Adventure of a Plucky Pony

THEN HE WENT DOWN IN A HEAP

WHEN No. 2, the big black transport on which Brutus sailed (odd name for a horse, you say; yes, that's what the colonel said, but that comes later), was only a few days out of Cape Town the first shot was fired and the war began. As No. 2 finally steamed into the harbor and docked, Brutus, fidgeting excitedly deep down in the hold with the other horses of the ——th lancers, could hear the bells in the engine room as they clanged for "slow," the swish and slap of the sea against the ship's side, and then the gurgling churn of the waters as the vibrating engines reversed and held the ship. Overhead he heard orders shouted and the steady trample of men as the regiments formed aft and went down the gangplank, two abreast.

Then came the thing he hated worst in the world, which he had gone through on embarking, and the sudden whirl to a giddy height, and the swift drop made him dizzy. Horse after horse preceded him, and then came his turn. He braced himself, feet apart, the whistle blew shrilly, the cables ran creaking through the blocks and he felt himself lifted high in midair above the ship's deck by the great derrick, swung out over the dock, where he turned slowly in the air, kicking viciously, with squeal upon squeal of sheer wounded dignity and rage, and then gently lowered until, scrambling, he found his feet and stood quivering once more on terra firma.

He was piebald; marked with brown and white, and stood little more than 14 hands, but a horse was a horse now, since the British government had suddenly waked up and put a tag on everything with four legs in sight.

He was an American cow pony, and by contrast was almost pitiful as he stood near an officer's big English bred charger, while the soldiers, resting on their arms, surrounded him laughing. He eyed them viciously, with his back rounded like a cat's and his ears laid back threateningly. Then quickly the soldiers fell back and Brutus saw an officer pushing his way through the crowd until he stood barely a safe distance from his heels. The officer was adjusting his monocle and trying to read what was printed on the white square of paper plastered on the pony's quarter. Brutus heard him muttering:

"Brutus, No. 214! Good Gawd! and for Troop A, too!"

Brutus felt the sting of the words and the insolent manner. It was a good thing for this fool, he thought, with a little thrill of pride, that Jack was a fugitive from justice safe across the Texan border. He'd shot a man more than once for less than an insult to his pony.

Then he raised his head and saw a tall, lank, sunburned man in a sombrero talking to the English officer. Brutus felt a wave of homesickness when he saw the hat, but when he heard the other's voice it cheered him. He cocked his ears forward and listened.

"If you don't want the pony I'll buy him," the man said, eying Brutus with a knowing look. Brutus moved a step nearer.

"Livingston, you war correspondents have queer tastes," the other replied sarcastically. "See the quartermaster." Brutus gave a snort of pleasure and kicked sidewise at an inquisitive trooper who had come too near. At any rate, here was a man, one of his own kind, who knew a good cow pony when he saw one, even if it did look a little underfed and ridiculous and had its feelings hurt.

A few minutes later Brutus saw Livingston coming toward him.

"I've got him!" he heard him shout to the officer, and saw him wave a piece of paper in the air. Brutus was glad, of course, but it wouldn't do to give in without a fight before all these snickering Tommies, and then Livingston would think better of him, too—that is, if he was the sort he looked to be, with those broad, stooping shoulders and the long, loose jointed arms and legs. He glared at Livingston and rounded his back a little more and laid his ears back a little farther; then, as the man took a step nearer, he bared his teeth, but in an instant he felt the other astride his back and the knees almost squeezing the wind out of him.

Good! This was a man—in a flash he was off like a bolt of lightning, bucking, rearing and sun fishing, while the man on his back belted him about the head with his big felt hat and hallooed. The soldiers watched them in open mouthed wonder until they disappeared from view.

Fifteen minutes later, gentle and contented, Brutus cantered quietly along the main street, while the man patted his neck and laughed good naturedly. The war had begun in earnest and the town was filled with horses and guns, the men in khaki, while every day another big transport arrived and disembarked more. Brutus had light work these days. It was only to canter every morning down to the cable office and wander about, unhitched, for an hour or more, while Livingston, inside, pleaded and threatened to get his message sent. He could stand it now all right, the amused snickers and the whispered remarks of the other horses, for didn't he have a champion now, that tall, weatherbeaten man standing just inside the door with his hands on his hips, legs spread firmly apart, and now and then patting the big "44" in the worn leather holster at his side, as he said to the cable operator in a deliciously lazy drawl:—

"Well, so help me, if that cable isn't sent before I come back I'll make this office look like the Fourth of July."

