

WOOD SCENTS.

Oh! the pennyroyal scent,
And the broken sassafras,
With the mint of the morass!
You can have your smell of roses
In the city garden close;
But for me—well, thanks, I'll take
Perfumes from the country lake.

Ah, this good-woody smell
Draws me back to boyhood days,
When I used to dream and dwell
Where the misty meadows haze
Fashioned mighty towers and castles
And the bees were all my vassals,
Bringing honey for my mouth,
With the savor of the south!

Let me stay here, let me lie
Here along the forest edge,
Not a wall to shut the sky
From my vision, nor a ledge
Save the cliffs of yonder river
Where the willows wave and quiver;
Let me smell the woods and make
Believe I'm still a country Jake.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A BERKSHIRE GHOST STORY

TIMOTHY DOLE, or "Old Tim Dole," as he was called by his associates, was a great and powerful blacksmith in a quiet little village among the Berkshire Hills.

Tim was an honest, hard working, kind-hearted man, and a great favorite with all the country people for miles around, in spite of his being morbidly superstitious and a firm believer in spirits, rappings, haunted houses and ghosts.

Tim's dearest friend, farmer John Davis, or "Honest John," as he was everywhere known, was always chiding Timothy about his belief, or, as John would put it, his "foolishness."

Still, whenever they had an hour to spare, they were sure to get together, and the talk always turned to "ghosts" and "spirit rappings."

All through the winter months they were much together. It was Tim's delight to close his shop early and drive to his friend's house and spend the long winter evenings by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen, recounting his favorite views on spiritualism.

Although John Davis professed to be an unbeliever in spiritualism, and was known as "Honest John," he could couch for more bloodcurdling ghost stories and thrilling adventures than any other man about the country; and Tim was an earnest listener.

One of their most horrible tales, horrible for a "true story," was about a haunted house, of course, haunted by a headless ghost. The old house still stood in the neighborhood, but no living being could occupy it, for whenever the housewife attempted to prepare the morning meal there always appeared beside the kitchen stove a man without a head, but with a scarred and bloody neck. It was most horrible! There was only one cause for such a ghost-murder.

Years ago, the story ran, a terrible crime had been committed there; a most brutal murder it was, too. A simple, honest peddler, who merely sought a night's repose beneath that humble roof, had been beheaded with an ax while awaiting his breakfast. Then the fiend who did the awful deed escaped by stealing a horse from the barn behind the house.

The years had come and gone, and the murderer had not been found, and to this very day no one had yet been able to live in that house, or even use the barn. The horses stabled in that barn, no matter how securely fastened, would become untied during the night by some mysterious hand, and scamper wildly away, even when strong ropes or heavy iron chains were used.

John Davis had never fastened a horse there himself, but his father, who had been a very religious and just man, had often tried to do so, in years gone by, without avail.

Even John's own mother, who had been a noble Christian woman, had actually seen the headless man sitting beside the fire in that old haunted house upon two different occasions, and although John said he did not believe the tale himself, he always added, when telling it—

"And father's word was as good as Bible truth," and "Everybody knew that mother could not lie!"

And Tim believed it all, and would hardly have ventured home at night if he had not had his horse with him to keep him company.

Now it happened that as these two old men would often meet and tell their tales, they sometimes had a listener, a young man who loved horror, and occasionally dropped in to hear their stories. His name was George Cowee. He was a slender youth with much learning and refinement. He was a nephew of Deacon Cowee, a wealthy farmer living a short distance from the Davis place.

He always agreed with Tim, but he had no more faith in "Tim's views" than John himself, but he liked Tim, and he liked to hear him talk. It was very amusing.

The night before Christmas he happened into John's kitchen, and there he found Tim who, as usual, was telling about "the dead coming back" and "communicating with their friends by rapping on tin pans," and as usual John loudly declared it was all "bosh" and "nonsense."

Tim had just been down to the city, where he had attended a full-fledged spiritual meeting, and he was stronger in his belief than ever, and had many wonderful things to relate.

When George Cowee arose to go that night he said to them:

"I am going away to-morrow—West." Then he added mischievously, slyly winking at John, "Tim, if I am killed before I return I will let you know it through the spirit. I will rap on the headboard of your bed at night. Spirits are always around at night, and I shall rap very softly at first, then louder than a bass drum, so that you will know that it is I, George Cowee, and no matter what it is, you must listen here to John's house and tell him. I am sure that if he believes it he will at once be converted to your views."

Just then an old clock upon the kitchen shelf struck ten, and the young man added:

"Ah, John, that you may also know

CIVIL WAR HERO GONE.



GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

The recent death of Gen. Daniel Butterfield at his country home in New York takes from the muster rolls of the Civil War almost the last of the surviving general officers of the volunteer army. He was never a soldier of surpassing genius or achievement, but his patriotism was unquestioned and his services to his country were important and long continued. From the time when, as Colonel of a New York regiment, he volunteered to drill the home guard organized for the defense of the national capital until the final surrender of Lee, he was almost continuously in active service, taking part in twenty-eight battles, being twice severely wounded, and three times breveted for bravery. When the war was over, Gen. Butterfield held commission as a Major General of volunteers, and also held a brevet of the same rank in the regular army. Though he retired from the army in 1869 to take up large responsibilities in civil life, he never lost his strong patriotism and his military spirit. When the Spanish-American war broke out he strongly urged upon the Secretary of War the advisability of calling out the members of the Grand Army post to which he belonged, the members of which were ready to fight again for the country they had once defended. Though not a graduate of West Point, he was by instinct and training a soldier, and his body was buried in the national cemetery on the Hudson, where sleep so many gallant soldiers.

that I have passed away. I will ring that clock. I will ring it for an hour and wake you and your wife up and keep you awake the whole time." George Cowee was only jesting, and he smiled as he bade the old men good-by. The next day he went West.

Weeks and months went by, and nothing was heard from him.

It was now the beginning of May. As there was much horsehoeing to be done in the springtime, Tim was kept very busy. John Davis was also hard at work. On Tuesday, May 4, John had plowed all day, and when night came he was unusually tired, and went early to bed.

In the middle of the night he and his wife were awakened by the striking of the clock in the kitchen. They thought it was 12 o'clock, but the clock did not stop when it had struck twelve, but struck on and on.

"What in thunder ails that clock?" he exclaimed, and he got up and went into the kitchen. He shook the old clock, but it would not stop ringing. He took it down from the shelf and laid it on its back upon the kitchen table, but he could not stop it from striking. It rang fully an hour, until John was tempted to throw it out into the yard; then it ceased as suddenly as it began, and was as quiet as a mouse.

"That old clock is worn out," John said, "I must get another one," and he returned to his bed and slept.

It was hardly daylight when he heard a team driving into his yard. Going to the door he beheld his old friend Tim. Tim was all excitement and his voice trembled as he called out to John from his buggy:

"Did your clock ring in the night last night?"

"Well-yes," John answered; "but how did you know that?"

Tim cried:

"Don't you remember George Cowee, and what he told us about his spirit manifesting itself to us? If you don't mind, I do, and I am sure George Cowee is dead!"

"Nonsense!" John cried; "the young rascal is probably alive and kicking!"

"Nonsense or no nonsense," Tim said, "I believe he is dead, for all night I could not sleep. About 12 o'clock, when I was thinking about the spirits, there came a rap upon the headboard of my bed, faintly at first, and then when I asked if it was George Cowee's spirit, such a thumping and bumping you never heard. It was louder than a bass drum. As soon as daylight I made haste to come to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John; "you had the nightmare, sure enough," he said. But Tim sadly shook his head.

"Come down to my shop this afternoon, and we will talk about it," Tim said as he drove away.

That afternoon John went down to the shop.

"Not because I want to talk about ghosts," he said, "but to have Tim put a new shoe on my mare."

As Tim worked on the mare's foot they fell to talking, and naturally the conversation drifted to the strange events of the previous night.

Before they had finished talking about the rappings on Tim's headboard Mr. Maxon, the station agent, came into the shop, and he held in his hand a folded paper.

"I saw your wagon out here, Mr. Davis," he said, "and I thought if you were going right home I could get you to deliver this message that has just come for Deacon Cowee."

"Certainly I will deliver it," John answered, and the agent handed him the paper and departed.

As soon as he was out of the shop both old men drew near each other and looked at the telegram addressed to Deacon Cowee, and this is what it read:

"Denver, Col., May 5.

"Your nephew, George Cowee, was killed in a railroad accident here last night."

COULDN'T FOOL COUNTRYMEN.

Young Chicagoan Gets Into a Scrape from Politeness.

One young man in Chicago found himself in a very embarrassing position during Grand Army encampment week because of the fear of some of the visitors from the country who thronged the city. The newspapers had published columns of warnings to the people from the country against the smooth tricksters who swarmed the city, waiting to lead the strangers to the tunnels to see the "explosion," or something of the kind, and to relieve them of their ready cash when they reached the first dark alley.

