

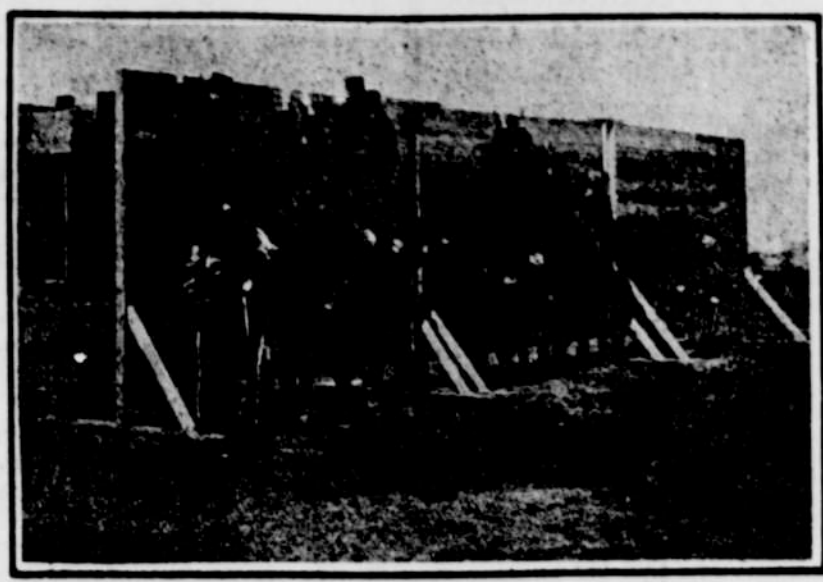
CHILDLESS.

The west is as pink as a baby's toes.
The stars from their white covers peep;
The breezes are breathing, "Sleep."
The shadowy bat through the maples
flits:
The street is still and dim;
And there in her window my neighbor
sits,
Singing her cradle hymn.
I know those words that she gently
croons—
Do you wonder, forsooth, that I
Should shape my mouth to the mother's
tunes,
The flow of a lullaby?
I know, I know! In my dreams fall oft
Have I entered a dear, sweet land
And cuddled a body, dimpled, soft,
And fondled a tiny hand.
Oh, God, my dwelling is bare and lone,
Though riches its walls invest:
Take all—and give for my very own
A watch over a wee one's rest.
Or show, I pray, to my aching eyes
Why thou by thy will has wrought
That my heart should brim with its
lullabies,
My arms hold naught, hold naught!
—Woman's Home Companion.

HE SAID "G'WAN!"

