

**THE OLD HOME.**

In the quiet shadow of twilight  
I stand by the garden door,  
And gaze on the old, old homestead,  
So cherished and loved of yore.  
But the ivy now is twining  
Untraced o'er window and wall;  
And no more the voice of the children  
Is echoing through the hall.

Through years of pain and sorrow,  
Since first I had to part,  
The thought of the dear old homestead  
Has lingered around my heart,  
The porch embowered with roses,  
The gables' drooping eaves,  
And the songs of the birds at twilight  
Amid the orchard leaves.

And the forms of those who loved me  
In the happy childhood years  
Appear at the dusky windows,  
Through visions dimmed with tears,  
I hear their voices calling  
From the shadowy far away,  
And I stretch my arms toward them  
In the gloom of the twilight gray.

But only the night winds answer,  
As I cry through the dismal air;  
And only the bat comes swooping  
From the darkness of its lair.  
Yet still the voice of my childhood  
Is calling from far away,  
And the faces of those who loved me  
Smile through the shadows gray.

**A College Boycott.**

N a cloud of dust and smoke the train creakingly drew up to the little station. A score or more of passengers alighted. There were many young men and young women on hand to note the arrivals. The coming of that train was one of the daily events in the college town. It was the only link that bound the quiet place to the noisy outside world.

But this particular train meant more than usual. It brought visitors, parents, friends, trustees. For this was the commencement time.

Among the arrivals was a quietly dressed man of middle age with a gray mustache and keen blue eyes. A tall young man pushed forward with outstretched hand.

"Father!"

"John, my son!"

A moment later the two were walking up the long main street beneath the beautiful maples, the young man lightly carrying the heavy traveling bag.

"By George, my boy," cried the older man, as he drew a long breath and gazed admiringly at the youth, "it does me good to see you—and to see you here. I seem to see myself again trudging up this very street—not quite so tall, perhaps, but I fancy much the same build. And how are you, my lad? You know I haven't laid eyes on you for nearly a year."

"Quite well, father, and in excellent spirits."

"And the foot-ball knee?"

"Seems all right again. I'll prove it to you when we do a little of that hill climbing that you promised me."

"Yes, yes, my boy!" cried the old man with a merry laugh. "I'll show you where your father got in mischief in those dear old days. And to think that I've let all these years slip by without revisiting the old home."

As he spoke a group of merry boys and maidens passed by. They swept along without a glance at the tall youth. The older man turned and looked after them.

"How's that, my boy?"

"What, father?"

"Why, it seemed to me that they meant to snub you. Do you know them?"

"Yes, father; they are all college mates. They meant to snub me all right. Fact is, I'm boycotted."

"Bless my soul! Boycotted?"

"Boycotted, father. It's a funny story. You know I came here determined to devote a year to rest and special study. I had the lame knee to get in shape, and there were certain lines of work I wanted to pursue with Prof. Patton. He's the only man in the college or in the town who knows who John Sturges' father is. Perhaps I wasn't very friendly at the start. The boys wanted me to join them in several things. They wanted me to try for the foot-ball team."

"But you promised me you wouldn't play again."

"I kept my word, though it was a temptation."

The older man chuckled.

"What's the joke, father?"

"I was laughing to think of the greatest halfback of '96 trying for a place on a village team."

"Of course they didn't know, and they didn't like my excuse—the knee. I said I was too busy. That was the beginning. I'm pretty sure they considered me stingy, too. Perhaps you don't know, but I made up my mind to go through this extra college year on the same amount that you worried through on. That didn't leave me much for outside trifles. When they asked me for a contribution for the gymnasium fund I had to refuse them."

"That was quixotic, my boy."

The young man looked his father squarely in the face.

"Besides, dad, there is a girl in the case."

The older man started.

"A girl in the case," he dully repeated.

"Yes, father. A—charming girl. But poor, very poor. She started in at college, but had to stop. Now she's teaching in a kindergarten. I think the

girls—her college mates, you know—snubbed her because she couldn't dress quite up to their standard. And I think, too, they completed the boycott on me because I sympathized with her and paid her some attentions. But she's quite a clever girl, father. You must meet her."

