

WHEN I WAS A BAREFOOT ROVER.

Oh, the spoil and greed in the world of men
And the strife that lives forever,
Are lost in the ways and dear old days
That the years can never sever.
I'd pass the haunts and marts of men,
And all its joys, moreover,
To live and dream one boyish dream
When I was a barefoot rover.

The shady lane, by the rippling grain,
And the meadows again to wander;
The willow'd rill beyond the hill,
To the pickered pond "down yonder."
To lie in the cool of the shade and dream
My youthful dreams all over,
I'd give all the world has doled to me
To be a barefoot rover.

The bees and birds, the lowing herds,
The muddly cattle wallow;
The hollow stump where squirrels slunk
And the nuts in "chipmunk hollow";
The faint, sweet smell from the ferry dell
Where the wild flow'rs used to hover,
And the woods, and brooks, and secret nooks
Were mine—a barefoot rover.

The chirp of birds, the lowing herds,
And the humble bees' dull droning
Is music walf'd from the surging through
With its never ceasing moaning.
And I'd pass the haunts and marts of men,
And its arts and joys, moreover,
To lie and dream one boyish dream
When I was a barefoot rover.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SAVED BY SHABBINESS

THE first great excitement of the opening of the civil war swept over the country like an irresistible tidal wave in that memorable year 1861, and I was caught in the current, though at college, and with nearly all my class enlisted among the first volunteers. My health not being very robust, instead of receiving orders for field service, I was commissioned to fill a place in a disbursement office.

One day I was summoned into the presence of my commanding officer and told I was to accompany Capt. McKay (we will call him) to a certain city for money to pay the troops. The sum was \$100,000. We were given particular directions as to our going and coming. The distance was so great we were obliged to stay over night on the route. A large city was selected and we were advised as to the hotel.

When we reached our destination Capt. McKay produced an old black bag for our precious burden. It was not an ordinary old worn-out bag—such a one as an officer might have used until the glass was gone and the edges were white. There was no air of ancient respectability about it. Since it was new much time must have elapsed, and heavy wear must have been its portion, judging from the patches which were not of the same kind of shiny black leather as the primitive article.

The Captain carried the bag and I watched the Captain. When the numbers traveling admitted of it, I took a seat just behind him; otherwise we sat together.

I rather enjoyed hearing the comments of our fellow travelers on the Captain and his bag. One young lady said to her companion: "If that nice-looking captain has a wife she ought to be ashamed of herself for allowing her husband to carry such a furious looking old bag!"

A couple of lads returning from school took the seat vacated by the ladies, and after they were settled they commenced to look about them, and one said to the other: "What's that fellow's rank?"

"Which one?" asked his companion. "The one with the bag?" After studying some time he replied, "Brevet colonel, I believe."

"Brevet jack-a-napes!" exclaimed the first boy. "I believe he's a low-downer, something like an 'orderly' or an 'adjutant.'"

"No, sir, no, sir; he's a 'brevet' of some kind. Didn't we have the explanation of 'brevet' the other day in class as a commission which entitles an officer to rank above his pay? Now that I see ranks above his pay, which accounts for his uniform's being first-class, for Uncle Sam settles the bills. But his pay does not allow him to have other nice things like bags and things."

Aside from remarks, we met with no adventure, and reached the hotel where we were to spend the night about 9 in the evening. We had determined to avoid exciting remarks by making unnecessary requirements about our room, so simply asking for a room in the quiet part of the hotel where we could sleep in the morning, we were shown to one of a suite. We realized we had made a mistake in this particular when we were alone, and commenced to make plans for barricading, as the room had three doors to be looked after.

"Now what will we do to the windows?" asked Capt. McKay, as we stood in our shirt sleeves, all heated from our exertions of moving a heavy mahogany bedstead without rollers in front of one door, a marble-topped washstand in front of another and a marble-topped bureau (also without casters) in front of the third.

I considered myself something of a genius about a house, so I replied cheerfully: "I think I can fix the windows all right."

