

THE BAREFOOT TRAIL.

Out of the dear front gate it ran, Into the sun and dew and tan; Traversed the dusty, peaceful street Arched by the maples (in meekly sweet);

Street and pasture and hill and vale— Such was the course of the Barefoot Trail; Pausing and veering for this and that— Now for a game of one-sided ball.

Never a sun for this trail too hot, Never a nook that knew it not; Twisting and turning from scene to scene, It checked the realm of the gold and green.

Many a secret and many a tale, Curs who followed the Barefoot Trail; Wonders witnessed and marvels heard: Kinship of squirrel and hare and bird.

Young Lumberman's "Samson."

By C. A. Stephens.

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

At first view it might have been thought sentiment which had led the woodsmen to spare this one last pine of all the thousands so ruthlessly slaughtered for lumber;

If it fell across the ravine great difficulty would have attended getting the heavy logs out; moreover, the trunk would be likely, in falling, to be so broken and shattered as to be unfit for boards.

They therefore let it stand, and went their way to other lots. The gorge of the brook was perhaps forty feet deep, steep-sided and rocky,

the brook being a roaring torrent in spring-time, but later in the season a fine stream of trout. So Stoss Pond pine, as we called it, stood unmolested, although valuable.

Passing lumbermen often looked it over, but gave it up as a bad bargain. Nature had protected it quite effectively. The tree was probably two centuries old,

a white pine more than three feet in diameter, tall and without a limb for forty or fifty feet. In our time it increased in size but slowly, if at all.

One day late in October, 1872, my cousin Addison and I had gone up to Stoss Pond to gather a basketful of high-bush cranberries, from a bog there for household jelly, and to look after some young cattle that had been pastured during the summer in the openings about the pond.

As we were looking for the young stock, now grown quite wild and shy, we went past the solitary old pine, and were led to stop and contemplate it with a speculative eye.

For at this time Addison and I had begun to attend Wayne Academy and cherished hopes of fitting for college—then deemed a somewhat bold design.

The old squire had intimated to us pretty plainly that if we went to college at all we should have to pay our own way there.

A common-school education was all that he felt able to give us. Now nothing so sharpens a boy's wits as an awakening ambition to obtain an education;

nothing puts him more keenly on the lookout to make a dollar. That afternoon at the pond our talk turned to plans for earning money.

It was with this in mind that we stopped to look at the old pine. "I'm pretty sure that tree's got three thousand feet of lumber in it," Addison remarked.

"It's worth forty dollars a thousand after it's hauled and sawed. There's a hundred dollars' worth of lumber in that tree if we could only get it out."

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

There was the liability that the blocks might be smashed by the tree trunk falling on them. Fifteen dollars' worth of extra lime would be required for so long a haul.

We did not like to pay out so much money, having, indeed, very little of our own. Time passed until the second day after presidential election and the first thing I heard in our room that morning was Addison singing out, "General Grant's elected again—and I know how we can push down Stoss Pond Pine!"

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

"I'll show you when we get up there!" cried Addison. "I've got a 'Samson' that'll push it over."

"Did you dream it out?" said I. "No, no," said he. "It came to me all at once this morning. It's with levers. I know just how we can do it. See here," and he got a little block of wood and two sticks, and then proceeded to illustrate his Samson against a chairpost.

I could see neither head nor tail to the plan, but was inclined to take Addison's word for it, since he was always the mechanical genius of the family.

That morning, however, after breakfast the old squire set us to bank up the stable and out-buildings for winter. It was an all-day job; but the next forenoon we ground our axes and started for Stoss Pond. Addison explained a little as we went on.

"The first thing wanted is two spruce poles," said he. "Two strong, stiff spruce poles, one for the lever, the other for the lifter, and the one for the lever will have to be thirty feet long."

Higher up the mountainside there was a thick growth of spruce, and here we cut the two poles. The longer one was fully five inches in diameter, and very heavy; but as the way was down hill, we contrived to drag it to the pine.

The "lifter" was not as large and but twenty feet in length—our axe-handles had each a two-foot measure laid off on them.

Directly on the brink of the ravine and hence about ten feet from the butt of the pine, stood a little hornbeam tree, four or five inches in diameter.

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

I now began to understand it all a little better. The long arm of the lever was to extend out over the gully it was to rest on the hornbeam stump. The lifter was to stand on the short arm of the lever, and have the upper end of it "toed" in a notch cut into the pine trunk twenty feet from the ground.

But by this time not a few difficulties began to arise. We needed a ladder, some bits of rope and several spike-nails, and were obliged rather reluctantly to give up the undertaking for the time being and return home—two miles and a half.

We had made a beginning, however, and at the dinner-table the old squire became so much interested in Addison's account of the experiment that he announced his intention of returning with us. I now imagine that the old gentleman had fears lest we might be injured by our contrivance.

We did not want him to go, but said nothing outright. Our cousin Halstead, who had been away on a visit, returned that forenoon, and he, too, went along.

