

## DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA.

Ring out, ye bells, your sweetest chimes;  
Sing, all ye poets, dulcet rhymes;  
Shout loud, ye crowds, in strongest praise;  
Shine out, fair sun, in softest rays,  
And dance ye rippling waters.  
For Freedom's sons will sing a song,  
That in a chorus, high and strong,  
Shall sounding ring, from sea to sea,  
Whose theme of harmony shall be,  
America's true daughters.

Oh! they are loyal, brave and true,  
And fair the red, and white, and blue,  
That in the nation's colors rise,  
Shine in their cheeks, and brows, and eyes,  
And glow upon their banners.  
From ocean shore to mountain crest;  
From north, and south, and east, and west;  
From all the bright and beautiful land,  
They come, a blessing-laden band,  
And singing sweet hosannahs.

With cheering words from such a mouth,  
As thine, oh! daughter of the south!  
And love from such a loyal breast,  
As thine, oh! daughter of the west!  
The sons can never falter,  
While in the north and east shall stand  
The earnest, helping, sister band,  
For Freedom's day shall know no night,  
But ever shall the flame glow bright  
Upon the country's altar.

## A Tragedy of the Thames.

### I.

The two tall standard lamps in Mount's resort on board the Primrose shed a cheerful light on the cosy surroundings. A fire was burning brightly in the grate at the further end, and, to accentuate the sense of comfort, the cold, treacherous stream beneath was lapping and gurgling under the stout bottom boards.

For days the river, swollen by winter streams, had been carrying down great blocks of ice and frozen snow from the upper reaches, and on this particular evening London was smothered in a dense black fog. So intense was it that, looking through the window, it was impossible to see the little wharf light a few feet away.

Suddenly and without any warning forward all through the winter's day, gradually enveloping everything, like the visible embodiment of some dreadful plague. Denser and darker it grew as the night closed in; wreaths of it circled and eddied round the dim street lamps; it crept under ill-fitting doors, and through the tightly-closed windows; until even in the snug parlor of the Primrose it made the lights burn less brightly, and the polished metal work glint a little more dimly in the firelight.

"Curious thing," said Mount, breaking a luxurious silence—"curious thing how that fellow Dortheim managed to get away?"

"Eh?" said I drowsily, and waking up; for, to tell the truth, I was half asleep when he spoke. "Oh, ah!—yes, very."

"I heard from Carter's again today," Mount continued. "The police have tried their very utmost; but they simply can't get hold of the faintest trace."

This was apropos of the breaking up of the river swindler's gang, of which Dortheim was the head, some fortnight or more ago. On the information with which Mount and I had been able to supply them, the police had raided Dortheim's store, and effectually broken up the whole crew of them, besides recovering a large amount of stolen property; but Dortheim himself had managed to escape at the last moment through a sliding panel, and got away.

"By the way," I asked, "did they find out where that emergency exit of Dortheim's led to?"

"Yes; it was rather a cute contrivance; it gave into an old-fashioned, disused chimney, with a ladder in it. At the foot of the ladder was a crude tunnel—I should think Dortheim had made it himself—which ran under the road into the block of houses opposite; and once there he was as safe as if he was in Africa. There are hundreds of different exits from the place, so it is little wonder they missed him. But what I cannot understand is how it is that they've heard nothing of him since. It's all very well, you hear people talk and say that it's the easiest thing in the world to disappear, and that a simple disguise and a little precaution are all that is necessary, and so on. Well, that's all right as long as no one cares twopence whether you disappear or not, if it amuses you so to do. But it's quite another kind of game when you've got the whole of Scotland Yard at your heels simply tearing their hair to get hold of you, when your description, usual haunts, acquaintances and such-like are all duly entered on the official list, and when a slight mistake will end a visit to the gallows."

"I noticed that Master particular variety of And as long as the gentle Dortheim to get his knife into me before he makes a final bolt for it. You see, it is practically entirely my fault that he is in all this trouble. Months and months ago quite accidentally I stumbled across the fact of the existence of this man and his company of fellow ruffians. I wasn't on the lookout for him in the very least. It was sheer luck on my part, but ever since then, in nine cases out of ten, I've had the whip hand of him, and, of course, he's feeling pretty sure about the raid of the other day."

