

THE BAREFOOT TRAIL.

Out of the dear front gate I ran,
Into the sun and dew and tan.

Never a sun for this trail too hot,
Never a nook that knew it not.

Young Lumberman's "Samson."
By C. A. Stephens.

The Stoss Pond lots, up to the north-
east of the old farm in Maine, had
been at one time covered with a fine
growth of pine.

proper; and there was the liability that
the blocks might be smashed by the
tree trunk falling on them.

At first view it might have been
thought sentiment which had led the
woodsmen to spare this one last pine

Time passed until the second day
after presidential election and the first
thing I heard in our room that morn-

If it fell across the ravine great dif-
ficulty would have attended getting
the heavy logs out; moreover, the
trunk would be likely, in falling, to

"How?" said I, passing over the
election news, which did not seem to
have much to do with the pine.

The gorge of the brook was perhaps
forty feet deep, steep-sided and rocky,

I could see neither head nor tail
to the plan, but was inclined to take
Addison's word for it, since he was

One day late in October, 1872, my
cousin Addison and I had gone up to
Stoss Pond to gather a basketful of

Higher up the mountainside there
was a thick growth of spruce, and
here we cut the two poles.

As we were looking for the young
stock, now grown quite wild and shy,

Directly on the brink of the ravine
and hence about ten feet from the
butt of the pine, stood a little horn-

"That's good," said Addison. "We
will fell that and cut the stump off
square. It will do for the fulcrum of

I now began to understand it all a
little better. The long arm of the
lever was to extend out over the gully

"That's where the hitch comes," I
said. "It leans ten feet out of plumb.
It is bound to fall into that gully."

By this time not a few difficul-
ties began to arise. We needed a
ladder, some bits of rope and several

"But may we have it if we can fell
it this way?" Ad asked.

As there were four of us, we hitched
up one of the work-horses and drove
most of the way by a cart road

We thought also of using a tackle
and blocks, attaching one block high
up in the tree, and making the ground

After the notch was cut, twenty
feet up the trunk of the pine, the
upper end of the lifter stick was fitted

also toed loosely to the fulcrum, so
that it would not slip aside.

An hour or more was occupied in
getting Samson in trim for work.
Afterward the big basket was slung on

Under this strain the lever sprang
visibly and the lifter showed signs of
buckling. It might well be so, for

It is no light task to cut down a
tree three feet in diameter. Addison
and I were fully on our opening

Halstead and the old squire sat
looking on in some little anxiety. It
was a critical moment. We all had

"Run, boys!" cried the old squire.
"Run back out of the way!"

Our Samson had done his work well;
and it may be that others who have
leaning trees to fell will find the

Throughout Denmark there is not
one person over ten years of age who
cannot read and write.

There is one lighthouse in the
world that is not placed on any man-
ner's chart. It is in the Arizona

A specimen of a herd of the small-
est sheep in the world—they are only
nineteen inches high at the withers—

The postal departments say Chicago
is often and horribly misspelled by for-
eigners. It is said that the word has

Human hairs are not as might be
supposed perfectly cylindrical, but are
more or less flattened in one direction.

Four years ago, William Rockefeller,
the Standard Oil magnate, began
an action at law against an old army

The Chinese eat discriminately al-
most every living creature which
comes in their way, dogs, cats, hawks,

Yes or No.
"My good woman," said the learned
judge, "you must give an answer in

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY
THE REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

Subject: "The Spirit of Christianity."

Brooklyn, N. Y. — At Plymouth
Church, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.,
occupied his old pulpit in the absence

What do we mean by Christianity?
What is its essential, specific spirit?
It is the spirit of the Christ who "came

There appeared at the beginning of
the so-called Christian era a religious
teacher in a province of Palestine. He

He never called a man a fool but once,
and that was the man who spoke of his
life in accumulating and then did not

There is still more in Christ's mes-
sage. In all ages men have been try-
ing to get to this unknown God. They

There was something more. In all
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occult power lying back of the phe-
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what the character—to help one another,
that is the way." The Jews wanted
it another way. Queer people, these

great people, which was very like the
Anglo-Saxons of to-day. They thought
there were no other people who were

Christ said, "No, that is a mistake.
The kingdom of God is not in Jerusa-
lem or Rome or Athens. It is in a

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WHO DAT KNOCK?

