

THE DEBTS THAT STAND.

Often I think that the world is cold
And that men are unkind, unfair;
Often I mourn and fret and scold
And coddle my own despair.
And often I think mankind must be
In league for the shame of defeating me.

Yet, railing at men, I ought to know
That I sin when my paints are made,
For there's many, oh, many, a debt I owe
That never can be repaid.
What if deep in my heart they could
Sometimes see—
The kind ones who have befriended me?
—S. E. Kiser.

TRUMPETER MEULLER. SOLDIER

HANS MEULLER used to look like a trumpeter in the Third Cavalry. Hans was more or less a butt for the jokes of the men of his troop. He took all kinds of jibes with a good nature that was as perfect as it was stolid. The trumpeter knew more about music than he did muskets. When for a while he tried what the other men called straight soldiering, he was continually getting tangled up with his equipments, and on several occasions at skirmish drill he came within an ace of shooting himself. His comrades told Hans that as long as he confined his efforts to killing himself they would offer no strenuous objection, but that if he got careless and shot the head off of some one else he must look out for trouble. As a matter of fact he did one day come pretty close to putting a bullet through the heart of Sergeant Peter Nelson, who forthwith thrashed Hans in an approved style. Captain



"I'M GOING AFTER DODDS."

Roberts called Hans "gross," and said that he must stick to his trumpet. The edict of his chief made Hans feel badly. He blew the whole scale of calls, from reveille through fatigue, recall and drill to taps, but his soul wasn't in his music. Down deep in Hans' soul there came the thought that somehow he was not like other men. The smartness of appearance which characterized Sergeant Nelson, Corporal Brady and a score of privates he knew could never be his. There was lacking in his makeup that something which gives dash to a soldier. Hans used to fall over his feet in a most un military way, and his hands were never in the proper places. There was one thing, however, that could be said of him. He always tried to obey orders implicitly. He generally blundered a number of times while making the attempt, but the intent was right, and that covers a multitude of sins much more serious in nature than mere blunders.

The Third Cavalry was in the Wyoming country in the Elk Horn Creek region. There had been a good deal of trouble with the Nez Perces and L. Troop had been kept on the jump most of the time for a month. L. Troop was Hans' outfit. There had been one constant succession of scoutings. It had been necessary to send small squads in half a dozen different directions at one and the same time. The trumpeter had been forced to stay with the main body, which was not a very big body at that, at all times. He had been in everything in which the whole troop was engaged, but the idea of sending Hans out on a reconnaissance where coolness and the subtlety of the devil were necessary for safety, was the last thing that had entered the head of the commander.

One day, however, one of the coldest days of the second winter month, it became necessary to send a scouting party to investigate the rumor of the approach of a band of savages. Now it happened that the whole command was fagged out, and this in a nutshell is the reason why Hans Meuller found himself for the first time in his life in a position of acute responsibility. He was ordered by Captain Roberts to proceed with Sergeant Nelson and two privates northwest until something was "felt," or until the Sergeant was satisfied that a wrong report had been turned into the camp.

When the little body set out the fatigue of the individual members of the troop showed that it was not, so to speak, strong enough to keep these same individuals from giving Hans a send-off. Hans had a carbine and a revolver. His trumpet was hanging up on a peg. One of the bystanders said to the Sergeant in command, "Look out for Hans if you happen to get into a scrimmage. The first thing you know he'll forget himself and he'll try to blow 'retrait' on his carbine. You may lose one man if Hans puts his mouth to the wrong end of the barrel."

Then they said a few other things to Hans. He was told to be sure not to get his cautions mixed up with his cartridge belt, and to make sure that he took note of the landmarks on the way out, so he could get back to camp in a hurry if he happened to hear an Indian shout off a gun. Hans took all this well enough, because the thought of actually going out on a scout was sufficient to knock all other things out of his head, resentment along with them. They had left the camp far behind them. Sergeant Nelson, who was an old and tried campaigner, turned to his men and said: "We are getting near the place where we may expect to see something." Then he spoke seriously to Hans: "Meuller," he said, "you're not half as bad, perhaps, as the troop makes out, but I tell you honestly that I'm kind of afraid of you when it comes to a pinch. Do the best you can and don't run. As a matter of fact, I think Jim Cross-

by was pipe-dreaming when he brought the rumor of reds in this vicinity into camp, but you may have a chance to see trouble, and if you do, please stick."

