

SONG FOR AN AUTUMN DAY.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Sullen sky, and a sea
That heaves its sombre breast;
And a wind that dirges ceaselessly
In blind unrest.

And yet, and yet one heart
Is lithe as a May-tide flower;
One soaring spirit bears no part
In the gloaming hour!

Bine is the sky (her eyes)
And bright is the sun (her smile!)
And there is a right of paradise
For a dreaming while.

—Collier's Weekly.

THE STRAWS OF DEATH

How a Rivalry Was Settled on the Firing-Line.

By W. O. Gechan.

THE regiment was settling down for the night with some grumbling and much profane jesting, for Western volunteers possess a sense of humor superior to the most trying conditions. Somewhere in the darkness in front, the Filipinos were taking pot shots between their cigarettes, as an occasional zeal attested.

"There go the blamed typewriters," cried a young private. "Firing at fellows, as usual. No sleep to-night."

"Typewriters" was a contemptuous appellation given to the Fourteenth Regulars, because the popping of their magazine guns in the distance slightly resembled the noise of the machine of peace.

"Put your mouth on the safety notch," ordered the captain from the right of the company. "They're sending out the outposts. Get their bearings so that you can shoot around them if the ball opens up."

Two men were receiving final instructions from the colonel, previous to venturing into the hostile country in front. "Snack out about 200 yards," ordered the officer, "and lie low. If you see any signs of an attack, try to get back and warn us. If you can't get back, you must warn us somehow, and take your chances. No need to tell you to be careful. You hold the lives of many men in your hands. Good luck, boys."

This sort of work is called Cossack outpost duty, and men detailed upon it should not be men of family or nerves. A few nights previously two nervous men were detailed upon it. One of them fired at a white pariah dog. The shot caused the Filipinos to concentrate a series of volleys lasting thirty minutes in the direction of the outposts. The Americans awakened from a sound sleep and let go several unauthorized volleys. Consequently the two nervous men, being between two fires, were riddled with two kinds of ammunition.

The two men detailed for this evening's work were of different metal. "Morituri te salutamus, colonel," said one with a reckless laugh. With the easy nonchalance of veterans, they gave the rifle salute, and, sliding over the top of the trench, disappeared into the night.

"There go two good men, observed the colonel.

The two men tiptoed across the dry rice paddies, each holding his rifle at the ready. There was no sound except the occasional hiss of a random bullet, or the faint and distant pop of a rifle.

"Guess this is far enough," said one of the men at length; "there is a little hollow. Why, it is almost as safe as the trench." The other acquiesced with a faint murmur, and they sprawled upon the ground facing the enemy's territory.

"It's a queer freak of fate that we two should be detailed on this together," observed the shorter of the two, "after avoiding each other so successfully."

"It's blamed queer, Osbourne," returned the other, "but we'll have to stand it."

"It is not that I would want a better man for a tight place, Wade," said Osbourne, "but there is that one thing."

"Yes, I know," wearily; "that's the trouble. If you were not as good or a better man than I, there would be no danger of Helen Bartlett caring for you."

"We were good friends in the old days, Billy," said Osbourne, rather huskily; "if one of us only loved her a little less."

"No go, Tom," replied the other. "It is either her or the jumping off place for me. Our friendship was a friendly thing, but she is above that. Would you—"

"No, you are right. It's no thoroughfare. I wish it were ended, one way or the other."

"What can we do?" queried Wade, with studied composure. "We can't gouge each other with bayonets out here, and Springfield is two yards as a bit too unique."

Osbourne laughed harshly. "We might draw straws, the loser speedily to meet an accidental death."

"No, thanks," replied Wade. "I am am willing to take my bullet, if it comes, but not that way. One of us might get it decently at any time."

"You're right, Wade," said Osbourne. "You're a good fellow."

bourne, "the Filipinos can smoke, anyhow. I'm dying for a cigarette."

"If you light a match here," said Wade, "we'll be targets for about 4000 rifles."

"That's true enough," agreed Osbourne, with a soft chuckle; "cigarettes are rather expensive out here." Another period of silence followed.

"Wade," inquired Osbourne, suddenly, "are you willing to try a wild scheme for settling this matter forever?"

"Anything fair and reasonable," replied the other. "What's your plan?"

"Draw straws," said Osbourne, briefly, "the man who gets the short one to stand up and light a match, and—go to his fathers."

Wade caught his breath and remained mute for some time, considering. "Not so bad," he observed, after a time; "but we are on duty now."

