

WHAT THEY DO.

All night long the little stars blink; All night long they twinkle and wink; All night long, when we're fast asleep, Through the cracks in the shutters they peep, peep, peep. But what do they do when the daylight comes?

When the sun wakes up and his big, round eye Stares and stares at the big, round sky, The little stars nestled right down in their nest, And their bright eyes close, while they rest, rest, rest, And that's what they do when the daylight comes?

All day long in the warm summer time, The posies blossom and creep and climb; All summer long when the south winds blow, They nod their heads and they grow, grow, grow. But where do they go when Jack Frost comes?

They wrap themselves in their faded gowns, And they take a trip to the rootlet towns, When the little fringes begin to grow And the air is full of the snow, snow, snow, And that's where they go when Jack Frost comes.

And the little ones chatter the whole day long, Of building and weaving and lesson and song. All day long in the merriest way, They laugh, and they work, and they play, play, play. But what do they do when the Dream-man comes?

They nod and forget all their joys and cares; And they fold their hands, and they say their prayers; And under the blankets they gladly sleep, And they close their eyes, and they sleep, sleep, sleep. That's what they do when the Dream-man comes. —Utica Globe.

HER UNAVAILING SACRIFICE.

T was very quiet, very tranquil, in barracks that day, and from the deserted grounds, where only a solitary sentry or two paced up and down, none of the usual barrack-room talk, laughter, or singing could be heard. For every soldier, band-man, and officer had been called to the officers' police quarters, where a fellow-soldier was being tried for his life by the court-martial. It was during the revolutionary days, when power was vested in the hands of the military. They had the right to say whether or not Private Santiago Moreno was guilty of manslaughter, and whether, in payment thereof, he should die.

No women were present in the grim, fortress-like quarters; only the soldiers who stood in silent, stern rows around the room. On the dats sat the colonel, the major, and some lesser officers; fronting them, straight and erect, with shoulders thrown back, stood the prisoner, Santiago Moreno. He was a good-looking fellow, and the star on his uniform lapel showed that he had received credit "for valor the field." Not a flicker of an eyelid, not a movement, showed what he felt; there was not even a tremor when the colonel, after long and grave discussion, at the last stood up, with the other officers grouped about him, and pronounced the sentence of death—"that on the morning of the following day, Private Santiago Moreno would be escorted to the plains of San Gerónimo, and there be put by the ley de fuga to death." That was all. The prisoner drew himself up, and saluted, his face no more concerned than that of the men about him, and was taken to his cell.

The soldiers melted away, group by group, some of them displaying sorrow, some unconcerned, and others anger. For the slaying of his companion-in-arms by Private Moreno had been a very cold-blooded and more than usually wicked deed, even to the community where wicked deeds are common, with deliberate intention. Moreno had waited for the other, after parting with his sweetheart, Panchita, and courageously and methodically bore a dagger straight to his heart. For it had offered no excuse or defense, stating merely that the murdered soldier had "annoyed Panchita; that a caballero cannot allow such a thing as the molesting of his nivita."

In his small stone cell—once the room set apart for those about to suffer in the auto da fe of the Inquisition days—Private Moreno walked about, whistling a gay Mexican dance, hunting the while for writing materials. He wanted to write adios to his sweetheart, he stated lightly to the warden, who was cying him wail, one hand on his pistol. Though Moreno might not be armed, he was a man to be watched. But at the prisoner's wish to write a note to Panchita, the warden's face relaxed, and he offered to find pencil and paper. For Panchita was his own cousin, and every one loved the gay, pretty girl, with her artless, innocent ways that had lured two men on to death.

Poor little Panchita! Five minutes after the death sentence had been pronounced, she knew of it, and, her door locked, was lying face downward on the cold stone floor, moaning and crying to the Virgin for help. It had all been her fault, as she knew—through her two men would go to puratory, and how would she answer for them?

On the shrine before her, decked out in blue and white, was a tiny, yellow image of the Christ, with blood-stained body and hands. Underneath hung the holy picture face of the Virgin, and to the two, Panchita, weak and faint from long fasting and crying, was pouring out heart and soul. Only that Santiago—her Santiago—might be saved somehow—in some way. Ay bue Díos—María madre de Díos—take her life—her soul—for torture in purgatory—only let Santiago escape. Too weak to pray aloud, she had crawled before the shrine, and with burning, tear-covered face was faintly whispering her petitions.