That was a pretty tough thing to have to say to a soldier with Uncle Sam's uniform on his back. Stick! Meuller's face went almost white under realization that the true significance of that admonition was that the Sergeant had a pretty strong fear in his heart that his trumpet tooter was a coward. Stick! He would show them if he was only given a chance.

Sergeant Peter Nelson was an old and tried campaigner, indeed, but that day he made a mistake. He led his three men straight into an ambush. There was a score of painted Nez Perces straight across their track. The Indians had very little cover, but they used it so artfully that the old soldier Sergeant had actually thought that the bit of embankment and the few scattered boulders did not offer cover enough to conceal a jack rabbit.

The first intimation of the Indians' presence was a volley. Sergeant Nelson went to the ground with a wound in his side. One of the privates, shot through the shoulder and leg, fell with him. The two men crawled behind a couple of rocks and secured temporary shelter. At the savage volley Hans Meuller's heart went to his throat. With the other private, who, like Hans, was unhit, he fell back about forty yards and behind an adequate cover. There for five minutes they exchanged shots with the reds, who, in accordance with Indian custom, would not charge across the open, but depended rather upon being able to pick off the soldiers and then go forward without danger and take the scalps. Hans Meuller found that he could use his carbine. His heart went down out of his throat. He looked around him and saw that there was some chance of holding the savages off for hours. Out beyond he saw his two stricken comrades. They were not dead. He knew that because he saw them move and occasionally weakly raise themselves and send a shot in the direction of the red foes.

Hans said to himself: "Those men must be brought back here." Then he handed his carbine to his comrade and with it his belt and ammunition. "You may need these," he said, "if those fellows hit me." Then he jumped over the rock in front of him, and with his long, shambling, ungainly stride he made for the side of Sergeant Nelson. The Indians pumped at him. The balls whizzed by his head, cut his clothes in three places and spat spitefully into the dust at his feet. Telling Nelson to grab his carbine, Meuller raised the Sergeant in his arms and made back for cover, his track all the way marked out for him by the shots of the savages. He dropped the Sergeant under the shadow of the rock and then stood on his feet.

"Where are you going, Meuller?" said Nelson, feebly.

"I'm going after Dodds," said Meuller, and he cleared the little rock to the front once more.

"God bless you, Meuller," was what he heard above the cracking of the rifles to his front. He reached the side of the wounded Dodds, raised him and started back with him across the strip of hell. Twice he staggered, as volleys rang out, but he reached the sides of his comrades, and placed Dodds between Nelson and the unwounded trap-

Then Hans Meuller fell dead.

Relief came to the three surviving cavalymen. The two wounded lived. In the little cemetery at a post in the far Northwest there is a headstone which is inscribed thus:

HANS MEULLER.
TRUMPETER AND SOLDIER.
HIS COURAGE WAS BULLET PROOF.

—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Red Hunting Coat.

The origin of the red coat is a mystery. There is a story told "that one of the early Henrys was so enamored with the sport of fox hunting as to ordain it to be a royal sport, and the red coat was worn in consequence." This, however, has been pointed at as absurd, as in those days scarlet was not a royal livery at all. One thing there can be no doubt about, and that is that the scarlet coat is very popular for those who hunt regularly. And it must be confessed that it adds picturesque to the scene. The question of color seems to be very much a matter of taste; it is looked upon as an indication of social position. In the abstract any one can don the pink, if so desired, but it is considered out of taste for any one to adopt that color if he does not liberally subscribe to the hunt fund. The black coat is considered to come next in social position, and the ordinary mufti garment for those whose subscription is very small indeed.—Tailor and Cutter.

Two New French Caves.