I took the chairs and the towel rack, some empty pasteboard boxes found in the closet and a bamboo whatnot and erected a pyramid between the windows. My idea was to construct an easily moved something so that anyone trying to enter by the window would give premonitory symptoms by a grand overthrow. The pyramid not being high enough, I bethought me of

the window shades. An unfortunate thought, for I lamed my thumb and skinned several fingers trying to get the shades down. But at length we stood in admiring silence before a pyramid that at its base took in both windows and at its summit, by the aid of the rolled up shades placed like an "A" to form an apex, reached nearly to the top of the room. We felt safe and retired for the night.

I was awakened by thinking a detachment of artillery and an avalanche from the Matterhorn were attempting to enter our windows at the same time. I gave a leap from the bed to ascertain what was the matter, when I found myself all enveloped in window shades (they having selected that pleasing moment to unwind after having rapped me awake).

Capt. McKay assured me that I made use of various strong expressions as I struggled to free myself. After the closest scrutiny, we could discover no trace of any attempt having been made to enter our room by the windows, but sundry movings about overhead led us to conclude our pyramid had received its overthrow from jars from that quarter.

"Morn, waked by the creaking hours, with rosy hand," had scarcely unbarred the gates of light when I felt something more vigorous than a "rosy hand" hold of my shoulder, and opening my eyes I saw the Captain's face pale and distracted in front of mine and heard him say in a voice trembling with emotion: "The bag is gone!"

"It cannot be!" I cried, springing up in a frenzy of fear. But diligent search could not reveal its hiding place. There stood the heavy mahogany bed before one door, the washstand and bureau before the other two, undisturbed! The dust on the window ledges and sash seemed to prove that no one, not even the chambermaid, had interfered with them for some time.

"Let us get dressed and notify the authorities of our loss," cried the Captain in a hoarse whisper.

Both of us started to obey this suggestion and made such speed as we could, considering our oft-repeated tendencies to stop and search in probable and improbable nooks for the lost. I saw Capt. McKay pulling out the drawer in the bamboo whatnot, large enough to hold a writing pad with a few pencils; while I flew with a boot half pulled on to search the top shelf in the closet.

"I have looked there six times!" the Captain called out. "I shall be forever disgraced," he added with a groan.

"And our brave boys, what will they do for their pay?" I said feebly—my inability showing itself in my alluding to such a painful view of the subject when the Captain was so overcome.

"Do you think I shall allow them to lose a cent?" he asked, almost fiercely. "No, sir! I have \$1,000 in the bank and I'll use every bit of my pay and forfeit my pension to—"

Rap-a-tap-tap, came a summons to open the door, before which the heavy mahogany bed stood as an impenetrable fortification. I, with boot number one on and number two half on, and the Captain, with one arm in his vest, hastened to remove the obstruction with as little noise as possible, feeling we would rather not have it known how much we had barricaded. Several more raps came before we were ready, but at length we opened the door and in the dimness of a dark morning we saw a bald boy with a jug of water in one hand.

I took the water, while the Captain said in an excited tone: "Boy, run down quickly and tell the hotel clerk to come up here! Why don't you start?" he asked, impatiently.

"Yes, I'm going, mister, but first let me ax ye if this here is yours?" At that he held up his other hand and there we beheld the old, shabby, but estimably precious bag!

The Captain nearly swooned with joy, while I had presence of mind to tell the boy not to send up the clerk and to give him a sum of money that made him whistle all the way down the hall. The boy explained that he picked up the bag just outside our door. Then we remembered when the lock of the door had proved refractory, the Captain had set it there, but neither of us had noticed that it was not picked up again. Blessed be shabbiness! we agreed, if it could accomplish the remarkable feat of preserving the sum of \$100,000 in the hallway of a hotel so many hours.

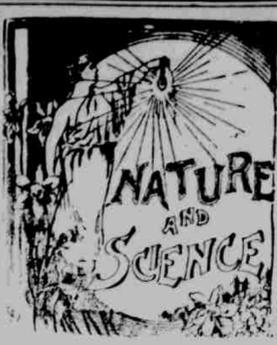
When the Captain and I had sufficiently recovered from falling on each other's necks and weeping tears of joy over the recovery of our treasure, the Captain said: "I can trust you not to tell this, I am sure, for if you do, it should reach the General's ears, it would mean the loss of my commission."

That is the reason I have waited until this time before giving the public this episode of the war—Orange Judd Farmer.

