## BARN SWALLOWS.

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

In the old brown barn by the shaded wall,
With moss-grown shingles, and chinks that stare
At the blue of sky, or the stars o'er all,
In the solemn hush of the evening air.

There the swallows build where the eaves slope low,
And cling and flutter and twitter and call
From their mud-built nests in a plastered row,
Or preen and croon on the ridge-pole tall,

In the flush of morn is a flash of wings
O'er the still, gray pool, where the shadows lie,
Till the downy breasts send the crystal rings
In widening curves o'er the mirrored sky.

In through the squares of the windowless loft,
And out of the gloom to the light they go,
With a whir of wings and a murmur soft,
While we dream on the fragrant hay below.

Now over and under the eaves and through,
The steel-blue wings of the wanderers glide,
With melodies sweet as the year, and new,
And happy and free as the world is wide.

O sweet barn-swallows, I hear your call—
Your twitter of song and notes of cheer,
And I lie again where the sunbeams fall
Through the moted loft, in a vanished year.

## Under Arrest.

SHE was an uncommonly pretty girl, and it was not mere beauty of feature and coloring, there was something more in the face. Perhaps it was the expression of the blue eyes that changed in sympathy with one's mood, or perhaps it was an indescribable something about the small mouth, which was smiling one moment and serious the next. At any rate, I went to Mrs. Parker's dance quite fancy free, and came away that night minus my heart.

Her name was Helen Everison. We had danced together three or four times, had eaten our supper in a dimly lighted corner of the great, square hall, and at parting I had helped her on with her long, fur trimmed cloak, and held her hand in mine for a moment. Then she had vanished into the carriage that was waiting at the door—and that was all.

I strolled home, determined that very shortly I would ask Mrs. Parker, who was an old friend of my mother's, to take me to call upon Mrs. Everson.

Some two weeks later we moved from the home where my boyhood had been spent, my father having bought a house farther up town. Our new residence was one of a row of houses that extended over half a block, each one being the exact counterpart of all the others. This made it rather confusing at first, particularly as the numbers were on the lower panels of the doors, and, in consequence, quite useless after dark. The first few evenings, when returning home from business, I counted the houses to avoid any possibility of mistake, after which I came to know our own door instinctively and ceased to give the matter any thought.

The Christmas holidays had come and gone and I had still no opportunity of following up my acquaintance with Miss Evertson. I called several times at Mrs. Parker's, but had always been so unfortunate as to find her out. At last I wrote her a note, to which she replied, saying that she was just going to Washington for a few weeks, but would be glad to take me to call at the Evertsons' on her return.

I left the office one afternoon in a blinding snowstorm, and alighting from the car at the corner of our street, hurried along through the gathering gloom, feeling thankful when I found myself at the door of my home. I turned the key in the lock, and entering the house closed the door after me, giving, as I did so, a sigh of satisfaction and relief. The house was all in darkness, but not knowing where to put my hand on a match, and taking it for granted that the maid would light the hall gas presently, I did not trouble myself about it, but made my way up to my own room, which was in the third story.

I had just reached the upper hall when the front door opened and then closed, after which came the sound of an unfamiliar footstep on the stair. It was lighter than father's and quicker than mother's, and could not possibly belong to either of the servants, who were both middle-aged and moved slowly. Along the second story hall and up the next flight of stairs came the strange step, while I grew more and more curious. I had to hunt some time to find the matches, which were not in their accustomed place on the mantlepiece. I discovered them at last, and as I struck a light I heard a stifled exclamation from the head of the stairs. Hastily lighting the gas I turned around and at the same moment the door of my room was closed with what seemed to me most unnecessary violence, and the sound of the key being turned in the lock fell upon my astonished ear.

Down the stairs flew the feet which a few moments before I had heard coming up, and once more the front door was opend and then closed.

Wondering very much at these singular proceedings I rattled the knob and called all to no purpose. There was no bell in my room and it was evident that father and mother were out. It was useless to try to make myself heard by the servants.

At last, deciding that this must be a joke on the part of one my young cousins, who occasionally visited us, and who had probably arrived that day during my absence down town, I took off my overcoat and sat down before the grate fire that I had lighted.

