



LIFE VERSUS LIBERTY.

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week or next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by dissolution or inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and begging the despotic phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound our hands and feet? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battle alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. Our battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retract from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! But there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Al mighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!—Patrick Henry at Virginia Convention, 1775

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

By JOHN LIVINGSTON HUNT.

Far in the east where morning gleams
And spreads its glorious light in streams
The early birds unite in song,
And echoes glad their notes prolong.

I hear the carols glad and sweet
From mount to mount and cheeriest
And roll out to the western sea,
Liberty, sweet liberty.

The answering tones of bells roll on
Lexington, Concord and Lexington,
And Charleston bells all listen

With Bunker Hill! Bunker Hill
From Harlem and Yorktown
Come reply—
Fourth of July! Fourth of July!

Ring bells! Ring bells! With
Joyous swells,
Peace and good will your music
tells,
While o'er the land-booms forth
One country, one flag, forevermore.

God grant our country may retain
Her high position without stain,
In peace and virtue's triumphs
may she learn
The greatest price of victory to earn.
—Boston Herald.

CASABIANCA'S CELEBRATION.

THE boy stood on the burning porch
While all had made a dash for it.
A torch was seen in his hand,
Was just about to shoot.

A frigate plowed at his side,
"What! that stayed to tell
How father, minus half his life,
Had died with grievous yell!"

A busted bomb upon the floor,
Some remnants of a hat,
Suspenders buttons, three or four—
That was where grandpa sat.

An isle of safety on the lawn,
Where all the grass was green,
Marked where his sister dear had gone
To rub on vaseline.

Amid the smoke rose from the yard,
And then through one small rift,
We saw where mother, scorched and
scared,
A smiling bottle sniffed.

And at the gate stood Uncle Bill,
In fragments of his pants,
Demanding in his accents shrill,
"Send us an ambulance!"

The boy, as we remarked at first,
A frigate plowed at his side,
He struck a match and lit the fuse,
"This is the last," he yelled.

The cannon faded and faded;
The bells flew and wide
His relatives, all suddenly scared,
Once more essayed to hide.

Aias, ere shelter they could find
The dreadful deed was done!
He whirled the candle all about
And plinked them every one.

In pain they limped up to the porch,
They crept from bush and shrub,
And each implored in husky tones,
"Let me get at that cub!"

There came a burst of thunder sound,
The boy oh, where was he?
By turns he was sent on a round
That led from knee to knee.

—W. D. Nesbit in Chicago News.

Ate the General's Letter.
Once during the Revolutionary war
The American General Greene, operating
in South Carolina found it necessary
to send a message to General Sumter.

None of his men having volunteered to
carry the message through a district
filled with Tories, Greene was delighted
when Emily Geiger, a girl of eight
years, volunteered for the service.

With his usual caution Greene told Emily
the contents of the letter and warned
her against the consequences to herself
and to him and his men if it fell into
the hands of the British.

The girl mounted a fleet horse, crossed
the Wateree at the Camden ferry
and pressed on toward Sumter's camp.
Passing through a swamp on the second
day of her journey, she was intercepted
by Tory scouts.

The girl was taken to a house on the
edge of the swamp and confined to a
room. Then the Tories sent for a woman
to search her. No sooner was Emily
left alone than she ate Greene's letter
piece by piece. The search revealed
nothing, and she was released with
apologies. She reached Sumter's camp
and delivered the message.

Boy Captured British Soldier.
It is related that while the British
were in White Plains, N. Y., the garden
of a widow was robbed at night. Her
son, a mere boy, asked and obtained
leave to catch the thief. With a loaded
gun he concealed himself in some bushes,
when a British grenadier, a big
strapping highlander, came, filled a
bag with fruit and placed it on his
shoulder. The boy, with gun cocked,
appeared behind him and threatened
him with instant death if he looked
around or made an attempt to lay
down the bag. Thus the boy drove
him into the American camp. When
the soldier was permitted to drop the
bag and saw that he had been driven
in by a lad he could not help saying:
"A British grenadier made prisoner by
such a brat!"

