

THE DRUM.

Oh the drum!
There is some
Intonation in thy grum
Monotony of utterance that strikes the
spirit dumb.
As we hear
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere
Thy rumbling palpitation roll in upon
the ear.
There's a part
Of the art
Of thy music-throbbing heart
That thrills a something in us that
awaken with a start
And in rhyme
With the chime
And exactitude of time.
Goes marching on to glory to thy
melody sublime.
And the guest
Of the breast
That thy rolling robs of rest
Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental
dressed,
And he looms
From the glooms
Of a century of toms.
And the blood he spilled at Lexington
in living beauty blooms.
And his eyes
Wear the guise
Of a nature pure and wise,
And the love of them is lifted to
something in the skies
That is bright
Red and white,
With a blur of starry light
As it laughs in alken ripples to the
breezes day and night.
There are deep
Hushes creep
O'er the pulses as they leap,
And the murmur fainter growing, on
the silence falls asleep.
While the prayer
Rising there
Will the sea and earth and all
As a heritage to Freedom's sons and
daughters everywhere.
Then with sound
As profound
As the thunderings resound,
Come thy wild reverberations in
throes that shakes the ground,
And a cry
Flung on high
Like the flag it flutters by,
Wings rapturously upwards till it
nestles in the sky.
Oh the drum!
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Monotony of utterance that strikes the
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And unclouded atmosphere
Thy rumbling palpitations roll in upon
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Ruth's Celebration.

(By Charles Moreau Harger.)

"'T would be awful mean not to
give us any celebration," wouldn't it,
Lettie?"
"Well, you know Farmer Jenks says
the lawsuit is set for to-morrow, and I
'spect we've got to stand it."
"I'm sorry I come out here—an' I
wouldn't if that teacher hadn't talked
so nice to me."
"There's lots o' nice grass an' things
like that," suggested Ruth, looking up
from her dishwashing.
"But there ain't no trees—it's just
prairie, prairie, fer as we kin see."
"Mebbe that's better'n havin' so
many buildin's you can't see at all
like it is in the city."
The two waifs from the great me-
tropolis who had found a home with
the kind-hearted settler and his wife
were not yet entirely in sympathy
with their surroundings, and it was a
real grievance when on the following
morning, the dawn of the day on
which the children had been accus-
tomed to parades, music, fireworks
and excitement, Mr. and Mrs. Jenks
drove away across the plain toward
the county seat, a score of miles dis-
tant.
The morning passed slowly. Once
they thought they heard the booming
of Independence Day cannon, but it
was only the guns of some hunter
who were bagging the whirring prairie
chicken a mile away.
After dinner they went to their own
little room in the upper floor of the
settler's tiny cabin and lounged on the
rude bed. They seemed so insignifi-
cant in the midst of the great expanse
of prairie that they could not bear to
look out of the window and doo
downstairs.
"Oh, it's lonesome, Lettie," and
Ruth buried her face in a pillow, sob-
bing.
"Why do we have so hard a time
in the world?" replied the other, as
summing the air of an experienced
woman, that sat oddly on her 11-year-
old features.