It was very soothing and comfortable to feel the warmth stealing over my well-nigh benumbed limbs, and, lost in day dreams, I soon forgot that I was a prisoner.

I do not know how long I had sat there half dozing, when I was aroused by the sound of voices in the hall.

"He is in there," came in an audible whisper. Oh, do be careful, I have no doubt he is armed!"

The next moment the door opened, and a tall, muscular Hibernian, wearing a policeman's uniform, entered the room.

He looked considerably astonished at seeing me sitting quietly before the fire, but quickly recovering himself, he laid hold of my arm, saying as he did so:

"Will yer come along wid me quiet, or will I have to make yer? It's under arrest ye are. What does a dacent-lookin' man like yerself want to be snak thavin' for an' scarin' young ladies out of their wits?"

I stared at the man in amazement. Looking about I assured myself that I was surrounded by my own familiar possessions, while my uninvited visitor's vise-like grip on my arm convinced me that I was awake.

"Officer," I finally managed to utter, "there is some mistake."

He gave a scarcastic laugh as he answered:

"That's what they always say, every toime. Come along wid me now."

"But this is my father's house, and this is my own room!" I exclaimed. "I don't know the young lady to whom you refer may be, but I should say she had come a considerable distance out of her way to get frightened."

"He is quite right—I am the real intruder," said a gentle, feminine voice.

A very much mortified looking young girl was standing in the doorway.

"Miss Evertson!"

"Mr. Clark, I do not know what I can say—how I can explain this mistake," she stammered. "We live in one of these houses, and my room is the one corresponding to this. When I came home a little while ago I let myself in with my key and came directly upstairs. Seeing you in what I supposed to be my room I thought of course that you were a sneak thief. I did not have time to recognize you, and the halls were dark, and the possibility of having gotten into the wrong house never occurred to me. When I came back with this officer I was guided by my own recent footprints in the snow, which accounts for my second mistake—I cannot tell you how sorry and ashamed I feel."

The good-natured Irishman indulged in a hearty laugh in which I joined, and Miss Evertson, too, notwithstanding her embarrassment, could not help seeing the ridiculous side of the situation.

We proceeded down stairs, where we met my father and mother, who had just come in, and to whom it was necessary to explain the presence in their house of an officer of the law and a strange young lady. They enjoyed the joke, and seeing Miss Evertson's embarrassment, endeavored to put her at her ease.

And then, with no thought of cold or snow, I put on my hat and coat and escorted our fair neighbor to her door.

One Sunday afternoon in the spring I was calling at Mrs. Parker's, and as I was about to take my departure my hostess said:

"The weather is lovely, now. We must go and call upon the Evertsons very soon."

I felt conscious of coloring up like a girl as I answered:

"You are very kind, Mrs. Parker, but I have been without waiting for you. In fact, I go there almost every evening, and Helen and I are to be married in June."—What to Eat.

### "Ditch Rider" of the Irrigating States.

One of the newest of occupations is that of "ditch rider" in the Western States which have large irrigating canals. The "ditch rider" patrols the ditch throughout the season of actual operation to see that the works are in good repair and to superintend the proper distribution of water to the various stockholders or irrigators from the system. Where a ditch is not longer than twelve or fifteen miles, one ditch rider is expected to patrol its entire length, but upon more extensive systems several may be required. In the latter case the canal is divided into divisions, each of which is patroled by a separate rider, and the length of a division depends upon the character of the duties, varying with the amount of repairs, the danger of breaks and leaks, and the number of regulating gates to look after. The average length of a division is from twelve to fifteen miles, and the average compensation for the work ranges from $50 to $75 a month, out of which he must pay his own board and furnish and maintain his own horse and cart.

### Importance of Teaching Good Manners.

There is no more important work done in our schools than in teaching "morals and manners." The lessons should come, not once a week, but daily, and the teacher who cannot find "matter" sufficient for a daily lesson is lacking in essentials. True manners are the passports of the gentleman. Too often our boys think that good manners are for cultivation by others, not for them. "The boy is father to the man," and the ill-mannered boy is the future fault-finding man. By lacking manners, you lack friends.

