Oh, let not looks descrive for beauty, it is know soother not the pain the When happiness has the has parted from he Do not wonder if she

High flaunts the tyrant's banner faultant on the keep, man architecture of dishonor, or degradation deep; Long suffering and oppression flave nerved sech breast and arm, with sourage and devotion flags there bears true and warm.

With spirits fercely burning. Their hated fee to meet, They we that women mornin They II die before defeat; Let Freedom, Right and Justice Be heard the battle ery. Then God, in whom our trust is, Look down with favoring eye.

Bright-wine in goblet pouring
To freedom's cause they quag.
Tho war's fark clouds be lowering.
To night song, toss and laugh,
And then that mation's lover
For country heaves a sigh.
Thinks of sweetheart, home and me
Till the beats well in his eye. And by the moon's pale beaming That odious barner files, Bold in the night winds atreaming Against the agmmer skies. With artient fereor bruning That maiden's lover worsed, All fears and dangers spurning, He'd lower that beamer proud.

While the stars shows are peoping.
He'll assle those rawmarts high,
and, spite of sentries keeping.
That fagt sear from the sky.
Past witches, fons, morasses.
Past witches on the banks.
With sautious tread he passes.
Bet Elrough the Synais ranks.

Hate strongs are systems.

His bosom beating fact,
His posom beating fact,
He grasps that scoffing banner
And tears is from the mast;
Kite greybound lightly system
He leaps from wall to ground
When-bang i-a nuister system
Awakes the echoes round.

All now was wild commotion, Shrill trumpets blast and blave. Both camps were doon in motion, Lond voices filled the air; The banner firmly grasping. He reabes through the night; Like demous, swearing, gasping. His foes press on him fight.

Bwift as an arrow speeding.
By light of moon's pale beam.
Nor oaths nor shots e'er heeding.
He bounds through brush and sit
Close on his foes are tearing.
Like bloodhounds in the chase,
Or devils, when demakring.

Fast to him they are nearing, They dutch and stretch and strain They duten and stretch and Mid shouts and cheers and jee Their banner to regain; One swint ditch is standing Twizz him and friendly grou In its waters deep, expanding, Venomous snakes abound.

In wain he springs to cross it— Tripped on the rugged ledge He fails to ground exhausted, Along the fearful edge; His enomisers sprawing Athwart him as he fell, Then clutching, gasping, bawling, Plunge in the ditch pell mell.

His courades aid extending.
He a passage astely takes—
His foes are left contending
Among the deadly snakes;
By joyous friends attended,
In mirth they spend the night
Wine song, and story blended,
Next day they win the fight.

Again the kine are browsing
Along the fragrant lee,
Again 'mid flowers carousing
Is seen the festive bee—
Once more the birds are flying
Over the gladsome dale,
When in joyous spirits hieing
Comes a maiden through the vale. Soon will her absent lover
Again be as her side,
War's struggles past and over
He comes to claim his bride;
Now proudly freedom's token
Floats bigh on mast and tower,
Provere shattered, broken,
Is despots blighting power,
—J. B. NELLIGAN

Off With the Light Brocade. Forty days, forty days,
Forty days, onward her
Storming from Hundred.
"Off with the light broade!
In sackcloth now arrayed,
Let us prepare for death."
Cry the Four Hundred.

"Off with the light brocade, On with the tailor-made !" The very woman knew The world looked and won Theirs not to make reply, Nor give the reason wild, the reason wild, the but to pray and die; So to the churchies high Rush the Four Hundred.

\*Crosses to right of them, Crosses to left of them, Crosses in front of them,

No more with shoulders bare, No more with powdered hair, No more in jewele rare, Nor dower-shoumbered; July spith meek, reverent air, Bending in silent prayer, Far from the ball-room's glare, Kneel the Four Hundred.

Gomels the light broade,
Homor the change they made,
Never can word be said
A woman has blundered.
Where all may kneel and pray,
Come they in plain array,
Lowly Your Hundred.

Tenna is

To every church to dag, where all may knoed and pray.

Come they in plain array.

Lovity Four Hundrad.

Terrible Butchery Resulting from A Peruvian Faction Fight.

Advices from Peru state that in the early part of February a battle took place at Hunta, between the respective adherents of Benor Ross and Gol. Bermuder, rival candidates for the presidential nomination of the Constitutional party, who had gone to Huntan's for electionesting purposes. Many on both sides were killed, and many houses were pillaged by drumken Indian. The killed included the chiefs of both parties in the town, namely, Senor Laona, Deputy of Congress and head of the revotation, and Dr. Urbina, Chief of the Rossaparity. The Government holds the leaders of the Barty responsible. Ro other parts of the Barty responsible and the search parts of the Barty responsible and the search parts of the Barty responsible and t

A Sign for "Constant Reader."

Bealiness Manager—Brown syries us too his subscription to the paper.

Editor—Dear me; they's bed in the subscription and they have been something to the paper.

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The second secon

wife?
Boy.—Yessur.
Sawdoff.—And what did she say?
Boy.—She never said nothin'. There was
two more women there, an' they all jes'
kep' on talking.

. ...

like sixty.

Miss Vinnie Garr—That's queer. She 12
says she isn't forty yet.