Ruth lay very still a long, long
time and then Lettie pulled from
a ragged satchel a ragged volume
and began reading, stumbling a little
now and then, but conveying with
fair success the gist of the miraculous
adventures. It was "Alice in Wonder-
land," and Ruth dried her eyes. Her
imagination followed the stories of
chessmen and rabbits until the rude
room seemed a veritable garden and
Lettie and herself fairies possessed
of delightful powers.
Suddenly there was a noise of hoofs
outside, and with a thrill of fright
the two came back to earth again.
"What is it?" whispered Ruth.
"Horses—no, there's men talkin'!"
Cautiously they crept toward the
calico-curtained window, and drawing
back a corner of the cloth peered out
into the sunlight-flooded prairie re-
gion.
Two heavily bearded men, mounted
on sturdy ponies, were at the well
close to the house. They were talk-
ing and the conversation carried on
while the horses drank could easily
be distinguished.
"Th' entry on th' land runs out to-
day, I tell you," declared one, "an'
th' land belongs ter whoever gets it."
"An' what about th' railroad?"
"Th' road's dead sure goin' to run
through th' claim. I got it from one
of th' engineers what knows, an' it
will make th' land worth thousands
where it's now worth only hundreds."
"What's th' use talkin'?" they'll sure
protect it."
"No they won't," with increasing
emphasis. "They've gone away, an'
if we're on hand at 6 o'clock, when the
time expires, we can hustle an' break
out the rest o' th' twenty acres an'
it'll be ours."
The horses' heads were raised by
jerks on the bridle reins and side by
side the men rode away.
"What does he mean?" asked Let-
tie, puzzled.
"Why, I don't exactly understand,
but it's when settlers takes up land
they has to plow twenty acres in so
long or else th' land is th' govern-
ment's again an' anybody else can
have it."
"Mighty poor rule, I should think,"
replied Lettie. "S'posin' a man would
forget it?"
"Well, someone has, an' these men,
claim-jumpers they call 'em, are goin'
to get it. I don't think it's fair my-
self, but it's the law."
The riders had become two bobbing
specks far out toward the horizon line
of the prairie and the girls returned
to their reading.
Somehow it had lost interest after
the visit of the strangers and they
soon went down stairs and sitting in
the low doorway watched the sun-
flowers nod and sway in the furnace-
heated south wind that raced over the
plain.
Suddenly Ruth spoke: "How much
money have you got, Lettie?"
The other started guiltily. "What
do you want it for?"
"To celebrate with."
"Celebrate? How?"
"I'll ride over to the store at the
creamery an' buy some things—some
crackers an' rockets—rockets mostly,
an' we'll send 'em off to-night."
"I don't care. I'm tired of this lone-
someness."
"S' an' I. Go an' get your money
an' I'll see how much I can raise."
Two hiding places were visited and
in a few minutes two piles of pennies
and nickels were side by side on the
floor.
"Sixty-nine cents in mine an' forty-
two in yours. What a time we'd hev
with that back in the city, Lettie,
wouldn't we?"
"Wish I was there," was the reply.
"So do I, but we'll have some fun
ourselves, see if we don't."
Tying up the combined treasure in
her handkerchief, Ruth put on a
huge sunbonnet, and going to the sod-
walled stable took out the extra farm
horse to ride on her errand.
"I'll be back in a little while, don't
be scared," she counseled, and gal-
loped away, her petite figure making
an odd appearance as it bobbed up
and down on the lumbering animal's
back.
Ruth did not notice how near sun-
set it was, nor did she stop to think
that a trip of five miles and back on
Old Charlie was a considerable jour-
ney.
The storekeeper saw the strange
pair stop in front of the lonely gen-
eral merchandise store just as the
last sunrays had died from the un-
shaded windows.
It had been a dull day for him—no
callers except the mail carrier early
in the forenoon. He doubted some-
times if the slender profits of the es-
tablishment paid him for serving the
settlers in his dual capacity of post-
master and merchant.
"Yes, I've got some fireworks left,"
said he in answer to the visitor's
query. "Folks ain't bought much this
year 'cause th' wheat's gold' ter be
about a failure. You kin have 'em
cheap."
"Rockets? Lots o' 'em. They're
some I got two years ago an' jeb can
have the lot fer fifty cents."
With critical eye Ruth selected her
purchases, and when the last cent
was expended hurried to her horse,
not waiting to answer the merchant's
good-natured questions as to her name
and destination.
"Mighty uppish," he thought as she
rode away. "One of them New York
waifs that Jenks took, I reckon.
They're queer ones. I wouldn't have
such harum-scarum young ones
around," and he went back behind the
counter.
The fact was, Ruth was frightened
at the lateness of the hour, and as
she galloped homeward her fear in-
creased. The tall sunflowers were
like the redskins with which she had
heard the prairie was peopled, and

