### OF A HEART.

Dear heart-dear heart! the sweeter Gave one quick throb for me! I do pray God that your kind steps may

heart—that, beating, Felt for my heart one day I trust that there shall be a

For our hearts, far away ! But if there should not-O, my love, my

Since you were happy, I the grief would

-[FRANK L. STANTON, in Atlanta Con

# AN EPISODE OF ARISONA.

"No. If a fellow could catch him he would make pretty good wages.
Let's see." And the second speaker began to read the postal card that the postmaster at Hard Scrabble had just that he had heretofore displayed. postmaster at Hard Scrabble nad just tacked to the door of the store that constituted the "office" so that every-look out," the older man continued as they began to follow the trail.

will be paid on satisfactory proof of his identity. When last heard from he was making for the Tonto Basin.

"That's the 'cut-off' into the basin.

By the time the reader had finished a crowd of a half dozen or more men

said the first speaker, reflectively, as if debating with himself the advisability of making the effective of the said the first speaker, reflectively, as the trail up."

The young man tried to contain the said the said to contain the said the sa

it is going to have his hands full.

They have been after him for two or ment short, by again warning the three years and ain't got him yet. They say he is right on the shoot,"

Lansing had been on such expedi- hundred kindred thoughts passed tions. He was one of those men for through his mind.

charge of one of the mines which had been closed down by the winter's storms. For weeks he had been

its monotony.
"Well, get your horse and gun and come," replied Hi, and in an instant and equip themselves for the chase, while the loungers gathered about of their success. In a few minutes the men rode past the door, each armed with a rifle and a six-shooter, and the crowd, stepping out, bade them good by, with the oft-repeated warning: "Be keerful, and don't let

him get the drop on ye."

The crust of the unbroken snow cracked crisply under foot as the two men rode on, fast leaving the little settlement in their rear. For some time neither spoke, but at last the silence was broken by Lansing asking his younger companion: "Did you ever try this kind of thing be-

"No," replied the young man; " ]

"Well, then, you want to be keerful. If you don't lose your head you're all right. The only danger is that we may run on him before we

"And if we do, what then?" asked

the young man.
"Well, he will probably commence shooting, and if he does and you aren't hit the first rattle out of the box, why, you want to git off'n your shoot back. If ther ain't anything to get behind, keep your horse be-tween you and him, and keep a-shoot-Whatever you do, don't let go

"Why, then you let him have it. The reward will be paid just the front of him, frightened at Crandall's the match went out.

which Lansing spoke of the entire matter, much as if he were discussing the best method of hunting a wild animal, shocked the young man; but he had committed himself too far

In paths of darkness be!

But if they were—O, dearest eyes of blue!
I would walk there through all my life unbroken by aught save the scattered pines that here and there dotted the mesa. Before them to mountains, through whose passes the man whom they were after would have to pass in search for safety in half-settled wilds beyond. As the two ish haste to fire again come over him that men feel when they have shot and missed, and know that their life may be the forfeit of their failure. He threw another cartridge lifts the ed him he pointed to a narrow trail where two horses had passed through

"That's him. He's driving one horse and leading another, and he hasn't passed by very long, either.
See, the snow hasn't had time to
drift in," said he.
With the discovery his whole demeanor had changed. A new look

"He's right ahead, and we want to

As they approached the summit of each hill they would stop their horses, Five hundred dollars reward will be paid for the arrest and delivery of Rube White to the Sheriff of Yavapia County. He is about 25 years old, 6 feet tall and slim, with a light complexion and has a big scar on the right side of his face. He is wanted for robbery and other crimes. It killed in resisting arrest the reward will be paid on satisfactory proof of

"That's the 'cut-off' into the basin. I thought he would take it, but he probably doesn't know the country. You had better take it and ride on "Now, if that feller is headed for on again. Then if you can't find his shirt. As he did so his fingers came the Tonto Basin country it wouldn't tracks, you had better ride back to in contact with the warm blood, and be much of a trick to take him in," meet me until you do. I will follow he involuntarily drew back with a

if debating with himself the advisability of making the attempt.

"If you hear me, he ain't going to be taken in, and the feller that tries the was assuming in thus following the trail alone, but his companion young man to be on his guard he rode remarked another of the crowd.

