Oh, the spoil and greed in the world of

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 rip'ning grain, And the meadows again to wander; The willow'd rill beyond the hill, To the pickerel 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 muddy cattle wallow:

The hollow stump where squirrels slunk And the nuts in "chipmunk hollow;" The faint, sweet smell from the ferny 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 towing herds, And the bumble bees' dull droning Is music wall'd from the surging throng 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



HE 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 be ing very robust, instead of receiving orders for field service. I was commissioned to fill a place in a disbursement

One day I was summoned into the presence of my commanding officer and told I was to accompany Capt, McKey (we will call him) to a certain city for money to pay the troops. The sum to hold a writing pad with a few penwas \$160,000. 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 becility showing itself in my alluding bag for our precious burden. It was not an ordinary old wornout bag-such a one as an officer might have used until the gloss 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. my pension to--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 num- tened to remove the obstruction with bers traveling admitted of it, I took a sent just behind him; otherwise we sat | would rather not have it known how together.

I rather ments of our fellow travelers on the Captain and his bag. One young lady said to her companion: "If that nicelooking captain has a wife she ought hand. 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 sent vacated by the ladies, and after they were settled they commenced to look about them, and one said to the other: "What's that that he held up his other hand and feller'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-ree, sir; he's a 'brevet' of nation of 'brevet' the other day in class cer to rank above his pay? Now that feller ranks above his pay, which accounts for his uniform's being firstclass, 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 partieular when we were alone, and commenced to make plans for barricading, ns the room had three doors to be

looked after. "Now what will we do to the win dows?" 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 talso without easters) 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 a pistol, and looking for a light.

WHEN I WAS A BAREFOOT ROVER. | 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 re-tired for the night.

I was awakened by thinking a de tachment 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 quar-

"Morn, waked by the circling 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 diligen 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 leeges 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, 1 saw Capt. McKay pulling out the drawer in the bamboo whatnot, large enough cils; 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 imto 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

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, hasas little noise as possible, feeling we 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 hall boy with a jug of water in one

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 fust let me ax ye if this here is yourn?" At there we beheld the old, shabby, but us-

estimably precious bag! The Captain nearly swooned with loy, 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 some kind. Didn't we have the expla- door had proved refractory, the Captain had set it there, but neither of us as a commission which entitles an offi- 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 \$160,000 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, and it should reach the General's ears, it would mean the loss of my commis-

That is the reason I have walted until this time before giving the public this episode of the war-Orange Judd

Revealed by the Microscope.

A ready means of distinguishing between fresh ment 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 corpuscies 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 dry-

Young Indians as Farmers. Out of 570 Indian boys and girls lately at the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle only 164 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

"ELDER" SAM PRYOR.

He's Been Preaching or 81 Years, and Shows No Signs of Stopping.

Born in the eighteenth century, sixty years a slave, fifty years the husband of a slave woman, thirty-four years the husband of a free woman who was once a slave, and eighty-one years a preacher of the Gospel. These are some of the experiences which one man, and only one man in the world, has undergone. That man is "Elder" Sam Pryor, who lives in Limestone County, Alabama, about twenty-five miles from Huntsville.

Elder Sam, or "Uncle Sam," as he is affectionately called by his "white folks," was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, Jan. 1, 1795. His first master



"ELDER" SAM PRYOK.

was Capt. John H. Harris, who served in the Revolutionary war. His young mistress, Isabella, married Capt, Luke Pryor, a lawyer of Athens, Ala., who still lives at that place, and is between 80 and 90 years of age. Sam was given to her upon the occasion of her marriage, and thus became a Pryor.

Elder Sam lives upon the Pryor place and is a great favorite with the fam-Ily. He has been preaching the Gospel over eighty-one years, and is a Baptist missionary. When asked how he came to be a preacher, he said that he received a call from the Lord eighty-one years ago the second Sunday of last

"But how did you know that you were called?"

"When God converts a man he know: it," was the reply, "and when he calls a man to preach the Gospel he knows

The old man continued: "God wants religion dat de water can't squench and de fire can't squench; jes like ef you put down dat hat an' bit go through de fire an' come out jes' like it is-ain't burnt up-dat's a hat. Dat's de way God wants a Christian to be,"

FAMILIAR TRICK EXPLAINED.

