

In the Country.
Sunshine for the robin's song,
Night for the Whippoorwill's
The morning hours
For the scent of flowers
And joyous chirps and trills;
And all the day from dawn till night
For warbling birds and flowers bright.

Dark hours for the whippoorwill,
Light for the robin's voice;
And all the time
For lulling rhyme
That makes the woods rejoice;
And all the time and all the hours
For song of birds and bloom of flowers.
—[St. Nicholas.

BOB'S WAGER.

BY MADGE ROBERTSON.

He had often tried to propose to her, but she was such a very flippant young person that he found it herculean to reduce her to a sufficiently serious frame of mind. Then, too, he was by no means certain as to her feelings towards himself. Some definite assurance either way would, he felt, have been grateful, although it is safe to affirm that had such assurance been unfavorable to his hopes he would none the less have been anxious for further information.

However, he was denied the satisfaction of even well-grounded suspicion. She had such a baffling sort of manner. Never had he been able to surprise her into an admission of anything, however trifling, which might be taken as an indication that he aroused within her emotions of any kind whatever. It was certainly very difficult to know what to do.

Many times had he almost taken advantage of a momentary silence on her part. Times without number had he nearly clasped her in his arms as she pirouetted past him, but she was too quick for him. The boldest effort on his part had been made one evening after he had brought a friend to call on her. Minna, Bob and the friend had all sat in the kitchen and pulled taffy. Next evening Bob said sheepishly:

"Do you know, Minna, what they were telling me last night?"
"How could I know without you told me?" returned Minna, with spirit. She was washing dishes, and she clattered them in the pan.

"He was asking me if I was going to marry you."
"And what did you tell him?"
"I told him I didn't know."
"That was right," said Minna, swirling the dishcloth around.

"And he—he said I was a big fool if I didn't."
Minna went off into peals of laughter. Then she sobered up.

"Didn't you?"
"So you would be if you got the chance!" was the prompt reply.
"That's what I told him—if I got the chance, but I can't get the chance," dejectedly.

"What right had you to tell him you couldn't get the chance?"
"Cause you ain't ever give it to me."
"No, an' I never will," returned Minna with emphasis.

"Jee' what I thought," said Bob dismally. "Guess I'd better go."
"Guess ye had," remarked his hostess hospitably. As she spoke she wiped out the dishpan and hung it upon a nail behind. If it was you, I'd learn a few things before I came courtin'."

"But you're a big sight cleverer'n me," answered Bob meekly.
"That's so," said Minna laconically as Bob passed dejectedly out of the kitchen door.

On thinking over the interview on the way home Bob thought that on the whole he had not made much progress. A few days later hope returned, bright-eyed and smiling, and Bob determined to make another attempt to secure the elusive Minna. In the soft dusk of the early summer evenings he went thoughtfully across the field towards her father's cottage, now softened of its daytime angularities, and, to Bob's imagination, nestling confidently in the trees.

"House ain't much like Minna," he reflected sadly. "Wish I could think on some way to catch her."
As he walked, crushing down the moist grass, he revolved a dozen schemes in his mind, all of which had sooner or later to be dismissed as impracticable in view of the uncertain nature of the damsel in question. If he could only be sure of how Minna would take anything. But he never could be. She was as wayward as a summer breeze.

Suddenly, in the midst of his pondering, an idea came to him—a heaven sent inspiration, so beautiful, so clever, that the cunning little god himself must have been hiding in a bluebell along his path. Bob gave an emphatic clap to his leg, and the listen-

ing Cupid might have heard a short chuckle, followed by a delighted exclamation.
"Gosh! But that'll do it!" as the wooer sped along the path. Minna herself met Bob at the door and gave him a chair outside beneath a fragrant honeysuckle. She sat down near him on the doorstep and leaned her head against the casement. She looked very pretty, her black eyes darkening the lids and her face pale in the dusky twilight, her hair curling in moist little ends around her small face. Bob looked at her, and his heart failed him. But he remembered a certain Thomas Anderson, who report said had loitered beneath the honeysuckle for the last few nights, and this brought back his oozing courage.

"They wuz talking about you last night down at the pump," he remarked, with assumed cheerfulness.

"Talkin' about me?" said Minna angrily. "How dared they?"

