

THE CALL OF THE DRUM.

All faint and far away I hear
The calling of the drum.
Its rhythmic drumming, drawing near,
Is ever pleading: "Come!"
The colors are waving—
My heart throbs with craving—
As nearer
And clearer,
And louder,
And prouder
Its melody grows, as the sound comes and
goes.
"Come! Come!"
Is the call of the drum,
Now brave and grand, and near at hand
I hear the calling drum.
The flag, by gallant breezes fanned,
Is beckoning: "Oh, come!
We'll rush to the glimmer
Of strife, with its glamour,"
And swelling,
And telling
The story
Of glory
The drum sings in awe as it passes by me.
"Come! Come!"
Is the song of the drum.
Still faint and far away I hear
The ever calling drum.
Now stinging low, now ringing clear,
In its insistent "Come."
With tones sweet and hollow
It lures me to follow.
Far away
Through the day
It calls me—
Enthralls me—
The lift of its beating heart is repeating.
"Come! Come!"
Is the call of the drum.
—Josh Wink.

The Passing of the Laird.



STORIES are beginning to come from South Africa about that field of dread memory—Magersfontein. From dawn when the belching hills front of fire had mowed in swaths the ranks of the Black Watch—till dusk—when the last gun had sent its whistling shrapnel—the air had seemed to live and screech and scream, and to maim, blast and wither the men of the Highland Brigade.

The dark African night had flung its blackness over Magersfontein, and in the scanty scrub and stony hollows remained those who could not well retire when the bugles, with reluctant notes, sounded the retreat.

Piper Duncan Farquharson sat up and groaned. His last experience of life had been rather mixed. He remembered retiring behind a wire fence, and after he had scrambled over the veldt a few dozen yards something happened. What this was Duncan was uncertain, but as he felt his head he knew he had been hit.

He sat up and considered. Where was his company? Where was the captain, and his lieutenant—the young laird, who bore the same name as his bore? He would go to them. So he went.

There were groans and sobs from the darkness, and sometimes a wild yell tore the night asunder. There were calls for water in all the dialects spoken north of the Tweed and in many forms of southern Anglo-Saxon. Duncan crawled through them. At last he came to the barbed wire entanglements. As he crawled through these the barbs tore his kilt and hose, and he felt them enter his flesh; but at last he threw himself clear.

Then he rolled down a short way, and a boulder brought him up. He put out his hand to protect his face, and caught another hand, cold and clammy, in his own.

The other groaned aloud.

"Is that you, laird?" said Piper Duncan Farquharson.

"Ah, it's you, Duncan," said Lieutenant Duncan Farquharson.

"Ay, it's me, laird! Are ye sair hurt?"

"Oh, I don't know, Duncan! For heaven's sake, if you have any water give me some!"

"I've nae water, laird, but I'll get ye some. Ye are awfu' caul', though," said the piper.

He took off his tunic and wrapped the laird in it, as well as could be done under the circumstances.

The laird suddenly stirred.

"Duncan, lad, if you can move, bring me a drink of water."

Duncan sat still and felt his head. He heard with his ears, but his brain had not yet comprehended.

Then consciousness returned to him. He must obey the laird.

It was in these circumstances that Piper Farquharson robbed the dead of Magersfontein.

Duncan pillored from an officer a silver flask which its owner would never more require.

With other melancholy loot Duncan crawled slowly back to the laird, and, feeling for his face, he poured water between his lips.

He drank the liquid, and, as it brought back life into his trembling frame, he said:

"Man, laird, I houp that officer chiel was a good-levin' man. He deserves to gang to a place there's nae such a drought as there's here."

"You were always plucky, Duncan," said the lieutenant, "but I'm going." His voice was now at a whisper.

"Na, na, ye'll tak' another drappie!" said the piper. And again he poured a few drops between the laird's lips.

"Duncan, could you play a march before I go?"

"I'll try, but maheid's awfu' queer. Hiv ye my pipes?"

