

THE ONE WHO WON'T BE THERE.

I don't think I'll go in to town to see the boys come back; My bein' there would do no good in all that marchin' and pack; There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them when they come A-marching bravely to the time that's best upon the drum; They'll never miss me in the crowd—not one of 'em will care If, when the cheers are ringin' loud, I'm not among them there.

I want to see them march away—I hollered with the rest, And didn't they look fine that day a-marchin' four abreast; With my boy James up near the front, as handsome as could be, And wavin' back a fond farewell to mother and to me! I vow my old knees trembled so when they had all got by, I had to just set down upon the curbstone there and cry.

And now they're coming home again! The boys come back; Was sich as shows we still have men when men's work's to be done! There wasn't one of 'em that finched—each feller stood the test; Wherever they were sent they sailed right in and done their best! They didn't go away to play; they knowed what was in store; But there's a grave somewhere, today, down on the Cuban shore!

I guess that I'll not go to town to see the boys come in; I don't jist feel like mixin' up in all that crush and din! There'll be enough to welcome them—to cheer them when they come A-marching bravely to the time that's best upon the drum; And the boys'll never notice—not one of 'em will care, For the soldier that would miss me ain't a-goin' to be there!

—Cleveland Leader.

PRIVATE JIM'S RETURN.

Her hair was drawn back in little waves from her brow. Now and then she would raise her gentle eyes and glance out through the pantry window toward the patch of tall, waving hollyhocks that Jim had planted four summers before. She was kneading dough, and two or three times she stopped to scrape the clinging batter from her fingers with the back of a case-knife.

She hummed a little old-fashioned tune, emphasizing the "tum to tum" with savage jabs at the rapidly hardening dough on the shelf-board before her.

"Jane!"

No reply.

"Jane!"

The ungainly figure of a young girl in gingham, her hair escaping in strands the loosely tied knot at the back of her head, appeared in the pantry doorway.

"What 'd'ye want?"

"I want ye t' git them biscuit tins out o' th' kitchen cupboard an' bring 'em in here t' me."

The girl slowly turned and shambled across the kitchen floor, the run-over heels of her old slippers clattering on the white scrubbed boards as she walked.

"I never see sich a girl," muttered Mrs. Springer to herself. "Seems like a impossibility t' git any decent help out here in th' kentry. All th' girls that's good fer anything gits up an' gits t' town ez soon ez they're th' right age t' be good fer anything. Only them as is too lazy t' live is lef' fer us out here."

From the great lump of dough on the board Mrs. Springer pulled little lumps and rolled them into flabby globes, which she placed in regular lines on the bottom of the biscuit tins.

She had patted the last little lump into a ball and wedged it into a corner of one of the pans and stepped back to survey her work when through the open doorway of the kitchen floated to her, on the cool September air, the call, "Missus Springer! Oh, Missus Springer!"

"New I'd like t' know who that is," she exclaimed as she crossed the floor and pushed open the screen door.

"Fer the lan's sake, Zeke Evans, what be ye a-wantin'?"

She had stepped out on the back porch, all green and blue with clinging vines and open morning glories.

The little man in the light "rig" wiped the perspiration from his brow and clambered out of the vehicle over the wheel.

He advanced toward Mrs. Springer and extended a yellow envelope. "This kum las night," he said, "jes fore th' ten twenty arrove. Th' operator asked me t' fetch it. At fust I thought I'd bring it right over, not thinkin' but what it might be from Jim. Then I sez t' myself, sez I, 'Missus Springer'll be t' bed an' better wait till mornin', so I fetched it over on my way down.'"

At the name "Jim" Mrs. Springer utched the bit of yellow paper and, with fingers that wavered a little, tore open the envelope.

Zeke waited.

The envelope dropped to the floor of the porch. Mrs. Springer held the dispatch in her left hand and followed the scrawled writing with the forefinger of her right.

