

RALLYING ROUND THE FLAG.



From the North and South and East and West— Loud comes a cry—will never rest— For vengeance unto Spain. The call knows never stop nor pause Throughout the mighty land; But rising for a common cause Rings out the chorus grand. With "Yankee Doodle" "Dixie" swells With no discordant notes, And Northern cheers and Southern yells Come from ten million throats. The Eastern man forgets to boast, The Westerner to brag, But one cry's heard from coast to coast— 'Tis " Rally 'round the flag!"

Each free man knows his State's bright star Shines in Old Glory's folds, And whether he be near or far Allegiance ever holds. And if for men you shout or call In millions they'll reply; For that old flag, which floats for all, 'T would be their pride to die. Then rally 'round the flag once more! East, West and North and South! Fight as our fathers fought of yore 'E'en to the cannon's mouth! Fling out the Stars and Stripes on high, And when we deal with Spain Let these words be our battle cry: "Remember, boys, the Maine!"

IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

A BRAVE SOUTHERN WOMAN WHO SAW HER HOME AND POSSESSIONS INVADED BY A BRITISH HOST USED HER WIT AND COURAGE IN BEHALF OF HER HUSBAND.

By Everett T. Tomlinson.

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. Her husband and many of his neighbors were with Sumter, fighting for the struggling colonies, but on this beautiful morning there were almost no signs of war to be seen. As yet this plantation had not been molested, and as Mrs. Slocumb glanced at her little child playing near her, or spoke to her sister, who was her companion, or addressed a word to the servants, there was no alarm manifest. But in a moment the entire scene was changed.

"There come the 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 Colonel Tarleton. That short, thick-set body, dressed in a gorgeous scarlet uniform, the florid face and cruel expression, proclaimed the approaching officer only too well. But the mistress gave no sign of fear as she arose to listen to the words of the leader, who soon drew his horse to a halt before her.

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."

"He is no rebel, is he?"

"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. Soon the 1100 men in his command pitched their tents, and the plantation took on the garb

of a military camp. The piazza and again the colonel said: "This majesty's place for a camp to be made in the orchard near by. Soon the 1100 men in his command pitched their tents, and the plantation took on the garb

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not the man to allow even the king 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. She was trembling now, for she felt assured that she could explain the cause of the commotion.

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

"You must know that General Greene and the marquis are in South Carolina, and I have no doubt you would be pleased to see Lee once more. He shook your hand very warmly the last time he met you, I am told."

An oath escaped the angry colonel's lips, and he glanced for a moment at the scar which the wound Lee had made had left on his hand, but he turned abruptly and ordered the troops to form on the right and he dashed down the lawn.

A shout and the sound of firearms drew the attention of Mrs. Slocumb to the long avenue that led to the house. A cry escaped her at the sight, for there was her husband, followed by two of her neighbors, pursuing on horseback a band of five Tories whom

shelter of the woods beyond and were safe.

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."

"I am so rejoiced at what you have not taken that I shall not complain if I do not hear from you again."

And she neither heard nor complained.

Cooling Drinks For the Fourth.

Jelly Water—Sour jellies dissolved in water make delicious drinks. Best always boil the jelly in water, then cool. In this way the jelly does not become lumpy.

Cream of Tartar Water—Pour three quarts of water to an ounce of cream of tartar. Stir in the juice of a fresh lemon and the peel cut in very thin strips without a particle of pulp. Sweeten to taste. Let stand till cold and clear. Pour off without disturbing the sediment at the bottom. A tumblerful iced is a pleasant and healthful beverage.

Orange Lemonade—To the juice of two lemons add that of one orange, to this amount of juice add four large tumblerfuls of water, sweeten to taste and cool.

Strawberry Water—Cook the strawberries in a very little water, strain through a small sieve, boil the juice in a little sugar till the strawberry



BOWING TO HIS HORSE'S NECK.

Tarleton had sent to scour the country.

On and on they came, and it was evident that the pursuers were too busy to have noticed the army of Tarleton. Broad swords and various kinds of weapons were flashing in the air, and it was plain that the enraged Slocumb saw nothing but the Tories he was pursuing. Could nothing be done? Would they run into the very heart of the camp? Mrs. Slocumb tried to scream and warn her husband, but not a sound could she make. One of the Tories had just fallen, when she saw her husband's horse suddenly stop and swerve to one side. What was the cause?

Sambo, the slave whom Mrs. Slocumb had dispatched, as soon as Tarleton had come, to warn her husband, had started promptly on his errand, but the bright coats of the British had so charmed him that he had lingered about the place, and when the sound of the guns was heard Sambo had gone only as far as the hedgerow that lined the avenue. Discretion became the better part of valor then, and the fellow in his fear had crawled beneath it for shelter; but when his frightened face beheld his master approaching he had mustered enough courage to crawl forth from his hiding place and startle the horses as they passed.