Who dat knock at de cabin do?
Oh! Age—Well, des nose on.
I got no time to fool with you—
I got to hoe my cawn.



FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Stella—Silence gives consent. Bella
—Yes, but the trouble is that it won't
pop the question.—Brooklyn Life.

"That big dog you gav us actually
does police duty at our house." "So?"
—Yes. He spends most of his time in
the kitchen with the cook.—Detroit
Free Press.

Wigg—So the editor said Scribber's
brand of humor was too delicate, eh?
Wagg—Well, that wasn't exactly the
word. He said it was sickly.—Phila-
delphia Record.

Harduppe—If you will let me have a
fiver I shall be everlastingly indebted
to you. Miserlike—Yes, that's why I
must decline to let you have it.—
Town and Country.

"I made my first dollar picking up
chips," said the self-made man. "And
who staked you to the stack you
started on?" was the interviewer's ab-
stent-minded question.—Cleveland Lead-
er.

Defeated Conservative candidate ad-
dressing supporters—There is a say-
ing, "Give a man enough rope and he
will hang himself." This the Rad-
ical party will do; and then it will be
our turn!—Punch.

Wigg—I know a man who was rob-
bed in broad daylight in London.
Wagg—That was very remarkable.
Wigg—Why, is robbery so scarce
there?—Philadelphia Record.

"Young man, how do you intend to
support my daughter if you marry
her?" "By working, sir." "Yes, yes,
I understand all that; but what I
want to know is whom you are going
to work."—Baltimore American.

Elderly Man (greeting former ac-
quaintance)—I remember your face
perfectly, miss, but your name has es-
caped me. The Young Woman—I don't
wonder. It escaped me three years
ago. I am married now.—Chicago Tri-
bune.

"So you turned down that impecun-
ious nobleman?" interrogated the in-
quisitive girl friend. "Was he shy
when he proposed?" "Yes, shy about
two millions," replied the daughter of
the multimillionaire brewer.—Chicago
Daily News.

Newberry—Is Sanford of an opti-
mistic temperament? Baldwin—I
should say he was. I have known him
to go into a restaurant without a cent
in his pocket, order a dozen oysters
and feel satisfied that he could pay his
bill with a pearl.—Life.

"This Government does not pay
anything like the salaries that foreign
officials receive." "No," answered the
citizen who refuses to be worried.
"We don't take needless chances in a
man's being so much occupied in in-
vesting his money that he forgets about
his patriotic duties."—Washington
Star.

"Yes," said D'Auber, the artist who
had been commissioned to paint the
portrait of Mrs. Nuritch, "water colors
may be easily rubbed out, but—"

"All right, then," interrupted Nuritch,
"you can paint the head and neck in
oil and the dress in water color. Then
it'll be easy to make it up-to-date
every time the style changes."—Phila-
delphia Press.

Town of 4,000 in a Week.
One day a mountain valley, with
20 inhabitants; in a week a pulsating
mining camp of 4,000 people—that is
the history of Manhattan, 80 miles
northeast of Goldfield, Nev. A low
estimate places the exodus to the new
fields from Goldfield alone at 2,000
persons. Two hundred dollars a day
has been bid for automobiles by those
anxious to reach the camp in a hurry.
Hundreds of teams line the two roads
to the latest camp.

Life at the new camp is strenuous.
There is no law. Lots have jumped
in price from \$25 to \$3,500. Meats
are very high. A bath in a round tin
sold the other day for \$3. Hotels are
making hundreds of dollars a day, and
at night space is sold on the floors for
sleeping room.—Chicago News.

Road Dangers for Automobiles.
A French automobilist gives the fol-
lowing interesting statistics of dan-
gers in the roads gathered in the course
of 1,000 miles' travel on the public
roads.

Vehicles abandoned by their driv-
ers, 75; drivers who refused to move
out of the way, 51; drivers asleep on
their vehicles, 8; drivers on the wrong
side of the road, 35; drivers not hold-
ing the reins, 12; vehicles without lan-
terns, 31; drivers resting their horses
in the middle of the road and at dan-
gerous turnings, 2; drivers walking
behind their vehicles, 18; several
vehicles fastened together, and hav-
ing only one lantern, 10; saddle horses
left standing, 33; wandering dogs
which had to be avoided, 85.—Motor
World.

God's Errands.
Difficulties are God's errands, and
when we are sent upon them we should
esteem it a proof of God's confidence.—
Becher.