Then, one day, horses and guns and men formed into organized fighting bodies, and little by little the town was emptied as the army marched into the sun parched veldt. Brutus, keen and alert, with the gaunt man in the white pith hemlet, became a familiar sight, as he trotted or cantered untiringly beside the big troop horses of the advance guard of cavalry. At night, when the column halted, he was hobbled in the horse lines, but much to his disgust, with Troop A of the——th Lancers, that had spurned him and cast him out. The war had become a grim reality and the early morning treks into the withering veldt, enlivened only now and then by an occasional skirmish, were growing monotonous and beginning to tell on horses and men, though it could hardly be said to have altered Brutus much, unless the skin was drawn a little tighter over the cowlike hip bones or the eyes burned brighter.

Troop A had had a hard day, when one evening, about dark, dust covered and weary, with five empty saddles and a wounded corporal, it found itself compelled to pitch camp many miles from the main body. There was little sleep that night for horses or men. Signal fires were burning little patches of flame on the distant hills and the camp watched them while awake. Hobbled in the horse lines, Brutus heard the words passed along that the Boers had cut them off from the main body and that they were hemmed in. Brutus dozed; it was nothing new to him. He'd been hemmed in before, once by United States troops, when he belonged to a Sioux, and again by Indians, when he was rounding up cattle for the "XX." It rather annoyed him, the silly chatter the troop horses kept up, especially that of the dapple gray. The gray was speaking.

"It's all rot, you know, knocking us about like this. Government should know better."

"Right-o, my beauty," chimed in the sergeant major's chestnut; "but h'i s'y, some one had to do it, didn't they?"

"I beg your pardon," the gray replied, with a toss. "Please do not address me as 'your beauty,' and remember that I am the first lieutenant's gray." Brutus sniffed. That gray made him tired.

"Say, pardner," he said, "can't you cut that out? I want to go to sleep." The gray eyed him haughtily.

"You were addressing me?" he said, interrogatingly.

"I was," answered Brutus, firmly, with a glint in his eye. The gray ignored him and swished his tail at a persistent fly.

"S'y, you're the haughty one, ain't you?" the chestnut pursued; "'e seems a decent enough little chap." The gray ground his teeth—they needed filing.

"Oh, yes; no doubt you think so, but he strikes me as an extremely common horse." A "Krag" cracked in the distance and a bullet whizzed out of the darkness through the horse lines.

"There now," the gray pursued wrathfully, "what do you think of that? It's trek, trek, trek all day in the blistering sun through the God forsaken country, then tied up every night to be shot at. Beastly bad mismanagement somewhere, I call it." Brutus threw up his head with a snort that startled the horses half way down the line.

"My friend," he remarked, "were you ever in Arizona when the thermometer was 130, with a wounded cow puncher on your back and six howling red devils chasing you for 70 miles, without a drop to drink?"

"Arizona! Never heard of it. Is it in the colonies?" the gray condescended. Brutus drew in a deep breath that swelled out his sides and turned away with a sigh.

"Go to sleep," was all he said.

It was silent now, and the deadly stillness was almost worse than the noise. Then Brutus heard voices near him. Two men were standing only a few feet away. One of them was Livingston and the other was the ranking officer of the troop. Brutus pushed his way toward them and reached his hot nose to Livingston's hand.

"There's only one way," the latter was saying; "that's for some one to cut through their lines tonight to our main division.

"We could do it," Brutus thought, and edged a step nearer.

"It can't be done," the officer replied; "they'd down you a hundred yards from camp."

"I can try it; it's only fifty miles, and the pony could do it in five hours. These others," Livingston said, waving his hand toward the listening horses, "would break their necks." And Brutus bobbed his head approvingly.

"You're a noncombatant. If they caught you out there those chaps would hang you," the officer said.