One glance at the words, and she cried out: "It's Jim. He's comin' home. It's from his captivesayin' he has been sent home sick in th' care o' two other soldiers. He lef' th' camp yesterday afternoon an'll be here airly tomorror mornin'."

"Is they anything I kin do fer ye?" asked Zeke, a little tone of anxiety in his voice.

"No, they ain't nawthin'. An' I don't believe I even thanked ye fer bringin' me this telegram, Zeke."

Zeke blushed and stammered that "that was all right" and turned to plamber over the wheel again into his "rig."

Matilda Springer went back into the kitchen and through the little passage way into the front room. There by the half-curtained window, through which the sun rays had filtered on another September morning, long before, and lighted the face of a man in

long, happy life thereafter. And Jim—the boy who twenty-two years ago had come to them.

And then the war—she thought longest of that. Four months before Jim had come to her, inflamed with enthusiasm. All the boys in the Thompsonville company had signified their willingness to go to the front at the call of the president. There were ten vacancies in the company, and could he go? It would be all over in a month, and then he could come back. Yes, he could if his country needed him. She remembered how she went down to Thompsonville one summer morning with Budd to see Jim off to camp with his company. He wrote her the night before the regiment left for Cuba. Letters came to her regularly for a while, and then, of a sudden, they ceased. She thought of those endless days of waiting for just a word from him, her boy, her Jim. And then at last, after centuries it seemed to her, came the letter saying he had been in the hospital with the fever. She remembered how nearly crazed she was after she read that letter. Then came others saying he was better, and then day after day without a word, save once, when a short note, scrawled on a bit of wrapping paper, came to her with the news that his regiment was again in the United States and encamped somewhere on the eastern coast. And at last the dispatch of that morning—"Coming home"—and sleep closed her eyes.

At four o'clock Matilda Springer arose. She hurriedly dressed and called Budd. He went out and hitched up the two horses to the old democrat wagon and removed the back seat. He knew he would have to sit on the bottom of the vehicle coming back from the station, for Jim would be on the front seat with his mother, and there would have to be room behind for the baggage. Budd thought of all the implements of war that would be loaded into that wagon and wondered if Jim would give him his gun and canteen.

He led the horses up to the back porch and called to his mother. She came out dressed in a brown poplin, and on her way gray hair rested her best bonnet, a little affair of jet with violets on one side and strings to tie under the chin. Around her shoulders she had wrapped a shawl.

"I—I—can't hardly wait," she said, half to herself.

Budd helped her into the wagon and climbed in after her. He drove over the dusty country road and across the old wooden bridge with one hand holding the reins, for she clasped the other. She did not speak often during that drive. There are times when the heart is too full to allow of the forming of words. This was one of those times. The mother's heart was filled to overflowing with love for that boy whose face she had not seen for so many, many weary weeks, whose brown eyes had not looked down at her for oh, so long.

The wagon rolled down the last hill in the road and around the curve at the bottom. Budd drew up the horses at the depot platform. "Yew stay here an' hold 'em," said his mother. "I'll go over there an' sit on that truck till th' train comes."

She got out of the conveyance and walked around the station house to the other side. Unobserved by Budd she wiped her eyes, and then she sat down on the truck.

By and by the young agent came and unlocked the door of the building and went inside. Out upon the cool morning air was waited the "click, click" of the telegraph instrument.

Mrs. Springer rose from her seat and entering the building walked over to the ticket window.

"Is th' train from th' north on time?" she asked.

"Three minutes late at Silver Lake," was the answer.

"Heow long afore it's due?" There was a little tremor in the voice.

"It'll be here in eighteen minutes," the operator replied.

By and by from away up the track came the rumble of an approaching train. Nearer and nearer, and then around the curve above the station the engine swerved.

The bell clangled, and the train stopped. Mrs. Springer ran back to the passenger coaches. One or two sleepy heads were poked out of the windows, but no one got off. The woman's jaw fell. No, there was no one in the rear cars for Evans Crossing, the brakeman told her.