How the Talking Head Upon the Table Is Arranged.

One of the most familiar optical tricks is the talking head upon a table. The Illustration almost explains itself. The apparatus consists of a mirror fixed to the diagonally opposite legs of the table. The mirror bides the body of the girl and by reflection makes a fourth table leg appear. It



SHE IS HIDDEN BY THE MIRROR

also reflects the end of the fabric hanging down in front of the table and makes it seem as if part of the cloth were also hanging over the rear end of the table. Then, too, the mirror reflects the floor so that the speciator seems to be looking right under the table and thinks he can see the floor beyond it. The girl's head is thrust through a hole in the table. Curiously enough, the effect is more perfect when the spectator is quite near.

The Head Waitr ss.

The head waitress is beginning to rival the proverbial theological student in the dining-rooms of New England hotels. She occasionally appears in New Jersey. In a noted hostelry in the Berkshire hills the long dining-room acknowledges the benignant sway of the head waitress. Clothed entirely in black, with only a line of white at throat and wrists, her costume is differentiated from the uniform of her troop of assistants. All the other waltresses are in white duck or pique, stiffly starched (no flimsy organdles or Victorian lawns being used).

Along the long wall of the diningroom is a row of well-separated high stools. There is one by each table, and on this the waitress is perched when not attending to her table. It looks odd at first to see them perched up high when not on duty, but hotel guests are not always punctual at coming to meals, and the arrangement is thoroughly humane. The height of the sent and its position prevent what would appear as a breach of etiquette did the waitress take one of the table chairs. The fashion introduced is a sensible innovation.—Philadelphia Rec-

Fair Play.

That is a suggestive "strike story" which comes from a Western State, whose leading industry has of late been seriously imperiled. One employer's did. "No," they said; "we believe the she married him.

boss has paid us all he could afferd Anyhow, he's always treated us as though we were men. His wife and daughter have been good friends to our womenfolks, too. They've done the fair thing by us, all around, and

we won't go back on 'em." Here shines out that spirit of broth erhood which, if permitted to have its way with men, will preserve the na tion. "At the heart of the whole so cial problem," a wise writer, has said "is the quiet, homely personal service whereby one helps another. No legis lation, no shortening of hours not lengthening of pay-rolls, no improve ment of houses nor lessening of rents no establishment of the 'co-operative commonwealth,' will make much bet ter a situation which sorely needs bet tering, without this individual effort When every privileged family is min istering in some direct way to some other family less privileged, then the social millennium will begin to dawn."

KLONDIKE THORNS.

Entangling Vines Which Torture

Weary Wayfarers. H. Juneau, of Dodge City, Kan., who with his brother, Joseph Juneau, found ed the town of Juneau, Alaska, now counted as the leading citizen of the famous territory, has an interesting about increasing their avoirdupois story to tell of the dark side of life on the Upper Yukon. Mr. Juneau spent several years in Alaska, and helped uable. The candidate for added flesh lay out the streets of the town which now bears his name.

In speaking of his early experience in Alaska, Mr. Juneau said:

"I helped lay out the town in 1881. and have been there several times since. We first named the place Har ened room at least thirty minutes inrisburg, but the people changed the name after a year or two. I have found or at least a cold sponge, must be takthe country full of disappointments, en. dashing the water on the shouland I don't want to paint the picture ders, neck and collarbone, drying with too bright. Enough has not been said of the dark side.

"It is no place for men of weak constitution. The hardships to be encoundress goods and linings. She should tered require the strongest hearts and not tire herself bicycling, and she sinews, as well.

"I have seen nothing published of the fact that a large portion of the drinking mait liquors is a great help, country is covered with a moss and but many cannot stand it. A diet with vine which contains sharp thorns, like an eye to acquiring nesh should conporcupine quills, with saw edges, sist of liquids-milk, water, but not These will penetrate leather boots, and coffee and tea; no hot orcas, plenty knife will remove them. These are worse than the mosquito pest.