"At first he did not know who it was who was working against him, but I couldn't keep in the dark forever, and directly he knew he began to take reprisals, as you saw for yourself when you arrived so happily at Steppings' flat. I admit that it sounds fantastic enough that a man whose life is in momentary danger at the hands of the common hangman should worry himself about anything more than an unobtrusive departure. But you know what vindictive animals some men are; they never forget an injury, and sooner or later they'll have a try at you."

"But it's not only that. Yesterday, as I was coming home rather late, I caught sight of a figure lurking about here that I rather fancy was Dortheim or his twin brother. I gave chase, but, what with my lame leg and the darkness the fellow got away. This morning I had some neat little brass bolts screwed on to the hatchway, and I think I shall have the shutters looked to. I am ashamed to confess that the man is getting on my nerves—he is so duceful artful one can never tell quite what he will be up to."

### II.

When Mount had finished speaking he sat and stared gloomily into the fire. It was evident that he was weary—more so than I should have expected in a man who was usually pretty well indifferent to danger.

But for real nerve-straining work which makes your courage ooze out of your finger tips, there is nothing like living for a week or two in constant expectation of—you don't know exactly what; when any minute something may spring out of somewhere and take you where you least expect it. You can't give it a name, and you can't quite explain, but the result in the end is loss of nerves.

I felt quite shivery myself as I sat there watching Mount. Everything was so deathly still, and over everything and around everything and through everything there lay that horrible, dark, unclear fog. It lurked in the corners of the place, making the shadows deeper. It got into one's throat and into one's eyes, and depressed one like an evil dream. And as I sat there, listening vaguely, I shuddered; and, remembering Dortheim's face as I had last seen it, I shuddered again.

How long the intense silence had lasted I don't know. It might have been five minutes, it might have been an hour. Anyhow, after a certain lapse of time, I became dimly conscious of a faint, regular noise, like the gentle scraping of a boat's gunwale against the side of the barge as it swayed gently on the tide.

I could not say how long the noise might have been going on, or when it had begun. I simply remember that gradually, quite gradually, I became aware of it, and then all of a sudden, with a start, I realized the meaning of it.

Mount's two boats were, I knew, laid up for the winter under canvas on the upper deck, but the noise was unmistakably made by a boat scraping against the barge. And—well, and there was Dortheim!

I leant forward in my chair and touched Mount on the arm. I saw his start convulsively at the pressure; and his farther hand slid into his coat pocket. The man's nerves were positively on the rack.

"Listen!" I whispered, holding up my finger to enjoin silence.

We both sat with strained ears, and there it came again—scrape, scrape! bump, bump!—at regular intervals.

Mount sprang from his chair and crept noiselessly to the hatchway. I followed close behind, having armed myself with a thick stick. Together we crouched in the shadow of the door, while Mount gently slid back the bolts. The door was one that opened outwards, thus affording anyone coming from within partial protection—a fact that Mount has to be thankful for for the rest of his days.

He thrust the door open sharply, and stepped out into the darkness with his arm well to the front, and at that instant there was a crash, a tinkle of broken glass, and something liquid and burning splashed on my hand. I heard a yell of rage from Mount, and saw him spring forward.

"Vidriol!" he said. And with that I, too, sprang out, with my head low and covered by my arm.

Two figures were struggling and twisting in the blackness on the edge of the upper deck. I could hear the hard breathing, and see a confused mass whirling about perilously near the edge, but which was friend and which foe I could not make out at first. My eyes got accustomed to the darkness, I saw that Mount had got his hand twisted in his assailant's

collar, while with the other he held the man's left wrist high in the air.

### III.

Dortheim—for he it was—was fighting like a demon. I could see his broad shoulders heave and strain with every movement. But Mount was mad with rage and pain—a considerable quantity of the vitriol had splashed over him, and he was in horrible agony from the burning acid; and so the two swayed backward and forward, so closely intertwined that I could not render assistance.

Presently Mount shouted: "Knock it out of his hand, Lascelles! Knock it out of his hand! My leg is giving!" And then for the first time I realized why it was Mount struggled to hold his adversary's hand so high. Dortheim had got a second glass bomb filled with vitriol, and Mount dared not release his grip.

I made a grab at the man's arm, intending either to make him leave go or break his wrist. But just as I did so I heard a cry from Mount, and saw him go down. His wounded leg, which had burst out bleeding afresh, had given under him. Dortheim's arm naturally jerked back, and I missed my hold. At the same instant he gave a horrible scream, and, putting his hand to his eyes, fell head foremost into the river below.

I heard his body strike a projecting corner of the lower deck. There was a splash and in an instant he was whirled away out of sight into the black fog.