As there were four of us, we hitched up one of the work-horses and drove most of the way by a cart road through the pasture-lands. We took a ladder, bits of rope and spikes, and also a strong five-bushel apple-basket, a use for which we had begun to foresee.

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 the long arm of the lever, so that it could be slid out to the extreme end of it, over the ravine. Then setting to work, we began bringing up stones from the bed of the gully to fill the basket, until we had in it what the old squire estimated at five hundred pounds' weight.

Under this strain the lever sprang visibly and the lifter showed signs of buckling. It might well be so, for if our estimates were correct, we were applying a pressure of seven thousand pounds against the pine trunk.

Samson being seated, as it were, with his shoulder to the pillar, the next thing was to undercut the pine. Addison now began chopping a scarf on the south side, while I cut one opposite, and a little higher, on the side next the gully.

As the foot of the lifter was set between eight and nine feet back from the tree, there was space to swing an axe on that side. It is no light task to cut down a tree three feet in diameter.

Addison and I were fully on hour opening our two scarfs. So heavily did the pine lean back toward the gully that the scarfs had very nearly met at the heart before the steady lift of the levers prevailed over the counterweight and overcame the inclination to fall to the north.

Halstead and the old squire sat looking on in some little anxiety. It was a critical moment. We all had doubts as to the result. Then slowly the lofty top moved over to the south. "She's going over!" shouted Halstead. "Hurray!"

"Run, boys!" cried the old squire. "Run back out of the way!" Ponderously and slowly at first, then faster, with a sudden downward rush, the giant of two centuries fell southward and struck the earth with a crash!

Our Samson had done its work well; and it may be that others who have leaning trees to fell will find the scheme advantageous. From this pine we cut five fifteen-foot logs and one other, smaller and shorter. It made a little less than three hundred feet of boards and the sum which we realized from it was about seventy dollars.—Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

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 mariner's chart. It is in the Arizona desert, and marks the spot where a well supplies pure, fresh water to travelers.

A specimen of a herd of the smallest sheep in the world—they are only nineteen inches high at the withers—is now to be seen at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, England.

The postal departments say Chicago is often and horribly misspelled by foreigners. It is said that the word has been spelled in 189 different ways. Here are some of the most puzzling: Zizago, Japago, Hipaho, Jagiga, Scheschachzo, Hizago, Chachcho and Shicahzdo.

Human hairs are not as might be supposed perfectly cylindrical, but are more or less flattened in one direction. The most cylindrical hair is most inclined to grow straight, while hair that is much flattened has a tendency to curl; and the flatter the hair the greater this tendency. This is the main cause of curly hair; but the readiness with which hair absorbs moisture also affects curliness.

Four years ago, William Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, began an action at law against an old army veteran named Lamore, for trespass on the magnificent Rockefeller estate at Malone, N. Y.

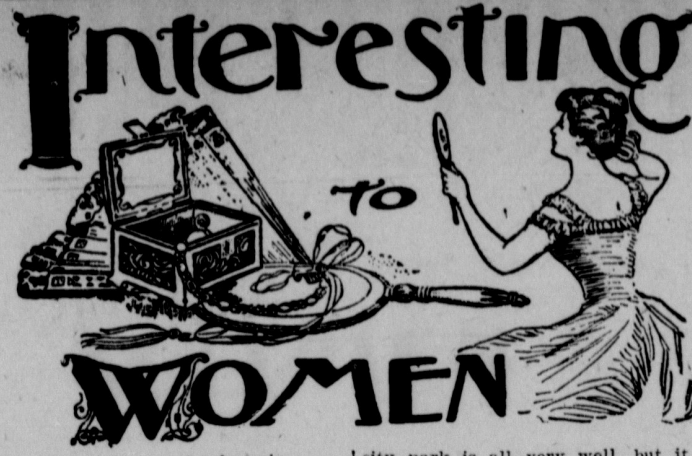
The jury returned a verdict in favor of Mr. Rockefeller and awarded him eighteen cents damages. Lamore's attorney appealed the case. It has taken a dozen turns, but is still in the courts.

The Chinese eat indiscriminately almost every living creature which comes in their way, dogs, cats, hawks, owls, eagles and storks are regular marketable commodities, in default of which a dish of rats, field-mice or snakes is not objected to. Cockroaches and other insects and reptiles are used for food or medicine.

Their taste for dog flesh is quite a fashion. Young pups—plump, succulent and tender—fetch good prices at the market stalls, where a supply is always to be found. A dish of puppies, prepared by a skillful cook, is esteemed as a dish fit for the gods. At every banquet it makes its appearance as a hash or stew.

Yes or No.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm and the motor car came down on the right side and the dog cart was trying to pass the motor car, you saw the plaintiff between the carriage and the dog cart, or the motor car and the dog cart, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not the carriage, dog cart, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was."



Fresh Air for the Anemic.

Paleness of the complexion is often one of the signs of anemia—a complaint from which young girls very often suffer nowadays. For these an indoor life is exceedingly undesirable and they should be out in the fresh air as much as possible.