Head of the Family

By GROVER J. GRIFFIN

"As soon as I go into a family," said my bachelor uncle, "I can tell which is the head of the house, the husband or the wife."

I sat up and took notice of this. I was to be married within a few weeks to a young lady who thus far had given way before my slightest wish.

"Can you tell that with an engaged couple, Uncle George?"

"Only on general principles."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nine women in ten are sharp enough before marriage to make their husbands think they're dying to be mastered. As soon as the ceremony has been performed they begin to get him under."

Phew! I felt myself turning pale at the prospect before me. "What would you do?" I asked. "If you had been married and your wife commenced the get-him-under racket?"

"I wouldn't be married in the first place. Ask your father. He knows."

"How is it, father?"

"All husbands must give in to their wives sooner or later, my boy."

Here were two men of experience of whom I should have learned. But the experience of age is of no consequence to youth. It occurred to me that I would bring on a trial as soon as I had returned from the honeymoon to determine which had the stronger will, my wife or I.

I tried in various ways to get up a wrangle between my wife and myself, but in everything I required she gave up so cheerfully that I began to think if my father was right my case was an exception. If my wife announced that we would have lamb for dinner and I insisted on beef, beef it was. If I wished to go to the theater and she wished to stay at home we went to the theater, and if the wishes were reversed I still had my way. I invited my uncle to dinner just to show him that it was I who was head of the house. He came, I undertook to do a bit of training by way of illustration, and it succeeded beyond my expectations. It was a matter came up of very little consequence, but upon which my wife seemed to have set her heart upon having her own way. She wore a dress with a trimming which I did not like, and during the dinner chat I suggested that she change it. She made no reply, and I said nothing about it the time.

When my uncle departed while helping him on with his overcoat I said, "Well, Uncle George, whose boss is in your house, my wife or I?"

"Your wife."

"What makes you think so?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, I know their tricks and their manners!"

"I followed him out to the stoop, trying to get him to tell me why he had set me down as second in the family, especially after I had furnished such excellent proof that I was playing the first violin. He would not satisfy me, but finally said, 'Let me know whether your wife changes the trimming you spoke of at dinner.'"

A week after that I was at my father's home when Uncle George came in. "Hello, Bob!" was his cheery greeting. "What are you doing here? One would suppose so soon after marriage you would be billing and cooing in your own domicile."

If I had known I was to meet him there I would never have gone myself. If I had had warning of his coming I would have slipped out the back door. As it was he caught me in a trap. I suppose I looked embarrassed. At any rate he continued:

"How are you getting on at home, my boy? Everything serene? No tiffs yet?"

"Nothing serious."

"How about that trimming? Has she changed it?"

"No, but she will, or by the way—"

"Oh! Has it become necessary for you to put your foot down?"

What was the use of keeping up any pretense of deception? He had me in a corner, and I might as well out with it.

"That trimming," I said, "has become the test as to which is head of the house, my wife or I. We're fighting it out now."

"You don't mean it! But you're not fighting it out here, are you?"

"I am."

"And Belle?"

"Oh, Belle, she's at her mother's."

"That's too bad."

"We've been having a monkey and a parrot time of it. By the bye, uncle, how did you know that there was likely to be trouble on the score of that trimming?"

"Happened to be looking at Belle and saw a small storm in her eye."

"She didn't say anything?"

"That's just it. When a woman's eyes tell nothing. When she doesn't say anything, look out."

"How do you know all this? You've never been married."

My uncle made no reply to this. He changed his tone to one of fatherly advice. "Go home, my boy, and give in. Though a bachelor and called a woman hater, I am not the latter. I've watched husbands and wives for twenty years, and my observations have taught me that the man is head of the family in certain things, the woman in other things. It's piggyish in a man to wish to have his way in everything. What's a bit of trimming to you?"

"That was the end of my trying to be the head of the family in anything except that for which nature intended me to be head."

Perilous Chewing.