"The New York Call wouldn't allow it," the other smiled, "and I'm the only one who can do it."

That night at 9 o'clock, when the first ping of a shot sounded from the hills, Brutus recognized a tall, stooping figure coming down the line, and gave a litle whinny of pleasure as the man stopped and threw a cloth and saddle over his back and tightened the girths with his knee in the pony's stomach. The lieutenant's gray looked around sharply. "Huh," he snorted, "I wonder what they're up to. No good, I'll be bound. Two of a kind, I say." Brutus lashed out with both heels, for hard words against one's master is a personal insult among horses. Then he felt the cold steel between his teeth as the bridle slipped over his ears, and a minute later was following Livingston, treading softly past the furthermost picket.

"Good luck, sir, and God bless you!" he heard the picket whisper. Then he felt Livingston's weight in the saddle and the powerful grip of his knees, and he went forward, lifting his feet carefully, avoiding the rocks.

The night was black and silent and hot. Heavy clouds hung overhead, and now and then a large drop fell with a spatter on the saddle bow. Three hundred yards from camp a shot knocked up the loose dust almost under his nose, and then another and another. They were seen! He felt the sharp spurs in his side, heard the man's low voice in his ear and knew the fight for life had begun.

With his ears laid back from his outstretched head and his bony legs opening and shutting swiftly beneath him, Brutus was running as he had never run before. The shots were coming faster and faster, but Brutus had found his stride and the speeding blur in the dark made no easy target. Little spits of fire flashed from the darkness on every side simultaneously with the crack of the shots and the whiz of the bullets. Brutus was galloping madly. He didn't care to be killed so far from home with that sleek fed gray to joke about it when he was gone, and then there was the man on his back to think of. But the shots were fewer now and sounded from the rear. Then came the quiet regular beat of hoofs. They were through the lines and the Boers were after them.

Brutus would have chuckled but for the fact that they had a long way to go and he needed his wind. He hadn't had such sport since those braves had broken loose from the reservation. An occasional shot came unpleasantly near, then the last sound of hoof beats died away, and Brutus settled into his accustomed canter and mile after mile swept by monotonously. Once when he struck a rolling stone he and Livingston went down in a heap, but they were soon up and off again. It was awfully hot, he thought, as hot as Arizona, and such bad going—the rocks were so hard on one's hoofs.

He could keep this pace up for hours, he knew; he'd done it before. There was the time the sheriff and posse had tracked him and Jack Dunton the night they held up the Limited, but the spurs were urging him faster now and his legs were beginning to ache. He heard Livingston's voice.

"Half past eleven. I said we'd do it in five hours; do you think we can, old boy?"

Brutus swung on doggedly, the dust making dim shadow in the night. He wished it would rain or something. Lord! How thirsty he was! A pony couldn't gallop like that forever without a drink of water. At least in Arizona there was a water hole now and then. His tongue rolled dry in his mouth, and he'd never felt like that inside before. His sides were bursting, and the sweat blinded his eyes. He wouldn't stand it much longer, he thought. No pony could, not if the Boers wiped out the whole blessed troop. It seemed hours before he again heard the other's voice.

"One o'clock, Brutus; it's tough, I know, but they've got me through the shoulder and it feels pretty bad."

Brutus plunged on. Shot through the shoulder and not a word of complaint. Well, if Livingston could ride five hours with a hole in his shoulder he needn't whimper, but he couldn't help it if he felt a little dizzy and lost the direction a bit. He wondered what the gray would say now. Oh, well, it didn't much matter. Then he went down in a lump, and when he staggered to his feet the man was standing near him, grasping his wounded shoulder, his face showing white in the darkness and his teeth clinched on his lip. A moment later Brutus felt him crawl painfully into the saddle; the touch of his spurred heel and the nerve racking ride went on.

At 15 minutes of two the furthermost outpost of the British lines heard the muffled hoof beats of a wind blown horse, and staring into the blackness saw a piebald pony, laboring cruelly as it galloped, a man lying low on the pony's neck, one arm hanging limp. The picket challenged and the exhausted animal came to a stand, then sank to the ground with a gasping moan. A crowd of officers and soldiers stood over them, anxiously waiting for Livingston to speak. Brutus tried to raise his head. Was it all for nothing? Wouldn't he speak? Perhaps he was dead! It seemed interminably long before he saw Livingston move and heard a faint whisper come from the parched lips.

