WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

When the sun goes down, Then twinkle the lights in the busy town; And ragged boys of the hungry eyes Go whistling past where the sick man lies; And the sick man listens, and frowning. turns His face to the wall, and he yearns and yearns, While the slow dark creeps to the hopeless "Oh, to be happy and hale as they!"

When the sun goes down,
On the fields where the grasses are green
and brown.
Soft on the valley and soft on the hill
Phen weep the lone and loveless ones.
Falls the song—the song of the whippoorwell. will.
While the river of memory backward runs,
And the dream in the shadows—and dreams "Oh, for the love of the long ago!"

When the sun goes down. There is rest for the weary in field and town;
And cow bells clang in the country wide,
And Love sits down by the fireside!
Then the kettle sings-just the old-time
song—
And once more Memory comes along,
And they cry—who are dreaming and
dreaming there:
"Ob, the empty chair—the empty chair!"

THE DRUMMER.

In 1812, in the Ninth Regiment of the line, there was a drummer boy only 13 years of age, a child of the troop, whose true name was Frolut, though the soldiers called him nothing but Bilbouquet. Truly, with his tall, thin body, surmounted by a big round head, he certainly did resemble the object which had earned him the so-

briquet. Frolut, or Bilbouquet, as you please, was not in other respects a remark-able boy, and the drum major of the regiment frequently beat the measure on his shoulders with the end of his long drum staff till the music of the rat-a-tat had entered head as well as Moreover, for some reason hands. which Frolut could never explain, his regulation drummer's cap refused to hang upon his ear as it did upon the others, and as yet he was too young and awkward to march and twist him-

self gracefully like his superiors.

One day, when in a fit of ungovernable vanity, he tried to wear a sword between his legs like the elegantes of the regiment, he got it entangled in his feet and tumbled upon his nose, to the great amusement of his comrades, laughing, as they always did, at those whom they considered their inferiors. In addition to his other misfortunes Bilboquet's manners were against him, but then how could one expect him to be less than savage and reserved, singularly so for his age, when he had always been subjected to the roughest treatment. There was no doubt about it, bad luck pursued him, or as the men expressed it, "the devil sat upon his back."

Even at drogue he always lost, and whether it was the ill nature of the other petit tambours, or that he really had, as they claimed, a nose like a potato, he was greeted every morning with the same stale joke: "Marshal with the same stale joke: thy nose into line, Bilboquet, or we'll do it for thee," and they would fall upon the youngster and pinch and pull it so horribly that frequently it would bleed and was sore for hours.

If he cried at such treatment, or when they slapped his palms in the game of "main claude" till, red and blistered, they called him "girl" and "baby" and slapped them harder than ever, in order, they said, to see the drum major at the morning's exercises establish the time on Bilboquet's back when his still tender fingers failed to bring out the 'ra' and the 'fla' with perfect precision."

The child had reason to be disgusted with military life, but, as I said a while ago, he was close mouthed and held himself aloof from the others,

One morning, the 12th of July, if I remember aright, the general in command received orders from the Emperor to take up his position on the other side of a narrow ravine, a dangerous place at the best of times, and now defended by a battery of six cannon commanding its approaches and our entire file as soldiers as well. reach the place designated by the Emperor it was necessary to take this battery on the banks of the Dwina, for the events that I am relating to you took place in the famous campaign against Russia.

All at once they see coming at full gallop an aide-de-camp of the general bearing the order for two companies of the sharpshooters to advance upon the battery. Three-fourths of them were bound to be killed, and the Voltigeurs, in spite of their intrepidity. point to the yawning cannon and grumble openly.

"Does the General look upon us as roasted apples?" they say; "does he wish to serve us as mincemeat to the Cossacks, that he sends but 200 of us against a redoubt like this?'

'It is the order of the Emperor," answered the aide-de-camp, as he flies

'All right; let us do it then," cried the sergeant-major, adjusting his bayonet to the end of his gun; "let us do it at once; we musn't keep the Little Corporal waiting. When he has ordered us to be killed, he doesn't like

to see us sulking."
Nevertheless, there was still a perceptible hesitation in the company. The captain had twice ordered the drum-major to call the tambours to the front to beat the charge, but he remained leaning upon his long staff, wagging his head, and little disposed

All this while Bilboquet was seated astraddle his drum, his eyes upon his chief, his lips whistling softly to himself the air of the fife and his fingers tattoing the charge. As the com-mand to forward comes again and for the third time from the captain, he leaps to his feet, places his drumsticks in position, passes under the nose of the drum-major and with a scournful "come on, old girl, come on!" pours out in a single phrase all the anger and insults that he has treasured in his heart.