To smile, to bow, to lift the hat, to beg pardon, to say "thank you," cost nothing. No one will ever know the vast good that these words and similar ones have accomplished.—St. John's Church Quarterly.

## KANSAS "CLIFF DWELLERS."

### Farmers Who Make Use of the Caves in the Smoky Hill Bluffs.

The Kanopolis (Kan.) correspondent of the Kansas City Star says: Four miles from here is the headquarters of the "cliff dwellers," as they are called.

Along the Smoky Hill River in this section of the State are high rocks of umbrella-shape hills that seem to have been left when the valleys were washed out in a night, and here and there along the river huge cliffs that rear their tops far above the surrounding country. At the base of one of these cliffs are found the "cliff dwellers." The cliff rises sheer sixty feet, and is surrounded by great trees, some of which grow into the very top of the hill and send their roots down into the recesses underneath.

The cliff is on the farm of W. S. Faris, and he enjoys some privileges unusual to the Kansas farmer.

The cliff is of sandstone and limestone formation, and the elements, aided by the hand of man, have excavated near the base a number of rooms. Out of the foot of the cliff, and covered by a stone archway, is a very fine spring of water that bubbles forth clear and sweet the year round. This cave the Faris family has transformed into a spring house, and the milk-pans are set in the steady running water, the coolest and best place imaginable for the perfect protection of the milk. This room is 8x12 feet, and is cut into the very heart of the rocks. Not more than ten degrees does the temperature vary winter or summer, and this cave is the family refrigerator.

To one side is the largest cave in the base of the cliff, and in this room, fourteen feet square, is kept the district school. A teacher's desk is in one corner, and the desks of the pupils are near the door, through which comes all the light the room gets. The pupils are not afraid of tornadoes when in their underground school-room, and the high waters don't reach the cave. Charts are nailed against the walls, and the heat is supplied by a huge brick fireplace, that makes the room very cheery. Adjoining the school-room is another room, 12x16 feet, and, like the school-room, nine feet high. This is divided from the school-room by a three foot wall. An arch is cut in the centre, and the pupils use this room for play on stormy days. These rooms are dry and cool in summer, and one can get a refreshing sleep on the hottest afternoon.

Solid as are the rocky walls of the roofs of the rooms, the tree roots may be seen coming through the cliff and making their way into the light and warmth below.

On the face of the cliff outside, cut deep in the rock as with some sharp instrument of great strength, are huge Indian signs that were there when the first white man came to this part of the State. No one of the archeologists who have visited this part of the State has been able to decipher the signs. It is thought that this cliff was the gathering place for the clans that roamed this part of the prairies in the early days.

The "cliff dwellers" have become so accustomed to the caves and the novel school-room that they pay little attention to their quaint situation. Their chief pride is in the wonderful spring that flows eternally back in the rocks, regardless of whether the rains fall on Western Kansas or not.

### Rats and the Plague in Honolulu.

Honolulu is rousing itself to the danger it runs from rats, animals which, by common consent of scientific men, are the most certain agents for the dissemination of the bubonic plague.

Rats take the plague easily and carry it for a considerable time before they die. After being stricken they retire to their holes, where they hide for days until pain and terror drive them out to court the society of human beings. They enter kitchens where cooking is going on; they seek occupied beds at night; they get under foot in one's drawing room; they enter the nurseries where children play. In this stage of the disease infection goes with them like an atmosphere. When dead and not destroyed by human beings, they are likely to be eaten by roving members of their own species, thus increasing rat mortality, or they may be eaten by the family pet cat.

So long as rats are in a city where the bubonic plague has taken lodgement every one will be in danger.—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

### Artificial Whalebone.

Artificial whalebones, which are said to be superior in some ways to the genuine, are now made by the invention of a Hollander from tendons. The strong tendons of the hind legs of animals are especially desirable. These have heretofore been sent to the glue factory, but for the purpose of artificial whalebone their value is greatly increased. The process is as follows: After removing from the fresh or salted tendons (dried ones cannot be used) all adhering flesh or skin, they are thrown into a water solution of salt or chrome of about ten to twenty per cent. of their weight. Chromate of aluminum and one-half of one part of chloride of sodium is preferable. This tanning lasts from four to ten days, according to the thickness of the tendons and the strength of the solution. The tanned matter is then pressed between warm plates, and is afterwards cut into strips for use.