"Along the sea coast Alaska presents a grand and picturesque view for miles in extent, from an ocean steamer. It is a good idea to get acquainted with Alaska and enjoy its scenery. It never exercise until a half hour after is a grand country to visit, and its scenery surpasses any mountain scenery in the world. Travel on water can be provided for in comfort, and be en-Joyed without great risk or danger.

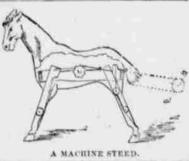
"Alaska is a country on edge. It is so mountainous. Basins are mainly filled with ice. The weather is always hard in great extremes. When there is no ice there is moss and devil's club, the latter a vine that winds about everything it can clutch. Persons walking become entwined in a network of moss and devil's club, and passage is extremely difficult and 'torturous,' as well as tortuous,"-Detroit Free Press.

The King's Mistake.

Evidently the King of Slam is still profited as much by European instruction as we have been told, he never ing garment, hiding all curves of the cuse as he has for deferring his visit air of limpness to its wearer. This to the United States. It would take, effect on the figure must be remedied he says, six months at least to get an somehow and bustles and hip pads Intelligent idea of America and America seem to be the only cans, and, as he has only a few weeks counteracting inmore to spare from affairs of state, he is going to wait until he has more lelsure! This will disgrace Chulalongkorn Made of hair or all over Europe, and ruln his laboriously acquired popularity. Any British, French or German traveler would have inches to the length told him that from three to six weeks here would enable a man of ordinary give the proper "set" to the skirt, while intelligence to know us inside and out the pads for the hips accentuate the and set down the conclusion of the whole matter in a big book. Haven't desired hour-glass effect which is deemthey done it time and again, and aren't they men of ordinary, very ordinary, of the fashionable Russian blouse. intelligence?-New York Times.

Travels Like a Re 1 Horse.

People are still at work inventing queer devices. A Detroit man has invented and patented a mechanical horse which he designed to be propelled by a pedal chain arrangement. This extends back to the carriage, which the horse draws after it, covering the



ground with a lifelike motion of the legs. The gait is said to be very natural and true to life.

Of Course. "And so Dr. Cutting, the eminent

appendicitis expert, is dead? Dear! dear! That's a severe loss to our community. What was the matter with him? "He swallowed a peachstone, and it

stuck somewhere,"-Cleveland Plaindealer.

Told the Truth.

"See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, blies, strikes and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for \$1,000." "Well, you won't,"-Detroit Free

A woman who loves her husband hands refused to "go out" when others never attempts any explanation of why



ADVICE FOR THE THIN GIRL.

IRLS with slender proportions T are usually picked out by their more heavily weighted friends as persons to whom lots of advice must be given. Probably a little information on this subject will be valshould get all the sleep possible-from nine to ten hours. In addition, a nap in the middle of the day will help. While napping no stays, tight shoes or bands must be worn. If one cannot sleep one should lie down in a darkstead. In the mornings a cold plunge, a Turkish towel and avoiding heavy ciothing. A thin woman should avoid cumbersome wraps, heavy-weight should have plenty of fresh air. Diet deserves a consideration. For some when once in the flesh nothing but a of butter and cheese and good cocoa. The very thin woman should have five meals a day, should eat marmalade and plenty of warm milk and cream. Indeed, if warm milk is drunk before retiring it is in itself almost a sure cure for thinness. Above all, eat slowly and

Bustles Here Again.

meals.

When the Czar of Russia and the President of France embraced at Cronstadt roads they didn't dream that



SETS THE SKIRT. Clever Parisian fashlon-makers went to work to establish the vogue of the Russion blouse! good deal of a barbarian. If he had Now the Russian blouse, as all the world knows, is a baggy, puffy, sloppy lookwould have given such an absurd ex- human form divine and giving a general

> fluence. So they are selling rapidly. wire and ranging in length from six BIP BUSTLE. of the dress skirt, they are supposed to smallness of the waist, and so give the ed necessary to emphasize the beauty

An Ideal Hostess. She must never look bored. She must make you feel perfectly at

home. She must know how to get congenial people together. She must never let any one be slight-

ed or overlooked. She must be perfectly unselfish abo her own pleasures.