Revealed by the Microscope.
A ready means of distinguishing between fresh meat and that which has been frozen, a writer points out, is furnished by the microscope. A small quantity of the blood or meat juice is examined, and if this is from fresh flesh numerous red corpuscles normal in color and floating in clear serum are seen; while in the case of blood from flesh that has been preserved by freezing the corpuscles have dissolved in the serum, and not a single normal red corpuscle can be seen. The liquid must be examined before there has been any drying.

Young Indians as Farmers.
Out of 570 Indian boys and girls lately at the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle only 161 are there now. The other 406 are out among the farmers of the State helping to harvest the crops.

There is one thing that gets a man into more trouble than love, carrying a pistol, and looking for a fight.



The swallow has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs a scoop-net mouth, for he does all his feeding on the wing.

Place a snake on a smooth surface, as a polished table, and it makes no roadway, because it finds no resistance on the smooth surface to aid it in pushing ahead.

An attempt to acclimate ostriches in South Russia has proved successful. The ostriches born in Russia are much less sensitive to cold than the imported ones, and their plumes are equally good.

The wave length of Roentgen rays, according to Promethius, has been ascertained by Dr. Fromm of Munich to be fourteen-millionths of a millimeter, or about seventy-five times smaller than the smallest wave length of light. The determination was based upon interference-phenomena.

A powerful anaesthetic, which volatilizes on exposure to the air, has been invented by a Polish chemist. It is believed that bombs filled with this chemical, and thrown into the ranks of an opposing army, will in a few moments make the foe utterly helpless.

Condensation is the result of chilling the air. The ascent of the lower strata of the atmosphere into the higher regions and the consequent expansion and loss of heat is the most probable cause of rain, and it is not impossible that the air near the ground, being made to rise by being artificially heated, might tend to produce the desired downpour of rain.

There is patented a useful addition to the typewriter in the shape of a pair of small mirrors, measuring each nine and one-half inches by three and one-half inches, so mounted as to afford a perfectly clear view of the writing to an operator sitting erect and using it table height. The mirrors can be attached to any machine, and do not interfere with any of its uses, while they can be turned aside in a moment when it is desired to brush the types or insert a fresh inkling ribbon.

It is not often that estimates are given in years of the time that has elapsed since the appearance of early races of men. Such an estimate, however, has recently been made by Mr. Jacob Nuesch concerning the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland. According to Dr. Nuesch man first appeared on Swiss soil about 28,000 years ago. He dwelt there during 8,000 years, when great changes occurred, and for 8,000 to 12,000 years man seems to have been absent. He reappeared at the beginning of the Lake Dwellers' period, which lasted 4,000 years, and closed 4,000 years ago with the introduction of bronze.

Much attention in scientific circles has been attracted by a recent lecture by Prof. William Crookes on "Diamonds." Prof. Crookes made a special study of the diamond-mines of South Africa, and his conclusion is that the gems found there have been crystallized out of molten iron containing carbon in solution, and at sufficient depth below the surface to give great pressure; but this is doing on a large scale what Moissan, the French chemist, has succeeded in doing on a small scale. Moissan makes microscopic diamonds by dissolving carbon in iron, and causing the crystals to form under pressure. The chief difference appears to be in size and capacity of the laboratory, in which regard nature has a vast advantage.

Dr. Von Liebig of the University of Munich calls attention, in Science, to some of the curious effects of rarefied and of condensed air on human respiration. On high mountains some persons experience distressing "shortness of breath," one result of which is that they are unable to whistle. Precisely the same effect is sometimes produced by the condensed air in caissons and diving bells. Laborers working in compressed air frequently find, however, that their powers of exertion are increased as long as the atmospheric pressure is not more than double that of ordinary air; but beyond that point unpleasant effects are experienced after the men have left the working shafts and returned into the open air. On the other hand high atmospheric pressure in the case of persons not doing manual labor has been found to act as a mental stimulus, increasing the impulse to talk.