"Yes; I kept them in my left hand."

Piper Farquharson tuned his pipes.

"Now, the 'Haugs o' Cromdale,' Duncan. I'm going!" whispered the laird.

"Na, na, ye nae gann, laird! I'll play ye a reel." And over the desolation floated the springing crispness of the "Perth Hunt."

II

From the darkness the sentries on the heights and in the trenches fired off their rifles, and their sleepy comrades stood to their arms. These petticoat rouinees were to make a night attack. Suddenly the music stopped.

"Dae ye mind that? It was danced at your coming o' age."

"Yes, I remember, Duncan. But play the march, and sit down here beside me; I'm cold. It will soon be snow, Duncan."

Duncan, whose head was throbbing with the effort made in playing the reel, crawled down beside his laird.

"Ay, I think it will be snow afore mornin'," he said.

Then Piper Farquharson played marches and strathspeys, and in the cold and darkness death came to many of his audience. But as they fell asleep, and their thirst was sated, and their pain eased, their lullaby was to them the sweetest they had heard since childhood.

Duncan could play no more. It was indeed only fitfully he had played at all.

And the laird was passing.

"Good-by, old man, and thanks!" sighed the laird. "If you go home tell them I sent my love. I wrote them all yesterday. Good—"

There was a slight tinkle and the laird fell sideways. He had gone with his comrades.

The dawn would come soon. Already the summits of the Eastern hills were beginning to appear through the grayness. Day was coming and the night, and those who had gone under its blackness were now to be numbered with that which had been.

Duncan, however, was only concerned about one thing.

The laird was gone. He had asked him for a march; he should have one. Duncan rose, propped himself against the boulder, and stood over the body of his lieutenant.

Then over the veldt the low, wailing strains of "Lochaber No More" rose and swelled in the dawn, like the voice of a mother mourning with a sore, articulate grief the loss of her children.

The Boer sentinel in the advanced trench saw, as the dawn came, a rooinek standing facing him. He was a petticoat and might have thousands behind him. The sentry brought his rifle to the "Present!" It was an easy shot—a tall man, with no khaki tunic to deceive the marksmen. Then the Mauser barked.

In this wise Piper Duncan Farquharson, of the Highland Brigade, rejoined his laird.—Answers.

NOT WHOLLY FREE FROM GUILF.

A Traveler Corrects a False Impression as to the Central American Indians.

"It is a common impression that the Central American Indian is singularly honest and free from guile," said a traveler who came up on the last banana boat, "but don't you believe a word of that story. I recently made a mule-back trip to the Olancha district, in northwest Honduras, my particular purpose being to take a look at the famous old placer diggings on the Guayape River. I spent a week or so in the region, and was especially interested in the native Indians who live along the banks of the stream and who regard the placers as a sort of family pocketbook, from which they help themselves as they please. When a household needs anything that can't be hunted or fished—in other words, that has to be bought at the store—the women sally out with their 'bateas' or wooden bowls and proceed to wash as much gold as is required for the purchase. The metal they secure in that way is usually in the form of minute grains, hardly as large as the head of a pin, but occasionally they find little nuggets, and that brings me to my story.

"The day before I left I was at the principal store of the district talking to the proprietor, or 'tienderos,' when a typical Olancha Indian stumbled in and sat down on the floor. I attempted to question him about the diggings, and presently he untied a corner of his neckcloth and showed me three small, fantastically shaped nuggets which he said his wife had lately found. It occurred to me they would make interesting souvenirs mounted as scarfpins or bangles, and after some haggling I bought the lot for \$4—they weighed altogether something under a quarter of an ounce. I was so disarmed by the apparent simplicity of the Indian that I never thought to examine the nuggets closely until I reached Port Cortez, and then it hardly needed a second look to see that they were not gold at all, but evidently a sort of brass alloy.