"Ain't they some soldiers?" she cried, her face all white.

"Oh, soldiers," he said, "they's some up in the baggage car."

The woman turned and ran down the platform. As she reached the forward end of the first passenger coach two soldiers lifted a long pine box from the car ahead and laid it on the platform.

The woman cried out to them, "Where's Jim, my boy Jim? He was comin' on this train! Where is he?"

"Who?" asked one of the men in uniform, quietly.

"My boy, Jim Springer."

The soldier did not answer. He stooped and glanced down at the little white card tacked on the lid of the long pine box.

"I can't tell her, Bill," he whispered to his companion,

THE ENGINE BELL RANG.

The train was moving.

"Why—why—why don't you tell me?" cried the woman.

She rushed toward the two men. She glanced down at the box. The card caught her eye. She leaned over and read the words written there. Then she stood up straight, her face white, her mouth open, her eyes staring at nothing.

A cry cut the air—a keen, piercing, gasping cry—and the woman fell upon her knees beside that box and throwing her arms over the top sobbed and beat her head against the lid and scratched the rough boards with her nails.

And just then the sun broke through the clouds, and the dew drops on the grass, the leaves, the trees and everywhere sparkled like diamonds. All nature seemed to mock a mother's agony.—Detroit Free Press.

BAY STATE'S SECOND CITY.

Rivalry for the Honor Finally Settled in Favor of Worcester.

Under the subdivision made by the United States census officials there are four classes of cities in the United States. The cities of the first class are those having more than 400,000 population, the cities of the second class those having between 100,000 and 400,000 people, the cities of the third class those having between 50,000 and 100,000 inhabitants, and the cities of the fourth class those having fewer than 50,000 inhabitants. Massachusetts is one of the few states which had under the last census no second-class cities. Its chief city, as well as its capital, port of entry and literary headquarters, is the city of Boston. Following Boston there is a break, a sort of urban vacuum, and then appear some cities of the third class, grouped so closely together as to be rivals for the distinction of second place. By the census of 1890 these cities were Worcester, with 84,000 population; Lowell, with 77,000; Fall River with 74,000 and Cambridge with 70,000. Among the fourth class cities of Massachusetts by the same census were Lawrence, New Bedford, Springfield, Somerville, Holyoke, Salem, Chelsea, Haverhill, Brockton and Taunton.

A NEW KIND OF FUEL.

Those concerned in the coal industry will be interested to know that a new form of fuel is being suggested from one of the colonies. It is officially reported from Barbados that the island is commencing to export "man-jak" or "glance pitch," which is a product of the nature of petroleum in a bituminous form, and when mixed with infusorial earth can be used for fuel. It is found in veins, like coal seams, and has very great heating powers when ground into fine dust. Its principal drawback is its extremely low melting point; and scientists are endeavoring to find a substance with which it can be properly combined for purposes of steam fuel.

One or two shafts have been sunk in various places on the northern end of the island, and a considerable quantity has been extracted. Some has been used on railway locomotives, more or less successfully, and on some of the sugar estates to economize their expenditure in coal. Eight hundred and seventy-eight tons were exported last year, of which 571 went to the United States and 250 to the United Kingdom. Its value is given at \$10 per ton.

There is the indication of the presence of a large quantity of this material in the island, and it remains to be seen whether it can be successfully developed; but Barbados has the great advantage of cheap labor, and of the presence on the same ground of the infusorial earth with which it is mixed to become marketable. It is further to be noted that there are indications also in Barbados of oil-bearing rock, with a large percentage of petroleum.—Florida Times-Union.

MINERAL WEALTH ABOUT SANTIAGO.

The mountains about Santiago, Cuba, are rich in iron and manganese, and valuable mines of both these ores are owned by American companies. The annual exportation of iron to the blast-furnaces of Pennsylvania and Maryland has been nearly 400,000 tons. The ores of manganese are almost as valuable as those of Russia. Cuba contains also considerable deposits of copper and was once famous for gold.