"Yes, yes," said the older man, a little hastily. Then he suddenly laughed. "So you're boycotted, both for lack of college spirit and lack of college funds, eh?"

"That's about the size of it, dad. Funny, isn't it?"

"Very. But where are you taking me?"

"To my boarding place. I thought you'd rather room with me than go to the hotel."

"Of course. And—who is your landlady?"

"It's a landlady, dad, and I'm her only boarder. Her name is Spencer—Mrs. Julia Spencer."

"Julia Spencer. Do you know who Julia Spencer is?"

"Why, no, dad, I don't."

"She was your dead mother's dearest and oldest friend. She was Julia Ranney then, the prettiest girl in the village. At least she was until I happened to meet some one prettier. Why, boy, Julia Spencer might have been your mother."

"I'm very glad she isn't," said the young man.

"And why?"

"Because I mean to marry Julia Spencer's daughter."

The older man stopped short.

"Put down the bag," he said. His bright blue eyes sought his son's.

"Have you set your heart on this?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, father, I have."

"And you really mean to marry and settle down and take an active interest in your father's affairs? He's growing old and needs you."

"Yes, dad."

The older man put out his hand and the younger firmly gripped it.

"This is not," said the father, "quite the surprise you may think it. Prof. Patton wrote to me some time ago preparing me for what he seemed to think was inevitable. Still, it is a little startling, coming from your own lips."

"Annie has just turned the corner," murmured the young man. "Will you meet her now?"

"I'll meet her mother first," said the father. "You keep the daughter away for a half hour or so. Which is the house?"

"The cottage back of the big tree, dad."

The older man picked up the bag, and the younger one turned and walked rapidly down the street.

"John," the older man called after him.

"Well, dad?"

"Don't let it slip your mind that the boycott must be lifted."

The young man smiled back at his father and the latter wistfully watched him as he hastened up the street toward the trim-built young woman who was slowly approaching.

"Just like me," he muttered; "same old obstinacy. Ready to go through thick and thin for what he wants. God bless him, he's all right!"

With which closing apostrophe the older man caught up the valise and turned through the gateway that led to the cottage behind the big tree.

He looked back once more as he ascended the steps. He could see the two figures, now side by side, coming slowly up the street.

"Boycotted," he chuckled, "boycotted!"

It was the evening of President Lamson's reception to the graduating class. The assembly room was filled with the seniors and their friends. There had been music by the glee club, and the auditors were scattered in little groups about the apartment. Over in one corner sat John Sturges' father, with his old friend and preceptor, Prof. Patton. Near a window at the side of the room stood John Sturges himself, looking very well indeed for a penny-saving country lad in his immaculate evening clothes. By him stood a sweet-faced girl to whom he frequently bent in smiling deference. They were quite alone, John's classmates holding themselves strictly aloof, a fact which drew frequent amused glances from the boys' father.

Then President Lamson held up his hand. When all was still he beckoned to Prof. Patton. The latter arose and stepped forward.

"Friends," he said, "I have some pleasant news to impart. It will be, I think, of special interest to the graduating class. You all know, I am sure, that our gymnasium fund has grown with exasperating slowness, and that we are still a long way off from the desired amount. At least we were until five minutes ago." He paused and looked around.

"The fact is," he smilingly went on, "we have been entertaining a good fairy unawares. I am making this little explanation quite without the fairy's knowledge, because, as you will presently discover, he is the last man in the college who wants his merits advertised. And yet just a little explanation is due him. He came here quietly at his father's suggestion to add a year of special work to the education he had already received in one of the large Eastern colleges. He was prompted, too, by the necessity of giving a strained knee a long rest, an accident he received on the foot-ball field, for he was, if the daily journals are to be believed, the great half-back of '96. He came to this college because it was his father's Alma Mater and because that father, who has left his many business interests and come across the continent to be here this evening, desired him to meet and know his early friend and old preceptor." Here the professor bowed. "And now I have only to add," he went on more hurriedly, "that your old classmate,

John Sheldon Sturges, has just subscribed \$20,000 for the completion and equipment of the college gymnasium, and I want you to give him three cheers and the college yell."

There was a moment's hesitation and then the cheers and yell were given with a royal will.