"A few days later, I learned from an engineer who came down from the Guayape district that my Indian friend was boasting that he had stolen some yellow 'composition metal' bearing from a stamp mill and melted up a fragment in a home-made clay crucible. In that way he produced his handsome nuggets. If he had put in the same amount of labor at the placers he could easily have washed out \$20 worth of gold. That's what I call a natural aptitude for crookedness."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Level-Headed Never Lose Their Nerve

Worry is the twin sister of nervousness. Neither should ever enter into the daily life of any one. God, in His all-wise providence, put the head of a human being on top, that all beneath it might be subservient to it. There is something wrong above the eyes, in the region of the will power, when one becomes nervous in the sense of excitability. "Know thyself" is good; control thyself is better. Worry and excitement never aided any one. Any fool can get along when everything is all right, but it takes a wise man, a level-headed man, to get along and not worry nor become nervous when everything is all wrong.—Ladies' Home Journal.

HONEY IN PALESTINE.

Jews Who Went All the Way From Switzerland to Go Into Bee Raising.

Biblical and other histories say that Palestine was famous for its honey in ancient times. The natives still raise a great deal of honey, but their methods have been crude; they have secured the honey only by destroying the bees, and therefore their business has not been profitable. Of late years, however, their methods have been improving and the industry is now developing with the use of modern appliances. This great improvement is wholly due to a Jewish family named Baldensperger, that went from Switzerland in 1849 and settled near the famous pools of Solomon, seven miles south of Jerusalem. It was not until 1880 that this family made their real start in the bee business, and now, according to Consul Merrill at Jerusalem, they are famous in their line of industry.

In 1883 they carried out the novel idea of transporting their bees from one locality to another to give them fresh pasturage among the blossoms. The first experiment was to transport the hives to Yafa, a distance of twelve miles, to give the bees the benefit of the orange blossoms there. Women carried the hives on their heads all the way, each woman carrying a hive. During April the bees gathered for these thrifty Jews a rich harvest of orange blossom honey. Then the hives were moved to two other places, where crops of honey from cactus and acacia blossoms were also obtained. The Baldenspergers, pleased with their success, started apiaries in other localities and began to gather a great deal of honey from other blossoms also, such as lemon and wild thyme. Their bees were very industrious and fifty of their hives at Yafa have sometimes yielded 6000 pounds of honey in less than a month.

Of course the Turkish officials soon heard of this prosperous industry and onerous taxes were imposed on the Baldenspergers. There have been other annoyances also which have interfered with their business, but they have persevered and now find a good market for all the honey produced. Their product goes to Germany, Switzerland, England, and a little to France. The average yield per hive is about one hundred pounds of honey, and the product is taken from the hives only during the four working months beginning in April.

A while ago an American named Howard heard the story of these prosperous bee raisers of Palestine while he was in that country. He visited the family and purchased from them a number of queen bees, twelve of which were alive when he reached home, and he sold them here for \$15 apiece. In this way the bees of Palestine have been introduced into America.

The Baldenspergers extract the honey without killing the bees and have taught their methods to a good many natives and also to Jewish colonists who have gone to Palestine. Through the efforts of this family it is likely that Palestine will again become famous for its honey.—New York Sun.

The Geology of Oahu.

In a recent Bulletin of the Geological Society of America C. H. Hitchcock describes the geology of Oahu, which is the main island of our newly-acquired Hawaiian Islands. The town of Honolulu is situated on the island. Geologically the island is almost wholly composed of basalt, with a narrow fringe of limestone. The following is a condensed summary of the geological events in the history of the island of Oahu: Igneous eruptions commenced under water in post-tertiary time and accumulated until a smooth island dome arose above the surface of the water. This dome was soon channeled by rain, precipitated from the warm trade winds, and gradually vegetation derived from distant regions covered the surface. As soon as coralline and molluscan fauna migrated thither limestone began to be formed. The subterranean fires were by no means dead, but continued to pour forth at uncertain intervals lava and ashes. A sinking of the land then took place, allowing the accumulation of a marine deposit, which was subsequently raised, probably by an earthquake.