"Quick! Troop A, due north, Boers in force."

Brutus closed his eyes. Ah! That felt good. They were sponging out his blistered mouth with cold water, and a big sergeant with a small cross on his breast was rubbing his aching legs with strong smelling liniment and muttering between breaths, "Plucky little devil," and "little thoroughbred." Then he heard the clear notes of the bugles sounding "boots and saddles" all over the camp, and a few minutes later the trample of many horses, the dull rumble of the gun carriages and the rattle of accoutrements as two regiments of horse and a light battery galloped out into the night, choking the camp with dust. It took them eight hours to reach troop A, and they got there only just in time to prevent the Boers from rushing the half of the troop left alive.

Two nights after the reinforcements had gone troop A struggled wearily into camp, 40 men short, with 30 wounded in the ambulances, and reported the engagement still going on. Brutus was hobbled in his old place in the horse lines of the troop. There were a good many vacant spaces now, but the tired horses snickered, made quite a fuss over him, and came as near as their ropes would allow.

"Bully for you," shouted the sergeant major's chestnut. "We're proud of you, we are." Brutus was a plain pony and praise embarrassed him. He bobbed his head modestly and reached for a mouthful of hay.

"And old chap," said the gray, "I take all that back, you know; you're a well plucked one and I couldn't have done better myself." The chestnut snickered outright.

"You!" he scoffed, throwing up his tail disgustedly. "Why, your bloomin' bones 'ud be rottin' in the sun by now!"

Brutus turned away; he didn't care to hear their petty squabbling; he had done his duty and was glad. He heard voices in the distance and, looking down the lines, saw several officers and Livingston strolling leisurely toward him.

"Here he is," he heard the latter say.

"Not much to look at, but his heart is as big as his body." All the troop horses stood rigidly at "Attention" as the regiment's colonel stepped forward.

"You'd believe it possible," he said, his hand stroking Brutus' nose.

"The plucky little chap. Brutus, you say he was called? Odd name for a horse. 'The noblest of them all,'" the colonel mused. "By Jove! I wonder. Why, Livingston, you must ride almost 12 stone!" he exclaimed as they turned to go.

"Twelve stone three," Brutus heard the other reply. The horses could hear the colonel talking as the men disappeared in the darkness.

"Now, that's the trouble," he was saying, "with these big animals like that gray." The gray stood over 16 hands.

"They're useless in this country. Government should"— The rest was lost in the night. The gray looked straight ahead, as if he had not heard, but the chestnut snickered delightedly.

"That's one on you, old boy," he chuckled, and gave the other a spiteful nip. Brutus smiled to himself.

"Good night," he said pleasantly. "I guess I'll turn in," and with a grunt of contentment and good will toward all he stretched his still weary legs and lay down to sleep.

A COZY CORNER CHAT WITH THE GIRLS

ONCE, in a small town, where people dwelled without the formalities of life, there lived a lovely young girl who had a passion for cooking, says the Boston Cooking School Magazine. Her ability first showed itself in the manufacture of candies, then in fancy cakes, then in salads. Finally she reached the summum bonum—the broiling of a beefsteak and the making of a fine loaf of bread, which "tasted like food," to her three hearty brothers.

She was a high school girl, but while she was mastering her Latin participles and endeavoring to obtain some comprehension of the heavenly bodies, her chief interest was in household affairs, and especially in the culinary line. Saturday morning in the kitchen was the happiest part of her week.

At length the time came for graduation, and troubles new and strange began to weigh upon her mind. The final examinations were, one by one, eliminated from her list of worries. Her own fingers were skillful enough to assist in the making of a dainty Swiss commencement gown; but something else besides examinations and costume must be provided for.