"Well, a feller ought to know him as soon as he sees him from that description," hazarded the first speaker, "if he got up close enough to see the scar; and then all he'd have to do would be to turn loose at him if he didn't throw up his hands when you told him. Besides, nobody but him would try to cross over the mountains."

on, following the trail in the snow, while the younger man, finding objection useless, took the "cut-off" road. He had no difficulty in following it, and he wondered why the man they were in pursuit of had not/taken advantage of it. The whole pursuit seemed almost like a dream to him. The snow, unbroken save by his horse's footfall, stretched away mile after mile in every direction, with on, following the trail in the snow, r the mountains after mile in every direction, with him feel faint and sick. into the basin with the snow on the here and there a pine, through whose ground. Blamed if I don't think I'll branches the wind seemed to sob and

after him."

sigh, making the only noise that and as he did so he coughed until his broke the stillness of the wintry mouth filled with blood, and he spat it out on the white snow.

Crandall shook his head and walked to him. Blamed if I wouldn't go with you, Hi, if I didn't have to take this grub over to the boys in camp."

broke the stillness of the wintry afternor. It added to this feeling.

Not a thing in sight. He began to depict in his own mind the manner of man they were pursuing. He had almost forgotten his name. After all, what had the man done that he, grub over to the boys in camp."

broke the stillness of the wintry afternor, It added to this feeling.

Crandall shook his head and walked to ward where his horse was tied. He felt that if he watched the wounded man any longer he would faint. Noticing his walking away, the grub over to the boys in camp."

Frank Crandall, should be seeking wounded man said:

"For God's sake, don't leave me. "Well, if any of you want to go, all right. I'm going," replied the man addressed as Hi.

It was not the first time that Hi would overtake him. These and a

whom danger seems to have a fascina- The sun was fast declining as he tion. At his remark Frank Crandall, passed from the "cut-off" into the a young fellow who had been stand-main road again. The air was geting quietly by, volunteered to acting chilly with the coming evening, company him. The crowd turned tocompany him. The crowd turned to-ward him with more interest than colors of pink and purple where the they had thus far evinced during the rays of the setting sun touched the snow. Almost unconsciously he entire proceedings. It was but a few mountain peaks. He scanned the months since he had come among main road eagerly to see if the man by the blood grew larger and larger, them, fresh from the east, to take they were in pursuit of had passed, cooped up in the isolated settlement, he had come, to meet his comrade as if he breathed with labor. With and he longed for something to break and the fugitive. He had just as each breath the blood seemed to bubcended one of the many rolling hills ble from the wound in the breast. One when, in the distance, he discovered of the man's hands fell from under a man riding a horse and driving the coat that covered him. As Cranthe two men had left the room to arm another. At the sight his heart al- dall raised it from the snow its coldmost stood still. He dismounted ness sent a chill through him. Once and, leading his horse to one side, he had asked the wounded man if he concealed him in a clump of young could do anything for him, but the pines. Then he returned to the man had only shaken his head in reroadside and waited. The man was urging his horses forward, but they seemed to be wearied and made but dered why the wounded man did not slow progress. Crandall felt his reproach him. Even when he exheart beat faster and faster at the length of time it took the man to him the dying man said, gently: reach him. He examined his revolver and rifle, cocking each to see that they were in order. It seemed to relieve the tension of his nerves. After he had done this he knelt down so that he could fire with surer aim, and waited. He did not care much now whether the man resisted or not. If the fugitive resisted he would have to

stand the consequence of resistance. The setting sun shone full in the man's face, but Crandall forgot to look for the scar that the notice had said was on the right cheek, although he had resolved to do so particularly. When he first discovered the fugitive he scanned the road behind him to discover Lansing, but the nearer the man approached the less Crandall cared whether Lansing came or not. He let the man approach nearer and nearer, so that his aim would be more accurate. He could not afford to throw away the first shot. The face of the man became more and more and the half-opened eyes were glazed. of your gun. But what we want to of his surroundings. Crandall felt do is to see him first, and then we've almost disposed to let him pass, but got the play on him; and all you the thought that everyone would have to is to tell him to throw up." think him a coward if he did so spurwe to is to tell him to throw up." think him a coward if he did so spur"And if he don't throw up?" asked red him on, and rising erect he ordered the man to surrender. The horse that the man was driving in