HE leaned upon the rail of the boat as she swung away from her pier and headed clumsily for the distant, hazy shores of Staten Island. His bare feet gripped the lower rail, his blacking box was swung across his shoulder. The boat was studded with brass nails in a rude pattern, for according to his lights its owner had an artistic eye. It had been a busy day for him, and he jingled his profits with one hand and reflected upon the extravagance of allowing himself to spend 20 cents in a sail down the harbor and back. With the fine superiority of a moneyed man, too, he surveyed his fellow craftsmen who piled their brushes on the boat. For once he was above them, a passenger of equal rights with the trim, college man, smoking a cigarette a few feet away, and he was conscious of a regret that he had not worn his shoes, so that he might have had them blacked and tasted the delights of paying for service instead of being paid. Beyond present enjoyment lurked the inevitable return to Hester street, and the beating that would follow his confession. For he had dim recollections of honesty, and would acknowledge his stolen holiday and receive full value for the squandered 20 cents from the low-browed, sullen father who presided over his destinies with a stick. Retribution hung red-handed above him, but he resolutely put away the thought of it. For the time being there were the breeze and the blue water and the sound of music from a passing excursion steamer. He threw back his head, drew in the salty air, and sent it forth again in the form of a popular melody, shrilly whistled. The college man turned to his companion and laughingly indicated the boy. "Profuse strains of unrepentant art," he said.
This was beyond the boy, but he detected a slur. He regarded the critics resentfully, pondering which of his stock of expletives would best meet the emergency. Finally he compromised on "Ah, g'wan," and turned his eyes once more to the harbor's shifting panorama.
Then for the first time he saw the girl. She was bending over the rail of the upper deck, and—could it be—yes, she was watching him and listening to his whistling; a wonderful vision of blue eyes and long golden curls and pink and white muslin. The boy shifted his position uneasily, and once more wished he had worn his shoes. But never for a moment did he check his music. He changed the tune, to "Only One Girl," and employed in its execution all the runs and trills of which he was master, directing covert glances upwards to see if she was still listening.
Being out of breath for the moment, he paused at the end of an extraordinary trill, and ejaculated: "Crackey, she's a fairy," quite audibly. This seemed to amuse the college man. He drew near and inquired, "Who's a fairy?" with a suave civility.
"Oh, g'wan," said the boy. The interruption disconcerted him, and he stepped back from the rail. "Oh, g'wan and lemme lone, will yer?" he reiterated.
And then, all in a moment, there was a flash of pink and a splash, the tramp of hurrying feet on the upper deck, and a woman's cry: "Marion!"
"Jove!" said the college man, "some one's overboard," and he stripped off his coat. But the boy was quicker. His box rattled smartly on the deck, and he was over the rail and swept from view in the backward swirl of the water.
"Jove!" said the college man again. "The bootblack's overboard, too!"
Coming to the surface with a gasp, the boy thought of the words of his friend, the attendant at the public baths: "Keep your chin up and your mouth shut, and breathe deep." Before him, 20 yards away, was a terror-stricken face framed in hair, pitifully wet. It sank again as soon as he forced his way towards it, and through the slugging in his ears the voice of his friend rang again:
"Drownin' folks come up three times."
"That was two," thought the boy. "Oh, Gawd!"
And this was a prayer, though he knew it not. A moment later and his hand grasped her arm. He swung himself upon his back, holding her hard against his breast.
"I'm drownin'," cried the child. "We'll both be killed!"
Even in the face of this very possible result the boy felt embarrassed at speaking to a lady, albeit so small and helpless a one.
"Oh, g'wan," he answered. "Just lie easy, I'll save yer."
Then his eye fell upon the ferryboat. She was coming back! Rows of eager faces lined her rails, and he heard a cheer and wondered vaguely what they were "botherin'" about. The little girl was terribly heavy, and the weight of his clothes was dragging him down. Once or twice the water washed over his face, and he roused himself to fresh

FANCY DRILL BY UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS.



RECONNOITERING THE ENEMY'S POSITION FROM A 12 FOOT WALL.

THE United States army contains some of the best riders in the world, and these men have been drilled in fancy evolutions until their performances are as good as those of the average circus rider. Uncle Sam has also a very excellent corps of infantry who can put up a fancy drill of a very interesting kind. These fancy drills are not a necessary feature of army life, but they give a certain variety to service in the ranks and afford the soldiers not only amusement but certain privileges.

The best force of trick riders in the United States were stationed at Fort Myer until the trouble in China broke out. Then the Seventh cavalry was ordered to the Philippines and another troop of rough riders took its place. And in addition to these troopers there are cavalry at West Point which give a fancy drill. These men ride as easily facing the tail of a horse as its head. They ride bareback as well as with the saddle. They ride standing on a barebacked horse, and jump hurdles under this condition. They ride in pyramids standing on each other's shoulders, and go through all sorts of fancy movements.

At Governors' Island are the infantry troops who have an equally interesting drill. The principal features of this drill are the tent raising and fence scaling. A high plain fence has been constructed on the island, and up the smooth side of this the troopers must climb. They do this by mounting on each other's shoulders. They are regularly drilled in this movement and one jumps into place at the foot of the fence as they dash forward, while the man directly behind him springs on his back. The men following climb this improvised barricade and, throwing a leg over the top of the fence, go over with a rush.

The only time of the year when this drill is seen in public is when the military tournament is held in New York. All the fancy riders of the army take part in this. Troops are brought from Washington, West Point and Governors' Island, and they go through their drill nightly in the presence of thousands.

endeavor and thrust out frantically with his legs. Hours seemed to elapse before a louder shout directed his attention once more to the boat. He heard the swinging swish of a rope near his ear, and, grasping it, knotted it securely about the child and himself. It was all over. They were saved. But as the rope tightened something seemed to crack sharply in his head, the boat swelled to giant size and floated away into the air, and he was sinking—sinking.

He came to himself slowly, wondering if he was dead. There was a hum of voices all about him, and a hand had been thrust within his shirt and pressed close to his heart. He decided not to open his eyes until he could collect his thoughts. What a beating he would get for this! Once more he murmured, "Oh Gawd!" and this time it was not a prayer.

