BED-TIME

After sunset, sort o' dusky, when it's neither night nor day,
When the lights away to west'ard change from crimson into gray,
When the katydids are callin' and firefly with his lamp
Goes a-straying through the evenin' where the maple leaves are damp,
There's a drowsy, dromin' murmur bows the sleepy, noddin' head,
When the whippoorwill is singing and it's time to go to bed.

Down across the dewy pasture like the murmur in a shell,
Here an' there the drowsy, dreamy, far-off tinkle of a bell,
Comes the myriad cricket chorus blending in harmonic blur
With the heavy, boomin' rumble of the clumsy beetle's whir,
When the hard day's work is over and the weary horses fed—
When the whippoorwill is singin' and it's time to go to bed.

Paint the sun that mounts the heavens; paint the crimson afterglow;
Spread upon your living canvas all the sophistries you know;
Breathe the spirit of the masters into pictures of the day,
From the risin' of the sun until the hills begin to gray;
But you cannot paint the mysteries that charm the weary head,
When the whippoorwill is singin' and it's time to go to bed.

A Professional Visit.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was bitterly cold, and the two figures threading their way down the mountain side bent to avoid the slanting particles of ice that stung their faces. Yet only the day before the sun had shone and May flowers had opened their petals to a soft breeze.

"Hurry! hurry! Doctor! for mercy's sake, hurry!" implored one of the figures, shouting in order to be heard above the wind, and the other figure, strong and athletic though it was, threw itself forward still more fiercely in vain endeavor to overtake the old man, who was plunging on ahead. "Hurry! hurry! hurry!" came back to him as part of the wind. "It's ten miles yet, an' she may be dyin'. For mercy's sake, hurry!"

Only a few hours before, just as the storm was bursting, the old man had appeared at the door of a small isolated hotel in the mountains and demanded a doctor, and when assured there was not one within twenty miles he had thrown up his hands with a despairing, "An' she may be dyin'! She may be dyin'!" Then suddenly straightening himself, he had asked harshly to be shown the road to the nearest doctor. At that moment the young man had appeared.

"I am not a doctor," he had said, "but I studied medicine two years before deciding upon the ministry. I have only just arrived, so I know nothing about the location of doctors here. As you are in a hurry, I may be better than none, and am at your service."

Hardly a word had been spoken since then, except the intermittent "Hurry! hurry!" Down slopes they had plunged, dodging trees and bowlders, slipping and stumbling, and up slopes they had climbed and scrambled, clinging by sheer force of fingers where they would often have fallen back, their one thought to cover distance as rapidly as possible. Mile after mile fell away behind them and still they bent their faces to the slanting particles of ice, the young man unable to see where he was going, but following his companion, who was apparently oblivious of fatigue or pain.

But suddenly as they hurried on the old man's foot caught in some projection and he was thrown violently forward. Almost instantly, however, he was upon his feet again and plunging

"Hurry! Hurry!" he called.

on. But only for a few steps; then he tottered and fell.

"Hurry! hurry!" he called. "I've broke my ankle, and can't keep up. Foller the ridge till ye come to a gulley with pine trees on one side. Keep through it, and then turn to the right. My cabin's in the oak scrub beyond."

"But you," protested the young man anxiously. "I cannot leave you like this. Let me attend to your ankle first."

"No, no, no!" screamed the old man harshly. "Go on, I tell ye. There's no time for me. I'm all right an' know every foot o' these mountains. If my ankle is broke, I can hobble along, an' will get there 'most as soon as you. Go on, I tell ye! Hurry! hurry! For mercy's sake, hurry! She may be dyin'!"

The young man sprang away obediently. Along the ridge and down the gulley he hurried, dodging the trees and rocks when he could see them, and bruising himself against them when he could not, the storm still beating in his face, but the bitter cold unnoticed in his haste. At the end of the gully he heard the rush and roar of turbulent waters, and presently came to the bank of a stream, thirty or forty feet wide, whose current was broken into white ridges by its force against the rough-

"He fell there after he saw me."

ness of the river bed. The old man had not spoken of this. Doubtless he knew of a fording place, and had expected himself to lead the way across.

There was no time to look for a ford now, and without hesitation the young man flung himself into the icy water. He was a strong swimmer, but when he drew himself laboriously up the opposite bank he was breathing heavily. Another ten feet of the whirling icy current he felt would have been more than he could have overcome.

For a moment he lay panting and trembling; then rose stiffly to his feet. In his wet garments he would soon freeze unless he kept moving.

Far up the slope he could see the scrub oaks, and among them was doubtless the cabin. It was still miles away, and would require hard climbing to reach it. But the very exertion of such a climb would be the best means of keeping him from freezing. Up, up he climbed and crawled, all the time more slowly and painfully, his garments soon freezing stiff as boards and his fingers becoming red and blood-stained. But at last he reached the scrub, and soon after saw the cabin in which was the life he was to save.