One of the troubles of most European armies is that those soldiers who can get hold of it insist on using that terrible explosive cordite as if it were a sort of chewing gum. Its popularity is due to the fact that when chewed in small quantities it has a stimulating and exhilarating effect, like small doses of alcohol. Its taste, too, is sweet, cordite being three-fifths nitroglycerin, an explosive which is sugary to the taste. When chewed in large quantities cordite becomes more powerful in its effects, bringing on a blissful state of ecstasy and sometimes making the victim of the habit see visions. But the real danger of the habit lies in the fact that though nitroglycerin will only explode when given a very hard blow or touched by an electric spark, there is always a possibility that the grinding of exceptionally hard teeth might provide the necessary hard blow. Within the last few years at least three soldiers—two German and one Austrian—have been blown to bits, the use of cordite as a chewing gum being the suspected cause.

Shy, but Ferocious.

No European has ever been able to meet in their own dwelling places the Kukuhuhus, a shy, yet ferocious tribe of New Guinea. Other tribes of the country, while they have a great fear of the Kukuhuhus, manage to do a bartering trade with them. They bring salt, earthenware, dried fish, etc., and deposit them in a certain indicated place. They then retire for a few hours, being notified to do so by a curious cry from the distance. The mountain dwellers then descend to view the goods offered for sale. If they want them they put down other goods, such as skins, feathers and other jungle produce, next to those articles wanted by them. Then they retire in turn, and when the way seems clear the coast dwellers approach again. If the latter are satisfied with what is offered in exchange they take the goods put down by the mountain people and go away; if not satisfied they retire again as before with empty hands. —Argonaut.

Memory Erased by Sandbag.

Writing on "Confessions of Self Robbery and the Retroactive Amnesia" in Case and Comment, Professor E. B. Delabarre of Brown university tells the interesting fact that a concussion or blow from a sandbag will erase and drive from the brain or the memory occurrences happening within from three to five hours previous to the concussion, but will not disturb the impressions on the mind of previous occurrences. The author describes the effectiveness of this knowledge in securing complete confessions from "self robbed" individuals as follows: "I talked the matter over with J. B. Elume, at that time chief detective for Wells, Fargo & Co. and he forced a number of self robbed agents who were short and reported sandbagging robbery, to confess because a sandbag would not show any marks, but as they to each case told all particulars up to the blow of the sandbag he made them own up."

A Blunder Transformed.

In the "Memoirs of the Prince Imperial," the ill-fated heir of Napoleon III, it is related that as the prince grieved over his development royal tact to a marked degree. On one occasion he met the well known author, Albert Second, and mistaking him for Marshal Leboeuf, remarked, "I am delighted to shake the hand of a friend of my father." When informed of his mistake and seeing that Second was a little put out over it, he begged M. Flon to find him again and give him this message: "The prince knows he made a mistake, but has nothing to carry out my commission," adds M. Flon, "before many witnesses who, like myself, saw the delight of the amiable writer."

The Mystery.

Visitor—I understand that you had an amateur dramatic performance in the town hall last night?

Native—Yes. The Sock and Buskin club played "Little Mac, or the Mountain Mystery."

Visitor—And what was the mystery?

"As near as I could make out the mystery was how the audience stood till the last act was over." —London Tit-Bits.

Too Kind to Lose.

"Your husband is willing to allow you the custody of the automobile, the poodle and the rubber plant, with liberal alimony, while he takes the children and the graphophone."

"Stop the divorce!" sobbed the wife. "I'll never get another husband like that." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Ring Difficult to Wear.

"What do you think! Maude's gentleman friend offered her an engagement ring by telephone and she accepted it!"

"Well, she can do as she likes, but really, I do not believe that I should care to wear a telephone ring." —Christian Science Monitor.

Poetry.

Poetry written on both sides of the paper is never so good as that written only on one side. One reason is that it is only half as long. —New Orleans Picayune.

Going Down.

Gabe—He claims he is a descendant from a great family. Steve—Yes, and he is still descending. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Those who marry in haste often see better bargains at their leisure. —Judge.

WITHOUT THE COUNTERSIGN

Strange Adventure of an English Scout in Spain.

"Who comes?"