She must write an essay and read the same "in public on the stage." It was hard to say which ordeal seemed worse to her. She had not been trained to write. English composition had, by some strange neglect, been given only the briefest and most bookish consideration. Moreover it had never been intimated to her that her own ideas were worth recording, and she was too honest to sham. But to read to the public a production of her own, to seem to be wise on great topics, wherein she was ignorant—how could she do it? Her seat mate could blandly discourse upon the river of life, though entirely unaware of its windings—its beauties or its perils. The boys could grow eloquent upon the dangers of republican government—but upon what subject could she venture to speak?

She meditated. She suffered. At the very crisis of fear and discouragement one of her brothers said:

"Well, Sis, you may not write the best essays, but I'll bet you're the best cook who was ever graduated from our school."

That remark offered a suggestion. She went straight to her room, and under an enthusiasm she could not account for wrote an essay of twice the required length. Her subject was "Cooking." Her pen moved as fast as possible, so there was no doubt of the spontaneity of the article. The next day it was approved by the teacher and in due season read.

There was "nothing so wonderful" about the production, every one said; yet it seemed to have made an impression. No one knew that the highest art was exhibited in the girl's artlessness, and no one could explain the captivating power of her simplicity and enthusiasm. The men who listened to her were delighted; the women were, for the most part, pleased and inspired; her classmates were almost aghast that one of their number had dared to be so "commonplace" and "natural" on the important occasion of graduation. It was like an appeal to arms as she told of the need of books that were good cooks, and it was a spur to the enthusiasm of the very young girls when the writer mentioned the fun of putting her hands into real dough when she got too big for mud pies.

Now it chanced that among her hearers was a young woman who was acting cook in one of the best homes in the town. She was a literary cook, who went about her work with a pencil in her hair and a book in her pocket, and who talked some times of a club she used to belong to.

She, as a matter of course, had no thoughts of missing the commencement. "She had treated many of the same topics that the graduates had chosen," as she afterward told her long suffering mistress.

"There was one paper on cooking," shyly suggested her benefactor. "Have you ever treated that theme?"

"Oh, no!" observed the maid, quite unconscious of the humor of the query. "I did not care for that essay. Such a subject is not worth talking about."

Now the above is a sketch quite faithful to fact. Shall we draw the moral or relate the sequence?

The young graduate did not rise to glory or eminence, but, continuing in her natural feminine tastes—altogether superior to some who thought she should have had a "career"—she

"Studied households well
And good works in her husband did promote."

Perhaps the other girl was not to be blamed for not having domestic tastes; but the fact remains that she wasted her days in sighing for opportunities, neglecting the only one that fortune had given her—which was, in reality, a very rare opportunity. She had a good home. Her mistress was extremely generous, patient and anxious to befriend. The girl had abundant material, a clean, well furnished workshop, instruction free, and kindness and encouragement in abundance, but she was totally blind to the present Opportunity was to her what it is to many people—something way off there. Ignoring her present, she was stretching out her hand for what she thought was better. What she actually grasped you can guess.

Our Literary Society

So many girls belong to "fun clubs," says a Philadelphia girl, that we all thought it would be a good thing to organize something that would do us real good. Accordingly we started a literary society with a president and treasurer. The idea sounded big and imposing, but we resolved to carry it out. Our meetings were delightful both from an intellectual as well as from the fun standpoint. We met every two weeks. The monthly periodicals were reviewed and present day questions discussed. Then an author, essayist, poet or novelist was selected for each meeting; a short biography, readings from his works and an appreciation given.

Our literary taste improved, our knowledge of books increased and we had just "packs of fun."—Claire Wallis.

A Good Answer

Booker T. Washington, in a recent address on honesty, told a story of a slave boy.

"A smart, active boy slave," he said, "was put up for sale at a Memphis slave market.

"Liking the lad's looks and fearing that he might fall into the hands of a cruel master, a rich gentleman laid a friendly hand on his arm and said:

"'If I buy you will you be honest?'

"The boy answered calmly:

"'I will be honest, sir, whether you buy me or not.'"

The One Constant Friend

Gone are the friends whom once I knew,
Those friends of olden days;
I thought at least some would be true,
But parted are our ways.
All, all are gone save one, that shows
How constancy endears.
My watch—it never, never goes;
It hasn't gone for years.