Electrical Power in America.
John Bogart, one of the American engineers connected with the work of completing the Niagara Falls electrical power works, gives to the Pall Mall Gazette of London some interesting facts in regard to electrical power in America. The Niagara company furnishes an electrical horse-power of 15,000 with a capacity for 40,000, and possibilities of increasing to any extent needed. The works cost \$9,000,000, it having been necessary to construct a tunnel 7,000 feet long at a considerable depth and through solid rock. Of the utility of the work the fact that Buffalo and Niagara City are supplied at the rate of \$20 per horse-power per annum, while in some cases nearly \$100 per horse-power has been paid, is

sufficient evidence. Next to the electrical works at Niagara are those at Sault Ste. Marie, and according to Mr. Bogart the greatest of all are in construction about sixty miles from Montreal, near the town of Massena, N. Y., close to the St. Lawrence River. The power will be obtained from a fall of forty feet between the southern branch of the St. Lawrence River and a small placid stream known as Grass River. A canal of a little more than three miles in length is in process of construction and when the works are completed a total of 75,000 electrical horse-power can be furnished. It seems a pity that the attention of engineers had not sooner been directed to this point on the St. Lawrence, as in that case probably the vicinity of Niagara Falls would not have been given over to manufacturing and thus become a great industrial center, as it will in the not distant future.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

It is a good thing to have a man help his wife around the house occasionally; he gets mad at the dull knives and scissors, and they are sharpened as a result.

When a new minister arrives in a town, the experienced people do not turn out to hear him until he has had time to exhaust the string of anecdotes he brought with him.

There is a belief among romantic people that money can buy everything but love. This may be true, but it can buy a substitute article that is as good as love, and that wears better.

An Atchison woman is such a great believer in Christian science that she calls her blue glassware, which she received as a prize with baking powder, cut glass, and has convinced herself that it is cut glass.

After the proud and pretty girls in a family get married, there is nothing left to sustain the pride of the family, and the father and mother close the parlor and resume their familiar intercourse with the neighbors who eat in the kitchen.

A real pleasant time doesn't begin at a party until some one breaks the ice by saying something unfavorable about one who is absent. The guests look for a moment at each other as if in doubt, then all plunge into the hole, and a good time follows.

Speaking of chaperons, society should issue a rule that a man must be chaperoned, and that unless his wife can do it she should have the privilege of naming her substitute. A man who is chaperoned by his wife is as safe from temptation as if he were a 6-year-old boy asleep in his cradle.

An Atchison man who visited in western Kansas recently found the family sleeping without pillow cases, and using a tin bucket for a teapot. He expressed his surprise and was told that the banks of that country refused to take any more money on deposit, and they were keeping theirs in the pillow cases and teapot. The family were much worried for fear that when the corn and cattle are sold, they will have to take off their socks and stockings to hide their money in.

Little Ye We-Chong.

Probably the youngest private secretary ever entered on the record of the department of state in Washington is Little Ye We-Chong, the only son of the minister from the "Land of the Morning Calm," as Corea is fondly called by her native born. This small boy is only 9 years old, and last fall knew nothing of the English language, but after six months' schooling he is beginning to speak and write, and has a greater command of the language than his father, who knows almost nothing of it. Unlike most of the rising generation, he considers it a great treat to go to school, and is quick and bright and eager to learn. The little fellow has adopted the American style of dress, and is fast picking up the ways of young Americans, too, though many times his manners would put theirs to shame. He is devoted to his mother, who, with his father, used very often to accompany him to school. Like most Korean fathers, Minister Ye Pool-Chin is very strict, and the young secretary stands very much in awe of him.—Harper's Bazar.

The Church Maid.

The up-to-date churches now employ a church maid. One who enters a sanctuary in New York nowadays may see a slender figure in a plain black gown with cape and apron moving around among the pews. She is, perhaps, dusting the hymnals, arranging the cushions or putting notices in the racks. She will, however, come forward, answer your questions, direct you to the sexton, tell you the minister's hours or advise you to whom you should apply for other information than she may be able to give. It is a part of her duty to remain respectfully near visitors, for strangers have been known to "biff" anything that strikes their fancy and walk off with it. The maid also cares for the minister's study and gives to the edifice many touches of which the janitor is incapable. The church maid has her hands full.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Origin of a "Tip."

Here is an interesting bit of philology. It concerns the origin of the word "tip," and throws a little light on the origin of the custom. In old English taverns a receptacle for small coins was placed conspicuously, and over it was written, "To Insure Promptness." Whatever was dropped in the box by guests was divided among the servants. In the course of time the abbreviated form, "T. I. P.," was used.

Wasps Kill Pigeons.