Two remarkable caves have been discovered in France by Messrs. Captain and Breuil, in which the walls are covered with drawn and painted figures of the paleolithic epoch. These are mostly figures of animals, and some of them have been drawn with striking correctness. In the first cave, at Combarelles (Dordogne), the figures are drawn with a deeply engraved line and are vigorous in execution. They include the mammoth reindeer and other animals extinct in France. In the second cave, at Font-de-Gaume, not far distant from the former, black lines are used, and sometimes the whole animal is painted black, forming a silhouette. Red ochre is also used in the figures, which are sometimes four feet long. Many of the figures are covered with a stalagmite deposit which often reaches an inch in thickness.—Scientific American.

Essay.

The girls of Smith College at Northampton, Mass., are indignant at a new set of rules, one of which forbids any one of them taking a carriage ride with any students of Amherst College unless engaged to be married to him. There must always be two girls, but there may also be two men, provided they are all in the same vehicle. Announcements of many engagements are expected.—Philadelphia Times.

A DAY WITH THE CRANBERRY PICKERS.

THANKSGIVING DAY and the cranberry are one and inseparable in the United States. During the year the cranberry has as steady a market as the cabbage, but in the month of November the demand for it is phenomenal, a little less than one-half the year's crop be-



A YOUTHFUL WORKER IN THE FIELD. In the thirty days, the total yield is estimated at 1,000,000 bushels, and over 400,000 bushels will be needed for Thanksgiving.

The cranberry grower is a sharer in the general prosperity of the times, his vines yielding him nearly twice the crop of last year. From Cape Cod,



CRANBERRY FIELD, WITH PICKERS AT WORK. (The field is irrigated from the ditches at regular intervals.)

where American cranberries were first cultivated, to the remote island of Kodiak, Alaska, the northern and westernmost point where the fruit is grown, the same reports of a bountiful harvest are given.

Of all familiar fruits it is safe to say that there is none of which so little is generally known as the cranberry. Originally it grew wild, as, in fact, it does to-day in several of the States bordering on the Canada line, in the salt marshes of the coast States, in the glades of the Alleghenies, and as far south as Virginia and the Carolinas. Unlike the strawberry, the wild cranberry is distinctly inferior to its cultivated relative. Both grow on a small, hardy shrub, about six inches in height. The fruit takes its name from the appearance of the flower, which, just before expanding into perfection, bears a marked resemblance to the neck, head and bill of a crane. Hence the name "cranberry," which usage has made into cranberry.

Sand and peaty ground form the proper soil, and instead of fertilizing, the grower is obliged to give the vines or bushes liberal coats of sand. The ground must be low, as it is kept under water much of the time. The marsh, or bog, as it is variously termed, is so arranged that any section of it may be flooded at the discretion of the grower, the system of ditches and sluices being the same as those used in irrigating the arid lands of the West. The making of the bog is an expensive process, involving an expenditure of from \$300 to \$500 an acre, and an interval of five years elapses before the yield is really profitable. After that each year should give a larger return on the investment. No rotation of crops is necessary, and the shrubs live and bear and increase endlessly.



WINNOWING THE LEAVES AND STICKS FROM THE BERRIES.

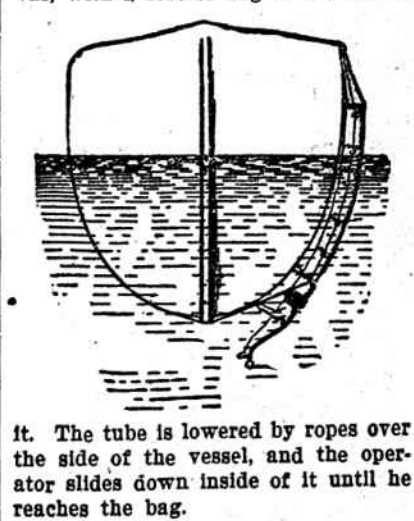
Planting a new section of bog is a simple process. A small handful of twigs is twisted together and thrust deep into the sand. They take root immediately, and within a year put forth new uprights and begin to send out runners. The planting is eight or ten inches apart in rows. Gradually the space between fills up, and in an old bog the shrubs grow so thickly as buffalo grass. All they require then is weeding, sanding and flooding. Flooding is necessary not only for the growth of the plant, but to protect it from the early frosts of autumn. It is no unusual sight to see a half-hundred pickers at work in one section of a bog, while the adjoining section is under eighteen inches of water. Beneath the transparent covering the berries are seen, the water only intensifying their brilliant covering and the deep green of the surrounding leaves.