Divided Booty

"Johnny," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of gingercake out of the pantry." Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you!"

"It ain't all," replied Johnny, quickly. "Part of it's in Elsie."

Notable Presidential Inaugurations

DURING the early years of the government, before the capital was moved to Washington, the induction of a president, although a ceremony of great dignity and solemnity, was a very small and select affair.

In New York for nearly a fortnight preceding the great day of April 30, 1789, every tavern and boarding house had been thronged with visitors, and on the day before the inauguration every private house was filled with guests from all parts of the union.

In the center of the procession, preceded by the senate and followed by representatives, walked George Washington. On reaching Federal hall the troops formed a line on each side of the way, through which the president, with his attendants, was conducted to the chamber of the senate, where the representatives had assembled a few minutes before, and at the door the vice president received him and attended him to the chair.

The vice president then said, "Sir, the senate and house of representatives are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the constitution, which will be administered by the state of New York." The president answered, "I am ready to proceed." The vice president and the senators led the way, and, followed by the representatives, Washington walked to the outside gallery, overlooking both Wall and Broad streets, which were filled with a sea of upturned faces. Washington's first official act was to attend service in old St. Paul's.

The second inauguration of President Washington took place in Independence hall, at Philadelphia, on March 4, 1792.

On March 4, 1797, John Adams was inaugurated president of the United States in the old statehouse at Philadelphia. Although the day was favorable there was no parade or gathering of a large assemblage.

Although the generally accepted accounts of Jefferson's inauguration make it appear that he rode to the capitol on horseback without attendance and that the ceremony was of the simplest kind, a newspaper of the day states that "on this day President elect Jefferson was escorted from his lodgings to the capitol by a body of militia and a procession of citizens."

Jefferson's second inauguration on March 5, 1805, was simpler, if possible, than his first.

A CEREMONIOUS OCCASION

The inauguration of James Madison was the first ceremony which was made a great occasion. The day was ushered in by a federal salute, and at an early hour the volunteer corps of militia began to assemble. So great was the crowd that the oath of office was administered in the old hall of representatives, now statuary hall, at the capitol. For the first time in the history of inaugurations the various branches of the government were ushered into the hall with ceremonious pomp and parade.

James Madison was inaugurated the second time on March 4, 1813. He had a military escort, and the ceremonies in the house of representatives were similar to those of his first inauguration. In the evening there was an inauguration ball at Davis' hotel, which is now the Metropolitan.

The 4th of March, 1817, was a beautiful day, and there was a large crowd to witness the inauguration ceremonies. The president elect and vice president elect left the private residence of President Monroe, attended by a large cavalcade of citizens on horseback. They were met at the capitol by the militia, and the ceremony took place in the senate chamber, which is now the supreme courtroom.

As the day for the second inauguration of James Monroe fell on Sunday, the ceremony took place the following day, Monday, March 5.

John Quincy Adams was inaugurated on March 4, 1825, and the day was one of great demonstration and display. President Monroe called at the residence of the president elect, who then resided on F street, opposite the Ebbitt house, and here they were joined by the military escort, and the procession, headed by the cavalry, moved at once to the capitol.

THE MORRIS HOUSE OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON AS EXECUTIVE MANSION

The inauguration of "Old Hickory" took place on March 4, 1829, and was a memorable one. The friends of President John Quincy Adams had agreed not to participate in the inaugural ceremonies, and the only uniformed military company in the District of Columbia declined to offer its escort to the president elect. A company of revolutionary officers and soldiers, however, organized and tendered its services to General Jackson as an escort, and he rode to the capitol in an open carriage.

The second inauguration of Andrew Jackson was very simple. There was no military escort, no outward display and no procession.

The 4th of March, 1838, was a beautiful day, and the inauguration ceremonies of Martin Van Buren were elaborate, and the crowds in Washington severely taxed the capacity of the city. Van Buren was the first native American citizen inaugurated president, for all the others had been born as British subjects.

A NOTABLE CELEBRATION

The inauguration of "Old Tippecanoe" was one of the greatest events that ever occurred in the national capital. After the furious campaign which preceded his election great crowds gathered in Washington to witness his inauguration.