"O, fudge!" said Osbourne, lightly; "the Filipinos wouldn't attack for all the loot of Manila. An outpost here is merely a matter of form. Besides, one of us will be left."

"That's so," returned Wade, "and I see no objection."

"You fix the straws, then," said Osbourne, quickly. "I'll draw." He began to whistle softly in a nervous fashion, as men do when they are close to death. Wade fumbled silently with some fragments of rice straw. His movements were slow and mechanical. Some men are constituted that way. "Here, Tom," he said, stretching out his right fist. "May the better man get it."

Osbourne extended a hand that trembled slightly, and fingered the disclosed ends of the straw for a brief time. Suddenly he clutched one and pulled it out. At the same instant there was a strange, soft thud, and Wade fell upon his face. His limbs moved convulsively for a moment; then he lay motionless.

"For heaven's sake, Billy! what's up?" cried Osbourne, in an agonized whisper. He laid his hand on the man's face, but jerked it away horrified, for it touched something warm and wet.

"She's mine!" he muttered, with fierce triumph; then, "Poor Billy."

A thought came that caused him to gasp and shiver. He hesitated, reached for the dead man's hand, and loosened its clasp from the other straw. It was several inches longer than the one he had drawn.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. "Oh, Billy!" he cried, shaking the dead man's shoulder, as if to rouse him. "What shall I do?" Only the far-off popping of the rifles broke the oppressive stillness.

"What would you have done?" he asked in the same strain. "By Jove!" suddenly, "you were a good man. You would have kept the compact. I lost fairly. Bear witness, Billy, I am as good a man as you."

He laid his hand for an instant on the dead man's forehead. Then he rose slowly, and fumbled in his pocket. At length he found a match. For a moment he stood irresolute, inhaling strong breaths of air. Already he had begun to feel the horror of being shut out from it forever. It was hard to give the signal for his own death. His teeth came together with a click, and, scratching the match on his shoe, he held the flame before his breast.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Making the Dead Live.

Dr. Laborde, of Paris, appears to have given a striking demonstration of the possibility of restoring to life persons apparently drowned or otherwise asphyxiated. It is well known that forced or artificial respiration has often been successful when all hope seemed to have vanished. Dr. Laborde's method consists in producing rhythmic traction of the tongue, which has been found to revive respiration when other means had failed, and he has invented a small apparatus for the purpose. In the course of experiments he chloroformed a vigorous bulldog, so that breathing seemed to have ceased. After fifteen minutes tongue traction the animal recovered. In another experiment anaesthesia was carried to a more extreme point, and it took two hours of the action upon the tongue to restore sensibility. In the case of a human patient the subject is laid on his back and the tongue is grasped by a pair of tweezers, attached to the apparatus, by means of which a continual pulling in and out process is kept up. The experiences seem to point to the assumption that, although an animal organism may have apparently ceased to live, a germ of life may exist somewhere within which is kept alive, and gradually the influence of the living spark spreads to the rest of the system.—London Telegraph.

Autumn Leaves Instead of Crape.

"Within the last two months I have had at least a dozen orders from my customers to supply autumn leaves instead of crape as a badge of mourning," said a Columbus avenue undertaker. "These leaves are woven into a wreath and tied with black ribbon, and they make, to my mind, a much more artistic emblem of grief than the long streamers of crape usually fastened to the front door."

"I don't know who is responsible for the innovation, but I certainly think the idea a pretty one, and I hope it will keep on growing."—New York Tribune.

An Absurdity.

The craze for affixing tablets to historical houses has now reached the bath-tub stage. It is announced that a tablet has been affixed to a house at Soden, near Frankfort, with the following inscription: "In this house Richard Wagner spent the first night on German soil after his exile of eleven years. August 12-13, 1850."—London Post.



The Hungry Blackbird.

Said the blackbird at the glowworm's door:
"I've lost my way to-night;
Please come out and guide me homeward
With
Your pretty little light."

Said the glowworm: "Sir, I greatly fear
If I come out to shine,
Though you might reach your home, that I
Should not return to mine!

And she kept the door shut all the time
And would not show her head,
So that naughty, hungry blackbird went
Off supperless to bed.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Reward.

It was Donald's first year at school and he came home one day a very sober boy.

"Mamma," he said, "the teacher says if we do it again we'll all have to stay after school. I don't know just what it is—if we whisper or we don't study—but anyway it's something like that, and when she told us, we all cried together."