Picking cranberries is a task for nimble fingers. The picker, sitting or kneeling on the damp sand, plunges both hands, with fingers slightly spread, into the vines, and with a quick movement strips the berries from the stems and tosses them into a pan beside him. When the pan is filled it is emptied into a pall holding one-third of a bushel. The size is uniform and the pickers are paid by the pall. The berries are finally put into crates holding a bushel each. Before they are ready for market, however, they are winnowed of leaves and weeds, and are ready for the consumer.

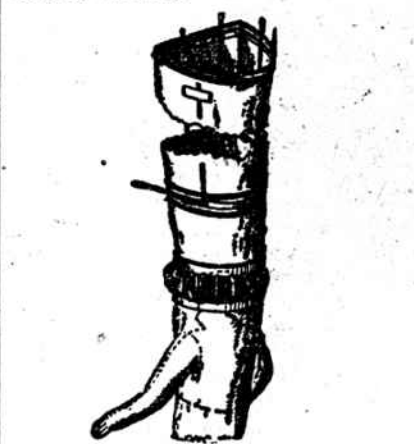
The first cranberries come from the Cape Cod bogs. There picking begins early in September and lasts until severe frosts put an end to the season. The Long Island and New Jersey berries reach the market about two weeks later, or about the middle of September. In the Middle States and the West the crop is not quite so early. Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Northern Iowa are cranberry States. The West consumes practically all its own product, and also a part of the Eastern yield. The Western berry rarely finds its way into the markets of the East. In the cost States the cranberry is a remarkable favorite, and without it a mere turkey would be considered anything but a piece of resistance on the New England day of days. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England consume more than half the entire annual crop. New York City alone requiring 250,000 bushels a year.

For these berries the producer will average a minimum of \$5 a barrel. The consumer pays at retail from five

For Cleaning Ships' Hulls. The newest idea in the way of a contrivance for cleaning the bottom of ships at sea so as to avoid the expense of docking is the invention of a Florida man. It is a long tube of canvas, with a sort of bag at the end of



it. The tube is lowered by ropes over the side of the vessel, and the operator slides down inside of it until he reaches the bag.



The bag is weighted at the bottom to hold it down and keep it steady, and near the upper end of it is a glass plate, through which the diver can look and see what he is doing while removing the barnacles and seaweeds which have collected on the hull of the ship.—New York Herald.

Disk Throwing Game of the Swiss. The mountaineers of Switzerland are fond of outdoor sports—competitive tests of strength and agility. Among these sports that of "hurnussing" seems to be the one least known outside of the little Republic, but an attempt is about to be made to introduce it into the United States. The "hurnuss" is a small disk, about two inches in diameter, much thicker in the middle than at the ends.

When the game begins the "hurnuss" is laid on the raised end of a beam, whose other end rests on the ground, the disk being placed so that its rim projects over the beam end. A sharp



stroke with a rudderlike stick on the projecting end of the disk sends the latter high up into the air. The players are divided into two parties, hitters and catchers, the endeavor of the latter being to intercept the flying "hurnuss" by throwing short handled flat shovels up into the probable line of its flight, and then catch the intercepted falling disk with the hands. To insure to the catchers a point the

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Prosperity on the Farm.

The world-wide scarcity of staple foods means high prices for city consumers; but for this country the scarcity has a cheerful side in the prosperity of the farmer. Corn was badly



A BOG COMPLETELY FLOODED BY WATER. (The plants and berries are beneath.)