Exactly one month after this President Harrison died, and on April 6 John Tyler took the oath of office before William Cranch, chief judge of the circuit court of the district of Columbia.

It was a cold, rainy day when President Polk was inaugurated, but there was a long procession of the military as well as civic organizations.

Zachary Taylor had fine weather, unlimited noise and great ceremonies attending his inauguration. As the 4th fell on Sunday he was inaugurated on Monday.

As President Taylor died on July 9, one year after his inauguration, Vice President Millard Fillmore took the oath of office on July 10 in the house of representatives.

The inauguration of Franklin Pierce was unique in the fact that the vice president elect, William R. King, was not in Washington to be sworn into office, but was on a mission to Cuba and took the oath of office at a plantation on the hills above Matanzas at the same time President elect Pierce was being sworn in in Washington. There was no inaugural ball.

The 4th of March, 1857, was a splendid day and James Buchanan was inaugurated with much pomp and ceremony. After reaching the White House President Buchanan held a public reception and at night he attended the inauguration ball, which was held in a building in Judiciary square erected for that purpose.

THE LINCOLN FESTIVITIES

Abraham Lincoln had a bright, clear day for his first inauguration, but it rained and the streets were wet and muddy when he took his second oath of office. The martyr president went to the capital from Springfield by way of Indianapolis, Columbus, Cleveland, Pittsburg and Philadelphia, and, although he was given receptions all along the way, when he reached Harrisburg, on account of threatened violence, it was thought best to change the plans and he proceeded to Philadelphia in one of the public cars, and, arriving there at midnight, he entered the New York sleeper and passed through Baltimore undisturbed and arrived in Washington at 6:30 on the morning of February 23. He remained at Willard's hotel until the inauguration day, when President Buchanan called for him, and in an open carriage the party proceeded to the Capitol. In order to avoid threatened violence the president and president elect in their carriage were preceded by a company of infantry, double files of the district cavalry on either side and infantry and other military organizations following. In the long procession there was a large car or float representing the constitution and the union, each state being represented by a little girl dressed in white. A battalion of district troops guarded the steps of the Capitol. The ceremony of swearing in the vice president in the senate completed, the entire party marched to the east portico of the Capitol, where the great scene of swearing in Abraham Lincoln took place.

The civil war was in progress when Lincoln was inaugurated for the second time. There were evidences of the war everywhere and gloom and sadness covered the whole land. The president went to the Capitol early to sign bills and therefore the parade marched down without him. The procession, however, was noteworthy.

How to Make a Xylophone

By Geoffrey F. Morgan

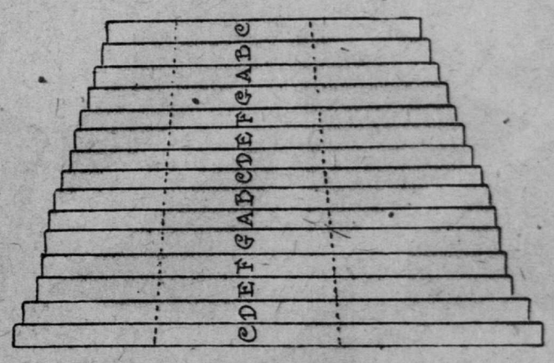
FIRST of all, perhaps, you would like to know what a xylophone is. The name comes from two Greek words, xylos, meaning "wood," and phonos, "sound," so that a xylophone is simply "sounding wood." And the name is a good one, for a xylophone is a musical instrument made of bars of wood of varying lengths, which give out clear, bell like tones when tapped with a mallet or hammer. By following the directions given here any boy with an ear for music can make one for himself, and with a little practice can become quite skillful in playing it.

Walnut or maple is the best material for our purpose, though oak or ash may be used. Soft woods will not do, for they do not give the clear, sharp tone which is necessary. Having secured a board of about one inch in thickness, we begin by ripping it into strips about an inch and a half wide. The length of the stick depends on the tone we wish it to produce, the pitch becoming higher as the sticks are shortened. For the first note of our scale, which will, of course, be C, we will make the bar about 18 or 20 inches in length. The next one, which must be a tone higher, or D, should be about half an inch shorter. Now you will remember, when you studied music at school, that there is only half a tone difference between E and F, so you must make F only a trifle shorter than E, which is one tone above D.