a skurrying jack-rabbit that fed be-
fore her seemed an ambushed foe.
It was as dark as prairie night
ever get when she jumped from Old
Charlie's sweaty back at the Jenks
cabin and fell, nervously sobbing
into Lettie's welcoming arms.
"Oh, Ruth," cried the home-stayer,
"I was so scared. I've been hiding
on th' bed upstairs all the time."
"Charlie was so slow—see what I
got—their lots of rockets," and Ruth
let fall an unwieldy bundle of fire-
works that she had clasped in her
arms.
Somehow both had lost their zen'
and enthusiasm in the proposed cele-
bration and all the pleasure antici-
pated vanished, when Lettie broke
out:
"And, oh, Ruth, them men, come
back again."
"What men?"
"Th' ones that was talkin' of plow-
in' an' getting a railroad fer nothin'
this afternoon."
"Gettin' a claim fer nothin', you
mean. Where are they gone?"
"They ain't gone. They're out plow-
in' on Mr. Jenks' land."
"On Mr. Jenks' land! On this
claim! Then it was this land they
was talkin' about, an' Mr. Jenks did
forget it, just as they said."
The older girl was completely break-
en by this news, for she had real-
ized how severe had been the struggle
with prairie conditions in the little
dwelling she called home. To lose the
claim upon which he had but a short
time before settled would mean great
hardship for the childless husband
and wife, now well on in years.
"They've got to stop it!" she finally
announced, "an' we'll make 'em."
"I'd like ter know how."
"I'll show you, but you've got to
help an' not get nervous."
Quickly Ruth ran into the house
and soon returned with a box of
matches, which she divided between
herself and Lettie.
"Now, do you know how to fire these
Roman candles?" she demanded.
"In course I do. I saw 'em do it at
th' Park school picnic."
"All right, go over on the west side
of the field, an' when you see a rocket
go up you let off a candle an' a few
crackers. We'll scare them claim-
jumpers off."
Silently stealing amid the tall sun-
flowers and creeping over the waving
prairie grass the plucky girls took
their way through the summer night
to their appointed stations.
Lettie was first in position. She
could see through the gloom the toll-
ing teams as they were hurried along
the furrows, the plowmen throwing
the earth with a reckless abandon that
told of guilt and shame. There lacked
only two more acres of the required
amount of breaking and the claim-
jumpers hoped to finish it before mid-
night.
As they turned the corner nearest
her Lettie caught the words, "Little
risky, this job, Tom. If Jenks should
come out an' shoot us a jury'd be
mighty likely ter acquit him."
"Certainly they would, an' give him
a medal besides. He's liable to show
up any time now. G'ang there!" and
the teams moved on, the plows cut-
ting their smooth way through the
dark rich prairie with a soft, steady
"a-w-a-h-h!"
All at once there was a transfor-
mation. Like a meteor there rose out
of the boundless darkness of the east
a stream of light, outlined with a
startling distinctness against the un-
broken sky. Its force was undiminished
by any city lights or rival dis-
play; even the stars shone dimly
through a light haze that had gather-
ed.
Higher and higher the stream rose
and then burst into a glittering shower
of colored stars that fell swiftly into
nothingness.
The appearance of an army before
them could not have astonished the
claim-jumpers more. The horses,
alarmed at the appearance, began to
snort and rear. The men's voices as
they attempted to quiet them were
high and quivering.
Then to the west it broke forth,
this strange bombardment. One, two,
three, a dozen balls of light came out
of the tall grass and fell not far from
the teams, which snorted and reared
still more and were eager to escape.
The next rocket took a lower course
and seemed aimed directly at the in-
terlopers. Its shower of flame-particles
was scattered in their very faces and
the men instinctively dodged to es-
cape the ball. Meanwhile bunches of
fire were rolling through the air in
their direction from the west, and the
frantic horses, now loosened from the
tools, could hardly be restrained.
The rattle of musketry (how could
the claim-jumpers know that it was
only a package of fireworks?) from
farther south—Ruth had changed is-
casion, the bright tactical that she
was—increased the stranger's dismay.
"The place is bewitched, let's leave
it!" called one of the men.
The other did not answer, but as
just then a rocket exploded within a
dozen feet of his horse's head, and the
terrified animal, dashing all at-
tempts on his part to control them,
leaped forward and started on a run
northward, he, perforce, led the re-
treat.
Streaming lights and crackling
musketry followed them as without
hope or thought of retreating they fled.
Had their ears been more acutely
attuned they might have caught a
sound also of jeering laughter, for
revelled by the light of the tempest-
uous celebration, their actions had
been plainly visible to the attackers.
But the bombardment was not alone
terrifying to the claim-jumpers.
Farmer Jenks and his wife, having
finished their business, came forging
homeward in the twilight. They
heard their claim the strange mani-

