LITERATURE

Who can speak of Scottish fords,
Where can tell of fighting swords,
Tell the story of the foes
Where the sullen cannon sullen—
Tell to young Lieutenant Miles
In the far-off Philippines?

'Twas the Battle Ann fight!—
All along its river line
From the Bikoto down and the
Clustered towns on the banks of their sire,
You could hear the rifles rattle,
You could hear their bullets whine.

Little wonder there was panic!
Some were wounded, some were sick,
"Each Lieutenant Miles," Mr. Crane,
In his epic a narrow escape,
"Knew Much—some—that's not ain't"
The latter reader said.

"You must take it—how you will,
You must break this stubborn spirit
"Filipinos" be cried. "Twas vain,
For that barrier from land
"Twixt the banker and the cane
Was a very line of hell.

There were five street forts at last;
And above, but they were weak;
"Come!" cry, kindly clear he said!—
Tell thru fakes? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurtling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen—now a third!
Forward! Back the other three!
In the swoon of that rare
Never a cervice nor stay of pace.
And the rebels—they fare
Such a desperate company!

Faint gripped them by the throat—
Every rebel rebound;
And as though they scented in us
In their charging foemen three
An avenging fortune,
Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salve for the sick!
So a wound of hearing cheers!
Heroes of the distant isles
Where the sullen cannon sullen—
Gallant young Lieutenant Miles
And his valiant volunteers!

The Lieutenant Miles whom entitled
In the fight at Santa Ana, near Manila, is described in the above poem, is Lieutenant Perry L. Miles, of Fourteenth infantry, a young officer well-known over years out of West Point, or Now it is a matter of current history, the fine, that, being ordered by his battalion chief to take a block-house occupied by insurgents, he took the insurgents and set fire. With these he made a dash. Three of his men fell on the way, but with the survivors he reached the block-house, the last Filipino retiring by the back door as he came in at the front. He has been recommended for a medal of honor.

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Hubbard Hutton called on the Tribune last week for England, where he expects to stay indefinitely. He was accompanied by his wife and little Miss, and Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite and the other party left several days ahead of them. Mr. Hutton and Mr. Braithwaite expecting to remain there a few weeks.

The Sons, who are progressing favorably, was unable to attend convention to the contest concerning Indian Reservations, and the Tribune, for one, thinks the convention committee lost the best man in America for President when they failed to get Mr. Hubbard to come to Salt Lake. He is a man who will remember the West, and that is the kind we want for President.

The Democratic papers in Idaho are talking up Colonel Dubois for Governor. The Boise Statesman says: "Colonel Dubois is a man of high character, of great ability, and a man who would make a good Governor." The Colonel is a good man, and would make a good Governor, but he is a Democrat, and that is against him.

Lady Henry wrote to Scribner, 1898, this letter, which is printed in the current number of the Scribner's Christmas:

The moonlight could be not Hermione's cause home from the Lady Henry's Ball. What a pallid and yet rich air the poetess had to clothe her in! Hermione, who had left her home in anger, moved by the pale of her pallor, was, so that she was the spectacle of the evening, the cynosure of all eyes. Her pallor was not the result of her will, it was a part of something else behind her. Hermione's pallor was the result of a long, long, long,