It was late the next day when the old man followed him up the slope, even more slowly and painfully. It required several hours to hobble to the scrub, and several more to reach the cabin. When he pushed open the door with an improvised crutch, he saw a girl lying on a couch, her face pale and frightened, but her eyes clear and bright. For the first time tears began to fall from the old man's eyes, for the brightness of the girl's face told him that she was saved. Upon the floor lay the young man breathing heavily.

"He fell there after he saved me," the girl said, hurriedly, "but first he took some of his own medicine. He said he would try to get to the fire. I could only lie here and wait and watch. It's been awful, for maybe—Henry is dying. You must hurry for a doctor, uncle."

"Yes, yes; I'll hurry for one right off," said the old man thankfully; "he's earned that. But first I'll git him on the bed an' give him something hot to drink. I reckon mebbe he's got chilled and used up."

But as he bent over him, the young man opened his eyes; at first blankly, then with growing intelligence in them. "It's more exhaustion than anything else," he whispered, "that and the cold. I'll be all right in a day or two. Don't go for a doctor; you're not able. You might hand me my box of medicine. It fell on the floor. And—and——"

The old man bent lower.

"Is—is—Elsie doing well? You might—give her another spoonful—from the glass."

The old man nodded, a surprised look coming to his face. But the young man had fallen back unconscious.

Three days later the two were outside the cabin together. The old man was sitting on a bench, his ankle bandaged.

"Your niece is all right now," the young man was saying. "If she has another attack, give her the medicine as I have directed. And you must be very careful of your ankle for a week or two—though for that matter I shall be back again—soon. I—you see—I used to know your niece. We attended schools in the same town. Then she disappeared, and I could not obtain her address."

"Yes," said the old man, "an' you've found her here?"

"I've found her here," simply, "and—and she says I may call again. But good-by."

The old man reached into his pocket. "I wish I could give you something like what you've done for me's worth, Doctor," he said, wistfully, "but I can't. Elsie's paw was rich, but he died, an' Elsie came to live with me. I git my livin' huntin'. This is all the money I've got, but you must take it," and he held out a silver dollar.

The young man glanced at it smilingly, with refusal on his lips. But something in the old man's eyes made him change his mind. He took the dollar and slipped it into his pocket.

"Thank you," he said. "Now I must be going."

When he came to the crossing to which the old man had directed him, a tree fallen across the river, he paused and took some letters from his pocket. One of them he opened and read thoughtfully.

"Dear Jack: Allow me to congratulate you in advance upon your success in the suit. All that was needed was the evidence which you write you have secured. The money is unquestionably yours, and even the other side tacitly admits this, while counting for success upon quibble of the law. But you must be careful to have your evidence in court on the 20th, or the case will go by default. Five thousand dollars is not much, but it may be of great use to a young fellow like you, who is just starting out in life. Yours as ever, —— ——."

The young man tore the letter into strips and dropped them into the swirling current of river.

"It is now the twenty-second," he said contentedly, "and the case has already gone by default. But what of it? I have found Elsie."

THE DRAGON SCREEN.

Porcelain Wall the Only remnant of Beautiful grounds.

Very few people even in Pekin seem to have heard of it. For, of course, till lately none were allowed to drive along the excellent carriage road by the lake through the parklike grounds interspersed with rockeries. The screen is perhaps twenty feet high, and of porcelain throughout, and on it in high relief a row of dragons standing on their tails, and possibly five feet high, old gold, dull red, cream, dark blue, then over again, the two dark blue confronting each other in the center. What was that screen meant to shelter from the world? Now behind it there is only a scene of frantic desolution of the most complete vandalism—trees hacked and broken, marble columns razed to the ground, images torn from their lotus seats and cloven in two. Here a broken head lying in the grass, there a gilded hand, and behind, a little to the right on an eminence, a temple like that which crowns the hill at the Summer palace. Covered with a thousand images of Buddha outside, all of imperial yellow brilliantly shining, it caused the spectator to sigh and think how exquisite must have been the other destroyed building, since this required no protecting screen. "I do not deplore its destruction at all," says a German Sinologue, "the Chinese must be humbled somehow. Best humble them through their palaces and temples."—The Cornhill.

The Population of London.

Te population of London, according to the authoritative and careful calculations of Mr. Welton, published in the December (1900) issue of the Royal Statistical Society's Journal, amounted to only 1,000,000 in 1801. This figure had doubled itself by 1841; and in 1891 the total reached 5,442,000, and by 1901 was probably 6,250,000. The area included, it should be said, is not precisely that of the census returns, so that the figures, though based upon the census returns, differ considerably from them. But practically we may say that in the lapse of a century the inhabitants of London multiplied sixfold. This enormous population, greater than that of many European states of the second class, is compressed within a space of about 130,000 acres, or, say, 200 square miles.—National Review.

