

HER SOLDIER BOY



Through the vibrant hush of the starry night hums the life of a tropic clime. And under the breast of his khaki blouse the heart of the lad beats time. In a land where an endless summer reigns, he dreams of a June gone by—And a wandering wind steals into his tent and carries away a sigh!



At the open flap of his narrow tent hangs a strip of the midnight skies. Pricked through by a myriad points of light, that flash in his tired eyes; He has waked from a dream of a summer day, and, now, with a throb of pain, He pillows his head on his young right arm, and summons the dream again.

A pathway barred by shadow and shine, a glow in the golden west; A song in the rustling leaves overhead, as a bluebird bushes its nest; A slip of a girl in a muslin gown, a cadet in a coat of gray; But the slim little hand he clasps in his is a half of the world away!

Under Dogwood Blossoms.

BY GEORGE BINGHAM.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
Not far from Cadiz, on the crooked old Kentucky pike, an ox wagon covered with a dingy sheet overtook me. A tall man, who looked lazy, sat on a broken chair in front and drove, while back under the cover five tow-heads were stuck out to watch the slowly changing scenery.
Under the shakily rattling vehicle walked a lazy old brindle dog—he could walk nowhere else, being tied to the axle with a rope. A scrub milch cow was tied to the back end of the wagon; the skillets and pans, fastened to the sides of the wagon-bed, rattled and bumped; and buckets and pots swung from the axles beneath, as the wagon slowly passed along the pike.
I dropped from the splotch of shade on a rail fence corner where I had sat for some time, and spoke to the man. "Good morning," he answered. "If you are going our way, hop up and ride." He reached back, got a handy bucket, turned it over, and I sat down beside him.
When I told him my name he said he knew a person in Arkansas by the name of Andy Cobb, but that he was a negro. Then he laughed. He asked me which way I was going, and when I told him I was not particular which way, he said to me: "I've been livin' in Arkansas for a good while, and am on my way to South Carolina to visit my wife's folks."

Noticing the gait of his team, I asked him how long he had been en route, and in an easy manner he replied: "Oh, little the rise of nine weeks."

"When do you expect to get there?" "Kain't tell. Ain't no mor'n half way yet. Who-a-a boys! Sally you and the brats hold tight back there, for here's another creek. You know what fools these cattle are about water." Then he addressed me. "Ever' creek we come to they break in a run for it."

The steers struck a brisk pace and when to the bank made a lunge which nearly upset the wagon. After riding an hour with him—in which time we traveled about three miles—I wished them good luck and took the other fork of the road.

True, I was not very particular which way I went, for I had nothing to do. Two months previous I had heard the little town of Snortsville wanted a newspaper, and that being the favorite one of my several vocations, I went to the place and put



"Something hit the earth." forth the Weekly Post, with a dusty outfit that had been abandoned some weeks before. In a few issues I found that the people did not want a local paper as bad as they thought they did, so I wound up my business, which took but a few minutes, and walked out of town, and it was only a few mornings later that I was overtaken

by the man going to visit his wife's folks.

After leaving Mr. Botts I came to a creek. The banks were pretty with fragrant elder and dogwood blossoms, and birds fluttered over the clear, slowly-moving water, and chattered and chirped in the undergrowth.

I heard the sound of rippling water, and going up-stream found a cool, clear, blue spring which rippled and tumbled over rocks on its way to the creek.

I brushed the old acorns and sticks from a soft mossy slant and stretched out to rest.
"Git up here, now, Pud! You derved old fool! Makin' like you air skeered o' this place when you come here ever' day. Quit that snortin' and git in there and drink befo' I larrup you with a hickory."

I raised to my elbows and saw a



"Come on back—"
barefoot man trying to persuade a mule to drink at the stream. The contrary animal pranced around and went behind a bank, leaving only the rider's head visible to me. Of a sudden it began bobbing up and down, and I heard him urging the mule to behave. In language unsuitable to reproduce. His head disappeared, his feet came up in the air, and something hit the earth with a dull sound. When I got to the bank he was brushing the dirt and gravel from his shoulder, and when I asked him the trouble, he replied:

"Nothin'. Blasted old mule just tossed me off over her head."
"Tuck Buchanan lives right up there on the ridge," he answered when I asked him where I might find some dinner. He spurred the mule in the flanks with his bare heels, and I watched the spry little animal pick her way up a rough path, sometimes leading under low branches, which caused the rider to duck his head or push them back.