"Hol' on, massa! Hol' on!" he shouted.

Recognizing the voice, Slocumb and his followers for the first time stopped and glanced about them. Off to their left were a thousand men within pistol shot. As they wheeled their horses they saw a body of horsemen leaping the hedge and already in their rear. Quickly wheeling again, they started directly for the house near which the guard had been stationed. On they swept, and, on leaping the fence of lath about the garden patch, amid a shower of bullets, they started through the open lots. Another shower of bullets fell about them as their horses leaped the broad brook, or canal, as it was called, and then almost before the guard had cleared the fences they had gained the

color has returned, set away, and add the right amount to a glass of water.

Soda Beer—Two pounds white sugar, whites of two eggs, two ounces tartaric acid, two tablespoons flour, two quarts water and juice of one lemon; boil two or three minutes and flavor to taste. When wanted for use, take half teaspoon soda, dissolve in half glass water, pour into it about two tablespoons of the mixture and it will foam to the top of the glass.

Original Declaration of Independence.

The original Declaration of Independence is in so dilapidated a condition that nowadays it is rarely if ever exposed to public view. Exposure to light and the process of making a duplicate copy of the declaration have faded the ink in the historic document, but it is still legible. Some of the signatures are nearly faded out. John Hancock, however, seems to have used an imperishable ink, for his name stands black and bold on the parchment, which is now kept in a steel safe, out of the sunlight and out of public view.

An Up-to-Date Polly.



Boy—"Polly want a cracker?" Polly—"See here, young feller, you ain't a going to spring that newspaper chestnut about firecracker, are you? Aw, go chase yourself."

FIRM HATERS OF SPAIN.

FOR FIVE CENTURIES THE PORTUGUESE HAVE LOATHED SPANIARDS.

Public Sentiment in Portugal Consists Chiefly of Detestation of Their Neat Door Neighbors—The Ill-Feeling Is Kept Alive Principally by the Women.

"I was astounded when I saw that bulletin about Portugal hesitating to turn the Spanish fleet away from the Cape Verde Islands," said a cosmopolitan looker-on in New York to a Sun man. "What struck me as so impossible about it was the hint of an alliance between Spain and Portugal."

"Why, I have lived in Portugal and mixed with the people, and I know that they could stand almost anything better than that. Portuguese sentiment—the sentiment of the people at large, of 'Antonio e Maria'—consists chiefly of hatred to the Spaniards. They may be indifferent about other matters, or divided in feeling. Some of them are Miguelistas, or Legitimists, some are heartily attached to the actual dynasty; many in the cities—most of all in Lisbon—are republicans, but the one unifying sentiment of the people is the anti-Spanish sentiment."

"When you come to consider what their history has been I don't see how they could have been otherwise. They have altogether five great national heroes, Dom Enrique, who was pioneer of all European exploration in the Atlantic; Vasco da Gama, Dom Sebastian, 'the Faithful Prince,' who is the centre of various poetical legends; Dom Joao, and Gil Eannes Pereira. It is safe to say that most of the plain people of the whole country know little or nothing of the first two of these beyond their names. As for the Faithful Prince, many of them, probably, are not quite sure whether he was a real historical personage or only mythical. But every Portuguese 'lavrador,' from the Minho to St. Vincent, knows Dom Joao, who in 1385 drove the Spaniards all the way from Aljubarrota, in Portugal, to Burgos, in the middle of Spain, and Gil Eannes, who beat them at Valverde in the same year. Those two are the Bruce and the Wallace of the Portuguese, but there is this difference between the Scottish and the Portuguese hero-worship, that the one is a mere matter of historical pride, while the other is part of a living, active, political force.

"The fact is that since she lost Brazil and fell into a state of general decline the people of Portugal have become intensely retrospective. They nourish their pride on national memories, and the fundamental national fact for them is their independence of Spain. They began to be a nation when they broke loose from the kingdom of Castile and Leon in the eleventh century, and ever since then, except for a couple of generations in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, they have existed as a nation under the continual threat of absorption into Spain. The house of Braganza stands to the Portuguese people for no good thing but the revolt of 1640, by which their country was redeemed into independence. And the people feel that the price of independence is perpetual hatred of Spaniards. We can understand the feeling only by imagining what it would have been in our country if the original thirteen states had been collectively much smaller than Great Britain and separated geographically from that country only by a line on the map.

"Nobody who has lived in Portugal can fail to have noticed the signs of this undying hatred on all hands. Do you know, for instance, the true meaning of the saying, 'A bad Spaniard makes a good Portuguese'? Of course, there is the Spanish interpretation, which is the obvious one. But there is also the deeper Portuguese interpretation, and that is, that any bad friend to Spain is by that very fact a good friend to Portugal.