Photograph Without a Camera.

It is often desired to photograph an engraving or plate in a book that cannot be taken from a library, and where the camera cannot be used. A means of taking the photograph in such cases, has been devised by an Englishman. He coats a cardboard with a phosphorescent substance, exposes it to sunlight or to the electric arc light and then places it at the back of the engraving. He then closes the book wraps it in a black cloth and leaves it so for from 18 to 60 minutes, according to the thickness of the paper, and thus obtains a fairly satisfactory negative.

Some Novelties of the Day.

Monument to a Robber.

The Duchess of Beaufort performed the other day the chief part in opening a bazaar for the restoration fund of the parish church of Avening, England.

The church contains some fairly well preserved specimens of early British architecture, but its chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is probably the only church where a highwayman has been honored with a monument.

Lord John Chandos gained his barony and the grant of Sudley Castle by his strenuous support of Queen Mary's claims to the throne. Afterwards, when that ill-advised queen was hauling her subjects to jail and to death as here-

tics, Lord Chandos, though opposed to the executions, had to act as the queen's instrument. His son, Henry Brydges, connived at the escape of a family marked for punishment, and being recognized, he and his servants were forced to lead the lives of outlaws.

At his death his admirers put up the monument to him in Avening church.

Where Air Is Pure.

During the recent scientific expedition to Spitzbergen, under the direction of Professor Nathorst, the bacteriologist of the expedition, made careful examinations of the polar atmosphere to determine the amount of impurities it contained.

In more than ninety different places on Bear Island, Spitzbergen, and King Charles Land, air was filtered and not a single germ was found in it, although over 20,000 liters of air were subject to the test.

Similar investigations were made in regard to the purity of the water, snow, and ice. Even salt water from a depth of 8,000 feet was subjected to the bacteriological test. A few bacteria were found, but they were extremely rare.

An examination of the intestines of different polar animals proved that the animals are almost free from bacteria. Only the polar gulls made an exception. In the intestines of polar bears and seals some bacteria were discovered which resembled the bacteria usually found in human intestines.

A Wooden-Legged Cow.

In an animal's hospital in the East End of London there are to be seen many curious four-footed inmates who are in different stages of convalescence and our illustration is taken from a photo of a valuable cow which recently had one of its four legs amputated. The quadruped is shown with an in-

geniously made leg of wood, which has been affixed in place of the missing member. It was thought at first that the cow would have to be killed, as the injury to its leg was a serious one, but the owner begged that every effort might be made to save its life.

Johnny on the Beaver.

The beaver is an animal with sharp teeth and a tail like a large omelet. It inhabits watery places, and is very fond of its young, of which it usually has several. The beaver is very industrious, and acquires great skill in the use of its tail, with which it plasters its dwellings. The way a beaver operates is as follows: It selects a large tree growing on the banks of a brook or some similar stream, and then it gnaws the tree till it falls across the stream, thus forming a dam. It is not wrong to say dam when you are speaking of beavers. We should never indulge in profane swearing if we can avoid it. We should ever remember the lessons we learned at the knee of our dear parents when we were little, but a beaver dam is far different. When my grandfather was a boy he went to school where there was nothing but prairie, and the boys whispered because the teacher could not find any switches and had a boil on his hand. One day the teacher took a dried beaver's tail out of his desk and spanked the whole school with it, and it didn't leave a mark on the beaver's tail, but there never was any more whispering. My grandfather is blind in one eye, but his memory is good. The beaver is becoming very scarce, and you have to go to the Field Museum to see one now.—Johnny.

Child Captain in the Army.

The Kentucky state guard numbers among its members the youngest individual that ever donned shoulder-straps in the United States army or who has been under fire in battle. This person is Capt. Manley Lawton, son of the late Gen. H. W. Lawton, who, although only 13 years old, is the bugler for the first battalion artillery, Kentucky state guard.

At the age of 11 years this boy was on the firing line and under fire. He went to the Philippines with his father and served in various commands until his father's death in December, 1899. Soon after arriving he was assigned to the position of volunteer aide on his father's staff with the rank of captain. He served faithfully and well, going through the entire campaign, taking part in all the expeditions, and enduring the same hardships as the others of the command.

Before starting on that long northern expedition with his father to Luzon, the result of which meant so much, he served for some time as an aide to Gen. Fred Grant while the latter was stationed at Bacor. Of all the relics brought back from the Philippines, says the Philadelphia Inquirer,

CAPT. MANLEY LAWTON.

the most treasured by him are the official papers showing his assignment and promotions while serving in the volunteer army of the United States.

Prophecy of Automobile.