With a word to Mount I hurried to the boat, which I found moored to the stern, and casting loose pulled frantically down stream, but after ten minutes it was evident that there was no chance of finding him alive or dead in that inky darkness—in fact, it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to get back to the barge in safety.

Mount had escaped permanent injury by a miracle. As it was, the acid had scathed his temple and hands badly, but owing partly to the fact of the door opening outward and partly because he had naturally emerged in a stooping attitude (the doorway being a low one), the full charge had missed his face, and, beyond the awful pain at first, he was comparatively little damaged.

Dortheim's body was picked up the next day in a fearful condition. How it happened exactly I cannot tell, but I imagine that the sudden release of his wrist caused him to grip the frail glass vessel so tightly that it broke, and the acid fell straight on his upturned face, blinding him instantly. I shall never forget the poor wretch's screams as he fell. It may have been retribution, but it was none the less horrible, and I can't think of it without shuddering.

However, such was the death of one of the cleverest scoundrels of the period, and the leader and organizer of Dortheim & Co.—Answers.

## A VICTORIAN IDYL.

Charming Story in Early Wedded Life of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

Queen Victoria's marriage was a true love match, as all know, and one of the most charming pictures of the girl queen is presented by the romantic incident of her betrothal, when the young queen made her offer of marriage to the handsome young Prince Albert, son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. As she was a sovereign, the prince could not with propriety make the offer to her, and so the betrothing girl, now the woman rather than the queen, in the presence of the youth who had already gained her love, forgot the sovereign as she timidly took this momentous step. But even the most devoted married couple will have their passing misunderstandings, and the following story is told concerning one of their youthful disagreements:

Both were high-spirited, strong of character and tenacious of what each considered the right in any matter of discussion. At one time their difference of opinion had led to temporary coolness of demeanor toward each other, and the prince had retired to his apartments and locked the door.

Victoria was the first to yield partially, and she soon knocked at the door of her husband's library, affirms Short Stories.

"Who is there?" asked the prince, in answer to the knock.

"The queen!" replied Victoria, still rather haughtily, though somewhat yielding.

"The queen cannot enter," rejoined the prince, proudly.

A short time after Victoria again approached her husband's apartments and once again knocked for admittance.

"Who is there?" again the prince inquired.

"Your wife," replied Victoria, in tender tones.

Instantly the door was flung wide open, and the prince received her in his outstretched arms, saying with deepest affection, "My wife is always welcome!"—New York Telegram.

## WILD FILIPINO TRIBES.

### UNCIVILIZED INDIANS OCCUPY THE ISLANDS MINDORO AND PALAWAN.

They Number Some Three or Four Hundred Thousand and Belong to Fifty Different Tribes—The Miserable Existence They Lead—Strange Habits and Customs.

The uncivilized Indian tribes occupy much of the interior and mountainous parts of all the large islands of the Philippine group, except Cebu and Bohol, in which they have either been Christianized and merged with the civilized Indians or have been driven out. They still occupy nearly all the territory of the great islands of Mindoro and Palawan. They number, according to Spanish estimates, some three or four hundred thousand, belonging to over fifty different tribes. They are shut off from the sea and means of communicating with one another and the outside world by the civilized Indians about them, and probably remain in much the same condition of savagery as when first observed by the Spanish.

It has been contrary to Spanish policy in the Philippines to subdue them by force, and, as they have usually remained at peace with their more powerful and better armed Christian neighbors, they still continue to exist beside them.

Like the civilized Indians, the "Filipino's" are brown in color, with coarse, straight, black hair and little beard. They seem to be somewhat smaller and slighter of figure than their Christian neighbors.

Their languages show close kinship to those of the civilized tribes adjacent and also as close to those of the savages of Formosa. Few of the tribes possess lands fit for the cultivation of lowland rice, and fewer still have the necessary skill and implements and plow beasts (buffaloes) for cultivating such lands. Their recourse is the common one of savages nearly the world round—they cut off small portions of the forest during the dry season, and after burning this over, they plant, at the beginning of the rainy season, upland rice, maize, sweet potatoes, etc., among the blackened logs and stumps. The supply of food thus gained is usually insufficient, and after it is eaten up they lead a miserable existence, scouring the woods for game and wild fruit and going to the sea beach wherever they can reach it for shell fish and other food. Their method of cultivation compels continual change of place. Their little patches of cleared forest can only be cultivated in their rude way for one or two years, when they are abandoned and new pieces of forest chosen.