### Millions of Pores in the Skin.

From microscopic observations it has been computed that the skin is perforated with a thousand holes in a square inch. If the whole surface of the human body be estimated at sixteen square feet, it must contain no fewer than 2,304,000 pores.

The purser on a Southern ferryboat run in connection with a railway line ejected a passenger from the first-class cabin because he wore a "loud" shirt. This goes to prove that though corporations may have no souls, they are not without some ideas on the subject of esthetic amenities of life.

A family in Philadelphia consented to let a daughter marry a man because she declared she would kill herself if she couldn't. She married the man, and since then he has made a desperate attempt to commit suicide. Some feminine natures yearn toward tragedy like a tender violet for the shade.

The Wiggelums, Waglums, Woggelums, Wagloms, Wigloms and Woglums have met in family conference and decided to spell it "Woglum." Old Jan Van Wogglelum was originally responsible, but it appears he was not consulted. This shows one of the advantages of being dead. The matters of descent don't bother you.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1899 shows that the number of patents issued, including designs and reissues, were 25,527, a number but once exceeded. The number of patents expiring during the year was 18,135. In proportion to population more patents were issued to citizens of Connecticut than to those of any other State.

In the laundry of an insane asylum at Pontiac, Mich., electric irons, instead of gas irons, have proved to be peculiarly adapted for insane asylum service, where most of the work is done by the patients. There is no chance of their setting anything on fire with the irons, and as they are kept at an even temperature they do not require the exercise of judgment in changing them.

Character and life—that is the true order of expression. It is true that the life that a man lives the series of his acts from day to day, generates habitual character, but it is also true that character when formed is a kind of capital with which to work, and that from it, as a root of growth or a spring of influence, results what we term the life-work of the man, his public career, the impression, for good or evil, which he makes on society, reflects the New York Observer.

The Philadelphia Press shows the necessity of national forest parks, and remarks: "It is encouraging to know that the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs has decided to take charge of the project to establish a national forest park in that State and will send representatives to Washington to call the attention of Congress to the subject. The Minnesota park scheme is projected on an extensive scale. The rest of the country will watch this effort to establish a national forest park in the Northwest, and if carried out similar schemes will spring up elsewhere."

The woman who works for her livelihood is a new factor in civilization, observes the Atlanta Journal. One hundred years ago she was an unknown quantity. Fifty years ago she was a rara avis. Twenty-five years ago she not uncommonly found herself a teacher or writer—never by any chance anything else. To-day she is a whole army. Hundreds of thousands strong in America alone, she now earns her own bread as teacher, journalist, stenographer, bookkeeper, artist, musician, librarian, telegrapher, electrician, saleswoman, farmer, physician, lawyer—and in any other avenue that opens to her feet.

The intention of the Navy Department to employ the Topeka, the Dixie and the Buffalo in the training service and to commission a flotilla of torpedo craft for summer manœuvres is indicative of a wise change in the theories hitherto governing this important duty. It is true, of course, that the three ships selected are not of the type imperatively demanded for the education of officers and men, but they are distinct improvements upon the four old wooden steamers and the one sailing ship now commissioned for the work. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the vital necessity of training enlisted men in modern vessels, and of developing early the capacity for command and the sense of responsibility in officers, by assigning them to duty on board torpedo destroyers and torpedo boats. It is mere wasted effect to educate the sailor of this age in an antiquated school or to load him with obsolete ammunition. We do not need the largest navy in the world, but we may hope to possess the strongest, for that depends upon brain and brawn, upon intelligence, training and adaptability.

## GOOD ROADS NOTES.

### The National Bill.

THE wheelmen, farmers and the press have so enthusiastically endorsed the bill presented by the League of American Wheelmen, calling for an appropriation of $5,000,000 for highway improvements, there can now be no doubt that the good roads movement was ripe for national promotion.