"Oh, laws!" gasped Bob to himself. "If she gets mad before I begin!"

"They wuz sayin'—sayin'!"

"Well?" sharply, "what wuz they sayin'?"

"They wuz sayin' how as you'd never marry any one—you wuz that uncertain-like and flighty-like."

"Who said that?" said Minna, turning wrathful eyes upon him.

"I don't exactly remember," faltered Bob.

"Most likely yourself," disdainfully.

Bob could not truthfully disown the remark, as he had made it frequently, in confidence, to his near companions in the village. So, after this unexpected home-thrust, he remained uncomfortably silent.

Minna pursued her advantage.

"Nies' doings them, fur a man!" she went on, contemptuously. "Talkin' about girls when they can't talk back for themselves!"

If the reported conversation had not been wholly imaginary, Bob would have been stricken with remorse. As it was, however, although inwardly trembling, he saw an opening and took it.

"But I spoke back for you, Minna, I did."

"Oh, you did, did you?" was the discouraging comment. "Since it wuz you said the worst, seems to me it wuz all you could do."

"They said a lot more'n I did," Bob continued, with fictitious courage.

"They said as how I needn't be hangin' around here, fur ye'd allus scorn me till the judgment and not marry me at all."

"There wuz some truth in their remarks," remarked Minna snubbingly.

"But there's wussar nor that," he said, with well forced gloominess. "I said as how I knowed you would marry me!"

"Who made you so wise?" interrupted Minna sarcastically.

"An' a man bet me you wouldn't, an'—an'—I bet him you would."

"Beasts!" ejaculated the much incensed Minna.

"An' I bet a fearful lot, Minna. Gosh!—I'm scared to think of it. If I got to give him all that money the farm all have to go sure."

Minna looked frightened.

"How much?" she asked faintly.

"Wonder how much she'll stand?" Bob asked himself perplexedly. Then he looked at her tentatively.

"I'm most afeared to tell you. It's—it's—gosh! Minna—it's \$100."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Minna. "You never did."

"A hundred dollars!" repeated Bob chokingly, and overcome by the feelings he had aroused he buried his head in his hands. From this safe retreat he continued disjointed remarks broken by emotion.

"Don't care for myself. (Sigh). I don't want to live anyway, but the farm all have to go sure, and poor mother and father." (Sob).

"Oh, no, no," said Minna tearfully.

"They're old now to start over agin (a protracted sigh), but I kin work for 'em. I'll do it"—and Bob's shoulders shook with nobly suppressed emotion—"it all come hard to lose the old place now—(sob)—after all them years."

"Oh, don't, don't, don't, Bob! I can't bear it!" gasped Minna, choking down the tears. "I'll—I'll!"

Bob waited a moment. Then he went on:

"Poor sister can't go to school or nothin'," rocking himself to and fro in apparent deep grief, "an' there's no wood got for the winter"—here he wept aloud, and seeing this, Minna, too, wept aloud.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "how could you be so—so—" and she burst again into tears.

"Duano, Minna," he said in a choking voice; "but there ain't no help for it now. It's all got to go—farm an' all."

"Never!" said Minna hysterically. "I will marry you—I will!"
"Taint right to ask you," Bob said sadly and hypocritically. "You don't care nothin' about me."

"I didn't afore," said Minna, tearfully and shame-faced, "but that was an awful lot of money to bet on me. I like you for it, Bob, I do!"

"An' you will marry me?"

She nodded.

"Thank you, Minna," Bob said, mournfully. "It's awfully good in you."

A moment elapsed before he started on the real business of courtship—he had to proceed carefully—and in that moment Bob looked up at a very jester of a twinkling star and silently exchanged with it a knowing and prodigious wink. —[Chicago Inter Ocean.

Loudest Noise Ever Heard on Earth.

No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied with a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, August 27, 1883. As that dreadful Sunday night wore on the noise increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination.

The people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets. Finally at 10 o'clock on Monday morning a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort it was which raised the loudest noise ever heard on the globe. Batavia is ninety-five miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Sunday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make a search; they presently returned, as nothing could be found in want of success.