"Father, father," cried John, as the elder Sturges pressed forward with hands outstretched to both his son and the blushing girl. "This isn't what I wanted at all."

But the father only chuckled.

"I told you that boycott would have to be lifted," he laughingly answered.

**FEATS OF ARCHERY.**

**The Ancients Were Wonderful Masters of the Art.**

Everybody has heard the story of William Tell, who shot an apple from the head of his son with a bow and arrow, and of the wonderful feats of Robin Hood, who roamed the green woods of "Merrie England," and could bring down a wild goose on the wing or split an opponent's arrow with his own.

There are many other curious feats of archery, however, that are not so well known. There was a famous William of Cloudestley, who split a hazel wand with his shaft from a distance of 200 yards.

Homer tells how Penelope promised her many suitors that he only should be favored.

Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow should bend  
And through twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,  
well knowing that only her husband could display such power, in proof of which, when they failed, he rewon his wife, for, bending his elbow,  
The whizzing arrow vanished from the string,  
Sung on direct and threaded every ring.

The Romans were very skillful bowmen, although they discarded the weapon in warfare, trusting to the charge and to hand-to-hand fighting. Many of the Roman Emperors were famous archers. It is said that Domitian would place boys in the circus at a considerable distance from him, and, as they held up their hands with the fingers outspread he would send the arrows between them with such nicety and accuracy of aim that he never inflicted a wound.

The wicked Emperor Commodus boasted that he never missed his aim or failed to kill the wild beast he shot with a single arrow. He would set a shaft in his bow as some wild beast was set free in the circus to devour a living criminal condemned to die. Just when the furious animal was springing on his prey the Emperor would strike it dead at the man's feet. Sometimes one hundred lions were let loose at once, in order that he with one hundred arrows might kill them. With arrows, the heads of which were semicircular, he would sever the necks of the ostriches in full flight.

The Persian archers, according to Charliam, practiced at a mark placed on top of a mast twenty-six feet from the ground. Toward this the horseman rode, with bent bow, at full speed, and in passing the mark turned and shot at it backward, sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, seldom missing. The Persian bow required a pull of 500 pounds.

It is said that the Turks were at one time very skilled archers. An old writer says that they practiced regularly with the bow from the time they were 7 or 8 years old to manhood. It was a common feat for them to shoot several arrows from a distance of ten yards into a mark not larger than a die. In July, 1792, Mahmoud Effendi, secretary to the Turkish embassy at London, shot an arrow 415 yards partly against the wind. In 1798 the Sultan of Turkey shot an arrow 972 yards—a feat scarcely surpassed by those attributed to Robin Hood.—Cincinnati Tribune.

**Balzac Would Have Liked It.**

"In my search for bits of life which are literatesque, to use Bagehot's word," said Gaster, gently rotating the cherry in his glass, "I seized with avidity on one that came to me yesterday in a letter from a relative in a distant town. I may say, by the way, that I don't approve of letters from relatives; they have to be answered."

"The town is the one I was born in; and, set in a waste of family affairs like an oasis, the letter told about the death of a woman whom I remember. I never made her acquaintance. She was a widow and lived with her spinster daughter, and I believe the first man to enter their house was the doctor who attended her in her last illness. They kept a big and savage dog for protection, and they rarely left the little yard which surrounded the house. All the work on the premises they did themselves, even to cutting the grass in summer."

"They kept no servants, and yet they were not poor. The postman rarely called. It was isolation complete and apparently desired."

"I was informed by the letter the widow died last week, and it seems that she left instructions for a funeral. One of the local ministers was asked to read the burial service, and my correspondent tells me that the daughter was the only other attendant, except the pall bearers. Had she relatives at all or friends anywhere? I do not know."

"The pall bearers were her tradesmen—the butcher, the baker, the grocer and the coal dealer who had supplied her wants."

"Her tradesmen were the pall bearers," repeated Gaster softly, and then asked curiously: "Would not Balzac have handled that well?"—New York Evening Sun.

Some men are so lacking in hospitality that they won't even entertain an idea.