Again I lay down on the moss. Scents of peach and apple blossoms came to me on the soft, lazy air. A farm-bell clanged somewhere up the creek bottom and was followed by another and another. Plow-mules brayed and hurried toward their rows' end, for ten ears of corn and an hour's rest was coming.

"Don't you want to walk down to the mill? I don't hear it running. I guess that triffin' fellow I've got attendin' to it is piled up in the corn-box asleep, as he usually is," said Mr. Buchanan to me the day after I went to his house.
We went to the mill and, as he expected, we found the miller dozing in the corn-box.
"I'd let him go if I had another man. Kit Smith wants the job, but he ain't got no education and couldn't buy wheat or calculate on tolls."
Being well satisfied with the surroundings and desiring to remain in

that section, I insisted that Kit Smith, with my assistance, could operate the mill; and in a few days Mr. Smith and I had the job.
Mr. Buchanan was a homely old fellow, his profile at a distance reminding me of the picture of some great old man I had seen in history, and I hardly saw how he could be the father of a girl so pretty and sweet as Miss Fannie.

In a month I was also assistant manager of the big farm, for Mr. Buchanan had decided that the greasy scum on a wet weather spring back in the field was signs of an underground stream of coal oil and was figuring on organizing a stock company to drill.
The smiles and kind words of Miss Fannie gave me a feeling—a delightful thrill—I had never before experienced. A young fellow accompanied her to church one Sunday, and when she returned that night I knew that I loved her. How lonesome I had been that day without her.
The next night she invited me to the parlor to engage her in a game of social "seven-up." We had a pleasant time, and hardly before the hour to go to my room. I stopped the game, grasped her pretty hand and told her my feelings. I bowed my head to kiss her hand, but she pulled it back, said "No, no," and bade me good night.
I said to her the next morning, "Miss Fannie, excuse me—last night I couldn't help it, though. Let it pass and think no more of it, but I do lo—"
"Mr. Cobb, won't you leave? Go off and think no more of it, and let me forget you. It will be better, as nothing else can come of it. Leave and let me forget you."
Sadly I told her farewell Sunday morning and walked off down the road, again in my aimless wandering. When a half mile away I heard someone coming up behind me on a horse. I went to the side of the road to let it pass. But when the horse came up it stopped and as I looked around, Miss Fannie ran into my arms.
"Come on back! You must not leave me! You cannot! The future looks empty without you."
Tears of joy came to my eyes, and I bent my head over on hers. I kissed her, said, "God bless my angel," and kissed her again.
The horse she rode, seeing it was forgotten, turned and followed us home.

A hungry-looking "razor-back" sow with thirteen young pigs, rooting in the dirt and rocks nearby made an unusual lot of noise, and I raised up and found myself still lying on the mossy place by the spring. I had lain there and imagined I would figure in a romance something like the above. If the hogs had allowed me to finish the plot I imagine it would have wound up by me becoming owner of the farm and mill, and several oil wells.
I washed my face in the cool blue water, smoothed over my hair and went with some anxiety to the Buchanan home on the ridge.
There was no sweet girl Fannie, nor even a Mrs. Buchanan—the old man kept "bach" on a small gully-washed farm. But I went in, ate a dinner of beans and bacon, and went on off down the pike, very seriously thinking.