PIKE AND EAGLE AT ONE CATCH.

Dr. Charles Woodward of New Egypt, N. J., went fishing for pike in a pond near that village the other day. The fish were not biting freely and the doctor had about concluded to go home when he felt a bite on his line. Just as he got the fish out of water an eagle flew over his head and the next instant had the pike in its grasp and started to fly away with it. By hard pulling Dr. Woodward drew his double catch to the boat. The eagle showed fight and Dr. Woodward attacked it with an oar, finally killing it. It measured seven feet from tip to tip of its wings. Dr. Woodward got the pike also.—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The annual increase of the German nation during the last five years has been more than five times as much as that of the French.

No deep-sea sounding is now considered trustworthy unless a sample of the bottom is brought up by the sounding apparatus, as evidence that the lead has reached the solid ground.

Entomologists of the department of agriculture have discovered that the destroyers of silver maples are being themselves destroyed by the coccophagus lecanii, a small internal parasite.

A REST.

A resting spell approaches now; We see the end at last. They've put the laurel on the brow Of each brave man who passed. We've watched the grim events that stalked And feared what came behind. And each has paid, or cheered or talked, According to his kind.

Through pages, marching day and night, We've trod the army's ways, And fattored, sometimes, in the light With 's, 'g's and 'j's. These ill, with heavier woes are gone, And now each thankful chap May lay aside his lexicon And put away the map.

—Washington Star.

AMERICAN LANTERNS.

Carried Wherever Lanterns Are Used All Over the World.

American lanterns are exported to all the countries of the world where lanterns are used. Many are sent to South Africa and to South America, to Australia and New Zealand, and some are sold in Asia. Few, proportionately, are sent to Europe.

Kerosene oil is now commonly burned in lanterns all over the world. There are no lanterns made nowadays for candles only, but there are exported to South Africa some lanterns made so that either candles or oil may be burned in them. They are provided with a candle socket which may be set down into the oil reservoir, the wick-holder having been removed. By removing the candle socket and screwing in the wick holder the lantern is made ready to burn oil. Excepting railroad and other lanterns made nowadays are of the kind known as tubular, first introduced about thirty years ago, and now made in various modifications as to detail, the tubular part of the lantern being designed with a view to producing better combustion and a brighter light. The lanterns made for ordinary uses are produced in about forty styles.

AMERICAN LANTERNS.

The American lanterns are the lightest, the slightest in appearance and the best adapted to their use, and they are sold cheaper than lanterns of equal quality produced elsewhere. There are large establishments in this country making lanterns only. It is probable that more lanterns are now exported from this country than from either England or Germany, and the exports of American lanterns are increasing.—New York Sun.

EXERCISING ON A MAN-O-WAR.

Walter Russell, an artist with the fleet, contributes to the Century an illustrated article entitled "Incidents of the Cuban Blockade." Mr. Russell says: During quarters the various exercises and emergency drills are gone through with, including sword practice, bayonet drill, physical exercises for straightening the figure and expanding the chest, boarding drill, fire drill, collision drill and many others. A huge mat, weighing perhaps 500 pounds, is brought up on deck, heaved over the side and held there within 60 seconds after the order is given. Should a Spanish ship ram one of ours, this mat would be thrown over the aperture made in the side and held there by the pressure of the water. Again, lines of hose are run out and connected, a wheel is turned and a strong stream of water floods the deck immediately. In a very few seconds 20 streams of water can be directed upon any part of the ship.

Suddenly the band plays a lively march, and the order for the run around is given. Jackie likes this. It is his exercise. It is to him what wheeling is to a landsman. It is his opportunity of moving a little faster than usual. In double quick time each section runs in an ellipse for five minutes, the line of sailors being usually barefooted at this time of the day. They dodge in out of the sunlight and shadow, laughing and showing their gait of feeling.