The reports were sounds which came all the way from Krakatoa. At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find out what was the matter. The sounds had traveled from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise that ever was heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. This seems almost incredible, but it is certainly true. In the Victoria plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by noises like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterward before they learned that their tranquillity had been disturbed by the grand events at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away. —[Youth's Companion.

The Parent Apple Tree.

The most valuable fruit tree in the temperate zones is the apple. Pyrus malus, the parent tree of the thousands of varieties that are known in orchards, was probably a native of the northwest Himalayas, and the genus is represented in North America by five small trees and two shrubs. The first of the species described is the familiar wild crabapple (pyrus coronaria), a tree of elegant habit, with large and fragrant flowers which do not appear until after the blossoms of other apples have fallen. The fruit is still more fragrant, and it hangs on long stems and remains on the branches until after the leaves have dropped. The southern crab (pyrus angustifolia) is still more beautiful, indeed it is not surpassed in beauty by any of the smaller North American trees when in early spring it lights up the gloom of the pine forests with its bright flowers. The Oregon crab (pyrus rivularis) resembles the first named, and its fruit has a pleasant sub-acid flavor.

Testing a Ducking- stool.

An ancient ducking-stool for scolding wives is still preserved at Fordwich. The other day some antiquarians, anxious to test the apparatus, found a youth who was willing to don female attire and go through the ordeal. The apparatus speedily ducked the lad into the river, but refused to pull him out again, and but for timely assistance he would have been drowned. —[New York Dispatch.

An English firm claims that with its outfit of caskmaking machines a cask has been made from beginning to end—staves, heads and hoops—and put together in about five minutes.

Viking Wings for the Hair.

For months past swagger headgear has been frequently seen ornamented by viking-wing decorations, and this species of trimming is now being adopted as an added attraction to fashionable coiffures. Wings for the hair come in all the delicate evening shades and some of them are prettily spangled, producing a glittering diadem effect. For the proper viking coiffure the hair must, according to the New York Herald, be piled high upon the head, with a small fluffy but firm knot in the center. The wings, which come in pairs, are fastened to this chignon, one at each side, and are bent as the fancy dictates, either closing to a point or spread open, with a



bird-on-the-wing effect. More than two are never worn. A gathering of viking belles at a fashionable dance this season will suggest a caucus of idealized feminine Indians or a flight of rare and radiant birds.

Japanese Clansmen.

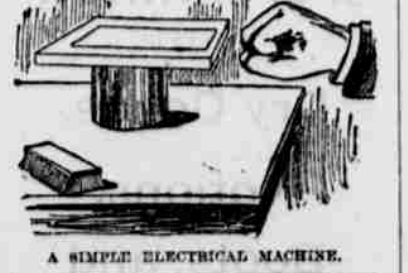
No crusader of the West, no viking of the North cherished a higher ideal of loyalty and chivalry than the clansmen of old Japan; no Corsican more ruthlessly handed down a feud from generation to generation or exacted from son and brother the execution of a sterner vendetta. The Satsuma men of to-day triumph in the fact that their own swords have avenged in this generation the defeat inflicted on their forefathers in the year 1609 by the Tokugawa clan, says the Nineteenth Century.

Legend and drama recount every day to eager ears the stories of sons who died to avenge their fathers, clansmen that they might slay the foe who had caused the death of their lord. The favorite heroes, who hold in popular estimation the place assigned by us to Robin Hood and his men, are the forty-seven rōnin, a name given to men who have lost their clanship. Their lord was obliged to commit hara-kiri, or judicial suicide, for having within royal precincts drawn his sword on a noble who had insulted him, and these staunch vassals devoted themselves to the destruction of the insult, knowing assuredly that, having slain him, they would be equally condemned to take their own lives. Still may be seen fresh incense sticks burning before the graves of their leader and his young son and visiting cards stuck into the little tablets above them as tokens of the respect in which they are held by those who know their story and deplore their doom.

Mr. Black records that at a review of British troops in 1864 at Yokohama a great daimio was watching with interest the maneuvers of the regiments and batteries of artillery stationed there. At the conclusion he was asked to allow the escort of his retainers who had accompanied him to go through their drill and tactics, to which he readily consented. Turning to Sir Ruthford Alcock, who was inspecting the troops, he proudly said: "My retinue is small, and their tactics are not worthy of notice after what we have seen, but there is not one man among them who, if I say 'Die,' will not unhesitatingly sacrifice his life at my command."