**THE HERO OF MANILA  
IN HIS NEW UNIFORM.**



WITH a fine disregard of Admiral Dewey's possible wishes, the Navy Department, after asking him to prescribe his own uniform, has proceeded to fashion one for him in the interim. Of course the department has not the slightest intention of slighting the admiral, and it has taken the greatest care to forestall his desires, but the fact remains that history may repeat itself and the admiral modify this dress.

When Farragut was commissioned an admiral the style of his dress was left to his own choosing, and the modest old gentleman designed something eminently fitting his quiet tastes. So unpretentious was his garb that it left nothing gaudy enough for his immediate junior, and the result was a subsequent order from the department directing him to cover nearly half of his sleeve with gold oak leaves. That the old gentleman was indignant is putting it mildly, and, because of his very positive stand, he was allowed to retain his own dress, while his junior gloried in something showier.

The distinctive markings which the department has chosen for Admiral Dewey are, with one minute exception, such as Admiral Farragut chose for himself, and it is thought that this association with his old master of war may be all the more pleasing to Admiral Dewey, whose tastes in such matters are also refined and quiet.

It is highly probable that Admiral Dewey will never need but half of the eight uniforms which the new regulations prescribe for him.

When calling on the President or some similar dignitary and at general muster on the first Sunday of every month, Admiral Dewey will wear what is termed "special" full dress—the garb, in fact, in which the accompanying cut shows him. This is his very swellest outfit, and consists of a double-breasted coat, with tails lined throughout with white silk serge; trousers, also of navy blue broadcloth, with gold lace down the outer seams, a gold-banded cocked hat, epaulettes, sword and full dress sword belt. The coat sleeves will be adorned with two two-inch stripes of gold lace with a single one-inch stripe between, and all surmounted by a single star. It is in this star that the distinctive marks differ from Admiral Farragut's, his star bearing a small frigate embroidered in silver in the center, while Admiral Dewey's is plain. There will be a broad band of gold lace around the collar. His epaulettes, like his shoulder straps, shown at the bottom of the picture, will bear four silver stars of five points each, the outer two being superposed upon gold fouled anchors, the anchors being the distinctive marks for an admiral as compared with the four plain stars of a general.

The full dress uniform is to be worn on all other occasions of ceremony, such for instance as in making the first visit to other officers of flag rank and on social occasions to which officers are invited in their official capacity. The coat of this uniform is like the evening dress of the civilian, and with the exception of the collar and the buttons down the front is adorned just as the "special" full dress coat is—epaulettes, sword and cocked hat being worn also.

On occasions of "ordinary ceremony," such as in boarding ships of war, in making the first visit in port upon commanding officers, on parades of ceremony with enlisted men under arms, and at the ordinary Sunday inspections—excepting, of course, the first one of the month—the admiral will wear the "dress" uniform. This uniform is a frock coat, plain blue or white trousers, cocked hat, epaulettes, sword and plain leather belt. The admiral's belt for this dress is the same as that prescribed for all other officers, and is of black grained leather of not more than two inches in width. The belt plate or buckle is of yellow gilt, and consists of a wreath of oak leaves surrounding the naval coat of arms of thirteen stars encircling a spread eagle on an anchor.

When calling on foreign officers other than commanding officers, and on social occasions when frock coats are appropriate, the admiral will wear the foregoing uniform with the exception of sword and belt. On all service duty on board ship, and at all times not provided for by the regulations for the foregoing uniforms, the admiral will wear the "service dress" uniform. Two uniforms are set for evening wear and are described as "A" and "B." "A" will be worn in the evening on occasions of ceremony to which the admiral may be invited in his official capacity, and "B" will be worn on social occasions to which he may also be invited in his official capacity. "A" uniform consists of an evening dress coat and waistcoat, laced trousers, cocked hat, epaulettes, sword and full-dress belt worn under the waistcoat, while "B" is the same with plain trousers and blue cap.

By the time Dewey has provided himself with all the adornments which an admiring government prescribes he will have parted with fully \$2,000 of hard-won pay. Half of the clothes he will never wear, but he must keep them on hand for the coming of the unexpected—the bugaboo of official life and the bane of the man whose figure will change.

**FOR GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.**

State Senator William Goebel, Candidate of the Democracy.

State Senator William Goebel, the nominee of the Democratic party for Governor of Kentucky, has taken an active part in politics since he ended his law studies. He has lived in Covington thirty-three years.