"You can see evidences of the feeling, too, in the very language of Portugal, which its speakers seem to have purposely developed in such a way as to make it as unlike Spanish as possible. Written, it looks like Spanish, but spoken it sounds much more like Polish or Czech. It is a curious fact that no self-respecting Portuguese woman would be seen wearing a mantilla, for the mantilla is the Spanish woman's headgear. And during the last reign it used to be remarked in Lisbon that only two ladies there ever smoked, the queen, Maria Pia, mother of the present king—an Italian—and the Duchess of Palmella—this, again, because the habit of smoking had long been distinctive of the Spanish among all other womankind.

"I believe this anti-Spanish feeling has been kept alive all these centuries very largely through the perseverance of the Portuguese women. Perhaps they remember that it was a woman who cast the die for the anti-Spanish revolt in 1640 by pronouncing the memorable sentence, 'As for me, I would rather have death as Queen of Portugal than a long life as Duchess of Braganza'—although, it is true, that woman was a Spaniard.

"Once I asked a Portuguese girl if she really hated all Spaniards. She said of course she did. I wondered her that the Christian religion com-

manded us to love all men. 'Yes,' she said, 'but that was a long time ago, before there were any Spaniards.'"

The Wild Cattle of Charley.

Some account is given in Nature Notes (English) of this famous herd of cattle, which belongs to the Earl of Ferrers. The theory that the breed is indigenous appears to be supported by their habits at the present day. When alarmed they start off at a full gallop for a short distance, then turn and face their foe in a semicircle, with the bulls in front, the cows behind, and the younger animals and calves still further in the rear. If further approached, these tactics, which are clearly those of wild animals, are repeated, or the adversary is charged and attacked. Again, they conceal their young in fern or long rushes, and the cows, when calves are born, become exceedingly fierce and dangerous.

The food of the Chartley herd consists of the very coarsest grasses, and in winter of the coarsest hay, rushes, and dried bracken, provided for them in open sheds, which afford a slight shelter from the cold winds which blow across the open park. The home of these cattle is situated on high ground which was enclosed about the year 1200, and forms a portion of Chartley park, some five miles from Uttoxeter, the nearest town. The extent of this wild tract of table-land is about 1000 acres, covered with coarse grass, rushes, stunted bilberries, and heather, and patches of luxuriant bracken fern, with a few clumps of old weather-beaten Scotch firs and birch. Among the other denizens of this wild primeval tract are herds of red and fallow deer.

Matrimonial Coincidence.

Mr. S. E. McMillan, who has recently moved to Charlotte from South Carolina, gives an interesting account of a matrimonial coincidence that occurred in his family last year.

About the first of last July Mr. McMillan received a letter from his brother in Lake End, La., saying: "I will be married on the 8th of this month. Meet us at Nashville, Tenn., and join us for a trip to Colorado City."

At the time he received this letter Mr. McMillan was making arrangements for his own wedding, which was dated for July 8, and at this time he says he was living in the sand hills of South Carolina, the soil there having become proverbial for its poverty.

On about the 10th of July he received a letter from another brother, J. D. McMillan of Cataline Island, off the west coast of California, saying: "I will be married on the 8th of this month to Miss ———." In contrast with the sand hills of South Carolina, Cataline Island is one of the most fertile districts in the world.

All three brothers married on the 8th of July and it was impossible for them to have any concerted plans about the date as they had not heard from each other in months.—Charlotte (N. C.) Democrat.

Jay Gould's Carriage.

Paul Gore, now clerk at the Auditorium annex, was room clerk at the Grand Pacific for several years. He tells a story in connection with Jay Gould's first visit to Chicago. Mr. Gould had registered at the Grand Pacific, and was standing in the lobby with his hands in his coat pockets, looking like a countryman in town.

The little millionaire approached J. P. Vidal, who was clerk at the house, and modestly asked him what would be the best way for him to go to Lincoln park. Vidal, not knowing who Gould was, gave him the necessary instruction as to street cars, etc. Gould heard him through and then said: "But could I not go in a carriage?" "Yes, you can, but it's a little expensive," said Vidal.

"Well, as this is my first visit, I think I will try to stand the expense."

"All right; but to whom shall I charge the carriage?" asked the clerk.

"To Jay Gould," came the quiet answer. Vidal almost fell to the floor, but Gould got the carriage.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Artificial Stone.

A firm in Scotland is engaged in the manufacture of artificial stone, which is, it is claimed, quite the equal of the natural product in durability, hardness and in its ability to stand weather tests. The ingredients are principally lime and sand, with water at a very high temperature. After being thoroughly incorporated the mass is placed in molds and subjected to a temperature of about 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Superheated steam is the heat employed for this purpose. It is a fact well understood by those who have made the subject a study that artificial stone may be made successfully from the materials mentioned. Mosaic and stucco are in existence in some parts of the world that were made centuries ago.

A paving brick, said to be granite, while having the shape of regular shape, is now being made in Eisleben, Thuringia, Germany.