The apparent indifference with leaving the two men facing each

For an instant Crandall looked straight into the other's eyes. Then the man raised his rifle from the pommel of the saddle, and Crandall fired. The horse which the man w riding sprang from the road, and a. the same moment its rider's gun was discharged. The smoke from Cran-dall's own gun blew back into his eyes, and he turned from it to follow his shoulder, but before he could fire the man reeled from his saddle and fell, while his frightened horse gal loped of through the pines. Crandall stepped toward him hold

ing his rifle prepared to fire againt! If necessary. As he did so the max raised his hand and said, simply: "Don't fire—you've got me."
The show was already fed with blood where he lay. For the first time Crandall looked for the scar that the description said was on the right check. For an instant he did not see it, and his heart seemed to stop beating with the fear of having made a mistake, and when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was there, that only the pallor which had spread over the man's face had made it indis-

over him. "Are you badly wounded?"

tiffet, he could have cried out with joy at the feeling of felief that passed

"I don't know how bad it is. It is here somewhere," the man said, placing his hand on his breast, as if not certain of the exact spot. feels numb like," he added. Stooping down,. Crandall unbuckled and took off the man's pistol belt and threw it into the snow, where lay his ahead until you strike the road we're rifle, and then he tore open the man's

feeling of disgust.
"Did you find it?" asked the man, who was watching him closely and who had observed the movement. Recalled to himself by the ques tion, Crandall again tore at the shirt, exposing the breast. Where the blood did not cover it it looked like

marble. He could not see the wound on account of the blood until he had wiped the latter from the breast and then he found it. "What do you think of it?" the

"There it is." replied Crandall.

He could not say more. The appealing tone in the man's voice for some "What do you think of it?" the man repeated in a querulous voice,

man asked.

"For God's sake, don't leave me. Now that you have killed me, stay with me, and don't let me die like a

The voice was one of entreaty, and Crandall returned and seated himself in the snow by the man's side. The sun had gone down and the twilight had come on, bringing with it the chill of night. Crandall covered the wounded man's body with his overcoat and raised his head from the noted that as the patch of red made the face of the wounded man grew ply. Crandall felt like reviling himself for what he had done, and wonpressed his sorrow at having shot

The twilight gave way to darkness, and still he sat there. He could not hear the dying man breathe without leaning over his face. He did this but once though, and the dying man had opened his eyes and looked up into his face inquiringly. Crandall would rather have stayed there until morning than to catch that look again.

Suddenly he heard a voice call to him. He started as if he had been fired at, but it was only Lansing. As forward, and, seeing the outstretched form on the snow, said:

"By George, you got him?"
"Hush!" replied Crandall, fearful least the wounded man would hear the exulting tone which grated on his own ears as nothing else had ever before done. But not minding the admonition, Lansing dismounted and. striking a match, held it-close to the man's face. It was pale and cold They did not even reflect the light made from the match, but from the measured eleven feet around its body. partly opened mouth a tiny stream of half congealed blood seemed to be still flowing down over the beard.

"That's him, and it's a pretty good day's work we have done by earning that reward," said Lansing coolly as

awake through the night within a few yards of the body to keep the wolved from it so that it would be unmarred in the morning, when they would lash it to a horse and take it into the settlements for identification, he wondered why Lansing could sleep so soundly. As for himself, the rigid form covered with only a saddle blanket, lying where the snow was red instead of white, was always before his eyes, even when he closed them. -[Argonaut.

### Sinking of the Delta.

The reported settling at the rate of six inches per century of the region of the Mississippi river delta is a matter which, if confirmed, may well enlist some interest. It is not at all unusual for the suffice of the earth in places to thus yield to a slow and sometimes to a rapid subsidence, but to the solution of the solutio parison. If the region in the vicinity of New Orleans is sinking at the rate of one and a half inches in twenty-five years, this does not seem much, and yet a time may come in the not very remote future when the waters of the gulf will wash her present floors. So far as the effect is felt, it does not much matter whether this is brought about by the absolute stib: sidence of the lands or the slow elevation beyond their former level of the Waters, as a very slight change in the earth's centre of gravity would suffice for the later. It may v possible that the deposition of such an immense amount of alluvium as the fiver carries down and deposits on the Gulf floor, displacing a bulk of water of less weight, might gradually dinge down the earth's crust at that point, and it is also possible that the serious "fault" in the rock structure up in the New Madrid region, and which resulted in the "sunk country" during the remarkable earthquake of 1811-12, may extend to the Gulf and be lying in wait for future mischief. Had the present sunken region been populous during the hinety days of trembling and billowy undulation, when the forest trees interlocked, the calamity to human life and property would have been most appalling.—[New York Tele-