One of the sages among growers, Mr. E. L. Brown, of Calverton, Long Island, calls cranberries a "young man's crop." This means that a man who chooses cranberry farming as a road to affluence must be willing to wait, and to work steadily and with perseverance while he waits. A few years ago a wealthy resident of Detroit, stirred by the glorified accounts of cranberry profits, invested \$250,000 in an attempt to raise the berries on a large scale. He abandoned his enterprise at the end of the second year, losing almost his entire investment. Profitable as cranberry raising may be, under right conditions, to cultivate the berry successfully means that the grower must often carry a heavy burden of care and anxiety. So it is simple truth to say that in this year of bountiful harvest, of all the thanks expressed on the appointed day, those of the man who grows cranberries will be even greater and more fervent than the appreciation of the thousands who delight their palates with the boon companion of the turkey at the Thanksgiving board, the crimson product of the cranberry vine.—Charles Culver Johnson, in Harper's Weekly.

A Dense Illinois Forest.

There is a tract of land in Tazewell County, Ill., lying along the Mackinaw River, which consists of a continuous series of abrupt and deep ravines. Not a foot of the tract could be cultivated. The ridges are full of fox dens, wolves are occasionally found, and turkey buzzards hover over it in large flocks. Even people familiar with the territory have been lost in the dense forest. Except for a few giant oaks, the wood has no commercial value. The tract is known as the "Lost Forty" because no one knows who owns it. For years it has been used for trading purposes, and many unwary persons from a distance have advanced money upon it and taken mortgages in various sums, only to receive a questionable title to a worthless piece of land. On the Tazewell County tax books the "Forty" appears with "Owner unknown." The land is watered by innumerable springs and the Mackinaw River, which winds its way through

catching must be done within a marked space, beginning about twenty yards from the hitters, widening more and more without limit ahead. If the "hurnuss" be not caught it counts a point for the hitter; if caught, one for the catchers. Whenever the disk falls three times in succession outside of the marked space the hitter is "out;" also when the "hurnuss" is caught. So soon as all the hitters are out the catchers take their places. Whichever party makes the most points is declared the winner.

How difficult it is to catch a "hurnuss" may be guessed from the fact that the small disk is often pitched twenty yards high and 200 yards away; yet practiced players manage to bring it down by throwing their queer shovels up in the way of its flights.—New York Herald.

The Boy King of Spain.

There is something pathetic in the position of Alfonso XIII., the boy king of Spain. As yet he has not felt the full burden of ruling the most turbulent country in Europe, but on May 17 next, when he completes his sixteenth year, he must take over the duties of kingship and more than his share of its dangers. In appearance he is quite a delicate lad; pale, thin and nervous, but with a surprising reserve of endurance. Considering his age he has, it is said, a wonderful knowledge of mathematics, history and military science, and he speaks English, French and German as well as his native tongue. Meantime Madrid has not seen much of him, and the general impression that he does not approve of the bull-ring affects his popularity.

Ride in a Barrel.

A new thing in the way of pleasure railways is promised for the coming summer season. It is nothing less than a ride in a barrel. The device



REVOLVING BARREL FLYER.

is shown in the accompanying cut. Railways of this kind may be erected during the coming spring at Cape May, Atlantic City, Asbury Park and Coney Island.

The barrel flyer is the invention of the late M. C. Campbell, and one of them was built at Rittersville Park, near Allentown, as an experiment, and many thrilling rides were taken over it.

A Remark From an Auditor.

A Scottish member of Parliament was not complimented lately when he was addressing his constituents. He assured his hearers that he was not an idle member of the House, and that during the last two years he had put no less than 182 questions to the Speaker and the members of the government. "What an ignorant audacious beggar ye must be!" cried a voice from the crowd.

States a good beginning. California fruit profits by quicker freight service and by the short apple crop. Hogs sell at high prices. Horses three years ago were shot as "varmints" in Montana; now, because of the Boer war demand, they are worth \$40 to \$50 apiece at the ranch. Long Island farmers are getting double prices for potatoes, which are a paying crop from Maine to Michigan. Land has ad-

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

The Outside View.