A man was speaking somewhere near him!

"I tell you, if that boy lives, he'll never go barefoot again. No, sir! He's mine from this time on. He's saved my Marion, and I'll make his fortune for it. Yes, sir!"

And another voice was replying, "Oh, he'll live all right, bully little chap!"

Curiosity overcoming fear, the boy opened his eyes. He was lying upon the deck, and it was the college man whose hand was at his heart. His companion, holding a flask, knelt at the other side. There was a circle of anxious faces all about him, and facing him stood an elderly man, fumbling his watch chain and repeating emphatically, "I'll make his fortune. Yes, sir!"

There were tears in his eyes and rolling down his cheeks, and the boy immediately conceived a contempt for him.
"Cryin' like a kid 'bout nawthin'," he reflected.
"Look at that!" exclaimed the college man. "He's all right. You're all right, old fellow. Brace up, now!"

The elderly gentleman relinquished his watch chain and knelt beside him. "My boy," he cried, "you've saved my Marion's life, and I'll make your fortune for it. Yes, sir! Do you know what you are? You're a hero, that's what you are. Yes, sir!"

A hero! Like those in the newspapers! The boy looked straight in the speaker's eyes.

"Ah, g'wan," he said. New York News.

ENGLISH WOMAN'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

Lady "Algy" Gordon-Lennox is best known in King Edward's set as "the best-dressed woman in England," but



she said, while on a visit to this country recently, that the American woman was the best-dressed woman in the world. She said:
"I do not know how I received the title of the best-dressed woman in England. To my mind the American women are the finest dressers in the world. We in London can tell them at a glance. They look well dressed, because they look comfortable.
"Comfort is the guide in the selec-

tion of the well-dressed woman's wardrobe. The success of the American woman in the art of dressing is in the primary question which she always asks herself: 'Will this become me?' She does not follow the fashion slavishly, as does her French rival, who trails after the fashion year in and year out, with no thought of whether the gown is becoming or not."

"I am an advocate of the short skirt, and have several in my steamer trunk, which I will wear on long tramps out in Colorado. These tailor-made skirts have revolutionized the rules of dress all over the world. It would be hard to say what dresses the wardrobe of a well-dressed woman should include. You know there is the yachting woman, the hunting woman and many other classes of good dressers, who have styles of their own. Every woman must be her own judge."

"I believe that Paris will always be the leading city for fashionable dress wearers. Fashions started there, and I believe that it will always keep in the lead."

"English women are just learning how to dress. As they have learned from their American cousins, I will take a great interest while in this country in watching the American woman's style."

"The Boer war has greatly affected the London woman tailor's trade. It would be considered wicked in London to-day for a woman to buy an elaborate wardrobe with all the suffering in evidence all about her. The English woman has forgotten dress for the time being and is ministering to the poor who have been most severely afflicted."

A Marriage in Persia.

Before dinner is served the bride goes to the bath accompanied by female relatives and friends. At night, as the procession of the bridegroom approaches, alms are distributed, and women and children look on from neighboring roofs. Loud cries from the women welcome the bridegroom on his arrival, while the bride, carefully veiled, mounts the horse awaiting her at the door. All the men who have been feasted and entertained join in the procession, in which lanterns are borne. The bride's departure is the signal for the discharge of fireworks and a great beating of the big drum. The final ceremony is similar to one observed by the Arabs and the Chaps; namely, the sacrifice of sheep. These are killed as the bride steps over the threshold of her new home. One wonders what the idea is concerning the sacrifices. Are they intended as acts of propitiation inherited from an earlier age, when people thus endeavored "to appease the anger of the gods," or of the spirits of their ancestors? Or is it merely a way of sealing in blood an important act and covenant?—Woman's Home Companion.

His Sweetheart's Letter.

A colonel, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drillroom, when he came across a couple of soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud while the other was listening, and at the same time, stopping up the ears of the reader.
"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the former.
"You see, colonel, I'm reading to Atkins, who can't read himself, a letter which has arrived by this afternoon's post from his sweetheart."
"And you, Atkins, what in all the world are you doing?"
"Please, colonel, I am stopping up Murphy's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a single word of what she has written."—London Tit-Bits.