An Irish observer estimates that wasps captured between 800 and 400 flies on two of his cows in about twenty minutes.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

Three Classes of Persons Ought to Know and Observe Them.

The rules of the road appear to be indifferently understood by a large number of persons who use the streets, or they are willfully disregarded. The ordinary rules of the road, and they apply to road vehicles, horsemen and bicycles, are as follows:

For the Driver.—Know how to drive. Keep to the right.

In passing another vehicle going in the same direction keep to the left.

In approaching a crossing slow up. To go around a corner stop up and make a wide turn to carry you to the right, and avoid vehicles coming down the cross streets on their proper side.

A city street is not a speeding track; it is a highway for the use of many and various vehicles. Therefore drive at moderate speed.

Use Judgment.

If you cannot drive do not handle the reins. Let someone do it who can.

Keep a cool head.

A person who drives should be a responsible person. A slight accident or lack of judgment on his part might cost a life.

Senile men, young and untrained boys, nine-tenths of the women, one-half the men and a few of the coachmen should never be allowed to drive in the city. It takes knowledge, judgment and strength to pilot a horse or a team of horses in a crowded city street.

For the Pedestrian.—If a pedestrian, keep off the roadway, except to pass over it at the proper crossing.

Do not stop in the middle of the street to converse with a person you meet.

In crossing a street step lively; observe all sides for coming teams. They have the right of way.

Do not stand in the street while waiting for a street car.

If a bicycle comes behind you and its bell is suddenly rung, do not get rattled. Stand still. The wheelman will ride around you and avoid hurting you.

If you do get rattled, do not try to "balance on the corners" with the wheel; make a bold dash for the sidewalk, or else stand still.

The sidewalks are for pedestrians. The roadways are for vehicles.

For the Wheelman.—Do not ride a bicycle on a crowded street until you are its master.

Do not "scorch."

Do not pass close in front of a vehicle or a street car.

Take your time unless you happen to be going for a doctor. Even then go with reasonable speed and be extra observant and cautious.

Keep to the right except when passing a vehicle going in the same direction, when pass it to the left.

Do not turn the corner of a downtown street while riding faster than four miles an hour.

Do not coast on down-town streets. It is dangerous to your own life and the lives of others.

Do not attempt trick riding on a crowded street.

When you see a wheelman riding on the wrong side of the street warn him. This is customary in Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and other large cities. If you are so warned do not get angry.

If you ride at night without a lamp and are accidentally run into it is your fault. One of the chief purposes of a lamp is to keep other vehicles from running you down.

Wheelmen should never ride more than two abreast when riding in parties, especially at night.

If you are a beginner get off and walk down a hill. You are sure to be nervous and might run into someone.

Every wheelman should know how to dismount from both sides of the wheel. This is especially necessary in down-town streets to avoid accidents.

Men who ride down town should practice dropping off the saddle astraddle the hind wheel where dismounting from either side is impossible.

Every wheelman should know how to brake with the foot on the front wheel. Many serious accidents on down-town streets would thus be averted.

Every woman who rides a wheel should have a brake attached to it.

No man should take a woman on a tandem on a crowded street. Tandems are not fit vehicles for down-town streets during business hours.—Kansas City Star.

A Bear that Could Bite.

Another man who depended on the assurance that bears are arrant cowards, and will run from any human being who approaches them, has had occasion to amend his opinion. On the third of last May a wheelman, riding through the country about Lewiston, Idaho, took it into his head to go out hunting for grouse. Leaving his wheel in a secure place, and taking a small twenty-two-caliber rifle, he obtained the services of a civilized Indian boy named Matthew, as a sort of guide, and set forth. The boy also had a rifle of the same size, and they had a couple of dogs. Between them they were pretty well armed, as they thought, and counted upon bringing home a good bag. But hunting is uncertain business.

They had not gone far into the woods on Mission Creek, fifteen miles from Lewiston, when the dogs stirred up something which, to judge from their excited actions, was not a grouse. The hunters went to see what it was, and found the dogs barking at a she cinnamon bear, which, with her cubs, was in a kind of den in the rocks.

The Indian boy was in advance, and the bear had no sooner seen him than she rushed out at him. Matthew did the best thing he could think of—he fired his little rifle in the bear's face. But the wound only enraged her. She sprang on the boy, bore him down, and began to tear him with her teeth and claws.