A Letter in a Nostril.

An interesting relic of the siege of Ladysmith—one of the first to reach this country—has just been placed on exhibition in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. It consists of a diminutive letter which was written in the town by a trooper in the Natal Carbineers and carried out by a native runner. The messenger was captured by the Boers, and while they were in the act of interrogating him he concealed the tiny missive in one of his nostrils, and, being released, was enabled to deliver it to the addressee, "Captain A. N. Montgomery, Magistrate, Natal." The letter is about an inch and a quarter in length, and has been folded several times over, in order that it might be contained within the smallest possible compass.—London Chronicle.

The Accident He Meant.

"I understand," remarked the reporter to the manager of a railway noted for the unpunctuality of its trains, "that there was an accident on your railway last night."

"Oh, do you?" was the sarcastic reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know anything about it?"

"Only that it happened to the train which was due here at 8.15."

"That train came in to the minute, sir," said the manager, firmly.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Of course, I am."

"Thanks. That must have been the accident referred to," and the reporter dodged out.—Tid-Bits.

That open door is not unlikely to be the means of the Chinese Empire taking its death of cold.

A Kansas paper says: "Judge Myers pronounced Stayneztraw Baczynski a citizen last week." If the Judge pronounced Stayneztraw's name at the same time he ought to go out lecturing.

A New York preacher says any woman who opens her husband's letters runs the risk of destroying her happiness. But she has known that all the time. She wouldn't bother with them otherwise.

It is proposed that no man shall be eligible to a consulship who cannot speak the language of the country to which he desires appointment. This will be a very marked improvement, and yet there is one thing even more important than ability to speak the language, and that is the possession of brains.

It is only very recently that attention has been drawn to the fact that America is likely to become the chief source of the world's supply of coal in the future, just as she has become the world's chief granary and the leading supplier of iron and steel. Owing largely to the increasing scarcity of coal in Europe the price of that commodity abroad has been rising by leaps and bounds, and has almost doubled in two years.

If, as recent letters state, a workable deposit of coal has been found within a few miles of Dawson City, it means a great deal to the mining interests of the Yukon. The reports say that 8000 tons have been taken out ready for shipment, which is very probably an exaggeration. But the presence of coal, even of comparatively poor quality, ought to result in a considerable reduction in the cost and difficulty of mining and living in the country, observes the Engineering and Mining Journal.

The 1900 Census Superintendent offers the popular language a new word—median. Heretofore it claimed only an anatomical and an entomological usage. Now the necessity of statistical science has given it a technical numerical meaning. Given a sequence of 99, the number 50 would represent the "median"; that is to say, there are as many numbers of the sequence before it as after it. The "median" age of the people of the United States is 21 years. There are, that is, as many people in it who are older than 21 years as there are who are younger. This is quite a different thing from the "average" age of the people of the country, which is 25 years. If all new word usages were as sensible as this there would be no objections offered.

The old saying that "cotton is king" went out of favor years ago, and in the corn belt of this country there is a firm belief that "corn is king." If this belief is true King Corn will do well to look to it that his crown is on straight, or it may fall off. The new claimant for the kingship of trade is our coal product. The initial sale of a little lot of two million tons of Alabama coal to Europe via New Orleans is merely the first trickle of a stream in its natural bed. At Pittsburgh a single tow takes twelve hundred thousand tons of the sooty cargo to the mouth of the Mississippi. The Eastern seaboard will get its share of the trade by the new railroads recently reorganized into shape for business. Germany cannot supply her own demands. England is short of coal. Every step in colonial expansion and naval activity and world-power rivalry means more coal consumption, and the only source of supply with a surplus seems to be in the United States.