The drum-major raises his cane, but it is too late-Bilboquet is at the head of the two companies and beating the charge like a mad one. The soldiers follow him and rush upon that terrible battery. The cannons roar, the Voltiguers roll in the dust, many of them to rise no more; the smoke, blown by the wind, envelopes us like cloud, the noise deafens us, but as a moment and floats away we can still see upright before us not twenty steps in advance the daunt-

one figure of the little drummer beatog the charge; we could ever hear, ceble as it was, the sound of his inruppent, passionately bidding deance to every Cossack in creation.

The Voltigeurs rush on, Bilboquet iways shead of them with his ceaseoss rataplan. The battery roars gain, a perfect storm of shot pourng upon the infuriated debris of our wo beautiful companies—scarcely 50 men remain of the brave 200-and never had the drum-major himself sounded the charge as Bilboquet ounds it now-sternly, boldly, and, ired by the fever of vengeance, piles his arms with the strength of twenty. When the smoke lifts anew the batery is taken.

In the meantime Napoleon, mounted upon a knoll to the right, 10,000 sol-diers of the Guard behind him, watches them as they execute his orders, and as the remnant of the Volti-guers enter the battery, he signs to an aide-de-camp, who gallops away, to

return almost immediately.
"How many?" the Emperor asks
him, as he stops before him; "how many crosses will be needed to-mor-

"Forty," the officer replied; "fortythe rest are dead!"

And the next day, as Napoleon had aid, the regiments were gathered together to see the distribution of the medals to the gallant handful who had executed so faithfully the Emperor's will. One by one the names of the survivors had been announced and the cross of honor bestowed. The ceremony is ended and all are about to retire, when suddenly there is a stir among the soldiers, and a shrill voice sounds from the ranks:

"But me," it cries. "Me-you've given me nothing!" and Gen. B-, who had charge of the distribution of "Me-you'vo he crosses, turns about to find planted before him our little Bilboquet, his cheeks as red as fire and his eyes full of tears.

You!" cries the officer astounded; 'you, my boy! Why, what do you want me to give you? What did you ex-

"The cross like the others," Bilboquot promptly answered; "it was I who beat the charge on the battery—I was the first to enter!"

"And you thought we had forgotten you! But you are too young, my boy, to have the cross yet," said the general kindly, seeing that he was only a child; "we will give it to you when you've a beard on your chin like the others. Here's something to console you while waiting;" and, slipping his hand into his pocket he drew forth a twenty-franc piece and held it out to the little fellow.

Bilboquet looked at it, but without a thought of taking it, great tears rolling from his eyes and down his cheeks as, motionless as stone, he stood before the general. Even those who had teased him most, touched by his grief, were about to intercede for him. Bilboquet, however, did not give them time, and suddenly, as if seized with a new idea, reached out his hand, took the money from the general and without more ado put it in his pocket, saying as he turned away:

Thanks, my general; it will do another time!" From this day forth they cease to mock at Bilboquet. All the same, he was no more communicative than before. On the contrary, he was con-

stantly buried in thought, as if revolving some project in his mind, and instead of regaling his companions, as they had expected him to do, with the money he had received from the general, he guarded it more carefully

Not long after the taking of the battery of the Dwina the French troops entered Smolensk victorious and jubilant, Bilboquet with them, of course, and greatly pleased at the sights about the city which he had asked to be allowed to visit almost at the moment of arrival. Yet after all it seemed to be the faces of the people in which he took the greatest interest, considering and examining them after the fashion of an amateur choosing merchandise.

I must admit, however, that it was not the peasants he regarded thus, with their long bushy beards; doubtless they were well enough, and bountifully supplied, but of such an ugly, unpleasant red that Bilboquet, after a moment's scrutiny, turned away his eyes and continued his way.

At last, wandering along in this fashion, our petit tambour came to the Jewish quarter, for the Jews of Smolensk, like the rest of the Jews of Poland and Russia, confine themselves to a certain quarter.

When Bilboquet entered it you can imagine his delight, for of all the beards in the world the Jews assuredhave the lovellest, long, silky and black as ebony, and it was beards that the little drummer boy was hunting. Some half way up the street he found the shop he wanted, the master of it bearded like a Turk.

"Vot vill you haf, my leetle sir?" cried the merchant, civilly, as he crossed the threshold, "vot can I gif

"Your beard," replied Bilboquet, without stopping to parley. "My beard!" repeated the Jew, astoinshed, "you are joking!"