Herbert McCulla, who travels for a well-known Chicago gas lamp company, had just returned to this city over the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and was walking south on 5th avenue to go to his home on the West Side on a West Madison street car. As he neared Randolph street he encountered two gray-haired veterans from the country, and overheard one of them advise the other to go to the policeman on the next corner and ask where the Briggs House was. McCulla knew very well where the hotel was situated, and, stepping up to the strangers, he said:

"The Briggs House is just around the corner on Randolph street. Come along, I'm going right past it and will point it out to you and save you the trouble of looking for a policeman."

"Get along with you," said one of the strangers. "We're onto your confidence men. We've read you in the papers." The accommodating Chicagoan laughed and started to leave the strangers, but just at that time a blue-coated officer appeared around the corner and one of the strangers rushed up to him and reported that the man with the valise was a confidence man and had just tried to entice them to go with him so that he could rob them.

The policeman rushed after McCulla and grabbed him by the collar, demanding him to explain why he had tried to lead the two strangers with him. The drummer explained to the officer that he had merely volunteered to direct the strangers to their hotel and explained who he was and what firm he worked for. The policeman was skeptical and would not believe him, and asked him to show evidence of his identification as a traveling salesman. McCulla put his hand in his pocket to get a card or a letter, but discovered that he did not have a paper of any description in his pocket by which he could prove his statements, and to keep from going to the station he was forced to open his valise on the street and produce letters from his firm and show his samples, after which the officer apologized and released him.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Vague Reminiscence.

Though it happened in one of Detroit's swell hotels, neither of the principals belongs here. He had just seated himself at the dinner table, when she and another lady came in with the usual flourish of handsome and well-dressed women.

He turned a shade or two paler. After coming her men she looked across the table, and her face took on a puzzled expression. When their eyes met during the meal each pretended to be studying the tablecloth or the opposite wall. He left first, and she watched through the doors.

"Amie," she said to her companion, "I certainly know that man, but I can't for the life of me place him. I think he knew me, too, but I couldn't box to him under a wire, sure, could I? You know that I never snub anyone."

He wandered into the parlor while the women were there, looked a little too fierce for congeniality, and got away as soon as he could. She again gave out the conviction that she knew him, and wondered where it was and who he could be.

"Never mind," said the companion; "he's nothing to us. Forget him."

"Oh, foolish! It isn't that, but you know how it is when your memory boxes to him under a wire. But hush! will be to-night, and I'll have him find out all about it."

Half an hour later she smothered a scream and rushed impudently at the other woman. "For heaven's sake, Amie, don't you say a word to my husband about that fellow. It just came to me."

"He was my first husband in Chicago," Detroit Free Press.

Did China Have a Noah?

A London paper has discovered a Chinese picture that represents—no, it is supposed to represent—Noah's ark resting on the top of Mount Ararat. The picture is of great antiquity. As is well known, the religious literature of almost every nation and race contains an account of a deluge, but a Chinese manuscript, recently unearthed, follows very closely the story as recorded in the Bible.

It is particularly interesting in that the roof of the Chinese ark is of the gable variety associated with the Noah's arks which prove such entertaining toys for our youngsters. The Chinese picture, however, shows a double-storied vessel, and so far from there being only one window in the roof, there are windows in every possible space.

It is asserted that the destruction of birds in France has produced disastrous effects upon agriculture, horticulture and the grape industry. In the Department of Herault alone, it has been calculated, the destruction of birds accounts for a loss of more than 2,000,000 gallons of wine every year. Some birds consume about 600 insects each day, and a single insect-eating species, *Mons. Levat*, estimates, may be the means of saving 3,200 grains of wheat and 1,150 grapes per day.

A Curiosity of Nature.

A pine tree and a birch tree have grown so close together in Woodwich, Me., that one trunk serves for both, sending forth pine branches on one side and birch on the other. The union seems a happy one, in spite of the fact that the two trees are as widely separated by the botanists as two well can be, and the gnarled branches of the pine embrace the birch in a most affectionate manner.

Men don't get on the limb of a tree and cut the limb off every day, but they do things equally as foolish.

THIS WOMAN KEPT A SECRET.

Now She's Married and Apparently Happy that She Didn't Tell.

Judge John H. Baker of the United States District Court at Indianapolis was in his private office the other day when a well-dressed woman, hardly more than 20, knocked at the door, and in response to his invitation walked into the room and approached his desk. "I want to thank you," she said in a low, musical voice, "for having sent me to the reformatory and also for securing my pardon. I am now married and happy, and I owe it to you for having placed me where I would no longer be under evil influences."