Able Norwegian Women. The women of Norway, according to trustworthy advices, are active politicians and are taking a strenuous part in the campaign for separation from Sweden.

At Debutante Teas. For girls just leaving their teens, the fad is the afternoon tete-a-tete over a cup of carefully brewed chocolate, when the secrets and intimacies of school life and the first glimpses into the social world are weighed most seriously.

Walk Every Day. Women as a rule get stouter sooner than men. The reason is not far to seek. The man gets out every morning and takes his exercise, staying on his feet, or on the go all day, and it is not until night that he can rest.

Maiden Names in Other Lands. When a woman is married in this country her maiden name is seldom mentioned. Many people to whom she is well known have heard it.

Quiet Women Have Power. Your quiet women are the women of power. The noisy, blustering, arrogant, self-asserting among them make the air hot with their voices, and trouble the world with their super-abundant activities.

Rules for Outdoor Life. Here are some rules for the girl who is going to try the outdoor cure: Don't try to keep dressed up; let your clothing be loose and easy.

Fashion Notes. The oddest and quaintest of all buckles are used on hats. White feathers on a black hat will be found becoming to most faces.

No Sleeping Cars in India. Notwithstanding the great distances covered, the railways of India carry no sleeping cars. The seats can be converted into berths, but travellers have to provide their own bedding.

"FAKE" FURNITURE.

How Frauds are Perpetrated in London.

The "fakers" of furniture may be divided into two classes. The first class is strictly honest, and includes those workmen who manufacture facsimiles of old furniture, whose work is sold in the big shops as replicas of antique furniture and nothing more.

These "fakers" are skilled workmen. Their first procedure is to buy up old, well-seasoned wood. If it is of a mouldy, worm eaten appearance, so much the better. This wood they fashion into, say, an arm chair.

They have many secret processes for giving their varnish an aged appearance, and if the chair is to be an upholstered one they have even preparations which impart a mouldy smell to the stuffing.

When the chair is finished, more worm-holes are imparted to it with a delicate drill and scratches, which, though they look careless, are most carefully applied. The fabric covering the back and seat is quite ancient and moth-eaten before it is used.

The "faker" has now to sell his work. He visits a partner of his—a man who runs a second-hand shop. The chair makes its appearance among the smaller dealer's stock, and the dealer writes to one of his patrons to inform him that an old chair has been handed over to him to be sold on commission.

For girls just leaving their teens, the fad is the afternoon tete-a-tete over a cup of carefully brewed chocolate, when the secrets and intimacies of school life and the first glimpses into the social world are weighed most seriously.

Sometimes the "faker" will take more trouble still. He will buy, say, a table—a genuine antique. He will then take it carefully to pieces, and making several facsimiles of this table, he will transplant portions of the genuine table into those he is "faking."

Another method of getting rid of fakes—especially small articles—is to send an assorted crate of them to some rural cottage near a well known resort. Holiday makers pass the place, and the owner, after a chat with them, invites them in to have a look at the furniture—just as my poor old great-grandfather left 'em to me.

A cabinet maker formerly earning £3 a week in a London factory now confesses to making £10 a week by faking furniture. His advice to those who do not wish to be swindled is to insist on a guarantee of the genuineness of the furniture, without which they have no legal remedy.

He adds the information that several connoisseurs of repute are proud of many antiques in their collection, while as a matter of fact the antiques are not three years old. He also confesses modestly that his work is to be met with in many provincial museums.

What Lord Curzon Accomplished. Lord Curzon was able to realize the proud task which he set before himself on assuming the Viceroyalty—the task "of placing upon the anvil every branch of Indian policy and administration, of testing its efficiency and durability, and of doing, if possible, something for its efficiency and durability."

Separate pitchers without covers are wrought in heavy porcelain and display all kinds of picturesque shapes including droll faces of laughing monks, sleepy-looking animals' heads and stately floral blooms.

Here are some rules for the girl who is going to try the outdoor cure: Don't try to keep dressed up; let your clothing be loose and easy. Don't worry about anything; resolve that this shall be a time of no worry. Don't plan and don't think.

Don't eat between meals, and don't worry about your peck of dirt. You will get it during the trip. Don't be afraid of getting sunburned; resolve to take a course of cucumber and lemon juice immediately afterward; but for the present let the sun do its work.

Don't sit around bareheaded; you are not used to it, and don't let the vivid sun play upon your eyes; it will make you head ache. Don't think you can get fresh air by merely looking at the grass and trees; you must breathe deeply or you will not get half the air you ought to have.

Try to have your fresh air cure executed in some kind of privacy. The city park is all very well, but it is better to be where you can lie down upon the grass and kick. You will want to pretend you are a child again.

Take a book along as a sedative; books are very soothing. Try not to think of your future or of your past; don't worry about the money market. Let your mind be tranquil. Imagine you are out at open sea. You can't get home if you want to.

Study repose; study the art of keeping your hands still; and don't forget that the fresh air after all, is only half the cure. The other half is yourself. You must be willing to be cured.—Health Culture.