HELEN KELLER'S HAND.
Plaster Cast of It in Collection of Lawrence Hutton.
Mr. Lawrence Hutton is making a collection of plaster casts of hands, says a Trenton special in the New York Sun. He already has about fifteen specimens. He brought back with him from Europe recently the original cast of the hand of Thomas Carlyle, which he picked up in a London shop for a trifling sum. Among others in the collection are likenesses of the hands of Rossetti, Robert Louis Stevenson, Lincoln and Thackeray, and the mummified hands of an Egyptian princess of the time of Moses. These Mr. Hutton has hanging on the walls of his library. He also has a cast of the hand of Helen Keller, the wonderful blind mute, which he regards very highly on account of its artistic finish. All the lines in the skin, and even the little nerve cushions on the tips of her fingers, with which she feels so accurately, are plainly discernible in the plaster. Beneath each case Mr. Hutton has written some appropriate lines. Beneath that of Miss Keller's hand is the following:
"She is deaf to sounds all about us; What she sees we cannot understand; But her sight's at the tip of her fingers And she hears through the touch of her hands."

After Meeting.
"Bishop," said the young preacher, "I know you were hitting at me when you denounced fine apparel and jewelry, for I wear a velvet vest and a watch and chain." "No, brother," replied the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye, "for I half suspect your vest is cotton velvet, and as for the watch, I never gave you credit for more than a Waterbury!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Suggestion.
Mrs. Hauskeep—The dishes you have put on the table of late, Bridget, have been positively dirty. Now, something's got to be done about it. Bridget—Yes, mum; av ye only had dark-colored wans, mum, they wouldn't show the dirt at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Worse Looking Than He Felt.
Baboon—Me boy, you look as if you had just stepped out of a fashion plate. Crinkleton—That so? I knew I had rheumatism, but I didn't suppose I was as stiff as that!—Harlem Life.

MISLEADING FIGURES

HAVEMEYER LITERARY BUREAU GETTING IN ITS WORK.

Crafty Attempt of the Trust Magnate to Prevent Facts Bearing Upon the Question of Protection for the Domestic Sugar Industry.

No. 91 Wall Street, New York, October 19, 1901.—Dear Sir: As a good deal has recently appeared in print regarding the consumption of sugar in this country, the various sources from which it is obtained, the amount of duty paid thereon, etc., the following facts and figures will, we believe, be of interest to your readers:
The total consumption of sugar in the United States last year was 2,219,847 tons, and, based on the average increase of 6.34 per cent during the past 19 years, the consumption this year should be 2,360,585 tons. Of this quantity 1,000,000 tons in round figures will come from American sources, say Louisiana being able to produce 300,000 tons, United States beet factories 150,000, Hawaii 350,000 and Porto Rico 150,000, all being free of duty, leaving 1,360,585 tons to come from other sources and on which duty is paid. The average duty assessed is 35¢ per ton, or a total of \$48,981,060. The price of all the sugar consumed, however, being enhanced to the extent of the duty of 35¢ per ton, or a total of \$48,981,060, it is evident that \$7,000,000 additional is paid by the people in order to provide the government with 49 millions for revenue, of which the government is not now in need. If the duty is taken off Cuba sugar the benefit of 85 millions goes to the people.
On October 8 the quotation for Cuba centrifugal sugar, 96 degrees test, free on board Cuba, was 1.56 cents per pound; duty on same amounts to 1.685 cents—equivalent to 85 per cent ad valorem.
Yours truly,
WILLET & GRAY,
Sugar Statisticians,
Publishers of the "Weekly Statistical Sugar Trade Journal."

Judging by the liberal space given by numerous newspapers by the misleading circular issued by the statisticians of the Sugar Trust, it seems possible to deceive all the people all the time, although Mr. Lincoln thought otherwise. Not many years ago Willett & Gray in their sugar trade paper were earnest advocates of the tariff on sugar and the development of the beet sugar industry in the United States. Now they appear before the public as sponsors of a most

Wilson bill will convince thinking men that the addition of \$262,000,000 to the nation's bonded debt at that time would have been avoided if sugar had continued paying its share of the running expenses.
"Remove duty and the whole \$84,981,060 accrue to the public," says this defender of the people. If any one is tempted by this sophistry he is referred to the records of sugar quotations recently ruling and those prevailing during the unfortunate years of free sugar. Muscovado fair refining averaged a quarter of a cent lower in those gloomy days than at present, and the difference on refined was a shade more. This is not the "1.685 cents" quoted in the circular. Moreover, it must not be overlooked that the whole range of prices was much lower in the dark days of free trade, owing to idle mills and unemployed workmen who could ill afford to have sugar in their tea or coffee. There was no such demand as at present and consequently prices would have been lower, irrespective of the tariff.

