanted to give sumthing to Charity?"

"Yes," maw told him, "and if a Kind, handsum gentleman duzzent ast for change he gets his Hand held twice as long."

Paw gave a Lamp post a whack with his umbrella and broke the Handle. I don't no whether what He sed then was on Account of getting his umbrella broke Or the Forchen telling.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Hurt, but Mad.
The way in which native logic triumphs over inculcated dogmas is neatly illustrated by a true story I have heard. A little child between 3 and 4 years of age, whose parents were firm believers in Christian science, had become a good deal imbued with the doctrine of that sect. One day she was left with her aunt, a non-believer. Meeting with a fall and evidently a good deal hurt, she cried bitterly. Her aunt, having in mind her training, said to her:

"Are you hurt?"

"No, I am not hurt," she replied, somewhat petulantly.

"Then why do you cry?"

"I am crying because I am mad."

"What are you mad at?"

"I am mad because I can't feel that I ain't hurt!"

Sun's Distance from the Earth.
The sun's distance is equal to about two thousand times the diameter of the earth. A train running at sixty-five miles an hour would reach the sun in 175 years. At the rate of two cents a mile the fare to the sun would be about \$1,500,000.

Big Cargo of Breadstuffs.
The largest cargo of breadstuffs ever put afloat for the Orient was cleared at Portland, Ore., in the Arab, which held the equivalent of 231,771 bushels of wheat, valued at \$140,000.

The earth has a revolution every twenty-four hours, but in some countries they inaugurate one twice a day.

Nearly every "no credit" sign is a lie.

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