The bulletin recently issued by Dr. Andrews, Superintendent of the public schools in Chicago, calls attention to the fact that the apparent dullness or inattention of pupils is quite frequently due to defects in sight or hearing. Such pupils will struggle along against these physical disadvantages without disclosing their nature, and the low marks they receive in daily recitations and final examinations are directly attributable to these imperfections. In the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, New York City, these defects are ascertained by medical examination, and ample provisions are made to place defective children in the most favorable locations for seeing and hearing. In Chicago these disabilities must be located so far as possible by the teachers, and whenever found the pupils, according to Dr. Andrews's suggestions, must be properly cared for in a way that will give them equal advantages with children that are physically perfect.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Wide Tired Wheels.

In the Farm, Field and Fireside, writes E. P. Gibbs, of Hardisty, Md., I notice an article by C. S. Bunstine, Oklahoma, headed, "Doubtful About Wide-Tired Wheels." Now, speaking from the standpoint of a farmer, I not only consider that the farmer that uses wide-tired wheels benefits himself, but is also a public benefactor, by helping to make better roads. The wide tire packs and smooths the moderately moist ground, while the narrow tire will cut up and render the same ground almost impassable.

I had, a few years since, a large lot of manure that I wished to haul across a piece of cornstalk land in the spring that was quite soft. We commenced with our narrow-tired farm wagons, as I had no other. We hadn't hauled a dozen loads until the boys were getting stuck with about every load, and I saw we either had to stop hauling or get a different wagon. I borrowed a four-inch tired wagon of a neighbor, and we had no trouble getting over that soft ground at all.

Of course, it does not matter so far as the wheel cutting into the ground, whether the wheel is a high or low one, but one man can go out and put a load of hay on a low-down wagon as easily as two men can put the same load on a high wagon. A load of fodder the same. It is easier to put a load of manure, gravel, wood, or any thing else that I can think of on the low wagon than on the high one, and just as easy to get it off, unless it is a load of grain that has to be shoveled away up.

I will venture this assertion, that a man can have two wagons on the farm—one a wide-tired, low-down truck, the other a narrow, high-wheeled wagon, and he will hitch on to the low, wide-tired wagon ten times to the high one once. I will admit they run bad on the road where nothing but the narrow tires are used, as they are constantly cutting the side of the rut. In some localities they are using so many of the wide tires that the rut is cut out the proper width for them; in that case they run, in my opinion, much easier than the narrow tires, and in some localities that I know of they think it would be well if the State would hold out some inducement for people to use the wide tires, so that in time they would all be wide tires.

I think this might be done by the State offering to refund the district road tax to any man using a tire not less than four inches, then when a man had to buy a new wagon it would be an object for him to get the wide tires. In a short time there would be more wide tires on the road than narrow tires. After that, I think the bounty could be taken off. I am now using a six-inch low wooden wheeled truck that cuts under, so you can turn square around, and I would not exchange it for any four high up, narrow-tired wagons I ever saw, if I had to keep and use them. Of course, it runs hard when the ground is very soft, but I can go with it where you could not go at all with the narrow tires. I think there has been less improvement in the farmer's wagon in the last fifty years than any other one thing the farmer has had to use. It has no spring, it wants one-half an acre to turn it around, and the sooner the old style form is done away with, the better it will be for the farmer and every one else that has to travel the roads.

Much Work For Good Roads.

Now that the League of American Wheelmen has abolished its racing department every attention will be given the other branches of work. The most important of these is the highway improvement department, in which is entrusted the work in behalf of the good roads movement, which was started by the L. A. W., and which has been constantly agitated by it for almost twenty years. The League has made rapid strides in this movement, particularly during the past year, but the racing question has reflected upon this as upon all other departments, the belief being disseminated that none of the branches of League work could be made effective until the racing question was settled.

The most important work accomplished last year was the holding of many good roads conventions in various States, the introduction of highway improvement measures in many of the State Legislatures and the evolution of the movement to national proportions, as was evidenced by the bill introduced in Congress calling for an appropriation of \$2,000,000. Constitutional amendments were carried in Michigan and Minnesota, and a large amount of education on the subject was circulated by the League. All of this work will be continued during the present year, but upon a much larger scale than heretofore.