When such a mendacious collection of misinformation is widely distributed it is natural that the reader should seek the reason for its existence. The quest is not difficult. Within a short time the beet sugar producers have begun to seek markets beyond the immediate vicinity of the refineries. This has brought them into competition with the large eastern refineries of imported raw sugar, and the result has been lower prices to consumers and less profit for the American Sugar Refining Company and the large independent plants. Since beet growing is still in its infancy and would compete with the bounty supported product of the old world, removal of the tariff would retard its development and perhaps completely annihilate an industry in which millions are invested and thousands find employment. Has not the history of steel making, tin plate manufacture, textile spinning, etc., been such as to emphasize the wisdom of helping the growth of another national industry?

That low prices will follow has been proved in all the other industries, and recent price cutting at Missouri River points show that beet sugar growers are already cheapening the cost to

UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING BILL OF FARE.



remarkable collection of figures, evidently designed to impress the people of the nation that they are being robbed by the duty on raw sugar, and it is obviously hoped that constituents will instruct their representatives in congress to remove the objectionable duty.

Starting with the proposition that the people pay the full duty, not only on imported sugar, but all produced in this country, it is shown that in order to secure less than \$49,000,000 of revenue the consumers are mulcted to the extent of about \$85,000,000. In other words, domestic beet and cane growers receive \$36 a ton as a bonus, and the home crop for the current year is placed at a million tons. To any one familiar with the facts this gross exaggeration as to the domestic crop would stamp the circular as unworthy of attention. Of Louisiana cane the yield is placed at a new high record of 350,000 tons, and the Hawaiian output as much more, which is even more of a stretch, while both Porto Rico cane and the United States beet crops are suddenly enlarged by nearly 100 per cent.

The total consumption of the country is placed at 140,000 tons more than the high record last year, an estimate that is not indorsed by the recognized shortage of fruit, which must seriously curtail the amount used in preserving. But the allowance of only \$48,981,060 revenue to the government is perhaps the most absurd feature of this collection of absurdities. For the last three years the tariff on sugar has yielded an annual return of over \$60,000,000, and even if there was no other consideration, this enormous source of income could not be surrendered by the nation without some equivalent increase. A glance at the deficit during the operation of the

consumers, though the domestic yield is but a fraction of the total consumption. If in the course of time it can become possible to keep at home the \$100,000,000 annually sent abroad to pay for sugar, no one questions the desirability of attaining that end.

Perhaps the most unreasonable suggestion of the lot is that the people would secure the benefit of the revenue lost to the government. If the large refiners could secure all the raw material from abroad and had no competition from home producers there would be no limit to the prices they might charge, unless the duty was also removed from refined sugar, but for most obvious reasons this idea is not advocated. If the domestic growers are to be driven out of business why not go a step further and abolish the refineries, so that all foreign refiners might compete in this market? Cheapness might then be attained, but the keen business man knows that cheapness is not the first desideratum.

Should Not Be Forgotten.

Our foreign trade both in imports and exports is quite satisfactory, and while we are congratulating the country on its great trade expansion, it must not be forgotten that all this is being accomplished under the operations of the protective tariff laws so much denounced and abused by the free traders.—Allentown (Pa.) Register.

Vestibule Babel of Babel.

The Russian empire contains more than sixty-five independent racial groups. It is a veritable Tower of Babel. Even with the omission of Siberia and Central Asia there remain in Russia, in Europe and the Caucasus, alone 46 different peoples.

CHARCOAL BURNERS.

SUBSTITUTES RENDERING THE BUSINESS A LOST ART.

Gas and Gasoline Have Almost Displaced Charcoal as a Heat-Producing Substance—The Man Who Burns Charcoal Leads a Gypsy Life.

