

OLD FAVORITES

The Courtin'.

God makes such nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look and listen,
Moonshine and snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huld' all alone,
't'it no one nigh to hinder.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the poorest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst them rusted
The ole queen's-arm that gran'ther
Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceiling,
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ex the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester o' sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dorr a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, driv' 'em,
Fust this one, an' then that, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The sidk she breshed felt full o' sun
Ex a south slope in Ap'ril.

She thought no 'v'ice hed sech a swing
Ex hian in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she's blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meeting-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartain-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itred on the mat,
Some doubtin' o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ex though she wished him fuder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
"Wall—no—I come da signin'!"
"To see my ma? She's sprinkl'n
clo'es
Agin to-morrow's 'n'in'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean Yes an' say No
Comes natural to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, mister";
Thet last word pickled him like a pin,
An—wall, he up an' kist her.

Then ma bimbe upon 'em slips,
Huld' sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was just the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenoary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin';
Tell mother see how matters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meeth' come nex' Sunday.
—James Russell Lowell.

MONUMENT TO ST. CLAIR.

Daughters of the American Revolution
Wish to Honor His Memory.

The Daughters of the Revolution, who have done so much permanently to mark historic spots in the country, are now once again agitating a movement to honor fittingly General Arthur St. Clair by placing a handsome monument over his grave. This is a proper move, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, not because St. Clair deserves to be honored above others who are still without monuments, nor because he was a great general or administrator. He should be honored because in a peculiar way he was connected with our history for a very long period. He was one of the first of "typical Americans."

Born of a wealthy and titled house in Scotland, he entered the army and served in the "French and Indian war" under Wolfe. Settling in the Ligonier valley, he became one of the wealthiest and most enterprising of our Western citizens. He served throughout the war for independence and, though a man of high qualities, he had many most unfortunate experiences, though he was officially cleared of any blame. A close friend of Washington, he became the head of the army, and after

all the advice about Indian warfare given by Washington he was utterly defeated by Little Turtle, involving a disaster which it took years and another Pennsylvanian to retrieve.

As member of Congress, Governor of the Northwest Territory and soldier he had much to do, and though nothing that he accomplished shines brightly in history, he was a man of many parts and deserves recognition. His fall came through his political convictions. A confirmed federalist, he hated Jefferson, his superior, with an intensity which he cared not to conceal. He used his high office to try to make Ohio a federalist State by cutting it down to half its present proportions. In advocating this he used language which Jefferson could not overlook and was removed from office. This was his fall, from which he never recovered, though he lived long. Losing his property, he conducted a log-cabin hotel while trying to get the State and Congress to recognize his just claims to compensation for property devoted to the service of the country. He died at an advanced age, embittered by his sufferings and the alleged injustice done him while he saw mediocre men gain prominence and power.

He died in the belief that the country was going to ruin, largely induced, no doubt, by the fact that his own services had been rejected. He was, with all his limitations, a man of merit, though perhaps he is known better as the man who made Washington swear than for anything else. The outburst of profanity on the part of Washington, continues the Inquirer, when he heard of the disaster to the Western army is declared by the only auditor to have been almost fiendish in its vigor and sulphurous character. However, Washington recovered his equality and is loved none the less because he was very human with all his wisdom.

MILLIONS FOR A MUSEUM.

New National Structure Will Cost an Immense Sum of Money.

Plans have been completed for the new \$3,500,000 structure that is to be erected for the National Museum in Washington. The regents of the Smithsonian Institution are superintending this work, and it is their idea when the new building is completed to have a complete rearrangement of the exhibits now in the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution buildings.

The new structure is to be devoted to the scientific collections of the government, the present National Museum building to the industrial arts and the old Smithsonian building to the Smithsonian and National Museum library and art collections. The regents propose that the scientific collection in the new building shall be the finest in the world, and an officer of the institution makes the statement that already many of the branches to be covered have reached a perfection that is not equaled in any other museum in the world, even the great British museum. The chief subjects to be covered are biology, anthropology, geology, zoology, botany and American history. The present National Museum building will be given up to a great exposition of industrial art, including the already immense and unique collection of the museum, and many additions that the regents are planning to secure as rapidly as possible. The museum will be modeled in its scope and general plan after the Victoria and Albert Museum of Great Britain. Among the chief departments will be those of land transportation, boat models, implements of war and electrical apparatus, of which the museum already has rich collections.

The plans for the Smithsonian building contemplate the creation in time of a magnificent library and art gallery. The scientific library of the institution is already one of the finest in the world. Its scope will be broadened and it will become a much more important unit in the general scheme of the institution. The plans for the art gallery are as yet tentative. The new structure will be 480 feet long and 345 feet broad, with a height of four stories.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Passing of Osage Hedge.