"I am not," said Bilboquet again, placing his hand upon the pocket where his money rested, "but do not think I want to rob you; here's a naoleon-you can give me change," and he threw it upon the counter between

In vain did the merchant endeavor to make Bilbcquet hear reason; he was as obstinate as a blind horse, and encaged in such a wrangle that before long he attracted the attention of some soldiers passing in the street, who stopped to learn the motive of the juarrel. The notion of the little rummer boy struck them as so parteularly funny that they sided with ilm, and compelled the unfortunate proprietor to give up his beard, one of them, the braggart as well as the barer of the regiment, drawing a razor from his pocket and shearing him

without mercy or lather. Having horribly skinned the Jew, he move the shearing to the delighted Bilboquet, who carried it at once to the tailor of the regiment and had it sewed to a piece of sheepskin taken from a broken drum. All this was the talk of the regiment for several days, but as no one could get from him what he intended to do with it, it was forgotten in other things, for we were

now on the march again. With the history of this campaign my story has nothing to do. I need only remind you that from the time of our arrival at Moscow misfortunes began, the cold and the devastation depriving us of all cur resources. Famine struck us, and soon the retreat was ordered—the retreat across a desert country covered with endless snows. The memory of that horrible disaster is too painful for me to enter into details.

Everyone returned as best he could, and it was with difficulty that a few regiments could be kept together to represent the body of the army and obey the orders of the general. Bilboquet's was one of these, and he was of the rear guard that prevented the thousands of Cossacks who followed the army from massacreing the unfortunate and solitary soldiers.

One day they had just retreated across a little river, and to retard the pursuit of the enemy the general had ordered the destruction of the bridge over which they had passed, a fragile wooden one; but the barrels of gunpowder hastily placed produced but little effect, and though the arches were displaced and thrown into the water, the framework caught and remained resting upon a single beam, which so held it that the enemy on arrival could easily secure and recon-

The general, knowing that the safety of the entire army depended upon the destruction of the bridge, ordered back the sappers to cut the beam and tear away the clinging framework.

As they were ready to embark, however, the enemy arrived on the other bank of the river and began such a rain of bullets that it seemed impossible for any sapper to reach it alive. They were about to give it up and to defend themselves as best they could, when all at once they saw a soldier leap from their ranks into the river, his ax upon his shoulder.

The plunge carried him out of sight of course, but soon he reappeared, his long, flowing beard and peculiar cap showing him to be a sapper-thus of-fering himself as a sacrifice for the safety of others. That the water about him boiled with the bullets of the enemy, you can be sure, nevertheless he continued to advance bravely, vigorously, and five minutes later was at work upon the beam, sheltered behind the broken framework. A dozen blows and it crashed into the river, and the sapper was on his way to the bank again

But picture our amazement, as mad with joy, we rushed to the edge to greet him, to find that it was the little Bilboquet, with a black and glossy beard suspended from the end of his chin.

"What does this mean? What is this masquerade?" cried the voice of the general behind us, "Is it you again,

"Yes, my general, it is I, Bilboquet," answered the child; "you said you'd give me a cross when I'd a beard upon my chin. Here it is, a famous one, for I wasn't stingy and spent the whole of the money you gave me for it!" and he drew himself up with an air of pride.

The general, thunderstruck at such bravery and shrewdness, held out his arms to Bilboquet as if he had been a man, and taking the cross from the lapel of his own coat fastened it with his own hand in the button hole of his drummer's jacket.

It is upon the shoulders of the other petit tambours, you can rest assured. that the drum-major now establishes the time.

"Frigotherapeucy."

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh As appetite forgot" will be an appropriate new reading of the Shakespearan song, if Prof. Pictet proves himself right in regarding extreme cold as an infallible recipe for that best of all sauceshunger. The French scientist is said be so confident of the merits of his cold cure in all cases of loss of appetite and dyspepsia, that he is positively starting a freezing chamber for the special benefit of patients who suffer from these ailments. Fortunately he does not require them to enter the curative refrigerator in light at-On the contrary, he allows them to wrap themselves up as warmly as they like, the benefit being derived entirely from breathing the frozen

The idea seems to be after all but a practical development of a familiar idea, for there can be no one who has not experienced the action of crisp, frosty air as a sharpener of the appe-But the effects of cold as a remedy for dyspepsia have not hitherto been so well recognized, and Prof. Pictet's "frigotherapeucy," despite its awful name, may prove a boon and a blessing in these days of pancreatic pessimism.-Lady's Pictorial

The End of the World.

A pamphlet has just been published at Berlin by a theologian—M. Baxter which was written with considerable erudition, and is being widely read The author predicts that the end of the world will occur on April 23, 1908. 'From now until then," he says, "we will go through another fearful and bitterly contested war, in 1897, which all the great European nations will participate in; in 1899 a new Napoleon will make his rise, as the King of 'the Greek States and Syria;' in 1904 a terrible earthquake will shake the very foundations of our planet. On March 12, 1903, on a Thursday, at 3 o'clock M. (Jerusalem time), and at 1h. 33m. P. M. (Berlin time), will take place the ascension to heaven of the 144,000 elected, blessed ones, who shall not die." These prophecies, says Le Fig-aro, have called forth considerable emotion "over the Rhine."

