

THE ROLL-CALL AFTER BATTLE.

The trampled sod was drenched With the blood of the bright and the brave; And the lips, that at morning answered the roll, At night were still as the grave.

BUMPSHER'S DEVIL.

When I tell you that the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher was possessed of a devil, you must not suppose that lofty moralist was addicted either to black arts or to spicy dishes at jovial hours.

But I must tell you that by a grotesque accident Stephen Maudsley did powerfully contribute to his patron's success. Once, when the Chief Baron was only a struggling barrister he was asked to deliver a lecture at a philanthropic institute by Lord Prendergast.

Is life worth living? This was an enigma started in popular magazines a few years back; and I think that the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher, seated, as we may now see him, in his fine library at the Priory, should of all men answer the question in the affirmative.

Reason of his disquiet is to be sought in an oaken lodge-gate and a briar-clad cottage two hundred yards from the Priory. Chilcote is the estate of Lady Almack, and Lady Almack represents the most exclusive Tory circle.

A good-looking young man of two-and-twenty, with easy manner, enters the library. He is not long in announcing his errand after a few commonplace.

"The fact is, Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher, I admire Miss Bumpsher."

gagement as marriage—"The Chief Baron was becoming himself once more. "Ah, but there's no solemn engagement in the matter! All that sort of thing is a long way off yet. All depends upon Miss Bumpsher."

"Papa, lunch is ready," said a girlish voice, and a question of very high morality was cut short. Also, young Hawtayne was carried away to the dining-room.

"Mr. Maudsley," said the Lord Chief Baron, introducing a keen-eyed gentleman with gray hair. The gentleman was afflicted with an awkward limp as he took his place at the table.

For many days the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher was beside himself with excitement. What prospects were not opened up by this alliance with Lord and Lady Almack!

One day the Lord Chief Baron deemed that the time had arrived to speak to his daughter. He narrated the flattering proposals of Mr. Hawtayne.

"O papa, I'm so distressed at anything of the sort having occurred!" "What—what do you mean?" said the Lord Chief Baron, quite thunderstruck that there should be any hesitation on his daughter's part.

"I can never marry him," said the young girl, quietly but firmly. "You are an inexperienced girl," said the father, when he could find words, "you do not know what you are refusing."

"What you desire, papa, is quite impossible; love does not depend on our own choice."

"My dear, the match is most desirable, for Lady Almack rules the best society in England, and the two properties will much improve each other. And you will one day be Lady Almack, a more powerful Lady Almack even than the present one."

"Papa, I have no ambition." "My love, this is preposterous. Consider the enormous influence for good—" "Papa," said the young girl, getting up and fetching a small book bound in morocco from the shelves, "you must recollect that you have been my teacher."

"To what do you allude?" "I have learnt much from your writings. I study deeply this little volume, 'The Shackles of Woman.'"

"Yes, yes," said the father a little impatiently. "What you say here is so very, very true. Providence has appointed to every one a solitary soul that beats in unison to his or her soul. You may call it an affinity, or what you will. Marriage with that soul means the acme of misery."

"Yes, yes, that is very true," said the Lord Chief Baron curtly; "but Hawtayne is a fine young fellow, honest, of good ability. He is your affinity."

"No, papa, he is not." "Now, what can you know—you an inexperienced, raw girl?" "Your little volume has given me a guide. Listen to this: 'The sole test is intuition, the guide and director that dwells within.'"

If it were possible for such a moralist as the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher to "curse" or "confound," at this moment he would have mildly anathematized the little volume, 'The Shackles of Woman.'

"My dear," he said, with some effort at self-mastery, "lectures at philanthropic institutions deal rather with an ideal world than with the actual world in which we live. The philanthropist, like the poet, imagines a better and a happier one. Experience teaches him, alas, that we cannot actually reach such a world, but every effort to approach it makes us happier here."

"Papa," said the girl, with unexpected resolution, "I know quite well that I can never love Mr. Hawtayne."

Unionist and Union," said Lady Almack soothingly. "Yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, "the day is undoubtedly coming when Whig and Tory must stand shoulder to shoulder to save society from many grave dangers. Both abroad and at home theories and doctrines are widely propagated which threaten to overthrow society."

Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher thought it right to be diplomatic. There are times when we may take the eagle as a model; there are times when we may learn a lesson of the hedge-pewee.