The girl drew herself up numbly on her knees, sobbing that came from her very soul still shaking her slender body. A sound outside startled her, until she remembered that Santiago's mother had come to weep and lament with her own mother. Out there, in the patio, were the lamenting and walling with loud cries. How could they do it like that—wailing and shrieking so that the neighbors could hear? How angry Santiago would be if he could hear them making such a noise over him! She cast one more pitiful glance at the Virgin, but the sweet, calm face was so quiet, so restful, so little disturbed. What was the use to ask her anything? No, there was no help. She stood up, tottering, and moved over to the window. There was no one in sight; the hot sunshine poured down on the yellow sandy street and the adobe walls. Out in the middle of the calleon some dogs and small children had stood up, tottered, and tumbled together in high glee. A burro, with melancholy face and long, drooping ears, munched alfalfa, while his owner drank pulque in the pulque-shop near by. It was all so ordinary, so everyday, and yet Santiago would be to show tomorrow! That is, unless she could find a plan to save him.

There was a sudden clatter, and the children scattered rapidly, with many duckings and bobblings of their small, fat bodies, as good Padre Francisco, on his pacing märe, turned the corner and went rapidly down the street. Behind him rode a maza on a hacienda horse. Panchita thought duly that some at the pulque hacienda of San Juan must be very ill and wanted the padre for confession. It would be a long ride for the good old man, because San Juan was many miles away. He would be absent from the town for over a day. Pulling at the strings of his soutane, Padre Francisco rode on, his old black cloak flapping in the breeze. It was so old and shabby that even Panchita's dim eyes could not remark it. Poor Padre Francisco, with no one to look after his clothes—he was a good man, and really deserved a better cloak than that shabby thing! Perhaps, if she asked her father, he would allow her to take the cloak that had belonged to her uncle, a priest of the same order. Padre Francisco, to give to the better good man. And the hood of the padre wore, covering his head and nearly all his face—was ever anything seen like it? One could hardly, surely, wear it to a wedding, because perhaps she might bring it for the next "Balla de Mascaras." At the thought she laughed and choked, was a dead body in the uniform of a soldier, but with the sweet, peaceful face of a woman who had offered up her life for a friend. When the sun went down his lifeless form remained, still clasping—even in death—the other body that had been thought his—San Francisco Argonaut.

There was forty varieties of tobacco plant.

A Chinaman eats twice as much meat as a Japanese.

Boothawks are seldom seen on the streets of Berlin.

In the whole of Greece there are only 112 newspapers.

A Kaffir's religion consists mostly in singing and dancing.

In India there is a fly which attacks and devours large spiders.

Silver money 250 years old is still in circulation in some parts of Spain.

A map of Jerusalem in mosaic, over 1,500 years old, has been found in Palestine.

The River Jordan makes the greatest descent in the shortest distance of almost any stream.

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They began life as drugists in a small way in an English country town.

Münster, in Westphalia, has a public school which has just celebrated its 1,000th anniversary of its foundation. It is the St. Paul gymnasium, and was originally a convent school.

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At 6 o'clock that evening the soldier on guard before Santiago's door admitted without question the thin, stooped form of Padre Francisco, cloaked and hooded in his usual manner, and carrying prayer-books and rosary. The good father was silently telling his beads, and the soldier bowed humbly and crossed himself as he opened the door, speaking no word. For no Catholic is privileged to address a priest who is counting his rosary-beads—it is a sign that silence is desired.

The cell door opened and closed silently after the padre, and the watches outside heard a smothered, impatient ejaculation from Private Moreno, who was smoking a cigarette and trying to write to Adios to Panchita. Then the door was locked, for the padre was going to confess the prisoner, and the guards retired, laughing at the idea of confessing for Santiago—the wickedest dog in the army of Mexico.

Lounging in the doorway, the soldiers speculated lazily as to what was going on in the condemned cell, it was so quiet. Not even a murmur could be heard, and finally the men agreed that the padre was praying silently, and Santiago was being tried.

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