Their houses are usually built after the plan of those of the civilized Indians—a basketlike structure of bamboo and palm leaves raised upon posts above the ground, but they are not so well built and are occupied but for a few years. They are not built into compact villages, but a few scattered houses are formed without streets, but near enough to be within call. Necessarily, what can be said of such a multitude of detached tribes in regard to their clothing, arms, religion, etc., must be of the most general character.

Their clothing usually consists solely of the taparabo, or breech cloth, all else generally being in the nature of ornament, and consisting of beads about the neck and head and arms, and anklets or leglets of boar's bristles, and frequently with bright colored pearl shells hanging upon the back or breast. The Spanish authorities do not allow the savages to enter the towns in their ordinary state of nakedness. They frequently blacken the teeth and in some cases file them to a point.

Some tribes wear a stiff, round hat similar to the salacot of the civilized Indians; other tribes wear a turban or go bareheaded. Tattooing is common among them, but varies with each tribe. Their arms are a large knife or cutlass carried in a scabbard, this serving for an ax and hoe as well as a weapon of war. In addition to this they carry a lance or spear, and some tribes are armed with bows and arrows. The more warlike tribes have shields of various forms.

Some of the wilder tribes of North Luzon are said still to hunt the heads of their enemies with which to ornament their dwellings, like the head-hunting savages of Formosa, and the Dyaks of Borneo, but the tribes in contact with the Christian Indians content themselves with hanging the skulls of monkeys, deer, wild boars and buffaloes about their doors.

They all seem to have some idea of a great spirit who rules over the affairs of men. They also recognize spirits of lower orders, some good, some evil, the evil ones causing disease and death in men. Each village usually has one who serves as priest and doctor, who is supposed to be a special favorite of the great spirit. His chief duties seem to be to cure disease or to foretell its results. He is usually aided by certain old women who undertake to frighten away the evil spirit by cries and wild gestures. They do not appear to have idols, but some pay reverence to certain stones before which they place food and drink.

They have many forms of tabu, like

the other island-dwelling people of the Pacific. At the death of a person a fence of bushes is built about the village, and for a certain period no one is allowed to enter or depart, food for those within being brought by friends to the fence, where it is received by those within.

They are usually monogamists, the wife being purchased from her parents. Divorce is common, the purchase price being returned with the divorced woman.

Their laws are proclaimed and enforced by the elders of the villages, rather than by chiefs or kings.

The Spanish, whenever they have come in contact with the wild tribes, have undertaken to gain influence among them by recognizing some head man of the village as chief, or gobernadorcillo, giving him as a symbol of his office a cane, and perhaps a few articles of cast-off military uniform.

In the future of the Philippines the wild tribes will probably have but a small share. They must be gradually merged with the civilized tribes or be as gradually starved to death by being pushed back by the rapidly multiplying civilized Indians. The hundred thousand Chinese and the two hundred thousand Mohammedans of the southern islands will form more powerful factors in making future history, as they have already in making that of the past—Scientific American.

## THE SOLDIERS' THIRST.

The Best Ways of Quenching It in Camp and on the March.

Everybody at all familiar with the actual conditions of an army on the march, says The Independent, appreciates the great practical difficulties in the way of obtaining an uncontaminated supply of drinking water; and one of the most valuable suggestions was made by a gentleman who imagined the possibility of making use of "driven" wells, through which safe water might be obtained, and, fortunately, there is carefully recorded experience to testify to their value.

In the French invasion of China in 1856-1857, the Chinese, when driven from a place, put poison in the springs and surface wells, and many French soldiers were killed thereby, and at once the engineers made requisition for iron pipes. These were forced into the earth with sledge hammers and common pumps put on and an adequate supply of wholesome water drawn. As our authorities are quick to avail themselves of all really fertile ideas, this suggestion will not be lost on them.

Another way of quenching thirst, harmless and efficient and available, when there is strong pressure for uninterrupted action on the part of the soldier, would be to fill his canteen with tea. Of course this would be made from boiled water; and the addition of a few drops of lemon juice would increase its power of exciting the salivary glands to greater activity, and it is an expedient often resorted to where it is desirable that the least possible amount of liquid should be ingested.