Charcoal burning in the United States, so far as the product concerns the cities, gives promise of becoming a lost art. Gas and gasoline have almost displaced it as a heat-producing substance. With the thinning of the forests, too, the source of supply is cut. Yet in the woods of Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio and Pennsylvania, a comparatively few follow the lonely life. Charcoal in its perfect state is a baked, not a burnt wood. Here is the distinction that keeps the charcoal burner awake sometimes from 48 to 60 hours at a stretch, especially if he be alone. For the baking of charcoal the wood is piled in a circle about a central pit, leaving interstices through which the heat from the fire burning in the center may circulate to the outer edge of the pile. Turf is piled over all until the pile resembles a volcano. It is the object to keep the wood covered until it cannot break into a blaze. High winds are troublesome. The sign of trouble in a kiln is a thin blue smoke that points to fire in the wood. This fire is put out by smothering from the outside. Only experience teaches when the charcoal is sufficiently baked. When this period is reached it has lost about three-fourths of its weight. An old observation is to the effect that "ten horses will draw the wood and three horses will draw the charcoal away." The slower the wood has baked the more substance and weight will be in the coals. When the pyre has burned sufficiently the fire is put out by drenching the heap with water. Even after hundreds of gallons have been poured through the heap, it may take three days for it to cool sufficiently for the charcoal to be removed. A kiln will produce 200 to 250 bushels of the coals. The charcoal burner leads a gypsy life. His cabin is near by the kilns, and in it is the picturesque disorder that is natural to man in the woods. His kitchen utensils are most in evidence. His bed is wholly secondary. He eats to live and lives to work with only an occasional "speer" in some nearby town. In the woods sobriety is everything to his craft. He is a wonder to the visitors, as he plunges into thick smoke and heat, and works in the choking fumes with the fortitude of a salamander. When the kiln is working beat the smoke and fumes are worst, and to keep the kilns so necessitates the constant attention of the burner. These fumes are considered detrimental to health under ordinary circumstances, but the compensating life in the woods seems to make the charcoal burner a hardy specimen of his race.—Utica Globe.

The Care of Children.
When it is a possible thing, have a separate bed for every child, even though there are two beds in a room. This is by no means an expensive matter. Good legs can be turned or made at home and supplied with casters. Fasten these onto woven-wire springs, and over them fasten a good mattress of curled hair or moss. Make a cover of heavy unbleached muslin to protect the mattress, and then make it up as you would any bed. A pretty outer cover or spread made of art denim, linen or other suitable material, made with a flounce reaching to the floor, will convert this bed into an attractive divan if the room is needed during the day. A nice bath is very refreshing just before bedtime, and is usually productive of quiet sleep. It means considerable work for the busy mother of several children, but it generally pays in the end.

Two Sufficient Reasons.
The senior partner did not make his appearance at the office until about 2 o'clock, and then the junior partner was not there. "Where is Mr. Tenterhook?" he asked of the bookkeeper. "He left the office a while ago, sir," replied the man of daybook and ledger, "and he said he wouldn't be back today." "I hope nothing is the matter with him," the senior partner added. "I'm afraid he isn't very well, for he complained of a pain in his stomach yesterday." "Well," the bookkeeper explained, "he said something about having eaten some fish at lunch that didn't agree with him, and he added that there was a football game this afternoon that he wanted to see, anyhow."—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

True to Her Colors.
Now, the Eminent Reformer and the Emancipated Woman were about to be wedded. In fact, the ceremony was being performed. "With this ring," said the Eminent Reformer, "I thee wed." Here there was a breathless hush over the audience as the Emancipated Woman made a gesture of dissent, and exclaimed: "And this, after your campaign against ring rule? Never!" Saying which she swept out of the church. The audience was divided in its surprise over the injection of politics into matrimony and the sight of an Emancipated Woman sweeping.—Baltimore American.

Infantile Pride.
"Pooh! My papa wears evenin' clothes every time he goes to parties." "That ain't anythin'." Our minister wears his right clothes every time he preaches.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The church is not a clearing house for credit.