"Well," said mamma, "you need not feel badly, because I don't suppose you will have to stay," and she gave Donald a reassuring smile.

"Why?" he asked.

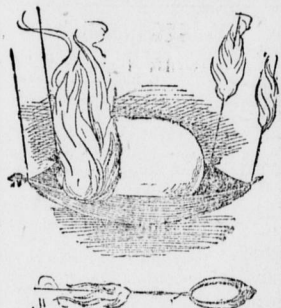
"Because you have too much sense. It must be a very stupid boy who will play and whisper in school and then have to stay in and study in play-time."

Donald seemed satisfied with this hopeful view of the case.

Two days after, his mamma saw him coming up the street holding his head so high he fairly leaned over backward. He came in and hung up his hat.

"Ho! Some boys may like to play and whisper and get kept, but I've got sense! All the boys but me got kept."

an ordinary piece of linen thread, nobody will know that it has been prepared. Suspend a light ring from the thread; set fire to the thread and burn it up. The ring will stay suspended, although the thread is burnt. This experiment must be executed with great care, as a fine fibre of salt suspends the ring instead of the burnt thread, and the least bit of draft or shaking will spoil the experiment. This



trick can also be done in the following manner: Take a small piece of muslin and tie a piece of linen thread to each of the four corners, as the figure shows, forming a sort of hammock. This hammock, together with the thread, place in a strong solution of salt, as described before. Take it out and dry it, and repeat this treatment three or four times before the performance. Hang it up, as shown in figure, and put an empty egg shell in the hammock. Set fire to it, and you will see that although the threads and muslin are burnt up, the egg will stay suspended in the air.—Chicago Tribune.

A Tug-of-War.

Specky was a very greedy little chicken. Whenever Mother Hen gave him a big, fat worm to divide among his little brothers and sisters, naughty

MISSING PARENTS' PUZZLE.



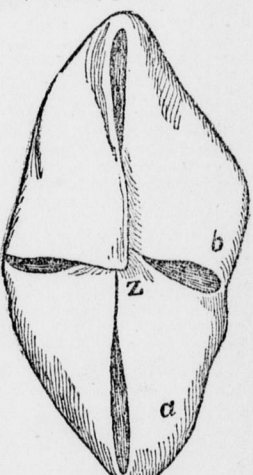
Find the father and mother of these children.

We can't tell yet which it was—whisper or not study—but it was one of 'em, and I just was still and worked, and here I am!—Youth's Companion.

A Trick With a Coin.

"Give me a five-cent piece and a handkerchief. I place the coin in the middle of the cloth, and cover it with all four ends of the handkerchief, until the coin cannot be seen any more. Convince yourself, please, that the coin is still in its place."

The performer slips his two hands in between "a" and "b," pulls the handkerchief apart, and the coin is gone, absolutely gone.



While folding end "a" over the coin the performer slips a small ball of wax underneath the end and presses the end against the coin, fastening the two together. When he pulls the handkerchief apart the coin slips into his left hand. Shaking the handkerchief, he removes wax and coin, and returns the handkerchief to its owner.—New York Tribune.

An Amazing Trick With Fire.

Soak a piece of linen thread in a strong solution of salt (two tablespoonfuls of water to one tablespoonful of salt). Take it out and let it dry, repeating this three or four times before you are ready for the performance of this marvelous trick. Show the piece of thread to the audience, and as the thread will look like

Americans Are Forest Lovers

By Eben Greenough Scott.

All the forest-loving races of Europe, none has sought the woods for the woods' sake, like unto the English-speaking people; none has ever afforded the spectacle of an annual migration to the wilderness in such magnitude as do the Americans of to-day. They go with the eagerness of hounds loosed from the leash, and buoyant with the spirit of adventure, accept adventure's strokes or rewards with the indifference or delight of a knight of La Mancha. Nor have the Americans stayed at the mere enjoyment of their adventure; they have embodied it in their literature.

They have been the first people to introduce into fiction the life, savage and civilized, of the forest, and to portray in classical accents the real life of the woods, the lakes, and the plains. Their first novelist of reputation, Cooper, laid his scenes in the forests of the upper Hudson, of the Susquehanna, and in the Oak Openings of Michigan; Irving descends the Big Horn in a bull-boat, and follows the adventurers across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains, and through the desolation of Snake River to the Oregon; and Parkman, enlightened by his tribeship with the Ogalallas, has endured history with the spirit of the wilderness, and has drawn inspiration from its woods and streams.