The different division of the League, as well as wheelmen generally, are unanimous in their support of a measure which is concededly a step far in advance of anything heretofore attempted in the same line. The farmers' organizations, which have had time to consider it, hail it as the probable solution of their grievous highway improvement question. The newspapers, almost without exception, realize that in it are the possibilities of a future national political issue.

With such endorsement the bill has the brightest chances of success, and the L. A. W. officials should not only feel encouraged but flattered in the reception of their suggestive action. President Keenan, of the L. A. W., has received congratulations from all parts of the country on the introduction of the bill, and the promises of hearty support are many.

Managing Director M. O. Eldridge, of the Office of Road Inquiry, Department of Agriculture, in a letter to President Keenan, says:

"I note with pleasure that Mr. Graham, of Pennsylvania, has introduced your bill appropriating $5,000,000 for the purpose of building public highways. This is a long step in the right direction, and I congratulate you most heartily. While the desired appropriation may not be made at the present time, this action will have the good effect of stimulating road legislation and road reforms throughout the country.

"The time for national aid perhaps will not come until a majority of the richer and more progressive States shall have adopted the State-aid system in one form or another. That national aid will come, however, is as certain as the principle is true that our Government is 'of the people, for the people and by the people.' The old idea that such improvements should be left entirely to State and local governments is fast dying out, and in its stead comes the idea that what the Government does for, the people are doing for themselves. The scarecrow 'Paternalism,' which is used by those who are opposed to the Government's entering into such internal improvements, is losing its terror for the masses as the practical usefulness of the general movement takes more and more varied form. The sentiment is growing that 'the General Government is as much the servant of the whole people as the State and local governments are of their portions, and that the whole people can as safely use their General Government for the general benefit as any section can its local government for local benefit."

### How to Get Free Delivery.

Aside from the obvious convenience of having mail delivered almost at one's door, certain accompaniments of the free delivery system have tended greatly to commend it. As a prerequisite to the establishment of a route, the Postoffice Department is disposed to insist that the country roads be kept in proper condition; and the impetus thus given to the movement in favor of good roads has been in many instances very marked. In Boone County, Indiana, the farmers of a certain district obtained from the county supervisors an appropriation of $2680 for improving a bad piece of dirt road, in order to insure a continuance of the service.

### Value of Good Roads.

State Highway Commissioner McDonald has made a computation in which, to show the importance of highway improvement, he fixes the annual loss by roads in Connecticut at $2,282,500. He estimates the annual depreciation on horses at $135,000, excessive horse-power required at $1,029,000, cost of support of horses while roads are impassable at $150,000, useless repair of roads at $333,000, and loss by law-suits caused by bad roads at $12,500. The estimate is based on 15,000 miles of highways in the State and 43,000 horses.

### Bad Highways Expensive.

The San Francisco Call's remarks on good roads are applicable everywhere:

"It is gratifying to perceive this revival of popular interest in the good roads movement. The subject is one of the most important with which our rural communities have to deal. Bad roads are about the most expensive forms of folly in which communities can indulge. They are not only irritating and frequently dangerous, but they cost about four times as much as good roads."

### The Starting of the Movement.

What is now known as the good roads movement originated with the farmers of Essex County, New Jersey thirty years ago.

### Mellowing Muskmelons in Southern Italy.

In Southern Italy muskmelons are at best much inferior to the American fruit, lacking the sweetness and flavor of our fruit. Strange to say, however, this inferior melon, when saved for winter consumption, becomes of an excellent flavor. The melons are pulled from the vines while green and hung in the open air until winter, when they are eaten. The melon treated thus becomes not only far superior to the ripe fruit of summer, but equal to the American melon in sweetness and flavor.

## LIGHT BULBS FOR BURGLARS.

### Their Lively Popping When They Land is Very Effective.

"Of all the outlandish weapons ever employed in a fight," said a business man of the South Side, "I think I brought the most fantastic on record into play one night last week.