Easy Electrical Experiment.

Take a glass, expose it to the fire so that it shall be perfectly dry and place it upside down upon a table. Afterward take a tray, perfectly dry, and place it upon the glass in such a way that it shall preserve its equilibrium.



A SIMPLE ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

Finally take a sheet of paper, slightly smaller than the tray, heat it and rub it rapidly with a brush and it will become quickly electrified. Then place it upon the tray.
An electrical machine will thus have been constructed without any expense. If the finger be brought near the tray a spark will appear. This spark will be so much the brighter and the series of sparks will be so much the longer in proportion as the glass and tray are drier.
If, while the sparks are being drawn from the tray, the room be darkened, these sparks will appear extremely brilliant.

The Highland Agricultural Society of Edinburgh is the oldest agricultural club in existence.

The Sultan of Morocco.

Although Muley Hassan, the Sultan or Chief of Morocco, wields but a nominal authority over the Rif tribesmen, who have been at war with the Spanish colonial settlement of



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

Melilla, on the Northern Mediterranean coast of Africa, he is nevertheless the sovereign of that region, and, says the New York Tribune, he will be held by Spain responsible for the consequences of the present warfare.

Muley Hassan is fifty-five years old. His demeanor is grave and majestic, as becomes a man knowing the importance of his double character, as Emperor and Pontiff, and a successor to the Prophet, of whom he is a descendant. His dark eyes are large and expressive. His Moorish physiognomy, adorned with a flowing black beard, in which are seen some white hairs, reveals that in his veins runs the blood of the African race, united to that of the Arab. He shows at the same time in his physical traits the evidence of an extraordinary firmness, mixed with a certain shadow of melancholy and lassitude.

He receives foreign Ministers and shows himself in public with fastidious solemnity. One of the Emperor's servants holds over his head a large parasol to screen him from the rays of the sun. Others are busy fanning him, in order to chase away the flies so abundant in that hot climate; and all look at their lord as if he were a god rather than their sovereign. Edmund Amieis, who saw Muley Hassan during a reception of the Italian Embassy, describes him as follows:

"A vestment as white as the snow covers him from head to foot; the turban is covered by a high hood; the feet are bare and inclosed in yellow slippers. His horse is of high stature and very white, with green reins and gold stirrups. All this whiteness and the wide floating vestments give him a sacerdotal appearance, a royal gracefulness and amiable majesty, in accord with the very gentle expression of his physiognomy."

On account of the intolerance prevailing in the Moorish Empire, the function of a religious chief is the most important of those which belong to the Sultan. If he did not show absolute respect for the Muselman orthodoxy of the doctrines of Mahomet, a revolution would soon turn him from the throne or gravely compromise his sovereignty. Muley Hassan observes, therefore, rigorously all religious practices of the Moslem liturgy. Like all members of his court, he gets up at 3 a. m., in winter as well as in summer, to make the first prayers. After that his chaplain reads him some pages in the books of Bokhart, the famous Muselman theologian, who is, in the opinion of all Moors, the best religious authority after Mahomet.

The Sultan and his Ministers give audiences between 5 and 6 a. m., and it is at such a maternal hour that he receives Europeans. The middle of the day is given to rest and sleep, business being resumed only at 4 or 5 p. m., to stop at the hour of the evening prayer.

Awkward.



Small Chappy—"Allow me to offer the shelter of my umbrella."
Large Girl—"Thank you! I prefer your umbrella to your company."
New York Ledger.

Electricity vs. Steam.

Electricity and steam recently had a tug of war at Chicago. An engine weighing thirty-one and a half tons was pitted against an electric engine weighing twenty-five tons. They were coupled with a cable twenty feet long. At a signal both were "pulled wide open." The electric engine buzzed and scattered lightning over the surrounding country, but was unable to budge the ancient switch engine. The latter simply gave a couple of puffs and walked away with the modern engine. —Traffic.

Stanford University is the most heavily endowed educational institution in the United States. Columbia stands second.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

"VETERAN THIEVES."

A Counter Claim to the Honor of Being First Hands at Stealing From the Enemy.