The greatest and best of the Americans, their writers, poets, philosophers and statesmen, all have worshipped Great Pan in his groves. Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz made annual pilgrimages to the woods; Webster composed a part of his Bunker Hill Monument oration on a trout stream; death overtook Governor Russell on the banks of a salmon river; and the present President of the United States was called out of the Adirondacks to assume his office; while President Harrison, the moment his duties were done, turned his back on the White House and sought repose in a cabin on the Fulton Chain. These are a few only of the worthies of our land out of the great number who have hied to the woods for rest, recreation, observation and inspiration; who, indeed, have gone into the woods for the woods' sake. We can say of the American forest what Jacques du Bois said of the forest of Arden: Men of great worth resorted to this forest every day.

Imaginary Crimes

By Major Richard Sylvester, Superintendent of the Washington (D. C.) Police.

In every walk of life we meet with queer and at times surprising experiences, but the police hear and see more that tends to question humanity than employs in any other line of work.

It seems strange, but nevertheless it is true, that persons have dreams and hallucinations which are reported to the police as facts for investigation. Dreaming of robbers, they have awakened suddenly with all the excitement and alarm that would attach to a genuine case, fired revolvers at the supposed intruder and only been reconciled to their mistake after close inquiry proves it such.

I know of a case where it was reported that a burglar knocked at the bedroom door before entering to carry off money and valuables. There was another instance of a prominent official of the Government who, while experiencing the wildest horrors in his sleep, jumped out of bed and fought the bedpost, imagining that he was attacked by burglars, and the exhaustion which followed his midnight defense was as great as if he had actually encountered marauders. This gentleman had seen service in the Mexican War and through the Civil War, and had hand-to-hand encounters which, however, were attended with hardly more serious results than the imaginary conflict.

The greatest imposture is that which occurs a great many times a year when persons who cannot or do not want to pay their just debts report that they have been robbed of sums of money. They will prearrange to give color to the truth of their report, but are generally found out in the end.

A man has been known to have reported being held up by footpads in order to avoid paying out part of his income to his wife, and all kinds of losses have occurred to those who courted the sympathy of creditors about the first of the month.

The public should not believe everything they read and hear about burglaries and highway robberies, for many of the cases so reported, after investigation, are shown to be without foundation.

America's Great Future.

By President Roosevelt.

THE world has never seen more marvelous prosperity than that which we now enjoy, and this prosperity is not ephemeral. We shall have our ups and downs. The wave at times will recede, but the tide will go steadily higher. This country has never yet been called upon to meet a crisis in war or a crisis in peace to which it did not eventually prove equal, and decade by decade its power grows greater and the likelihood of its meeting successfully any crisis becomes even more assured.

We are optimists. We spurn the teachings of despair and distrust. We have an abiding faith in the growing strength, the growing future of the mighty young nation still in the flush of its youth and yet already with the might of a giant which stands on a continent and grasps an ocean with either hand.

Succeed? Of course we shall succeed. How can success fail to come to a race of masterful energy and resolute character, which has a continent for the base of its domain, and which feels within its veins the thrill that comes to generous souls when their strength stirs in them and they know that the future is theirs.

No great destiny ever yet came to a nation whose people were laggards or faint-hearted. No great destiny ever yet came to a people walking with their eyes on the ground and their faces shrouded in gloom. No great destiny ever yet came to a people who feared the future, who feared failure more than they hoped for success. With such as these we have no part.

We know there are dangers ahead, as we know there are evils to fight and overcome, but we feel to the full that pulse of the prosperity which we enjoy. Stout of heart we see across the dangers the great future that lies beyond, and we rejoice as a giant refreshed, as a strong man girt for the race; and we go down into the arena where the nations strive for mastery, our hearts lifted with the faith that to us and to our children and our children's children it shall be given to make this Republic the greatest of all the peoples of mankind.

Why Country Boys Succeed

By John Gilmer Speed.

COUNTRY boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggles of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest hindrance a city boy has to contend with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him until he begins the real business of life—a business which each individual must carry on for himself. For the city boy everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his teens. Brought up in the feverish rush of a place where great things are happening day by day, he sees the world with a cynic's eyes and despises the small things which, like the bricks in a house, go to the upbuilding of characters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value he has little taste and scant regard.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast, perhaps, as those trained by a system; he may not be able to jump so high or so far, or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time and from which we get so much of pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race horse has a fine flight of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridge paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something not only interesting but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is too apt cynically to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the use?"