

WHEN I WAS A BAREFOOT ROVER.

Oh, the spoil and greed in the world of men...

The shady lane, by the rippling grain...

The bees and birds, the lowing herds...

The chirp of birds, the lowing herds...

SAVED BY SHABBINESS

THE first great excitement of the opening of the civil war swept over the country like an irresistible tidal wave...

In the current, though at college, and with nearly all my class enlisted among the first volunteers...

One day I was summoned into the presence of my commanding officer and told I was to accompany Capt. McKay...

When we reached our destination Capt. McKay produced an old black bag for our precious burden...

The Captain carried the bag and I watched the Captain. When the numbers traveling admitted of it...

I rather enjoyed hearing the comments of our fellow travelers on the Captain and his bag...

A couple of lads returning from school took the tent vacated by the ladies, and after they were settled...

"Which one?" asked his companion. "The one with the bag?"...

"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?"...

Aside from remarks, we met with no adventure, and reached the hotel where we were to spend the night about 9 in the evening...

"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...

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...

the window shades. An unfortunate thought, for I lamed my thumb and skinned several fingers trying to get the shades down...

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...

Capt. McKay assured me "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..."

"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...

"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...

"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 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 ask ye if this here is yours?" At that he held up his other hand and there we beheld the old, shabby, but inestimably 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...

"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...

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

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

"ELDER" SAM PRYOR.

He's Been Preaching for 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...

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 was Capt. John H. Harris...



"ELDER" SAM PRYOR.

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...

Elder Sam lives upon the Pryor place and is a great favorite with the family. He has been preaching the Gospel over eighty-one years, and is a Baptist missionary.

The old man continued: "God wants religion dat de water can't quench and de fire can't quench; jes like ef you put down dat hat an' hit 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.



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 spectator seems to be looking right under the table and thinks he can see the floor beneath it.

The Head Waitress.

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 benign sway of the head waitress...

Along the long wall of the dining-room 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...

Fair Play. That is a suggestive "strike story" which comes from a Western State, whose leading industry has of late been seriously imperilled.

boss has paid us all he could afford. Anyhow, he's always treated us as though we were men. His wife and daughter have been good friends to our womenfolks, too...

Here shines out that spirit of brotherhood which, if permitted to have its way with men, will preserve the nation. "At the heart of the whole social problem," a wise writer has said...

KLONDIKE THORNS.

Entangling Vines Which Torture Weary Wayfarers. H. Juneau, of Dodge City, Kan., who with his brother, Joseph Juneau, founded the town of Juneau, Alaska...

"I helped lay out the town in 1881, and have been there several times since. We first named the place Har-risburg, but the people changed the name after a year or two...

"It is no place for men of weak constitution. The hardships to be encountered require the strongest hearts and sinews, as well."

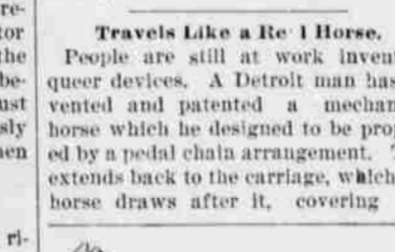
"I have seen nothing published of the fact that a large portion of the country is covered with a moss and vine which contains sharp thorns, like porcupine quills, with saw edges. These will penetrate leather boots, and when once in the flesh nothing but a knife will remove them."

"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 is a grand country to visit, and its scenery surpasses any mountain scenery in the world."

"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."

The King's Mistake. Evidently the King of Siam is still a good deal of a barbarian. If he had profited as much by European instruction as we have been told, he never would have given such an absurd excuse as he has for deferring his visit to the United States.

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...



A MACHINE STEED.

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?"

Told the Truth. "See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, 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."

A woman who loves her husband never attempts any explanation of why she married him.



ADVICE FOR THE THIN GIRL.

GIRLS with slender proportions are usually picked out by their more heavily weighted friends as persons to whom lots of advice about increasing their avoirdupois must be given. Probably a little information on this subject will be valuable. The candidate for added flesh should get all the sleep possible—from nine to ten hours...

Bustles Here Again.

When the Czar of Russia and the President of France embraced at Croststadt roads they didn't dream that their affectionate greeting would change the shape of the feminine form all over the civilized world.

Paris Skirts. In Paris skirts are made with five and six gorges respectively. The latter, measuring about four and a half yards round, is the most popular. Horsehair interlining is de rigueur and, to give additional "spring" to these skirts, French modistes stitch the horsehair in with each seam...

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 slighted or overlooked.

Feather Boas.

Feather boas are still very fashionable; 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...

Restoring the Complexion.

If the complexion has been neglected or injured by the use of poisonous cosmetics or soaps, and it is desired to restore it to its former healthful condition, it must be done by administering the proper food and nourishment to the hungry pores and relaxed muscles.

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 much-dreaded 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.



MISS HATTIE M. RICHARDS.

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. 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.

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 works.

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 ladies will wear it this winter for home, dinner and evenings, while even walking gowns betray a tendency to sweep microbes from the street.

Women of Finland.

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

Every mother knows how hard 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.