See That Work Is Well Done.

Taxpayers, who are obliged to contribute to the cost of macadam roads, will do well to see to it that the work is properly done. The old adage that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, applies with irresistible force. Many of us still believe that we cannot afford, in the United States, to build first-class highways. It is even more emphatically true that we cannot afford to waste money in unsuccessful attempts at macadamizing.

The Care of Macadam.

A macadam road, properly built and with proper slope to each side, will readily drain off water and snow. The object of all road experts is to so construct a macadam road that water cannot permeate it. If water is allowed to find its way through the macadam road into the foundation below, it is

sure to work mischief; and if the road is then subjected to any considerable pressure from the wheels of heavily loaded wagons, it is certain to give way. Hence, the proper maintenance and care of a macadam road are as important as its proper construction. If once the road be damaged in this way, the work of destruction is bound to continue. It is, therefore, as important to prevent this first damage as it is to prevent the first small hole in a dam.

TESTING BUTTER BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

Shows the Difference Between the Real and the Bogus at Once.

Oleomargarine and renovated butter have seen their heyday days, if the silent efforts now being made in the basement of the State Capitol prove effective. State Chemist J. A. Hummel is engaged on varieties of yellow stuff, alleged butter, which the inspectors are sending him from every portion of the State.

The chemist has hit upon a new scheme which he thinks will surely bring the butterine dodgers to time. By a combination of nickel prisms, microscopes and a lensless camera with a sensitive plate, Mr. Hummel has developed a plan which must show the difference between butters and pseudo butters to every amateur eye at a moment's glance. Thus, it is hoped, the photographs will carry weight with a jury where chemical formulae failed. When asked to explain the process of examination by photographic methods, Mr. Hummel said:

"The simple fact to be considered is that pure butter as made in the dairies or at the creamery contains only amorphous fat. Any heating process such as is followed in renovation and running in of milk immediately generates fat crystals. In the oleomargarine, the crystals from the meat fats added to cottonseed oil are very thick.

"Now all we need to do is to place a sample of suspected butter in a glass slide and then under the microscope. We put one prism above and one below in such a way that the light rays cannot pass through, according to a law of physics. Now, we push the tube of a camera directly over the head of the microscope, and insert a plate at the other end. No direct light, you see, can pass through, that is, as long as these two prisms are properly placed. But according to the laws of light, as soon as we get a third prism, such as a crystal which you know is of prismatic shape, the light again finds its way through. Consequently, if the butter is free from crystals no direct rays, and only a dull translucent light will pass through, while otherwise bright and dark spots will come together and form the peculiar shaded picture you see in the oleomargarine sample. The proof is simple, absolute and convincing."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

He conquers who endures.—Perkins.

Good counsels observed are chains of gold.—Faller.

Finish each day and be done with it.—Abraham Lincoln.

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?—George Eliot.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—Pythagoras.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—Garfield.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.—Mitchell.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

The wisest man may always learn something from the humblest peasant.—J. P. Senn.

Every duty which we omit obscures some truth which we should have known.—Ruskin.

Where there is emulation there will be vanity; where there is vanity there will be folly.—Johnson.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.—Rochester.

Man stands in greater dread of a single beam of self-revealing light than of an arsenal of bigdeous.—H. A. Kendall.

How Justice Field Apologized.

While in a peculiar mood one day the late Justice Stephen J. Field severely reprimanded Page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall left humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace.

Later in the day Justice Field sent for McCall.

"Come to my house at 7 o'clock this evening," was all he said.

With mingled feelings of doubt and despair the page called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library, and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from the shelves.

When the veteran lawyer had piled about fifteen volumes into Page McCall's arms, he gruffly remarked:

"Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I treated you to-day. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and—keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good night!"—Christian Endeavor World.

An Englishman Understands.

"I understand New York is on an island?" said the Englishman on his way to this country for the first time.

"How long a journey is it to the Continent?"—New York Sun.