IN "Wilder's Brigade," by Capt. George S. Wilson, 12th U. S., he says:
"Up to this period of the war (February to April, '63) our forces had, as a rule, respected the property rights of citizens. Now a new policy had come into operation; and we were its pioneers—the first of all the Army of the Cumberland."
Not only animals, but vast quantities of forage and other supplies were regularly gathered in by us and distributed to the troops. Henceforth this policy was largely followed by the Western armies," etc.

Followed, indeed! Capt. Wilson you were away behind in the procession. You may claim the honor of planting the first flag, being first over the breastworks, and anything else but stealing from the Johnnies. That we will not submit to.

At Corinth, Miss., the 9th Ill. was mounted on mules, as you describe, in the Fall of 1862. In December, 1862, Col. Mersey's Brigade (9th and 12th Ill. and 51st Ohio) was sent down the Mobile & Ohio Railroad to Tupelo, Miss., where they were met by the 7th Kan. Cav. (Jayhawkers) and Col. Cornyn's 19th Mo. Cav., and I miss my guess if they had not all the forage provisions, tin buckets, sorghum molasses, grindstones and sweet potatoes of three counties of north Mississippi. Had you seen them, you would willingly have made affidavit that every one of them, from the Colonel down, were born thieves and that Wilder's Brigade were innocents in comparison.

On Dec. 22, 1862, when we returned to Corinth, Miss., Forrest had cut all our railroads north. Grant had fallen back from Mississippi, and our garrison was placed upon half rations. From this time until the end of the war we of Dodge's command were supplied in part by foraging parties.

"Pioneers!" Not much. Why, you were novices at that business long after we had become veteran thieves!

We had several infantry regiments mounted months before Wilder's Brigade thought of mounting, and the 9th and 7th Ill. had Spencer rifles, the 66th Ill. the Henry 15-shooters.

In April, 1863, while Bragg's army lay fronting Rosecrans, your General sent Col. Straight around to our army with a Brigade. Gen. Dodge's command escorted him out to Tuscomb, Ala., stealing horses and mules enough to mount them; then we engaged Forrest at Town Creek, Ala., while Col. Straight started for Rome, Ga., but was captured before he got there. Dodge's command returned to Corinth bringing everything but the real estate along. All this at the time Wilder's Brigade was "mounting and drawing their Spencers."

When it comes to stealing, our command not only claims the cake, but the whole bakery.—PRIVATE, Co. I, 51st Ohio in National Tribune.

A WAR STORY.

Which Anybody May Believe if They Want to Do So.
The veteran had just finished a lecture to the Old Soldiers' Club on military exactness and had been rather severe on some who were disposed to be lax in their methods, particularly a tall corporal with one arm off. When he had finished the corporal stepped out in front of the soap box on which he had been setting.

"May it please Your Honor," he said mockingly, "I have a story to tell which may in some measure excuse my fault. You see this arm," and he held out the stump. "Well that is the result of two much exactness."

The veteran showed his surprise and asked how it happened.

"Well," went on the corporal, "it was this way. Along in 1864 when I was in the Army of the Potomac I was as you know a cavalryman, and one day 100 of our regiment were ordered out to act as a reserve for a small sortie that was to be made to stir up the enemy. Every officer we had had been so raked over by our crusty old colonel for not having everything just right that life on duty was a burden. A captain was in charge of our force and he had us ranged up in exact line as if we were on parade and that too after the enemy had begun to sling shells over our way and a man wanted to dodge in spite of him! The captain wouldn't have it though, and there we sat, every head on a line, everybody's hand as straight with every other bridle hand down that line as if fixed by a spirit level. It was hard I tell you, but it didn't last long, for all at once a gun over on our right that had evidently just got into position blazed away with a solid 20 pound shot and as I stand here holding up this evidence" and the stump went up again—"so help me gracious that shot swooned right down our line and snipped off 50 hands as smooth as if it had been done by a knife. Since that I haven't been so confounded particular about being so confounded exact," and the corporal sat down amid great applause and overwhelming confusion of the veterans. —Detroit Free Press.

TWO LITTLE malds were talking about Santa Claus. "He's a splendid candy-maker," said one. "Isn't he?" said the other. "Why, last Christmas his taffy was so like that my mother makes that I couldn't tell 'em apart."—Harger's Bazar.