## Bells.

Once in Switzerland I stopped at the little village of Burglen, right on the very spot where William Tell lived, for I am one to believe his story with all my heart, and keep the spirit keep the spirit of Santa Claus for the children, in spite of all that is said against it. Well, every morning and evening, right by my window, rang the "matin" and "vesper" bells, calling the villagers to their simple service, and they came, many with tools in their hands to leave them at the door, barefooted, to enter and kneel in prayer before going to their daily labor. The bell is called the "Angelus" in that country, and if you once heard it as I have, you would love and cherish all its associations. Let me tell you one little

story of the curfew. In an English village a bride stole forth, Ginevra-like, on her wedding day, to hide in the furze, but, becoming frightened, tried to find her way back, and took the wrong path; she was soon lost, and a heavy snow storm coming with the darkness, the girl became terrified with visions of robbers and danger in every form, when suddenly through the dismal gloom came the sound of the dear old curfew, sweet and low. Guided by it to her home, she fell upon her knees in gratitude. When she died she bequeathed not only a chime of bells to the church of her little village, but money to keep up the custom always of ringing the curfew. -[Home and Country.

The belief that unsound teeth belong only to a highly civilized state of life seems to be a prevalent one But J.H. Mummery informs us in Nature that a very different conclusion was reached by his father, more than twenty years ago, after an inquiry extending over more than a decade Over 2,000 skulls were examined, including all the available collections in Great Britain. Among 36 skulls of ancient Egyptians, there were 18 with carious teeth; among 76 Anglo-Saxon skulls, 12; among 146 skulls of Romano-Britons, 41; and among 44 miscellaneous skulls of ancient Britons. 9. Several other collections gave like results. Examining skulls of savage races, 27.7 per cent. of Tasmanians were found to have dental caries, 20.45 per cent of native Australians, 21.25 per cent. of the nahe answered the call Lansing rode tives of East Africa, and 27.96 per cent. of the natives of West Africa. -[Trenton (N. J.) American.

# Giant Sunfish.

A sunfish weighing one ton eight hundred weight is very likely to be one of the largest, if not actually the largest, in existence of that species. This is the weight of a sunfish which was caught by three boatmen in the service of the Melbourne Harbor Trust, and reported in advices to The men were engaged working at the pier at Williamstown at the time of the capture, and it caused them no little exertion to land their unique prize .- Westminster Gazette.

You can get sixty pounds of wheat appearance, swerved from the road. | Somehow. though, as Crandall lay for forty cents in Kansas.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Biter Bit -- A | Pertinent Question -- A Good : Reason Why -- Too

Easy -- Etc., Etc. THE BITER BIT.

Mrs. Kingsley—Wasn't your hus-band out very late last night? Mrs. Von Blumer (sweetly)—Yes. But I felt sure he would be. He told me he was going to meet your husband .- [Detroit Free Press.

### A PERTINENT QUESTION.

He—I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss, when sud-denly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine.

She-And was there no bridge and no boat?-[Fliegende Blaedder.

A STAIN ON THE ESCUTCHEON. Clarence-Come, come, old chap! Other gentlemen have transgressed the laws unintentionally. You still have friends who will stand by you.

Alexant Alexant Stand by the bitter

pangs of remorse, ye know, and the loss of self respect, ye know. Actually forgetting me old valet's face and bowing to him, ye know; and on Rotten Row, Lunnon, of all places, ye know .- [Pittsburg Dispatch.

Would-be-contributor (at editor's desk): Here's a joke, Mr. Editor, that I'll guarantee was never in print

Editor (after reading it): Don't doubt your word in the least, sir .-

Oustom House official (pulling out ease of whisky from a large trunk): But I thought you said you had wearing apparel, only, in this trunk.

Lady: So I did. Those are my husband's night caps.—[Philadelphia

Herdso-I don't care to marry.

Saidso-Why not? Herdso-If I were to marry a bruette, in about a week I should wish had married a blonde.

Saidso—But your wife would know Side Packing Househow to remedy that.—[New York of others.—[Puck.

## CUPID CLEARED OF THEFT. "Was that you, sir, who stole a kiss from my daughter in that tun-

"No. On the contrary, some one got one from me."-[Life.

Emily-You dear, sweet, good papa! shall I cut a pink for your button-

Her Papa-No. Your brother Bob has got more money than I have to-night. Better give it to him.—[Chicago Record.

Gosling-And do you mean to say that you have never lost any money Old Grinder-Only by sleep; but

### that's a necessary evil! IN TURN, LIKE CLOTHES.

"So your brother has the measles. Johnnie? When are you going to have them?" "When my brother ge through

with them, I suppose.' NAMES FOR THE TWINS.