"My family are away on a visit at present, and I am keeping bachelor hall out at the house. On the night to which I refer I was aroused at about 3 a. m. by a noise somewhere in the region of the dining room, and thinking I had shut up the dog there I jumped up very foolishly and came downstairs in my nightclothes, without so much as a pocketknife. When I opened the dining room door I was startled to see a big, rough-looking man bending over the sideboard at the far end of the room, and after we had stood there on tableau for a moment the fellow made a rush at me. I leaped back into the hall and glanced around for a weapon. On a table near by were a dozen incandescent light bulbs, which I had brought home to replace some that had burned out, and purely by instinct I grabbed one of them and threw it at the burglar. It hit the door casing close to his head and, to my amazement, exploded with a noise like a young lyddite shell. I suppose it was still greater surprise to the other fellow, for he let out a yell and broke for the rear, followed by a rapid-fire bombardment of sixteen-candle power incandescents, which I continued to chuck at him as long as he remained in range. They smashed against the furniture with a series of crashes that alarmed the whole neighborhood, and I have been gathering up fragments of broken glass ever since.

"The burglar must have thought I was chasing him with hand grenades. It was the first time I ever knew incandescents made such a row when they broke. An electrician tells me it is caused by the air rushing into the vacuum."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Pittsburg's Natural Gas Supply.

A. V. Sterling, of Pittsburg, said a day or so ago, at the Hotel Manhattan: "The day of natural gas with us is practical over, and our city is dirtier than ever. I went to Pittsburg to live in 1886, and stayed at first with a friend of mine at Roup, one of the suburbs. At that time natural gas was everywhere in use, and there were open fires in every room. I was used to ordinary gas fires, and so when I had reason to use my fire, and the gas blew the first match out without igniting, I leisurely scratched another and touched her off. The next instant found me stretched out on the other side of the room in a stunned condition, amid the wreck of the washstand, against which I had been hurled. Luckily I escaped with a few bruises, but I ever afterward treated natural gas with profound respect.

"There are a lot of people in my town who would like to know what takes the place of the gas in the bowels of the earth when we extract it. The way it rushes out when once tapped shows that it is pent up in some place at enormous pressure, which grows gradually less, and finally ends altogether. Now what takes its place is what I want to know, and why there isn't danger that, this support having been withdrawn, cave ins may occur? Billions and trillions of cubic feet of natural gas have been taken from the earth since its first discovery, and, I for one, would like to know what Mother Nature has put in its place."—New York Tribune.

### Lives Lost Through Fear.

"Presence of mind when confronted by danger," said N. P. Berry, of New Orleans, the other day, at the Gilsey House, "has saved many lives, while the account has been more than balanced by the loss of life through loss of nerve in critical emergencies. Any member of a fire department or other person familiar with such things can give you numerous instances of lives lost solely on this account, and this rule holds true in other cases as well. I remember once walking with a girl and thoughtlessly speaking of a harmless green snake I saw in the grass behind her. She become paralyed with fear, and, before I could prevent her, backed directly on the snake. A friend of mine, who was in a fire, told me that his wife became so frightened that she insisted on going into a closet, from which, screaming and struggling, he had to rescue her by main strength. On the other hand, I once knew a woman who, driven with her sister and two children to take refuge on the fourth floor of her burning home, first threw her children, then compelled her sister to jump, into the waiting net, and then calmly and uninjured made the descent herself, only to go into hysterics when it was all over. Presence of mind can to a great extent be cultivated, but it is largely inherited. My brother who is as brave a man as I ever knew, has an unalterable and unconquerable fear of a thunderstorm, which, try as he will, he has never been able to overcome."—New York Tribune.

### Clerical Philosophy.

Dr. Westcott, once traveling from Peterborough to London, sat in a carriage with a comfortable Yorkshire clergyman, with a long upper lip and a self-satisfied expression, who bought a pottle of strawberries and ate them with great enjoyment and comfort. Then he wiped his fingers and threw the basket out of the window with great deliberation. A passenger from the corner said: "A dangerous thing, sir, that is." After a moment's genial reflection the clergyman, looking round, said with a sweet smile: "We live, sir, in a world of risks!"—Argonaut.

The six oldest inhabitants of Grindelwald, Switzerland, have lived 534 years.