"All that is too true." "I have come to talk to you about my daughter."

"How interesting! I hear she is quite a girl in a thousand." "She has not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, nor have I that pleasure."

"But I have the pleasure of knowing you, Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher. I quite idolize your little work, 'The Shackles of Woman.'"

"Yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, a little staggered. "Perhaps in the matter of married happiness I go in that little volume rather too far, though wealth and luxury do not really secure happiness."

"I am quite delighted with the part about the affinities," said Lady Almack, taking up the book which happened to be on her little causeuse near. "Providence has appointed to every one a solitary soul that beats in unison to his or her soul."

Marriage with that soul means the acme of happiness; marriage with any other means the acme of misery."

"Yes, yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, rubbing his hands. That his pen had won over this most worldly woman was at least flattering.

"You must certainly introduce me to your daughter directly she returns. Her married happiness is my first thought."

The Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher nearly jumped into the air. This astonished him more than anything that had happened since he had set foot in the pretty drawing-room of Chilcote, and the interest in his daughter's happiness, shown by Lady Almack, whose reputation was so great in the highest circles of society, puzzled him not a little.

"And when do you expect Mrs. Maudsley?" "Mrs. Maudsley!" said the Lord Chief Baron. "Lord Almack did all he could in the matter. He got Mr. Maudsley the school, so that the house you built for the schoolmaster will not be thrown away. Mrs. Maudsley, I hear, is a capital teacher."

The murder was out. Miss Bumpsher had run away with Mr. Maudsley, and Lady Almack, through kindness or diplomacy, had got them her school.—London World

No Danger of Freezing Now. A Connecticut Yankee claims to have invented a neat thing in the way of a steam heater to carry about on the person. It is called "the portable body steam heater."

The apparatus is a small affair, consisting of a copper boiler, under which is a diminutive lamp, all encased in a nickel box, and balanced something like a compass, so that no matter what position the outside box is in, the boiler and lamp will always remain in the required vertical position.

The entire apparatus is so small that it can be carried in the pocket. After the lamp is lighted, the water in the boiler is heated and circulated through rubber tubes, which run down the legs, around the ankles, up around the back, and back to the boiler. The circulation of the water keeps the body warm on the coldest day. A safety valve and escape for a higher pressure of steam than the affair is allowed to carry flows off at the back of the wearer's neck. Elaborate heaters are being constructed for ladies' wear. They can be worn inside the bustle, and entirely obscured. Before going out of the house the ladies' maid can light the lamp which, by the way is gauged to run six, eight, or ten hours.—Canadian Manufacturer.

A Brave Curate. At Morton, near Gainsboro', I read, two poor folks died of small-pox, leaving their little children, one an infant at the breast, alone in the desolate house. The neighbors were afraid to venture near them; so the curate of the place, the Rev. H. Keene, went and prepared the little ones' food, washed and got them to bed, and stayed with them the whole night. There have been doubts expressed about "apostolical succession"—Sidney Smith could only see it because of "the likeness of the bishop of Judas"—but there can be no doubt of the matter in this case. Mr. Keene may never be made a bishop; but he has his reward even now in the admiration of every man and woman whose respect is worth having.—James Payn, in New York Independent.

The Pooh Bah of Manitou. Dr. Isaac Davis, of Manitou, Colorado, publishes a card in a Colorado paper, which is the most unique combination of business ever seen. Here is the card: Isaac Davis, Physician; Isaac Davis, Druggist, a full line of Druggist sundries; Isaac Davis, Undertaker—lots for sale in Davis cemetery. Monuments for sale out of Davis, Celebrated stone quarry. If you should happen to be killed or die suddenly, call and see Isaac Davis, County Coroner, Isaac Davis, Notary Public. If you want to buy lots in Manitou or in the suburbs, call on Alderman Davis.

IT WAS NO FREAK OF NATURE.

But Thousands of Bass Which Caused the Moving of the Rock. The introduction of black bass by a local syndicate into Peters' lake, but a short distance from the city, has given that fish a prominence in angling circles which it had not. Very little is known of the habits of the bass, though Mr. S. W. Kain's interesting article in PROGRESS, some weeks ago, was very instructive, and anything that tends to throw any light upon it or forecast the sport in prospect for the members of the syndicate will be eagerly read.