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New Comer—No, sir.
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At noon one day a band of some eight or ten instruments drew up in front of the young lady's house, and was promptly followed by a closed hearse and a single coach. Fighting quickly from the coach the young man of misapplied originality ran quickly up the steps of the lady's house, and immediately returned, pretending to bear some heavy object reverentially on the palms of his hands. This imaginary something was run into the hearse and the funeral cortege started to wend its way slowly through the streets towards the cemetery, led by the band playing the "Dead March," and with the addle-headed young man as sole mourner. Needless to say, the procession caused a good deal of sensation in the town, and by the time it had walked around the boundary wall of the cemetery it was the chief topic of local chatter, and every one knew what was the meaning of it. A few days later there was very nearly a genuine funeral for the young lady's now lover met the old lover in the street, with a decided advantage in favor of the former. A black eye and a badly swollen mouth, to say nothing of a bump on the back of his head, caused by contact with the curb, must have impressed the young man that he had gone to the expense of a funeral for nothing.

A provincial tradesman may be said to owe the flourishing condition of his business to having been jilted by his heart's choice, and taking revenge in a manner which made him the talk of his town, not a large one, by the way. After an engagement lasting the better part of two years the young woman jilted her lover for a handsomer and more prosperous tradesman from a neighboring town. Hardly were the words of rejection cold on her lips than he set to the work of taking satisfaction for the affront. He shut up his shop and announced his death as having taken place on account of Miss —'s heartless conduct to him. He had cards printed repeating the sad announcement, and these he sent round to all the young women's friends and his customers, and he advertised in the local paper that his funeral would take place on a certain date. On the day appointed, however, he placarded his shop with a highly colored notice to the effect that "the cause of all his troubles" had proved to be unworthy to die for, and that he had consequently decided to live and "resume his business on Monday next." By this time, of course, the affair was known to the whole town, and when the shop opened on the all-important Monday there was a crowd of customers waiting.

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In a little book issued by the Wisconsin Central to its firemen and engine men engineers are particularly instructed as to the cause of boiler explosions. Both wrought iron and steel boiler plates rapidly weaken when heated hotter than about 400 degrees. This is the temperature of steam at 235 pounds pressure. It is known that there is no weakening of the strength of the boiler plates at this temperature; the weakening begins after the sheet is heated over 400 degrees. When 1,000 degrees hot the strength is reduced 80 per cent, or four-fifths. Water covering completely the heating surface of a boiler prevents overheating, says the Black Diamond. But with a hot fire and a bare crown sheet probably ten or twenty seconds would give time to heat the metal to a temperature at which its strength would be weakened enough to give way beneath the heavy pressure upon it, for with 150 pounds working pressure there is over ten tons of pressure on each square foot of the crown sheet. Most explosions occur this way.

JOHN MURREL, THE OUTLAW.

Notorious Bandit and His Gang Defied Officials for Twenty Years.

Many notorious bandits and train robbers have terrorized the Western plains for many years and it is interesting to recall incidents of the life of some desperado, like John Murrel, who defied the law for more than 20 years. Many lives and many hundreds of thousands of dollars were the tributes levied on the country by Murrel and the gang that he so adroitly organized and masterfully ruled. The government officials were ever on his trail.

Murrel's adoption of his criminal career was deliberate. Of gentle birth, his boyhood was quietly passed on a Louisiana plantation. The desire to accumulate millions seized him, and as he had no desire to acquire money through the ordinary avenues of success he chose a safe and comfortable form of piracy to be practiced on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. At that time, 1820, these rivers swarmed with flatboats laden with all manner of produce and manufactured goods, sometimes bearing quantities of gold and silver coin and other government valuables.

One of Murrel's first moves was to organize a band of 40 picked men and establish headquarters, which he did at Cave-in-Rock, Illinois. About 300 yards from the entrance were stabled his 20 horses and near by a year's provision for them. The opening of the cave, which faces the Ohio river, is more than 60 feet in diameter. From a long corridor filled with wonderful stalactites deceptive passages branch off at frequent intervals. Murrel's own room was reached by a ladder. Miles of underground passageway would serve now as then to bewilder the uninitiated hopelessly. One of these routes, however, led over a distance of 30 miles to Equality, Gallatin County. This provided an infallible escape for Murrel and his confederates.
In the long interval between 1820 and 1850 hundreds of boats were captured by the gang, their own men placed in charge, and the boat's crew and passengers held prisoners in the cave while the pirates took the cargo South, assumed the real owner's name, sold out the contents and returned to the cave with the booty. Not infrequently would the captives be released later to return as best they could to their homes. A pretty and winsome lady was always a prize for the outlaws, and the number that lived and died in the cave with the gang will never be known.