The judge recognized the woman and spoke in words of praise of her conduct in the prison and congratulated her on her better surroundings. Then, as if recollecting something, he asked: "Now that you have been released from the reformatory, are you not ready to tell me how you counterfeited money?"

The young woman seemed thoughtful for a moment, and then, shaking her head slowly, replied:

"Oh, I don't have to tell you now." Judge Baker recognized his visitor as a young woman who was brought before him five years ago on a charge of passing counterfeit money. She was then about 15, and neither the court nor the district attorney was disposed to prosecute her very vigorously, but they were anxious to learn from whom she received the money, that the maker could be punished. Two men were under suspicion, but the Government had no evidence that would justify arrests.

The girl was asked from whom she received the counterfeit, but she remained silent, and no amount of coaxing could get the information from her. Finally the judge told her he would send her to the reformatory till she was of age unless she told the name of the person from whom she got the money, but would release her if she would tell.

The girl kept silent and was sent out to the reformatory to spend the night, the court hoping that a sight of the institution and the prospect of spending six years there would cause her to name her confederate. When she was called before him the next morning she was as obdurate as ever, and he passed sentence upon her.

GROWTH OF OUR LARGE CITIES.

Thirty-eight in This Country with a Population of 100,000 or More.

The census bureau has issued a bulletin, prepared under direction of William C. Hunt, which gives the population of the incorporated cities, towns, villages and boroughs separate from the population of the townships, precincts, districts, etc., of which they form a part. This bulletin places the total number of incorporated places in the United States in 1900 at 10,602, as against 7,578 in 1890.

Speaking of the growth of the large cities the bulletin says: If cities with a population of 100,000 or more are taken to represent the large cities of the country there are 38 such cities in 1900, as compared with 28 in 1890. Of the 38 large cities in 1900 three contain upward of a million inhabitants, the same as in 1890, while for cities having between 500,000 and 1,000,000 inhabitants there are 1900 number three, as against one only in 1890. There are no cities in 1900 containing between 400,000 and 500,000 inhabitants, but at the census of 1890 there were three cities of this class. On the other hand, there are five cities in 1900 with a population of between 300,000 and 400,000, but in 1890 there were no cities coming between these limits of population. The cities having between 200,000 and 300,000 inhabitants numbered eight in 1900 as against nine in 1890, while for cities of from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants there were 19 in 1900 as compared with 12 in 1890. Pittsburgh is in the class with a population of 300,000 and under 400,000, and is outranked in this class by Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco and Cincinnati.

Some Florida Rivers.

In Florida one may have another odd experience; a river ride in an ox-cart. Florida rivers are usually shallow, and when the water is high you can travel for miles across country behind oxen, with more or less river under you all the way. There are ancient jokes about Florida steamboats that travel on heavy dew, and use spades for paddlewheels.

But those of you who have been on its rivers know there is but one Florida, with its bearded oaks and fringed palms; its dusky woods, carpeted with glossy waters; its cypress bays, where lonely cranes pose, silently thoughtful (of stray polliwogs); and its birds of wondrous plumage that rise with startled splash when the noiseless canoe glides down upon their haunts.

Every strange fowl and every hideous reptile, every singular plant and every tangled jungle, will tell the American boy how far he is to the south. Florida is, in fact, his corner of the tropics; and the clear waters of its rivers, stained to brown and wine-color with the juices of a tropical vegetation, will tell him, if he reads nature's book, how different the sandy soil of the South is from the yellow mold of the great Western plains.—St. Nicholas.

Largest City South of the Line.

Ten census returns for the metropolitan district of Sydney, N. S. W., show that during the past ten years its population has increased by a little over 100,000 persons. The total is now 385,850, of whom 197,227 are males, 188,623 females. Sydney now ranks as one of the large cities of the world. It is the largest city south of the line. The United States only contains six larger cities.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Beaver a Nuisance in Colorado.

Beaver have become so numerous in the southern part of Colorado that the ranchmen want them killed off to save their property.

When a man has nothing to do, nobody wants him around. Ever notice how a business man scowls when an idle man comes in to occupy his chair, and "talks?"

The greatest distinction to a sick woman is when her doctor accompanies her when she goes out on her first drive.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"Did you have a good time on the Fourth?"
"Never enjoyed anything so well in my life. You know that mean old hunk that wakes me up so often at daybreak by running his lawn mower?"
"Yes."

"Well, the night before the Fourth I got all the boys in my neighborhood to agree to shoot fireworks in front of his house from midnight till 7 o'clock—and then I went out into the country."—Chicago Tribune.