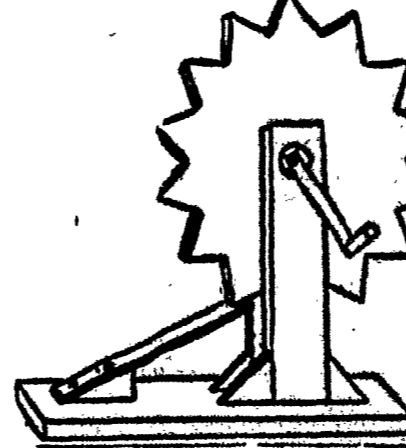
festation showing off over the prairie
first, puzzled and then alarmed them.
"It was winter I'd think it was
Northern Lights," said the husband,
musing.
"If 'twasn't twenty miles out on the
prairie, I'd think it was a Fourth of
July celebration," added his wife.
Their alarm increased when they
found the cabin deserted and they
drove the weary horses on in the di-
rection of the display.
"Here we are!" called a cheery
voice from the darkness. They recog-
nized it as Ruth's, and in a moment
both girls were in the wagon telling
in almost hopeless confusion the story
of their day's adventures.
When at last Farmer Jenks under-
stood the situation he kissed them
impulsively and said they were
"trumps."
"Guess I'll go on an' see what the
rascals left," he remarked dryly.
"They may want to come back after
it an' I'll keep it for them."
Crossing the fresh-broken ground
he came to the plows, which he loaded
into the wagon.
"They won't plow any more to-
night," said he with a chuckle.
"They've helped me out a good deal."
"Ruth," spoke up Lettie, when the
two girls had climbed into the little
bed in the attic after returning home,
"that was a queer celebration, wasn't
it? Do you know what I was savin'
my money for?"
"Candy?"
"No, I was goin' to pay my way
back to New York."
"So was I—with mine," reluctantly
admitted the other.
"I'm glad I didn't, though," contin-
ued Lettie. "I don't want to go now.
Let's stay here up for good, will
you?"
"Yes," answered Ruth heartily.
And they did.

FREEDOM!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak,
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.
—James Russell Lowell.

A Firecracker Cackles.
Although it may seem unreasonable
or impossible a boy can have some of
the fun of firecrackers, rockets and
roman candles without spending a
cent for the fireworks. That is, he
can make the noise of the explosions
without having the fire and the fuss.
The picture shows a simple little de-
vice called the "firecracker cackler,"
which will be found to work very well
indeed. The wheel is simply a piece
of board cut into circular form and
then notched. It is attached by an
axle to two supports on a plank founda-
tion. A springy piece of wood



known as the tongue is fastened by
one end to the front of the foundation
plank, the other end being left free,
so that the points of the wheel when
turned will strike against it, causing
it to vibrate sharply. The wheel may
be revolved by a simple crank han-
dle, or it can be given a sharp turn
with the hand. The noise given out
closely resembles the sound of ex-
ploding fireworks, and if the "cackler"
is operated behind a fence those on the
other side will think that hundreds of
firecrackers are being exploded.