The osage hedges which border thousands of Illinois farms are gradually disappearing. This hedge, introduced a half century ago by Professor J. B. Turner of Jacksonville, became very popular, and for many years was a favorite fence, not only with farmers, but with lot owners in the smaller towns, and with the railroad companies.

The high price of fence posts and lumber made the osage an economical fence, also, and in spite of its faults it gradually became extensively used. It held its own until wire fencing appeared. Then it became evident that the osage was doomed. Wire fencing was more effective, was cheaper, took up less room and required less care. The railroads began grubbing up their hedges and substituting wire. The farmers followed their lead, and where there used to be miles of hedge there are only rods of it now.

The osage is still used for wind breaks, but owing to the fact it is injurious to vegetation near it is becoming a fixed idea it will probably soon be abandoned entirely.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Future of the Mississippi Valley.

If the Mississippi valley were as densely populated as Massachusetts it would have 350,000,000 inhabitants.

The old and young are a great trial to each other. And the young do not get any the worst of it.



There are quite a large number of people who think that no one but a professional can really know anything about photography, and there is a very general tendency to look upon every amateur photographer, no matter how expert, as distinctly the inferior of the professional, even of the fourth and fifth rate professional, whereas, the facts of the case are, that many amateurs may be found who in skill and attainments are fully the equal, if not the superior, of the best professionals, while the fourth and fifth rate gentlemen are easily outclassed by any number of amateurs scattered through the land. There are professionals who have but the merest smattering of knowledge of their craft. They stick to just one branch of their art, work by rule of thumb, and when called upon to travel outside of their chosen rut are just as much at sea as any beginner among amateurs.

DEATH OF A NOTED SOLDIER.

Major General McCook, Who Passed Away Recently.

In the death of Maj. Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook, which took place at Dayton, O., another old Indian fighter and a distinguished officer of the civil war passed away.

Gen. McCook was a member of the famous "fighting McCook" family, whose earliest ancestor in this country, George McCook, was implicated in a revolutionary movement in Ireland against English rule and who came to America 63 years ago, offered his services to the government and was commissioned a major. He fell while opposing Gen. John Morgan in one of his raids. His ten sons entered the military service of the north, three of them dying on the battlefield.

John McCook was a physician and had five sons. John served in the civil war as a volunteer surgeon and his five sons joined the army of the north. Thus in that great struggle seventeen of the McCooks lent their



GEN. ALEXANDER M.D. MCCOOK.

services to the Union cause. No wonder they were called the "fighting McCooks."

Maj. Gen. McCook was born in Ohio in 1831 and graduated from the Military Academy on July 1, 1852. From 1853 to 1861 his name is associated with campaigning against the Indians upon the plains on which Denver is now situated.

Gen. McCook obtained a commission as colonel of the First Ohio Volunteers in 1861, and served throughout the war, receiving various commissions and brevets for gallantly distinguishing himself in a large number of battles. Among the principal battles he was engaged in were Corinth, Shiloh, Perryville, Bull Run, Pittsburg Landing, Murfreesborough, Stone River and Chickamauga.

At the close of the war he resigned as major general of the United States Volunteers and became lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, regular army. He was stationed at most of the principal posts of the west. He was colonel and staff aide-camp to the general in chief July, 1875. He became colonel of the Sixth Infantry, December 15, 1880. He was in command at Fort Douglass, Fort Leavenworth and other stations up to July 10, 1890. He became brigadier general, United States army, July 10, 1890.

In 1894 he became a major general and retired from the service in 1895. He married Miss Annie M. Colt, of Milwaukee, in 1869. Her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Colt, gave much of her time and her ample means to the promotion of the objects of the United States Sanitary Commissions during the war.

FINDS TRAILS OF WILD FOLKS.

Live in Trees in California and Child Has Monkey Paws.

Hunters who returned from the upper end of Calaveras, Cal., report having come upon a family of tree dwellers in the wilds of San Antonio river.

One of the party, while hunting for mountain lions, came upon what he thought was a lion up in a tree. He tried to get closer, so that he could get a better shot at it, when he noticed that the supposed animal had on a garment of some kind. It was rapidly climbing through the limbs of trees and escaping from one tree to another. The hunter gave chase and, after a long race, gained on the fugitive until he could make out the features of a child, apparently about 10 or 12 years old. It was thinly clad with gunny sacks tied about the waist.

The hunter hailed the child, but only frightened him. The little fellow scampered the faster down the deep and dark ravine, where he was joined by a man and woman similarly attired. All three of them quickly disappeared

by going up one of the largest pine trees. The hunter followed.

The tree proved to be the habitation of an entire family. Old pieces of burlap had been woven into a peculiar nest, shaped like a large hat. The nest was securely fastened to the limbs of the tree, while a similarly shaped basket in another tree held a lot of dried fish, pine nuts, grain, roots and other articles of food.