"Friend without the countersign."

"Advance, friend without the countersign, and let me see what you look like."

A man stepped forth into the moonlight. The sentinel uttered a cry, threw down his musket and fell on his face. The friend without the countersign passed him, entered the lines and walked hurriedly in among the tents.

"Great heavens, is that a ghost coming?" exclaimed an officer to another, both standing outside one of the headquarters tents.

"Or one of the men parading in his nightclothes?"

Meanwhile the figure came up, and as he did so the officer recoiled. He was in uniform, but in the moonlight his clothes appeared to be made of white linen. The face, hands and hair were white.

"What are you, and what the deuce do you want?" stammered one of the officers.

"John Waters, and on my way to see the general."

"What! In that makeup?"

"Yes. I have important information that should be acted upon at once."

"Is that you, John?" called the general's voice from within the tent.

"Yes, general."

"Come in here."

The figure in white entered the general's tent and was received with the same astonishment as before. Ten minutes later staff officers were flying in every direction carrying orders to the subordinate commanders, and in the early morning columns were marching by different roads to cut off the enemy, that the white figure had reported to be in full retreat.

When his information had been delivered and the orders issued the general called upon him for an account of how he had learned the facts and an explanation of his strange appearance. This was his story.

"I was scouting when I came suddenly upon a body of Spaniards. There was nothing to do but surrender, and this I did. I was carried along in their center right in among the main bodies of their troops, whom I saw always marching southward. It suited my purpose to appear not to understand Spanish, and after awhile they talked freely among themselves in my hearing. They did not know what to do with me, and finally their leader proposed the following plan: They would stop at the next house and get something to eat. While thus engaged they would pretend to leave me to myself, and if I attempted to get away they would shoot me."

"Soon after they stopped at a house next to a fair mill. Leaving me, they went into the house and were rather more lax in their watch than they intended. Still the ground was open, and if I ran they would have free range at me. I determined on a ruse. I lunged my cloak on a bush, put my hat on it and then rolled in among some flour sacks that were scattered about, crawling into one of them. Presently one of the Spaniards came to the door of the house, and I saw him looking at my dummy. He called to the others that I was about to run, and several of them, coming to the door, fired at my cloak. Both hat and cloak fell to the ground, whereupon the men went back into the house."

"There was a horse standing by the mill loaded with flour sacks. I rolled to this horse in my sack and managed to climb up and throw myself over his back among the sacks. After awhile the Spaniard came out. One of them went to my cloak, picked it up and, not finding my body, notified the others. They, much surprised, mounted their horses and rode off in a direction they supposed I had fled."

"Then a man came out of the mill and, mounting a horse, led the one I was on by a halter. When we were on the road I raised myself up, putting my head, white as it is now with flour, out of the bag. The man let go the halter and galloped away as fast as he could. Throwing off the flour bags, I rode northward with a view to reaching our lines. Fortunately for me it was now getting dusk. I passed the men who supposed they had shot me riding a few hundred yards to my left. I saw by their looks that they took me for my ghost, so I concluded to play the part and rode right on rigidly. Their captain halted me, but I paid no attention to him and was soon lost to them in the darkness."

"I had no trouble in passing out posts, for they all took me for a specter. If any one was courageous enough to challenge me I invariably rode right toward him, making him think that I was about to ride through him. He always got out of the way, and only one man fired at me."

"On approaching our lines I dismounted and, letting my horse go where he liked, walked. I did not dare take such risks among the Spanish rear guard, considering that I was moving toward our lines. I skulked through their picket line and when free from it came on to ours."

"And now, general, I ask your permission to go and wash this flour off me and get something to eat."

This was in the celebrated peninsula campaign, fought by Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward the Duke of Wellington. Sir John Waters was invaluable as a spy and kept his general well supplied with information.

The Old Man's Money.

"Did you hear 'bout the old man's experience in the bankin' business?"

"No. What was it?"

"Why, he put \$80 in bank—first money he'd ever put there—an' the boys tol' him that he'd better keep a eye on the bank, as they failed mighty frequent an' he wuz liable to lose all."