Senator Goebel was born in Pennsylvania and was brought to Covington by his parents in 1866. He was educated at Gambier College and at the Cincinnati Law School. He has been a member of the State Senate for eight



SENATOR WILLIAM GOEBEL

years, and was president pro tem. of that body for one session. He has led hot campaigns to carry through legislation as well as to secure his own election. The present elections act in Kentucky bears his own name, and was passed through his efforts a year ago.

**ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM.**

New York Farmer Putting the Power to a Practical Use.

Application of electrical power to farm industry is a new development in the electrical field. There must be many farms on which are water powers, small or large, which could be made to yield electrical energy which would do a great deal of the ordinary farm work. An object lesson in this field is furnished by an equipment recently provided by the Westinghouse company for the farm of G. R. Beardslee, situated on both sides of the East Canadian Creek, near St. Johnsville, N. Y. There are two falls on the farm, one of sixty feet and the other of 180 feet in height. The lower fall is to be first used for furnishing power for the farm. A power house has been erected near by and a horizontal turbine with a 180-kilowatt (270-horse power) generator installed. From this central power house the electrical current is now transmitted by conducting wires to the farmhouse, to the barn, cattle sheds, grain houses and other places where lighting or power is required. At these several points the direct electrical current is utilized to drive motors which operate various machines. One motor of ten-horse power operates a hay-cutting machine, another motor of the same power runs a thrashing machine and a third motor operates a 44-inch circular saw for cutting logs. Each of these motors can be used separately or all at one time. The farmhouse is brilliantly lighted and comfortably heated by electricity, the result of a utilization of a waterfall's power. Electricity-heated flatirons are in the laundry and the kitchen contains a cooking stove also heated by electricity. In the dairy department are milk separators, churns and other appliances, all having electrical motor attachments. Outside the house several arc lamps turn night into day. The use of electric lights in the barn and outhouses greatly diminishes the danger of fire. Besides having all the electric power he wants for his own purposes, Mr. Beardslee sells 60-horse power to two knitting factories, and the money received from this source goes far to defray the running expenses of the electrical plant, which is said to have cost only "a moderate amount"—It should not be much more than \$5,000.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**AUTOMOBILE MAIL CARTS.**

London Postal Authorities Are Using Them in Out Districts.

In London the general postoffice automobile carts are being subjected to a severe test by the postal authorities, and it is believed that they will be put in general use. Those who have watched the new vehicle say they are faster than any that have yet been tried. Their appearance is up-to-date in every way.

Imagine a wagon, not unlike the mail wagons of New York with an immense hood over the driver's seat, and back of it another case of handsomely polished wood, which is used for the sup-



LONDON'S AUTOMOBILE MAIL CARTS.

plementary mails. Affixed to the dashboard is a large gong which gives a clear note of warning as the motorman steers his wagon in and out among the great mass of vehicles of all sorts that are always to be found on a London street. The seat is the entire width of the cart, which is of course four wheeled, and the motorman supplies or withdraws the power by means of a small lever not unlike the levers on the trolleys in Greater New York. He works this with his right hand and a brake with his left. The front wheels of the wagon are small enough to swing under the body of the vehicle. They work on a pivot and the wagon can be turned almost in its own length. It is the facility with which these wagons can be sent around a corner or worked through a winding lane between lines of other wagons and drays that makes the new motor cart valuable.

**Longest Beard in the World.**

Probably the longest beard in the world is that of a metal worker in Marseilles, France. The man is 74 years old. When 14 years of age he had a beard six inches long. It grew from year to year, and now his hirsute attachment, when unrolled, reaches the respectable length of 10 feet 10 inches. When this man goes out walking he carries his beard rolled up in a big skein under his arm. Since he is rather small in size, measuring but 5 feet 3 inches, the beard is more than twice the man's height.

**Deadly Bolt of Lightning.**

The Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman reports a remarkable death-dealing bolt of lightning which killed thirty sheep that were lying under a tree near Potter's Mills, Center County. Few of the flock escaped.

That which is known as the Higher Life, is nearly all hypocrisy and silliness.

It is easy to pick out the winning horse in a race when you haven't a cent bet.