Would Love Her Casket.
"Well, she has shown that Higgins
girl over, and I suppose Higgins will
make it warm for Lettie."
"Higgins was man enough at first,
but when Lettie explained that he
drew off strictly on business prin-
ciple, Higgins had not a word to say.
As he says, business is the first con-
sideration."
"But how did Lettie show that it
was a business matter?"
"Why, you see, Higgins has for a
long time bought all of his daugh-
ter's shoes at Lettie's, and the girl
is awfully hard on footwear. As
Lettie explained to her father, if he
married her, he would not only
lose a profitable customer, but he
would be adding a good deal to his
regular expenses."

Why He Measured the Distance.
A prospect, Mr. correspondent, con-
tributes this account of the discom-
forts of a would-be smart young law-
yer, who finally, in a case of assault
and battery, asked an old man of the
vicinity at what distance he was from
the parties when the assault hap-
pened.
"Just four feet five inches and a
half," answered the witness.
"How came you to be so exact?"
asked the counsel.
"Because I expected some feet or
other to ask me and so I measured
it."

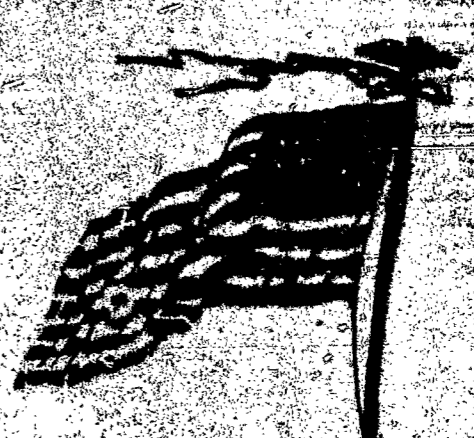
WHISTLED YANKEE DOODLE.
How the Music Was Swelled as it Went
the National Air as a Celebration.
The Youth's Companion tells this
story: After the representatives of
Great Britain and the United States
had nearly concluded their peace
labors at Ghent in making the treaty
of peace which ended the war of 1812,
the burghers of the quaint old Dutch
city determined to give an entertain-
ment in honor of the Ministers. They
determined, as a part of their pro-
gramme, to perform the national air
of the two powers.
The musical director was sent to call
upon the American Ministers and ob-
tain the music of their national air.
A consultation ensued, at which Bay-
ard and Gallatin favored "Hail Colum-
bia," while Clay, Russell and Adams
wanted "Yankee Doodle."
The musical director asked if any of
the gentlemen had the music. Not one
of them had it. Then he suggested
that perhaps one of them would sing
or whistle the air.
"I can't," said Mr. Clay. "I never
whistled or sung a tune in my life,
perhaps Mr. Bayard can."
"Neither can I," answered Mr. Bay-
ard. "Perhaps Mr. Russell can."
Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin and Mr.
Adams in turn confessed their lack
of musical ability.
"I have it," exclaimed Mr. Clay, and
ringing the bell, he summoned his
body servant, "John," said he, "whis-
tle 'Yankee Doodle' for this gentle-
man."
John did so, the chief musician
noted down the air, and at the enter-
tainment the Ghent burghers' band
played the national air of the United
States with variations.

Sympathy of an English Woman.
Miss Agnes Slack writes to "The
Union Signal" as follows, requesting
that the message be "passed on":
"I am full of sympathy with the
United States in the most difficult po-
sition in which it is placed by Spain.
As neighbors of Cuba I cannot see how
the people of America could allow the
Cubans to continue to suffer so much
from Spanish rule, for a time comes
when a nation forfeits by misrule the
right to manage its own affairs, when
oppression reaches such a climax that
a neighboring country has to harbor
refugees from that nation's tyranny.
Mr. McKinley's calm statesmanship
and his reluctance to commit his coun-
try to the cruelties of war must have
raised him as a great ruler in the eyes
of every one. I send this little mes-
sage to my American sisters as an
English woman who loves and honors
the American people and fully sym-
pathizes with them in their determina-
tion to end the sufferings of the op-
pressed Cubans. I shall never forget
the Cuban women whom I saw and
talked with when I was in Florida."