"Well?"

"Well, he hung round that bank so constant that the bank people got suspicious of him an' thought he wuz goin' to blow the bank up. Whenever he seen the cashier come out he followed him round town, always keepin' him in sight. An' it wuz the same way with the bank president an' all the clerks. An' when he finally applied for a job as janitor o' the institution, so's he could be on the spot in case o' trouble, they had him arrested, an' the judge decided that he wuz crazy, an' they wuz jest about to send him to a lunatic asylum when his friends explained things, an' the bank folks give him his money an' tol' him to git." —Exchange.

What First Aid Did For Him.

Over the telephone came a message that a man had been seriously hurt, and the specialist was urged to immediate attention. On entering the room where the patient lay the great doctor paused with a look of astonishment.

"My dear man," he exclaimed to the patient, "I didn't expect to find you in a condition like this! What have you been doing to yourself? Was it an automobile?"

"No, doctor," feebly replied the patient. "I was walking along the street and slipped on a banana skin."

"Slipped on a banana skin?" cried the doctor, with greater amazement. "Do you mean to tell me that a banana skin did all this?"

"No, doctor," was the weak rejoinder of the patient. "When I fell I was carried into a store and treated by somebody who had studied first aid to the injured." —Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Horse For the Farmer.

Farmers need a balanced type of horse. No kind of work demands a greater number of qualifications. In hot weather and in cold, on good roads and in mud, with light machinery or an empty wagon and with the heavy gang plow or the big load of coal, the farm horse must cover a considerable distance each working day. Weight alone will not accomplish results any more than will speed alone. Farm horses to be efficient with modern heavy machinery and loads must be big, but the size must be combined with a balanced conformation. Seven-teen hands is a good height. We know that horses of this height and weighing around 1,600 to 1,800 pounds in moderate flesh can have active, graceful locomotion, and they easily attain to weigh a ton. —Breeder's Gazette.

Melihac's Failure.

Melihac was one of the most sensitive of authors, and M. Felix Duguesne relates his reception of the news of one of his rare failures at the Odeon.

He had taken refuge from his nervousness in the manager's office, and friends came to him from time to time to tell him how things were going. They could only tell him first that things were going badly, and then that they were going worse. At the end of the fourth act they no longer thought it worth while to tell him anything at all. He in the meantime had collapsed. He had tumbled out of the armchair, fallen on the floor and rolled under the desk, and it was there that he was found, with his head buried in his hands, when an attendant at last entered to turn out the gas and lock the door. —Paris Temps.

Fearless With Wild Animals.

Karl Hagenbeck, the famous dealer in wild animals, became the real friend of the creatures from which the ordinary mortal turns with dread and fear. He lent the lions and tigers which attracted so much attention at the Philadelphia exposition in 1876. On the opening day the man who had trained the animals and under whose direction they were to perform their wonderful tricks fell ill. Hagenbeck never hesitated one moment, but went into the cages, and the animals went through their performances for him and seemed to enjoy his presence. Years later he visited the New York zoo, and there one of the lions roared a welcome to him, evidently recognizing the kind master whom he had not seen in many years. —Exchange.

Fished For Silence.

Paley, the theologian, had an ingenious method of warding off the time waster. When thinking out a problem he betook himself to the river bank with a fishing rod. He never really fished, but he found that people who thought nothing of disturbing his thoughts would keep at a distance so as not to disturb the fish. To give color to the ruse he had his portrait painted with fishing rod in hand.

Cultivated.

Mrs. Hart—Oh, I have the grandest husband. Mrs. Telling—is he? Mrs. Hart—is he? Why, when I tell him my dress is going to be peau de sole cretonne trimmed in corn, with volles and shiny insertion, he knows just what I mean. —Kansas City Star.

A Hot Finish.

Friend—Did your novel have a happy ending? Riter—No; unhappy. Seven publishers turned it down, and I burned it up. —Boston Transcript.

The Better Way.

Cub Reporter—I guess I'll have all my work copyrighted. City Editor—Never mind that. Just have the copy right. —Judge.