"I hear, Clover, that you have an addition to your family?" "Yes, a pair of robust twins." "What are you going to call

them?" "Well, I don't know. They are boys, and I want names that have a good deal of spirit in them."

"Oh, then you had better christen them Tom and Jerry."-[Boston Ga-

Ha-Well, here is a Chinese poodle for you that I had to send around the world for. Now, is there anything else you need to make you happy? She (after thinking hard)—Yes, Harry, I think I would like a Dres-den china kennel for him.—[Truth.

# First Small Boy-I wish I had that five cents back that I spent for

candy.
Second Small Boy-What would you do with it? First Small Boy-Buy more candy

## Mr. Nevergo (looking at the canary) -You ought to cover up that bird at night. Miss Weerie-We do, Mr. Never-

go. But we uncover him in the morning, you know. WANTED NO INTERFERENCE. Mrs. De Fashion (to her new Chi-

### nese cook)—John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of their women? John-So they not trottee 'round

kitchen and botheree cook. - Life.

NO JUDGE. Young Artist-It's an outrage to have such an ignoramus as Puffers Young Artist-He is a half-idiot.

Why, sir, he thought my cows were

# horses .- New York Weekly.

Talkum - Professor Garner says that monkeys do not actually converse, but confine themselves to single remarks on matters of impor-

METEOROLOGICAL. Mathilde-Do you have reindeer in

## Canada? Underhill (quickly)—Yes, love; but it sometimes snows.

The summer girl is looking round To captivate the beaux; And she will likely do it, for She wears that kind of claux.

-[Detroit Free Press. She deeded him her heart-at least That's what he thought she meant; But afterwards he found she had

But let it out to rent. -[Chicago Record. She lost her taste for pretty hats, And then for pretty clothes; The only thing she cared for now Was the freckle on her nose.

-[Chicago Inter-Ocean. PERFECTLY NATURAL.

Customer (in restaurant)-Isn't it strange, waiter, that I should find so many flies in the soup? Waiter-Well, no, sir; not so very remarkable, considering the time of

### the soup about Christmas time it would be different.—[King's Jester. TRACING THE SOURCE.

Merritt-How is it, Johnny, that you are such an inveterate young enemy of mine? I have never done anything to you.

year. Now, if you should find 'em in

Little Johnny-Yes, you have Whenever you come to see Cora she puts the clock back. That makes me late for school the next day, and then teacher licks me .- [Truth.

### A POOR MEMORY.

May-Why are you so blue to Carrie—I quarrelled with Jack yesterday and our engagement is

May-Can't you make up friends with him again? Carrie-I wish I could, but I can't remember what on earth it was we quarrelled about.—[New York World.

### "BY THEIR WORKS-." Chicago Girl-You have heard of our Mr. Goldbag, of course. Beston Girl-Goldbag-Goldbag.

H'm! Will you name some of his works? Chicago Girl-Oh, there's the Consolidated Sausage Factory, the South Side Packing House and any number

ROOM FOR ALL. Enamored Youth-May I hope to find a place in your heart? Ladylove-If you hurry up. There are only a few choice locations left. -[Des Moines Capital.

## EASILY MISUNDERSTOOD. Teacher-Johnnie, didn't I hear

you talking a while ago with some other boys about Gee Wash? Johnnie-Yes'm. Teacher-Well, I wish you would tell me who Gee Wash is.

Johnnie (surprised) - Don't you Teacher-I think I never heard of him before. Johnnie-Gosh! Why, G. Wash.

is George Washington, the papa of his country; first in-Teacher-Oh-ah-yes; I thought at first it was a Chinese laundryman.

### -[Detroit Free Press. A POPULAR UPRISING.

The stout man with a large package beneath his arm hurried through the crowded thoroughfare, closely pursued by a small man of haggard On and on, relentless as the ticking

of a clock, the forlorn man dogged

the other, and those who passed him

heard an occasional word drop from his lips, indicative of despair, of awful terror. Finally, some of the crowd turned and kept after the pair, determined not to miss anything that should happen. The crowd behind grow larger,

and, finally, a bold man went up to the person of haggard countenance. "What's the matter?" he asked. The little man turned. "Matter?" he echoed. "See that man with a bundle? He is my next door neigh-

bor, and in that bundle he has a cornet which he has bought for his small son to play upon" But the crowd waited no longer

It surged ahead with relentless fury, and when peace had been restored the remains of a battered cornet lay upon the pavement .- [Judge.