She must know how to keep convereation always going. She must make you feel individually that you are the favored guest. She must see everything, and yet

possess the art of seeming to see nothing. She must know when to ask the amateur musician to displa; his or her

talents. She must remember that nothing is so tiresome, so surely death to all enjoyment, as the feeling that one is being entertained.

Feather Bons.

Feather boas are still very fashlona ble; they must never meet under the chin, as they shorten the neck; they should be invisibly fastened on each side to frame the face and protect the back of the neck and ears, which is really all that is needed. Neck ruffles are popular also in three shades of rose or lavender chiffon, silk, muslin or riobons, edged with velvet or gold braid. Tuese ruched collaret'es are prettier for very young girls than the feather boas.

Restoring the Complexion. for the body can also be done in an | worth the trying.

other and more delicate way for the face? Women can feel assured that by a systematic, intelligent and persistent physical culture of their skin and complexion the hollows in the cheeks, at the temples, under the eyes and about the chin, also the advent of the muchdread crowsfeet, can easily be postponed many years.

Killed a Huge Bear.

Miss Hattie M. Richards, daughter of a dry goods merchant who lives at 130 West 86th street, New York, killed one of the biggest bears ever slain in the Dead River region of Maine. Mr. Richards left New York with his famlly to spend six weeks in his bandsome camp at Chain of Ponds, on the Megantic fish and game preserves, which con-



sist of 250 square miles of the choicest hunting ground in Maine. Miss Richards carried a rifle that had been made expressly for her. She is familiar with the use of firearms, and has often brought down deer, but this was the first time she had had a chance to tackle a bear. Suddenly there was a loud cracking of the underbush, and looking in that direction she saw a huge black bear coming toward ber. Bruin trotted along in blissful ignorance of the presence of the young woman with rifle raised waiting for him. When he had approached to within 200 feet of her she fired. The bullet struc the bear in the neck and made a bad wound, which caused the animal to grow very savage. It made a rush for the girl, but when it was about seventy feet away Miss Richards' rifle cracked again and the bullet hit the bear behind the ear and killed it. The bear was an old fellow and weighed more than 400 pounds. Guides said it was the largest killed in the Dead River region in years.

Paris Skirts.

In Paris skirts are made with five and six gores respectively. The latter. measuring about four and a half yards round, is the most popular. Horsehair interlining is de rigeur ana, to give additional "spring" to these skirts, French modistes stitch the horsehalr in with each seam, and while perfectly flat and tight about hips and back the newest skirts are more buoyant and irrepressible than ever at the hem.

Vocations of French Women.

French statistics show that there are now 2,150 women in France who earn their living as authors or by writing for newspapers, while there are only 700 painters and sculptors of that sex. Among the writers are 1,000 novelists, 200 lyric poets and 150 who publish children's stories and educational

Latest Fad.

Taxidermy is one of the latest fads of New York women. It is said that Mrs. Jack Astor started the fashion by learning the art in order that she could preserve with her own hands the feathered trophies of her hunting expeditions.

The Train Now Worn. The train has arrived and fair ladles will wear it this winter for home, dinner and evenings, while even walking gowns betray a tendency to to sweet

microbes from the street. Women of Finland.

In Finland women have the right of suffrage. They usurp men's privileges and are carpenters, paperbangers, bricklayers and slaughterers.

Every mother knows how and it is to put on a child's rubbers over his heavy shoes, and many a nurse will testify to a bent thumb nail and an abraded finger received during this troublesome performance. One mother If the complexion has been neglected | discovered by accident that by the use or injured by the use of poisonous cos- of a shoe-horn the fractious rubber bemetics or soaps, and it is desired to re- came amenable to treatment. She slips store it to its former healthful condi- the shoe-horn into the back of the rubtion, it must be done by administering ber while the child presses his foot the proper food and nourishment to the down, and lo! the overshoe is on, sure hungry pores and relaxed muscles. Is and firm, and the mother's temper and It not reasonable that what can be done | fingers unharmed. It is a trick that is