Efforts of the hunter to get the tree dwellers to descend were of no avail. They appeared badly frightened, but made no attempt to attack the intruder. They retreated as he advanced, shielding the child from his gaze. They were smaller than the average adult, having the dark skin of the Indian race. They were slim and lithe of build, and talked to each other in a strange language. Their hair was unlike that of Indians, being rather short and of a tawny color. Their hands and feet were long and claw-like, especially those of the child, which resembled in a great degree the paws of a monkey.

The hunter went back to summon his comrades. When they returned the tree dwellers had fled.

STRONG SCOUT.

Carried a Woman on His Back for Fifty Miles to Save Her.

Capt. Francis Marion Schell, scout, plainsman and intimate friend of "Buffalo Bill," is dead. He took the first wagon train to California in the gold excitement of 1849. Capt. Schell had many escapes from Indians, and practically every trip he made his wagon train was attacked by hostiles.

He was a man of great strength. It was his proudest boast that he once carried a woman fifty miles on his back to a place of safety. Alone he was making a scout, and incidentally prospecting for gold, when he found a woman lying on the trail. She had been abandoned there by a wagon train because of her illness. Capt. Schell picked the woman up and, fastening her on his back with ropes, as she was too ill to hold on, he carried her to the nearest camp, fifty miles away. There the woman recovered.

At the time of the gold excitement of '49 Capt. Schell, who had just been discharged from the army, after having served in the Mexican war, started for California with his young wife. The start was made from St. Joseph, Mo., and, because of his army experience, Capt. Schell was appointed leader. Without losing a man he carried the party to the California gold fields.

He prospected with only indifferent success, and then established a hotel, which he ran for twenty years. He took a conspicuous part in affairs in California until he left. He was at one time assistant doorkeeper of the House of Representatives and later served as lieutenant of the capitol police. At the time of his death he was a watchman in the War Department.—New York World.

Ancestry of Words.

A great many of the old sayings and quaint expressions have come down to us from past centuries, and are to be found more or less in the writings of our old authors, as, for example, "I don't care a fig," or, as it used more often to be, "a figo," which means a flip or snap of the fingers, are both to be found in Shakespeare. "A fig for Peter," "The figo for thy friendship," he says. There are many words now looked upon as slang which are in reality old words that were once in common usage among our forefathers, says the London Lady, and which have been revived again, as, for instance, "jolly." Many persons profess to dislike this word, and speak of it contemptuously as modern slang, while in reality it is simply a revival, and used to mean "very," and was in this sense used in a commentary of the Bible in the seventeenth century in the following passage: "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither."

The Author and His Living.

Mrs. Woodby Ruyter—What does your husband do for a living?

Mrs. Kautton (haughtily)—He's an author.

Mrs. Woodby Ruyter—I know, so is mine; but I say, what does your husband do for a living?—Philadelphia Press.

The Club Was Handy.

"Beg pardon," said the long-haired visitor, "but is there a literary club around here anywhere?"

"Yes," replied the editor, significantly, as he reached under his desk. "Are you a literary man?"—Book Lover.

MA'S MASTERPIECE.



Sum years ago there cum ter town, a-teachin' folks ter paint, A feller with sum colors an' a picter of a saint. (A sample of the kind o' work ter be perdooced by each O' the favored individuals he undertook ter teach.) He cum ter us a-canvasin', an' ma, she tumbled quick. He looked so sorter Frenchy-like an' talked so glib an' slick. She bought o' him sum Paris paints, an' hedn't worked a week Afore she got ter talkin' 'bout "feelin'" an' "teckneck." An' she brought us hum a picter, as I guess they allus does—Her "masterpiece," she called it, an' I calkerlate it wuz.

I dunno what the subjec' wuz, it didn't hev no name. But 'twas 'bout one-quarter plecter an' the other three wuz fame. An' we hung it in the settin' room, conspicuous to all Admirl'n' acquaintances who happened in ter call. Wall, pa o' course he figgered ma wuz 'bout the best on earth. An' he uster ask 'er reg'lar what she thought the thing wuz worth. An' it really wuz amusin' ter observe the modest way That ma wud turn an' answer him, with "Fifty dollars, say?" An' pa wud settle back an' smile, an' squint ter beat the cars, A-takin' in the beauties o' that masterpiece o' ma's.

A year ago we pulled up stakes an' auctioned everything. An' we figgered quite extensive what thet masterpiece wud bring. Pa didn't want ter let it go, but ma said times wuz hard. So we put it with the other goods piled up around the yard. The time they wuz a-sellin' it I climbed the fence ter see Who it wuz thet got the picter an' how much the price wud be. An', I tells yer, I cum mighty nigh a-fallin' off the fence When I heard the feller holler, "Goin'—gone, fer fifteen cents!" But he hedn't fairly sorted out another bargain, when Pa hustled to the front an' bought the picter back again.