# Restoration of British Forests.

The area of the woodland of the British Isles is now reduced to about 3,000,000 acres, which is only 39 acres to each 1,000 of the country's total area. This is a smaller proportion than that in almost every other European country. Austro-Hungary has 343 acres of forest to each 1,000 acres; Russia, 342; Germany 257; Sweden and Norway, 250; France 159; Italy, 145; Belgium, 142; Holland, 72; Denmark, 60. It is estimated that in addition to about \$15,-000,000 in tropical woods, Great Britain imports annually \$60,000,000 worth of oak, ash, pine, etc. It is believed that the latter expense could be saved to the country by the afforestation of 6,000,000 acres of what is now waste land-a work that Dr. Schlick calculated would require 15,000 laborers, if the planting were done at the rate of 300,000 acres yearly, while it would eventually provide steady employment for 100,-000 persons. This problem is now exciting scientific and official interest, and as the future prosperity of Great Britain depends so largely upon a careful husbanding of its resources, so important a source of wealth is Thinkum-Dear me! How man has not likely to be much longer negdegenerated !- [New York Weekly, | lected .- [Atlanta Journal.

# CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Willie and Charlie one day feasted well. They had pie made of honey-sweet and cookies the crispest ever were baked, And a bowl full of loveliest berries,

You have guessed it, my merry ones, may

# Work They took such good care of the paby.

A DRUM-MAJOR'S DUTIES Like poets, drum-majors are born, not made. One man may become a drum-major in a week, while you can't make one of another in a life-time. Without the knack of handling the stick he will never be an artist, and will, probably at the very moment when he should look his jauntiest, commit the crime, unpardonable in a drum-major, of dropping his left hand to his side. For the left hand should always, except in two-handed movements with the staff, rest, knuckles up, on the hip. Thus the drummajor's pose, when not marching or giving a command, is to stand with his left hand on his hip, his right

hand, grasping his stick just below

the head, the point of the stick rest-

ing on the ground. He presents a fine, imposing figure as he stands there, erect and tall, two paces in front of the band. Now comes the moment, so glorious to the small boy, when the commands "Play" and "Forward-March" are to be given. Facing the band, the drum major, with a quick turn of the wrist, points the ferule upward, letting it slant a little to the right. Then, raising the staff to the height of his chin, he thrusts it the full length of his arm to the right and draws it back again. This is the signal to play. Then turning, he points the staff to the front, thrusts it the full length of his arm forward, and music and march begin. In the old days the drum major then brought the "cane," as the staff was called in the tactics, to the position of "carry sword," Now the drum major beats time, setting the "cadence"—the number of steps to a minute-of the march.

As a rule he simply repeats again and again the thrust and recover, to play. Expert drum-majors, however, introduce some fancy movement here. Jorgensen, for instance, has a pretty way of describing a circle from the front to the back of his right shoulder, grasping the staff in the middle and twirling it so that the herd points downward at the moment the left foot is to advance. In unskilful hands this movement is apt to end in disaster, the ferule striking the drum-major's back or nose-which puts the nose out of joint and the band out of time.

It is important that the drum-major should mark the cadence correctly, as otherwise, not only his own, but all other regiments following, will march too slowly or too rapidly. The regiment cadence is 120 steps to the minute; but in Memorial Day parades, when there are many veterans in the procession, the drum-majors quietly reduce it to ninety. Another clever trick of the drum-major is to seize the ferule between the fore and middle fingers, swing a full circle with it four or five times, and let go, giving it a

slight twist as it leaves his fingers. The drum-major who gets the knack of the twist and knows enough to allow for the number of steps he will advance, can make his staff circle high up in front of him and sail down into his hand again.

When the band is to execute an oblique movement, the drum-major holds his staff in a horizontal position at the height of his neck, and pointing the ferule in the direction of the oblique, extends his arm to its full length. The prettiest evolution of the band is the countermarch. The drummajor "faces the music" and gives the signal to march, but instead of turning remains standing with his face toward the band. The band marches upon the drum-major, but on reaching him the file leaders to the right of him wheel to the right, those on the left to the left, the drum-major marching down through the center.

To signal for halt the tall man in the bearskin cap raises the staff with both hands in a horizontal position above his head, and with arms extended drops it in a horizontal position at the height of his hips. With the staff he also indicates to the field music what signal it is to play, and puts the drum-corps through the manual, for instance, "Put up the drum-sticks"-"Detach the drums"-"Ground the drums,"-St. Nicholas.

Our great grandmothers prepared their own grave clothes before death.