Nahum, the Elkoshite, one of the tersest and most compact of the Old Testament prophets, may have foreseen the era of the automobile. In his memorable utterance, entitled "The Burden of Ninevah," he uses these words: "The chariots rage in the streets; they jostle one against another in the broad ways; the appearance of them is like torches; they run like the lightnings." Self-motors in New York's chief thoroughfare meet that description exactly.

Odd Facts Affecting Calendars.

Those persons who have the double advantage of ancient family and careful forefathers, by turning up the calendars—unfortunately, they are not printed ones—for the twelfth century, by Solomon Jarchus, will find the days and dates coincident with the present century. Such persons can save the expense of buying for 100 years. Again those with a frugal mind who have preserved the almanacs of the nineteenth century will avoid an outlay for calendars of the century commencing January 1, 2201, as the dates for the hundred years following will be coincident with those of the last century. But life is scarcely long enough for such economies.

Pistol Used by Booth

The assassination of President McKinley recalled to George Plowman, a theatrical architect of Philadelphia, the murder of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1865. Mr. Plowman is the possessor of the derringer, a small vest-pocket revolver, from which Booth fired the fatal shot.

"Several times it has been doubted that the derringer which I have is the one with which Lincoln was murdered," said Mr. Plowman, "but there is absolutely no doubt that it is the same weapon. Three or four years after the shooting, while George K. Goodwin and myself were running the Walnut Street theater in Philadelphia, the stage carpenter, who was working at Ford's theater the night of the assassination, put in an appearance at the Walnut Street theater. He informed Mr. Goodwin (they had been friends for many years) in a confidential manner that he had in his possession something that had caused him great anxiety. The carpenter, whose name I do not recall, told Mr. Goodwin in my presence that he had the derringer that Booth had used to murder Lincoln.

"The reason he had not said anything about it prior to that time, he said, was because he was afraid of being arrested. The carpenter said he

DERRINGER WITH WHICH LINCOLN WAS SHOT.

picked it up on the stage of Ford's theater after Booth had fled to Virginia. He pocketed the weapon and kept it a secret. He drew up a statement of the occurrence and signed it in our presence. Then he gave the derringer to Mr. Goodwin. When Mr. Goodwin died his widow made me a present of the weapon, together with the stage carpenter's signed statement."

Mr. Plowman prizes the weapon very highly, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, and no amount of money could purchase it.

Device for Truing Up Railway Wheels.

A simple device, it is reported, has been put in operation on some of the railroads by which the wheels can be trued up without interfering with their use. It consists of a brake-shoe that contains pockets, filled with grinding material, so that when a wheel becomes flattened, it is only necessary to remove the old shoe and put it in its place, doing the braking as usual, the wheel becoming turned down in the course of a little while.

Aids in Carrying Lantern.

While the invention shown in the cut has been designed principally for the use of railway conductors in examining tickets at night, yet it may be utilized to advantage by persons who must have their hands free for carrying packages or for doing other work.

The arrangement consists of a frame of metal rods, which are hinged together to allow the lantern to be tilted in any desired direction so as to impede the work to the smallest degree. This frame is attached to the arm by two straps, which pass around a curved plate at the rear of the frame.

The straps are of spring metal, having several eyelets for varying the adjustment. With this arrangement in use by the brakeman he will have both

hands free to assist passengers in getting on and off the trains and yet the spring clamps allow the light to be instantly detached for waging a signal.

Versatile Dr. Gittings.

In addition to inventing a new process for manufacturing iron, Dr. Enoch Gittings proposes to displace steam as a motive force, abolish coal and harness the tides. He has also discovered a cure for cancer, and is writing a book on psychic phenomena. It will not be Dr. Gittings' fault if there is nothing doing for the next few years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The King's English.

"They say that King Edward VII. is careful of his speech and often corrects an error in language made by others."

"Well, he is the natural guardian of the King's English, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

FEEDING THE FIGHTERS.

How British Tars Are Supplied with Their Food.

Certain foods are issued to men of the fleet daily, says a London newspaper. But these, apart from being in many cases of insufficient quantity, are also not varied enough to keep the men in good health. Butter, cheese, milk, jam and fresh vegetables are often conspicuous by their absence. So to make good these very necessary articles the men buy them from the canteens, partly out of their own pockets and partly with money obtained from selling portions of their rations back to the government.

This latter transaction on the part of the Admiralty is called "savings." In ships in the channel squadron and on foreign stations a restriction is placed upon the quantity of fresh meat which may be saved. This, however, is only that the local purveyors may not have to deal with too great a fluctuation in the quantities which they may have to order.

As a rule, the saving price is fixed at about two-thirds of an article's value. Salt pork, for example, costs the government 6d a pound, but if they buy it back from the men they give only 4d for it. As showing to what extent food is bought by the men, the report states that the annual turnover of an average battleship's canteen often exceeds £6,000. If sailors had enough and sufficiently varied food allotted them, the "savings" system would soon die out of its own accord.