Don't Wet Your Fingers, A warning has been sounded in the way in which books from a circulating library should be bandled. It is conveyed in the suggestion: Don't wet the

fingers to turn the leaves of such books. The authorities among the circulating libraries in Dresden have been conducting a series of experiments to determine if books in genral use become a medium for the communication of infection. Soiled leaves were rubbed first with dry fingers and then with wet ones, and the results microscopically examined. No microbes, or fow, were found on the dry fingers, but many on the others.

MID-WINTER BONNETS.

Felt and Plames Are Popular, and Velves

and Lew Crowns, Are Seen.

The hats for mid-winter wear are made largely of felt, and some very charming shapes are shown. The favorite trimming seems to be velvet in levely glace effects, while feathers are worn in profusion. Bows and "Me-phistos" of jet are still popular, and other trimmings are birds, antennae and stiff quills. For travelling, soft hats of felt are preferred, and these

have very little trimming.

Referring to plumes, the hats of springtime are not a bit more gay than many of those now shown in the milliners' windows. There is no end of the ways of wearing plumes. The hat here shown is rather an original one, and illustrates the novel effects that



felt. The brim is edged with black velvet, and has a roll of the same in-The back is turned up and is held in place by a velvet rosette, while the garniture consists of six plumes, two on either side and two upright in front, the latter fastened with a paste buckle. A twisted roll of velvet comes around the low crown.

Black velvet hats with fluted brims are a good deal worn, and almost all the crowns are low. Still there is a Tyrolean hat in vogue, with Bird of aradise plumes, and fur and lace are beginning to appear as the latest innovations.

The Teaching of Housewifery. Writing in the North American Review, Miss Elizabeth Bisland pleads for giving women more technical training in the work to which they have for the most part to devote their lives. She says:

The old practical rule-of-thumb ap-prenticeship of the household having passed away something should replace Why should not schools for girls give courses of instruction in housewifery-not the mere cooking of chops dusting chairs, but instruction as to how houses should be made and furnished and their sanitation assured; in the chemistry of cooking, of foods and of assimilation; in the laws of physiology and hygiene and something about fundamental economics, of which the average woman is totally ignorant, though she is the spender and distributer of the money the men accumulate?

How Women Should Economize. Save the emotions. Horrible tales, criminal records and histories of crime IT WILL OURE HAY-FEVER are too expensive. Sweet, dainty, de-licate woman needs finer food for the agreeable. soul. Calamities, murders, quarrels and fatalities may happen. They are in the line of the philosophy of evil. and their discussion can do no good. Reckless sympathy is wasted energy, and enforces needless distress upon the sensibilities. Keep out of the slums, slaughter houses and sewers. Walk in the sunlight, look up and let the vision of brightness on the mountain tops be thy guiding star. Lofty thoughts that nourish the finer nature

college believes. A Norsing Baby.

are not to be found in the gutters of

life. So a little old tutor of Columbia

A mother with a nursing baby must be careful to keep herself well nourished and take plenty of sleep. If she does not, she will not have good milk for the child. She must also be care ful about bathing, so that the child will not take the impurities into the system in nursing. When a child uses a bottle a long pipe should be avoided, as it is not possible to keep it clean, and the child may be poisoned with impurities. The bottle should be washed with hot water, cooled and kept in a clean place. The rubber nipples should be left soaking in water when not in use, and thrown away as soon as they get out of condition,

Progressive Housework.

A family, consisting of a mother and two daughters, has contrived a plan by which they rob what is known as "doing one's own work" of much of its terror. They have arranged a system of progressive meals. By this arrangement, one gets breakfast one day, dinner the next, and tea or lunch the next. She does not have to wash the dishes of the meal she gets, but the other two do. Thus, each day, each one has one meal to prepare and two to help clear away. The other house work is divided up with corresponding fairness. They say that this is a sery simple and comparatively easy way of working.

The Baby in the Bath.

Try some way of amusing your child if he cries during his bath—a cork which will bob about with every movement of the water, or an egg with the contents blown out. In fact, little thing which will amuse a child will attract his attention and prevent his crying during the process of bathing. Once the child is broken of the habit of crying this triffing amusement will be unnecessary.

All Want to He Nurses. Some remarkable figures are given as to the popularity of nursing as an occupation among women. At one of the large London hospitals upward of 5.000 applications have been made to onter the nurses' training home. At another London hospital more 800 applications were received within two months.

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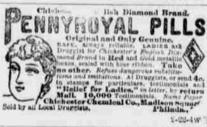
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