An old guide called "Hi McLean" tells a good story about bass which is reproduced from the New York Evening Sun: One morning while Hi and the party were in a boat that was anchored on the edge of a shoal fishing for bass, Hi suddenly pointed to a rock and asked: "Do you see that rock?"

"Yes; what about it?" was the reply. "Well, that rock used to be an island, and it's now known as Moving Rock. Years ago, when I was a boy, the rock was out under between that point on the big island and a sunken oak, which is now covered by the water. Well, to make a long story short, the next spring the island had moved about ten feet, and we noticed it had grown smaller. That summer she moved some more, and every spring and summer she has come closer and closer, until now she's more than a quarter of a mile from where she used to be."

The party unanimously expressed their doubt, and one of them asked how he accounted for the freak of nature. "Freak of nature? There's no such thing about it. It was done by black bass. One day some years ago, while I was standing on the little island, I noticed that the rock was largely porous. I picked up a piece, and it was very light, in fact not much heavier than wood. The water was about fifteen feet deep there, and the bottom could be plainly seen."

"You could also see the bass lazily rubbing their sides against the shale, and often I have seen them dart away and then come up with a rush and butt their noses against the rock. One day the next summer I noticed a sudden commotion in the water near the island, and heaving my anchors, I went over there and saw that the water was fairly alive with black bass. There must have been thousands of them, and some of them were the biggest old grey heads I ever saw. They were all on the off side of the rock, and I immediately made a try for some of them, but it was no good. I didn't catch one, and they did not seem to notice me. Several times that summer I witnessed the same strange spectacle, and when fall came I was amazed to see that the island's position was again shifted."

"The next summer, and, in fact, every summer since, I have seen the bass congregated in that manner, and when they were busy on the base of the island I never could catch any fish. About ten years ago I made a close investigation, and several times since I have substantiated the results then obtained. I found that the bass formed in solid phalanxes and with all their strength moved the rock. Those next the shale pushed it with their noses, while those directly behind lent their aid by pushing against the side fins of those directly in front. In this way they moved the rock, though the distance covered at any one time was imperceptible."

Such is the yarn of Hi McLean. John L. and the Chimpanzee. The two men had occupied the same seat in a railway coach for half a day, and the train had reached its destination.

"I am indebted to you, sir, for an agreeable conversation that has relieved greatly the monotony of a long journey. May I ask your name?" "Certainly. My name is Sullivan." (Jocosely.) "Not Mr. Sullivan of Boston?"

"Yes, I reside in Boston." "What! not—?" (Haughtily.) "No, sir; I am a college professor."

"Beg pardon. Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Crowley." (Smilingly.) "Not Mr. Crowley of New York?" "Yes, New York is my home."

"What! not—?" (Hotly.) "No, sir! I am the president of a bank, sir." (Coldly.) "Good-day, sir!" (Frigidly.) "Good-day!" —British-American Citizen.

Wants His Hens Protected. Probably the most unique petition ever filed in the United States congress in favor of additional protection to American industries was received recently by representative Anderson, of Iowa. It reads as follows: Being profoundly impressed with the gravity of the occasion and the magnitude of the matter at issue, in that all my worldly possessions are invested in two dozen hens, and realizing that there should be no discrimination in regard to the protection of American industries, and being advised that there were some 15,000,000 dozens of eggs imported into the United States in the year 1897, therefore I would respectfully pray your honorable body to pass a law to protect my interest against the infernal activity of the pauper hens of Europe.

Your most obedient servant, T. H. B. MILLER, Cambria, Iowa.

THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE FEW. In the morn of the holy Sabbath, I like in the church to see The dear little children clustered, Worshipping there with me. I am sure that the gentle pastor, Like lilies among the wheat, Is cheered as he gazes over The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful, Innocent, grave and sweet, They look in the congregation Like lilies among the wheat, And I think that the tender Master, Whose mercies are ever new, Has a special benediction For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord's my shepherd," Or "Suffer the babes to come," They are glad that the loving Jesus Has given the lambs a home— A place of their own with His people; He cares for me and for you, But close in His arms He gathers The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly, On the Sabbath morn, to see The dear little children clustered, And worshipping there with me; For I know that my precious Saviour, Whose mercies are ever new, Has a special benediction For the dear little heads in the pew.

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster in St. Nicholas.

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