A Bad Case.
He returned home from a "Dutch
lunch" and found his wife awaiting
him.
"George," she said, solemnly, "don't
you know that you do wrong to trit-
ter away your time in this staid
folly? Do you ever think of the brevity
of life? Do you remember that every
time you breathe a human soul
passes from existence?"
George looked grave.
"Ever time I breathe somebody
dies!" he repeated.
"Yes."
He thought of that awful conglom-
eration of sauerkraut, caviar, the
burger and beer, and said: "Well, I
didn't think it was so bad as that!"

Reconciliation.
"There is a great deal of difference,"
she said, with sarcasm, "between the
way a man parts with his money be-
fore he is married and afterward."
"Yes," replied Mr. Pennywise. "Be-
fore marriage, when he gives her a
three-dollar bunch of flowers, she says
"Thank you, George! You are so good
and kind and generous!" But after,
when he gives her three-fourths of
his salary, she merely looks hurt and
says "Is that all?"

BATTLE OF TRENTON.
On Christmas day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware sea! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.
Our object was the Hessians' band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land.
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.
In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight.
Though quite benumbed with frost,
Greene on the left we sat began.
The fight was led by Sullivan,
Who was a moment lost.
Their pickets started, the alarm was
spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scattered
there,
And some for action did prepare.
But soon their arms laid down.
Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er the bright center,
In center, front, and rear was seen,
Driving tail-end away.
Now brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the clock-face with we add
In memory of that day.
—Anon.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.
O say, can you see by the dawn's early
light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the first
light's gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro'
the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets red glare, the bombs burst-
ing in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there;
O say, does the star-spangled banner yet
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists
of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread
silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze doth away?
As it flutters aloft, now convulsed, now
dissevered?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's
first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the
stream:
Tis the star-spangled banner, O, long may
it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave!

And where is that band who so courageously
swore
"Mid the havoc of war and the battle's
confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no
more?"
Their blood has wash'd out their feet
footstep's pollution,
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of
the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave!

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's
desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav-
en rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause is
just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our
trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of
the brave.

Story of the Cat of the Atlantic.
Beldom was the name of a cat on
board the old ship of war "Albatross,"
his full name was Beldom Fed. His dis-
position is sufficiently apparent without
further explanation. Beldom was, for
a cat, a most intelligent one. He be-
longed to the petty officers' mess, hav-
ing been brought off by a number of
that mess one night inside the story of
the ship's boatwain's mate. Beldom was
nearly dead then, a weak, shrunken
creature, but he soon got well again, and
was on hand to see the ship's mate
plum duck. He knew his mate
usually slept on the foot-stove of the
messroom, and always about mid-
night, sometimes walking up and
down the deck, he would go to the
times coiled on the tacks of the gun-
wale, which the boatwain's mate would
up an down continually. Beldom would
go on shore, but when he did
there was a high old time; his was al-
ways rough liberty.
I remember once his going on shore
in San Francisco, after having been on
board ship for four months. It was his
first visit to the city—and he had
he came back after a three-day
trip. One eye was closed and his head
foot he could not put on the
ground, something had happened to
tail; all over he was weary and
bruised. Beldom was decidedly
worse for wear. He got on board
ship, nothing he saw and he
noticed him to speak to him; then
every one looked at him. He was
helped by his owner, the boatwain's
mate, up to the top of the engine hatch,
being too weak to stand. Beldom was
there he lay, like any old man,
ill for nearly twenty-four hours.
Then Beldom passed away, and his
mate and in due course of time
well.
What became of him? He
died. Beldom had been on board
on the morning of a storm, and
sitting near the gunwale, and
the cool breeze of the wind
watch the side of the ship, and
boiled along the water, and
day the ship was a wreck, and
the end of Beldom.
"It's the end," said the
heavy boots, and then
"There's a big ship called the
and one called the
sets, an' so on, but
New Jersey?"
"Never mind," replied the
"We ain't afraid of
said there's a big
known as the
"What was the
said the mate of
my Willie."