Having thus cut three or four bars of wood, the next thing is to tune them, in order to make them correspond exactly with the musical scale. To do this we must lay the bars across two rolls of tightly twisted paper, or, better still, two strips of heavy felt, and then rap them lightly with a little mallet. They must be on felt or paper in order to give any tone, otherwise they will not vibrate properly. The best xylophone mallets, or hammers, as they are generally called, are made of little balls of wood fastened on handles of springy cane. These can be bought for 15 or 25 cents at any big music store, and you will find it far more satisfactory to buy them than to try to make your own. The cane handles are necessary in order to let the head fly back quickly after striking, otherwise the tone will be dulled.

On testing your first notes you will probably find they are not quite correct. This can be fixed by cutting a little off the end of a bar to raise the tone, or sawing a little cut in the middle of the under side to lower it. Don't cut deep—a very little cut is sufficient—and tuning each bar in the same way. You will find that the chief difficulty lies in getting started; after you have tuned the first three or four tones the rest are easy.

For the beginner, two octaves, or 15 notes, are generally sufficient. Be sure that all your bars are the same width and thickness, the only difference being in their length. When finished, a two octave xylophone will look something like this:



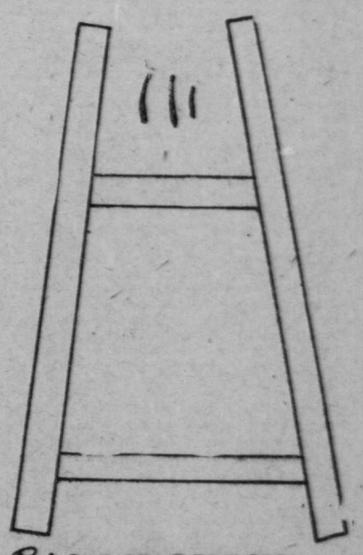
Having thus made our notes, we must next fasten them together so that they will stay in place while being played. This is done by drilling two small holes through the side of each bar and threading them with stout twine. Fishing line is excellent for the purpose. It will be necessary to put washers on the string between each bar in order to keep the notes from touching and thus spoiling the tones. Leather is the best material for the washers, and an old shoe will supply all you need. In the diagram given above the threaded strings are shown by the dotted lines.

Now a rack on which to lay our bars, and then the xylophone is finished. This is made of two strips of wood, fastened with crossbars, as shown in the diagram, Fig. 2, on which are placed several strips of heavy felt. This may be glued or fastened with small tacks hammered down hard so the heads are well imbedded. The rack should be long and wide enough to support the bars readily.

The boring of the holes for the cord will probably affect the tones a little so that it may be necessary to retune some of the bars. When once adjusted, however, the pitch will always remain the same.

To play the xylophone take one of the little hammers in each hand and strike with first one and then the other as quickly as possible upon a single note. This motion, which is known as "the roll," takes a little practice to learn, but is very necessary for any one who wishes to play properly. In playing slow pieces, such as "Home, Sweet Home" and "Annie Laurie,

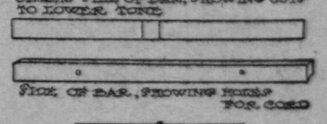
FIG. 2



RACK ON WHICH TO LAY BARS

which are good ones to begin with, each tone should be prolonged by playing with the "roll." Otherwise the notes will be short and jerky.

FIG 3



The Outlaw's Song

The chough and crow to rest are gone,
The owl sits in the tree.
The hushed wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity.
The wild flower dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our opening day.
Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my lady's bower;
Bewildered hinds with shortened ken
Shrink on their murky way;
Uprouse ye, then my merry men!
It is our opening day
Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
To bless a good man's store;
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day;
Up rouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use it as ye may.

For Rainy Days

To amuse a child on rainy days give him a bunch of toothpicks and a bowl full of peas which have been thoroughly soaked. Then let him fashion furniture, figures, etc. All the angles are made by sticking one end of a vertical toothpick and a horizontal one into the same pea.