The white man was meantime engag-

ing to the rescue with his little gun. Although the sight of the bear tearing the boy made him sick, he poured the small bullets into her body, and at last succeeded in hurting her so much that she let go the boy, and snarling at the man, fled into the woods.

Poor Matthew was now unconscious; his clothes were nearly gone, and his flesh was lacerated in fifty places. The white man thought he was dead, but it turned out that life was in him, and the man took him to a place where his frightful wounds could be dressed.

This particular bear is well known to the people about Mission Creek. She has several times attacked men and boys, who have heretofore got off, in the language of Job, by the skin of their teeth.

The people have resolved not to tolerate longer a bear with such reprehensible habits, and at last accounts a party had been organized to go after her with more formidable weapons than twenty-two-caliber rifles.

"Yes, My Lord."

At a meeting of teachers in New York City many suggestions were made as to the best methods of clearing the cloudy uncertainty of children's memories.

"It is almost hopeless," said the principal of a public school. "American children, for instance, are usually sure of but two dates in history, but they attach very different events to them. One pupil told me yesterday that Washington was born in 1776 and that the civil war ended in 1492."

"It is not only their memories, but their minds that are hazy," said a well-known literary woman. "Parents seldom know the strange meanings that a timid child puzzles out alone from ordinary phrases. Until I was a large girl and found courage to ask how all of the prophets could be hung on one rope, I always believed the two commandments from which hang all the law and the prophets to have been two scold-folds."

"English children are no brighter than our own," said another teacher, and repeated an anecdote told by an American bishop who, while in Yorkshire, had been asked to address a Sunday school.

"I am the Bishop of the diocese of Washington and Idaho," he said; "and, by the way, can any of you tell me what a diocese is?"

Several hands were held up. Dr. Talbot nodded to a yellow-haired, red-checked lad in front. "You know," he said.

"Yes, my lord. A diocese is a high point of land, with a bishop sitting on top and a lot of clergymen all around."

"It is not the children who are to blame," said an old professor, who had listened in silence. "It is we, who, in these modern days, are urgent to crowd into their vacant minds the rudiments of too many branches of knowledge. It is better to take a week to plant in a child's mind one idea, so that it may take root and grow, and become a part of his life, than to pour into it a hundred facts in a day, which he does not understand nor receive."

Arctic Seasons.

The seasons in the north frigid zone or arctic circle follow the seasons in the north temperate zone, though, of course, about the pole and for 1,000 miles south of it in every direction the winters are much more severe and longer, while there is practically neither spring nor fall, three or four months of unseasonably warm weather considering the latitude, being what the residents in Alaska and Northern Siberia may expect. The equatorial regions have their wet and dry seasons, the change of seasons being usually accompanied by severe storms, which occur in September and March, often attaining the violence of hurricanes. What we call our winter is the dry and pleasant season in equatorial regions, both north and south, and our summer is, in the tropical zone, the rainy and unhealthy season.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Umbrellas.
Umbrellas had much longer if, when they are wet they are placed handle downwards to dry; the moisture then runs from the edges of the frame and the material dries uniformly. If stood handle upwards, as is usually the case, all the moisture runs into the top of the umbrella and is kept there by the lining underneath the ring, consequently it takes a long time to dry, and injures the silk or other fabric with which the umbrella is covered. The latter is one of the chief causes of umbrellas wearing so soon at the top. Umbrella cases are not so much used as formerly, for these are responsible for their constant friction for the small holes in the fabric that appear very early. When not in use an umbrella should be left unrolled, and when wet should be left loose to dry.

Trapped.
Animals caught in traps have sometimes managed to escape with trap and all, but in most cases the trap has in the long run been the death of them. This was the fate of an eagle that had flown away with a trap dangling from one of its legs. For several weeks neither bird nor trap was seen, till one day, a gentleman noticed a curious object hanging from a tree-branch. Climbing up to find out what it was, he discovered that it was the eagle, quite dead. The peg and chains by which the trap had been fastened in the ground had become entangled among the boughs and the poor eagle had slowly starved to death.

He's a Walter Now.
Sample—Hello, Meeker! Are you still traveling for that provision firm?
Meeker—No; I'm taking local orders now for another concern in the same line.

Sample—What house are you with?
Meeker—Hasher's restaurant.