Wall, ma, o' course she see the joke wuz mostly all on her; But pa, he 'lowed sech incidents wuz likely ter occur. He sed a prophet never yet wuz worth a straw ter hum An' he 'lowed the greatest picters allus brought the smallest sum. He told us 'bout the "Angelus," an' how the thing wuz sold, Fer nothin' most, when it wuz new, an' 'thousands when 'twas old. An' added, sorter spunky-like, thet now he knew fer sure 'Twas a masterpiece, an' no mistake, an' eighteen carat pure! So when we left the farm behind, an' druv ter take the cars, The only thing pa carried wuz thet masterpiece of ma's. —William Cary Duncan, in Farm and Home.

OUR VALUABLE FORESTS AND THE INDUSTRIES TO WHICH THEY GIVE RISE.

NEXT to agriculture the forest industries stand in the order of importance to the people of the United States. The list of these industries, given by Ernest Bruncken in North American Forests and Forestry, is too long to transcribe in full, but a few of the forest products may be mentioned: Penetrating material of all kinds, telegraph poles, long logs for piles under the foundations of buildings, railroad ties, hop poles, bean poles, Christmas trees. These and various other products of the woods have the peculiarity that even in this age of machinery they are chiefly supplied by the labor of individuals armed simply with ax and hand-saw.

Charcoal-making is a forest industry which employs not a little capital and a great many workmen. The making of wood alcohol and other products of dry distillation is an increasing business. The ancient industry of making pitch and the like is flourishing in many parts of the Southern pine regions, as is the making of turpentine, which is produced mostly from the long-leaved pine of the South.

Modern industrial civilization has added a number of entirely new forms of utilizing forest products. One of these is the making of excelsior, the narrow strips of shavings which everybody now knows as a packing material. The making of boxes of all kinds has opened a market for many kinds of wood, such as poplar, which was formerly considered quite worthless.

The most astonishing case of the rise of a new industry is the making of wood pulp for paper, which was quite in its infancy twenty years ago, but now produces goods of the value of more than a hundred million dollars annually.

A very important product of forest industry is bark for tanning purposes. By far the most important tree of this kind in North America is the hemlock. The hemlock industry furnishes a striking illustration of how the American forests have been drawn into the circle of the world's commerce. One of the centers of tan-bark production is the eastern portion of central and northern Wisconsin. Within a few years large tanneries have been set up in the very midst of the forest, and raw hides are brought there from Argentina to be treated with the bark of the trees growing near by.

The most primitive of all forest industries still remains one of the most important of all. That is the cutting and consumption of fire-wood. For instance, the management of the celebrated Biltmore forest in North Carolina has, during recent years, made enough out of the sale of fire-wood to pay the considerable expense of managing that property according to silvicultural methods.

Glacial Age Nears Its End.

European engineers have been congratulating themselves that, although the coal mines may fail, they have in the Alpine glaciers inexhaustible sources of energy. The melting of the glacier ice gives rise to mountain torrents whose fall is being utilized more and more, especially since the electric transmission of power has more nearly approached perfection. The glacier is thus a mine of stored energy and its ice has been somewhat poetically termed "white coal."

But if the researches of some recent French and German scientific men are to be relied on the glaciers may fail us some day as well as the coal mines. It appears that the glaciers, not only of the Alps, but also of other continental mountain ranges, are shrinking, in some cases imperceptibly, and in others almost visibly. Of course this may be only one swing of the pendulum and continued observation may show that it will be followed in future years by a proportionate increase, so it may be as well not to indulge in too dismal forebodings.—Success.

Has a Wonderful Timepiece.

One of the most wonderful watches in the world is that owned and made by Major Dopping-Hepenstal of the Royal Engineers. It is a comparatively small watch, not much bigger than an ordinary lever, but it performs a variety of services in addition to telling

ing the time. It rings an alarm bell in the morning to wake its owner, then it proceeds to light a spirit lamp and boil a kettle of water, and finally pours the boiling water into a small teapot. The Prince of Wales witnessed the wonderful performances of this watch and partook of a cup of tea which it made for his royal highness.

Josh Overlooked Something.

"I guess John must be walkin' in his sleep," said Farmer Cornetomel as he held a letter up to the lamp for closer scrutiny.

"What makes you think so?" "In this letter he says, 'I must close, as it is almost 10 o'clock and time for me to retire,' but the stamp on the envelope shows that it was mailed about 2 a. m."—Washington Star.

An Unanswered Query.

"Why do you stop here?" "I know the landlord." "You are lucky." "Am I?" "Yes. But how about the landlord."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Favorite.

Though Gibson girls and Wenzel girls Attract by charms and airs, Most fellows seem to want a girl Whose name will change to theirs. —New York Times.

One way to make horses fast is to cut off the food supply.