The use of tea is still further approved by the testimony of experience. Sir John Hall, K. C. B., says: "In the Kafir war (1852) a march was made by 200 men, in which 1000 miles were covered in 71 days, or at the rate of 15 miles a day, without wine, spirits or beer. Officers in India, when marches were made through malarious regions, had an opportunity to test the virtues of tea. Sir Garnet Wolseley urges its use, and the experience of the Canada lumbermen confirms its value. They spend the winter in the backwoods in the hardest sort of labor and are exposed to a freezing temperature, and, while no spirits are allowed, they have an unlimited supply of tea.

Enough has been said of the horrible sanitary conditions in Cuba in the neighborhood of the cities to warn us that even the driven wells might not serve as an absolute protection where the soil is saturated with infectious material, unless they could be driven far down beyond what must be the inevitable soakage during the rainy season. People forget that the decaying vegetation in a kitchen midden contains many minute organisms, to which the interstices of common earth are spacious galleries and ample food, needing only water to be carried down into the earth.

Diet for Elders.

A dietetic teacher has recommended to people to abstain from any stimulating food, and to be satisfied with a part of the diet of the aged. The age of the foods of the aged, the teacher says, is an excellent talking point. The use of the same food against a person's staff of life.

After she had been accustomed to an open-air life, she had many bird by its part of the bird's life.

## IRREPRESSIBLE.

I am the swiftest thing on earth!  
I jump from continent to continent!  
I leap  
Across the deep,  
From occident to orient!  
I never rest,  
I never stop!  
From east to west,  
From field to shop  
I swoop—  
Now with a whoop  
Of exultation  
Now with a tinge of perturbation!  
Day after day  
I retain my wonderful gait!  
I never rest, I never stay—  
I am busier than Fate!  
I am here and there,  
I am everywhere  
At the same time—  
In every land—in every clime—  
I am always busy with a big B,  
And men quit eating to consider me—  
I am the war rumor.  
—Cleveland Leader.

## HUMOROUS.

"Well, Monthleigh is going to join the ranks of the Benedictines!" "Volunteer or drafted?"

"If you found a large sum of money, would you give it back to the owner?" "To be honest, 'No!'"

Magistrate—Excuse me, madam, but are you married? Witness—Oh, your worship, this is so sudden!

Lawyer—I have my opinion of you, Citizen—Well, you can keep it. The last opinion I got from you cost me \$150.

"Without a word of warning he threw himself at my feet." "Oh, well, you know he couldn't miss them."

Quizzer—What makes you think the inventor of the tandem was a woman? Guyer—Man is placed in the background.

"I see that big canvas in the gold frame is signed by Smith as well as you." "Yes; we collaborated. Sort of companions in gilt, eh?"

Friend—I suppose you've had some hard experiences? Returned Klondiker—Oh, yes! I've seen times when we hadn't a thing but money.

"I suppose it is out of consideration for your wife that you haven't enlisted and gone to the front." "On the contrary, it is to spite her."

Mrs. Upjohn—Doesn't your husband resent the way in which you manage him? Mrs. Highup—Sh! He never suspects that I manage him.

Little Elmer—Pa, what is an extemporaneous speaker? Professor Broadhead—One who can talk fluently about nothing without any previous preparation.

He—This is the last time I will ever ask you to marry me. She—Do you swear it, Rudolph? He—I swear it by all I hold sacred. She—Then I accept.

"Those rough riders ought to make a good set of fighters." "Yes, but wait until you see the regiment of trolley motormen that is preparing for the front."

Miss Prettysweet—So you have a parrot, Mr. Softleigh? Softleigh (who stammers)—Yes, and it's g-r-r-g-fun. I'm t-t-teaching it t-to t-talk, you k-know.

"I thought you said you didn't care for him?" "Well, I thought I didn't, but I didn't know then that the Smith girl in the next block is desperately in love with him."

Wife—We've been living here six months now and not one of the neighbors has called. Husband—Don't worry. I'm going to have a telephone put in the house next week.

"What! You have written a new cook book for your wife. How did you do it?" "Easy enough. I wrote the name of each dish, and underneath the restaurant where it can be had best."

No; it is not hard to write funny paragraphs. All you have to do is to procure a pen, some paper and ink, and then sit down and write them, as they occur to you. It is not the writing, but the occurring, that is hard.

She—Is this your cyclometer on the mantle? He—Yes. She! Why, it only registers 21. Is that all the miles you have ridden in six months? He—Oh, no, I keep that to tell the number of dollars I have paid in installments.

They Fly and Glide.

After she had been accustomed to an open-air life, she had many bird by its part of the bird's life.

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