

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...

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...

One day, when in a fit of ungovernable vanity, he tried to wear a sword between his legs like the elegantes of the regiment...

Even at drouge he always lost, and whether it was the ill nature of the other pet tambours, or that he really had, as they claimed, a nose like a potato...

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...

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.

"Does the General look upon us as roasted apples?" they say; "does he wish to serve us as mince-meat 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 away.

"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 mustn'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...

All this while Bilboquet was seated astraddle his drum, his eyes upon his chief, his lips whistling softly to himself the air of the file and his fingers tattooing the charge.

figure of the little drummer beating the charge; we could ever hear, ebb as it was, the sound of his instrument, passionately bidding defiance to every Cossack in creation.

The Voltigeurs rush on, Bilboquet always ahead of them with his ceaseless rattaplan. The battery roars again, a perfect storm of shot pouring upon the infuriated debris of our two beautiful companies—scarcely 50 men remain of the brave 200—and never had the drum-major himself sounded the charge as Bilboquet sounds it now—sternly, boldly, and, bred by the fever of vengeance, piles his arms with the strength of twenty.

In the meantime Napoleon, mounted upon a knoll to the right, 10,000 soldiers of the Guard behind him, watches them as they execute his orders, and as the remnant of the Voltigeurs 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-morrow?"

"Forty," the officer replied; "forty—the rest are dead!"

And the next day, as Napoleon had said, 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.

"But, me!" it cries. "Me—you've given me nothing!" and Gen. ... who had charge of the distribution of the 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 expect?"

"The cross like the others," Bilboquet 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.

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 constantly 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 than before.

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.

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 assuredly have the loveliest, long, silky and black as ebony, and it was beads 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 will you haf, my leetle sir?" cried the merchant, civilly, as he crossed the threshold, "vot can I gif you?" "Your beard," replied Bilboquet, without stopping to parley. "My beard!" repeated the Jew, astonished, "you are joking!"

gotten 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 our resources.

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 which 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 massacring 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 reconstruct it.

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 offering 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, giddy-head?"

"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.

"Frigotherapeutic." "Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, Thou dost not bite so nigh As appetite forgot" will be an appropriate new reading of the Shakespearean song, if Prof. Pictet proves himself right in regarding extreme cold as an infallible recipe for that best of all sauces—hunger. The French scientist is said to 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.

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, 1902, on a Thursday, at 2 o'clock P. M. (Jerusalem time), and at 11:30 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 Figaro, have called forth considerable emotion "over the Rhine."

A warning has been sounded in the way in which books from a circulating library should be handled. 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 general 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 few, were found on the dry fingers, but many on the others.

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MID-WINTER BONNETS.

Felt and Plumes Are Popular, and Velvet and Low 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 lovely glaze effects, while feathers are worn in profusion. Bows and "Melphobios" of jet are still popular, and other trimmings are birds, antennae and stiff quills.

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



are popular. It is made of moss-green felt. The brim is edged with black velvet, and has a roll of the same inside. 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 Paradise plumes, and fur and lace are beginning to appear as the latest innovations.

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 apprenticeship of the household having passed away something should replace it. Why should not schools for girls give courses of instruction in housewifery—not the mere cooking of chops or 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 distributor of the money the men accumulate?"

Save the emotions. Horrible tales, criminal records and histories of crime are too expensive. Sweet, dainty, delicate woman needs finer food for the 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 are not to be found in the gutters of life. So a little old tutor of Columbia college believes.

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 careful 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.

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 household work is divided up with corresponding fairness. They say that this is a very 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, any 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 trifling amusement will be unnecessary.

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CROWN ACME, Pennsylvania Railroad. Time Table in effect Nov. 25, '94.

Table listing train routes and times for Crown Acme and Pennsylvania Railroad. Includes destinations like Harrisburg, Pottsville, and Sunbury.

Advertisement for The Atlantic Refining Co. featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text: 'The Best Oil IN THE WORLD. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR CROWN - ACME.'

Advertisement for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Text: 'WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS. Cleanse the Bowels and Purify the Blood. Cure Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Dyspepsia.'

Advertisement for Ely's Catarrh Cream Balm. Text: 'ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. Is quickly absorbed. Cleans the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Sense of Taste and smell.'

Table for Reading Railroad System showing train schedules between various stations including Pottsville, Sunbury, and Harrisburg.

Table for Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad showing train schedules and station information.

Advertisement for Germea for Breakfast. Text: 'GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California Wheat. Delicious, Economical, grows well in the John T. Cutting Co.'s Blue Bell, N.Y.'