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"It is doubtful if climbing upon the seatbox for a short sitting after each 'fire' is really as restful as some firemen imagine. Evidently a man does a great deal of extra work when, in climbing up and down off the seatbox, he lifts and lowers his body two or three feet 200 or 300 times a day."

The "popping" of an engine, a sound extremely offensive to people when the machine is in a city, is the blowing off of surplus steam through the safety valve. The sound generally indicates that a poor engineer and an incompetent fireman are in charge of the engine. It has been found that the waste of steam usually when an engine "pops" or blows off surplus steam is equal to the loss of about eight pounds of coal—half a shovelful, or at the rate of a shovelful a minute. Safety valves usually remain open about half a minute, when they are raised by surplus pressure, and the loss of heat in the escaping steam equals every second that derived from the burning a quarter of a pound of coal.
In a little book issued by the Wisconsin Central to its firemen and engine men engineers are particularly instructed as to the cause of boiler explosions. Both wrought iron and steel boiler plates rapidly weaken when heated hotter than about 400 degrees. This is the temperature of steam at 235 pounds pressure. It is known that there is no weakening of the strength of the boiler plates at this temperature; the weakening begins after the sheet is heated over 400 degrees. When 1,000 degrees hot the strength is reduced 80 per cent, or four-fifths. Water covering completely the heating surface of a boiler prevents overheating, says the Black Diamond. But with a hot fire and a bare crown sheet probably ten or twenty seconds would give time to heat the metal to a temperature at which its strength would be weakened enough to give way beneath the heavy pressure upon it, for with 150 pounds working pressure there is over ten tons of pressure on each square foot of the crown sheet. Most explosions occur this way.

JOHN MURREL, THE OUTLAW.

Notorious Bandit and His Gang Defied Officials for Twenty Years.

Many notorious bandits and train robbers have terrorized the Western plains for many years and it is interesting to recall incidents of the life of some desperado, like John Murrel, who defied the law for more than 20 years. Many lives and many hundreds of thousands of dollars were the tributes levied on the country by Murrel and the gang that he so adroitly organized and masterfully ruled. The government officials were ever on his trail.

Murrel's adoption of his criminal career was deliberate. Of gentle birth, his boyhood was quietly passed on a Louisiana plantation. The desire to accumulate millions seized him, and as he had no desire to acquire money through the ordinary avenues of success he chose a safe and comfortable form of piracy to be practiced on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. At that time, 1820, these rivers swarmed with flatboats laden with all manner of produce and manufactured goods, sometimes bearing quantities of gold and silver coin and other government valuables.

One of Murrel's first moves was to organize a band of 40 picked men and establish headquarters, which he did at Cave-in-Rock, Illinois. About 300 yards from the entrance were stabled his 20 horses and near by a year's provision for them. The opening of the cave, which faces the Ohio river, is more than 60 feet in diameter. From a long corridor filled with wonderful stalactites deceptive passages branch off at frequent intervals. Murrel's own room was reached by a ladder. Miles of underground passageway would serve now as then to bewilder the uninitiated hopelessly. One of these routes, however, led over a distance of 30 miles to Equality, Gallatin County. This provided an infallible escape for Murrel and his confederates.
In the long interval between 1820 and 1850 hundreds of boats were captured by the gang, their own men placed in charge, and the boat's crew and passengers held prisoners in the cave while the pirates took the cargo South, assumed the real owner's name, sold out the contents and returned to the cave with the booty. Not infrequently would the captives be released later to return as best they could to their homes. A pretty and winsome lady was always a prize for the outlaws, and the number that lived and died in the cave with the gang will never be known.

Endless Possibilities.

"The Russians are having great success with their railway building," said the Observant individual.
"They should have," said the Wise Gentleman. "Why, they are even better equipped than America in the matter of securing unpronounceable names for their sleeping cars."—Baltimore American.

Number of Ill Days.

Between 21 and 39 a man is ill five and a half days a year on an average, and between 30 and 40 seven days. In the next ten years he loses eleven days annually, and between 50 and 60 twenty days.—New York Herald.