But Not Her Face.
Gussie Gush—Do you know I paint? Willie Suffleigh—Aw—really, Miss Gush, I never noticed it.—Ohio State Journal.

A Strange Refutation.

He (reading notice)—I shouldn't have thought it.—The King.

Hustling Household.
Careful Housekeeper—Bridget, you may get all the preserves we canned last year, and boil them up again. I am afraid they have begun to work.

Bridget—Like enough, mum, like enough. Everything 'round this house has to.—Harlem Life.

After the Reconciliation.

Dooley—Say, Hooley, gim me a punch on 't' jaw opposite phewer yez kicked me.

Hooley—That for?

Dooley—I want yez to straighten out me face.—Baltimore World.

A Willing Youth.

"You say that you don't care for the salary, so long as you can get a chance to work?" said the millionaire.

"That's the idea," answered the youth with the sharp nose and chin. "I'm willing to start right in at a big reduction and take one of those \$25,000 positions you say are so hard to fill at half the money."—Washington Star.

Tactful.

Mrs. Nosepoke—John, don't you think it's about time for us to call on our new neighbors?

Husband—Why, they only moved in this morning.

Mrs. Nosepoke—O, I know, but all their stuff will be downstairs and I can see it better.—Ohio State Journal.

The Terrible Infant.

Host—So sorry you have to be going. Guest—Indeed, I am, too. By the way, I'm not sure about my train. It's nine-something, but—

Host's Eldest—It's 9:32. Pa said he hoped you'd take that one.—Philadelphia Record.

A French Duel.

"Sir, I shall be, at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, at the Bois de Boulogne with my seconds."

"Sir, you will find that I am not easily frightened. I shall be at the same hour to-morrow, with my seconds, at the Bois de Vincennes."

Defied.

"Say, pop, I've got to write a composition on hope. What is hope, anyway?"

"Hope, my boy, is the joyous expectation of being able to dodge our just deserts."—Life.

What Hurt Him.

"I shall sue him for libel," said the man who is making large sums of money out of the credulity of the masses.

"For what?"

"He called me a common swindler. It's pretty hard for a man who has worked as hard as I have to be original to be referred to as 'common.'—Washington Star.

Voluntarism.

Boder—Bryght's new work will be in four volumes.

Boggs—Four? The man is foolish to attempt to float a novel of that size.

Boder—But the public would be suspicious if he made it any shorter. You know the book is to be called "A Chicago Woman's Love Letters."—Judge.

True Resignation.

The Spinster (an invalid)—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven?

The Parson—Yes, I believe so.

The Spinster (resignedly)—Oh, then I'll tell the doctor he needn't call again.—Chicago News.

A Lib.

Ascum—He said he saw you in a store the other day looking at trousers.

Cholly—Twoers! The ideal Why, I never look at anything but trousers.

Twoers are all ready-made, ye know.—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Runner.

"Ain't you most afraid to have John go to war? You know these far-shootin' guns will hit a man a mile an' a half away every time."

"There ain't no bullet that'll catch John if he gets a mile an' a half start."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Quite Likely.

The Chronic Discussionist (trunculently)—If Andrew Jackson were alive to-day what would be his sentiments in this matter?

The Solber-Minded Citizen (warily)—He would be glad he was dead, I presume.—Puck.

The Two Periods.

"After all," said the Old Codger, in his usual dry way, "I kinder think that, instead of these bel'n' seven ages of man, as Shakespeare contended, there are only two—before he is married and afterward. During the first period he puts in the most of his time trying to make the lady think he is a devil of a feller, and during the second he spends still more of it in endeavorin' to convince her that he ain't."—Puck.

Proof Positive.

Singleton—Do you believe it is possible for one person to hypnotize another?

Wederly—Never met my wife, did you?

Singleton—Why, no, I nev— Wederly (interrupting)—So I thought. Otherwise you wouldn't have asked me such a fool question.—Chicago News.

The Modern War.

Knicker—Was Jones' new book a success?

Rocker—No, it only reached the two hundred and fiftieth edition before it was printed, so the publishers didn't think it worth while to get it out.—Judge.

In Boston.

"It is true he is young, handsome and well to do, but the only question, my child, concerns the heart. Do you love him?"

"I will be frank with you, mamma. I never could love a man, no matter how attractive externally, who says 'all during.'—Chicago Tribune.

Satellite.

"Why, yes, your flat is cozy," said the visitor, "but how do you ever manage to live in it? It looks to me as if there wasn't room enough to swing a cat here."

"We haven't any cat," explained the tenant.—Somerville Journal.