We envy other men who seem
To have so much that gives them pride—
Ah, but there's milk beneath the cream,
There's mud below the limpid stream,
The house may have a rotten beam
That looks so well outside.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cordial Cry.

Vocalist—"Now, shall I bore you if I sing 'The Palms?'"
Company (with one voice)—"Yes, yes, do, do."—Indianapolis News.

Too Near Now.

Tess—"Why, she used to think the Richmans were very nice people."
Jess—"Yes, but they've moved in next door to her since then."—Philadelphia Press.

Man's Share.

She—"It is comforting to me to know that woman's hand rules the world."
He—"Yes, but you must not forget that man's hand holds it much of the time."—Ohio State Journal.

Business Methods.

Nell—"I wonder why Mame gave her age as only twenty-two when she married old Moneybags?"
Belle—"Probably she was giving a discount for cash."—Philadelphia Record.

Uncle Sam's Good Enough.

"It is claimed that a certain gang of counterfeiters make better dollars than Uncle Sam does."
"That's a case where I believe in letting well enough alone."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sewing Machine Trains.

"Gracious, how fast you're running!" remarked the dressmaker's lapboard. "You must be in a great hurry."
"I should say so," replied the sewing machine; "I've got to make a train."—Philadelphia Press.

A Guarded Reply.

"So you are on an automobile trip!" said the friend. "Where are you going now?"
"I couldn't say for certain," answered Mrs. Cayenne, "whether it is home or the emergency hospital."—Washington Star.

A Cynical Suggestion.

"How did the United States Senate get the reputation of being such an exceptionally dignified body?" inquired the man who is always eager to learn. "Probably it was by going into executive session at precisely the proper moment," was the cold-blooded man's answer.—Washington Star.

Knows His Business.

Mrs. Ferson—"It beats me how Dr. Smart has such a tremendous practice. They say he doesn't know anything about medicine, or about diseases, either, for that matter."
Mr. Ferson—"No; but he knows about all there is to know about human nature."—Boston Transcript.

Retaliation.



Mrs. Justwed—"I gave that tramp a couple of the biscuits I cooked this morning."

Mr. Justwed—"Then we must turn the dog loose to-night. The fellow will surely come back and try to burn the barn."—Puck.

Justifiable, Perhaps.

Excited Citizen—"I want a man arrested right away! I've been assaulted, and I wasn't doing a thing but walking along the street in a quiet, orderly and inoffensive manner, and whistling."

Justice—"Um—er—what tune were you whistling?"—New York Weekly.

The Formalities.

"What would you say, my little man, if I were to give you a piece of candy?" The small boy straightened his spectacles with his thumb and forefinger and replied:

"I am compelled to remind you, sir, that the post prandial oration cannot, properly, precede the repast."—Washington Star.

He Couldn't Speak.

Bilkins (suffering from a heavy cold)—"I met forty-five different acquaintances this morning, and just forty-four of them told me of some cure for a cold."

Wife—"Didn't the forty-fifth offer any advice?"
Bilkins—"No; he had a cold himself."—New York Weekly.

Chilly.

"Is it an engagement ring?"
"No," answered the oft-times summer girl. "It is a souvenir."
"But you say you don't remember who gave it to you?"

"That is true. But it may be considered an effective souvenir, none the less. I have no doubt the donor often recalls what it cost, and remembers me."—Washington Star.

Shying Off.

She—"How odd! That lecturer says blondes should marry brunettes, and vice versa. You're a decided blonde, you know."

He—"I suppose so. You're a blonde, too, aren't you?"

She—"Oh, no! I'm a pronounced brunette."
He (in terror)—"Now, Miss De Muir, you can never make me believe that your cream complexion and golden hair are—er—not natural."—Chicago Tribune.

EVERYTHING GOING UP.

—From the Philadelphia Record.

hurt by the drought, but the smaller yield is worth more money than ever, and some old corn is still to be marketed. The same is true of wheat. Beet-sugar production, prosperous in Colorado and Nebraska, makes in other

vanced in value; its owners are buying stock, making improvements. Agriculture, the basic industry of all, was never in a more flourishing condition than in this country to-day.—New York World.