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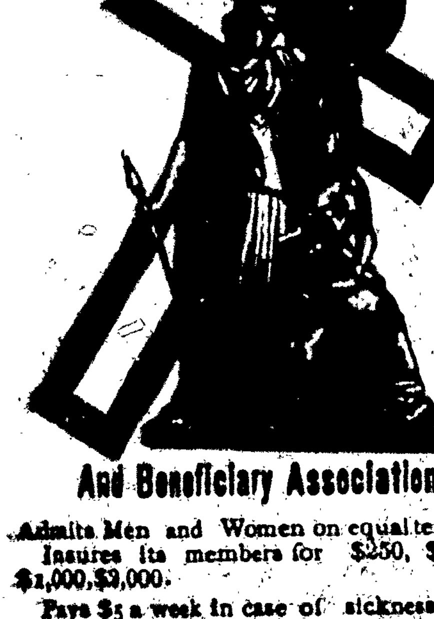

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THE DRUM.

Oh, the drum!
There is some
Intonation in thy grum
Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,
As we hear
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere
Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear

There's a part
Of the art
Of thy music throbbing heart,
That thrills a something in us that awakens with a start,
And in rhyme
With the chime
And exactitude of time,
Goes marching on to glory of thy melody sublime

And the guest
Of the breast
That thy rolling robs of rest
Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed
And he looms
From the glooms
Of a century of tombs
And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty looms.

And his eyes
Wear the guise
Of a purpose pure and wise:
As the love of them is lifted to a something in the skies.
That is bright
Red and white
With a blur of starry light
As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and night

There are deep
Hushes creep
O'er the pulses as they leap,
And the murmur fainter growing, on the silence falls asleep.
While the prayer
Rising there
Wills the sea and earth and air
As a heritage to freedom's sons and daughters everywhere

Then with sound
As profound
As the thunderings resound
Come thy wild reverberations in a throe that shakes the ground,
And a cry
Flung on high
Like the flag it flutters by,
Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the sky

Oh, the drum!
There is some
Intonation in thy grum
Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,
As we hear
Through the clear
And unclouded atmosphere
Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Shaking a Brigadier.

In the spring of 1863 Company B, First Michigan Cavalry, was detailed as body-guard to Brigadier-General Crawford. We thought we were very fortunate, and that we were in for a soft snap. The duties were not very severe, and the commissary department was always accessible. We had to keep ourselves and equipment in good order and carry ourselves so stiff and straight when riding behind the general that it made our backs ache. Some of the infantry boys of that brigade, in writing of those times, even accused us of wearing paper collars.

Among my earliest recollections of personal intimacy with the general was that of one morning when I was pacing back and forth in front of headquarters tent about 4 o'clock as a sentry. It was a beautiful morning. Hardly a sound was to be heard, except from inside the tent, from whence issued the melodious notes of one of the heaviest snorers that I ever came across. As the sky began to light up with the rising sun there was a little stir about the fires, for the cooks were getting to work. The mules, too, woke up, and by their tumultuous braying it was quite evident that they were ready for breakfast also. An officer approached the general's tent and accosted me.

"Is this General Crawford's tent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can I see the general?"

"He is asleep. Don't you hear him snoring?"

"My!" said he, "he's agoing it, ain't he?"

After listening to the music awhile he said: "Well, this won't do for me. I have got to have the general's signature to this requisition before the brigade can draw rations."

So, thinking it a shame for one man to sleep while thousands waited for food, I considered the occasion sufficiently urgent to venture on waking him up. I took the requisition in my hand and entered the tent. There lay the general on his cot, his big nose showing up in bold relief as he lay on his back.

I called him gently, "General! Oh, General!" but he was beyond calling. I put my hand on his shoulder and gave him a gentle shake; but he was proof against gentle shakes. So I gave him a shake that nearly landed him on the floor, and succeeded in bringing him to a sitting posture, with a look of eager expectancy, which was succeeded by a look of disgust when I shoved the requisition at him, saying that there was an officer out there wanted it signed.

Up came his long bony finger, and in a very impressive voice he delivered himself thusly: "Young man, never shake a brigadier-general. If any more officers come to see me, rap on the tent-post till I say, Come in."

It makes me smile yet to think what a beautiful time I would have had waking him up by rapping on the tent-pole, writes E. M. Watson in the National Tribune. But the old fellow got even with me later in the day when my next turn came for sentry duty. The sun had got well up, and pacing up and down in the sun in front of the tent was warm work. My flannel-lined jacket was buttoned up tight, with my saber-belt buckled on outside, and every bit of heat in my body bottled up tight and held in. It occurred to me that by buckling my belt around my hips under the jacket, and leaving the jacket open, that it might make it slightly more endurable. But I hadn't enjoyed the cool breeze under the jacket long when I caught the old general's eye, and saw that he was beckoning me with his long, bony finger. I promptly stepped up with a fine military salute, and was told to go back to my quarters and return properly equipped, which meant to button up my jacket and buckle the belt outside, which I did, and sweat out the balance of my two hours the best way I could counting every minute when I was to be relieved.

Imagine how happy I felt when the corporal of the guard was coming to relieve me to hear the general say to him: "Corporal, let this man carry a rail through the next relief." The corporal was a real good fellow, and selected the lightest one he could find; but I tell you it was heavy enough before I laid it down at the end of my two hours, and I was in a brown study all the time I was carrying it whether it was for leaving my jacket open while on duty or for shaking a brigadier.

Old General Putnam's Cane.

General Israel Putnam did not travel a great deal, but soon after the English and Spanish troops got through thrashing each other in Cuba in 1762 "Old Put" fetched up in the island, and while strolling about the streets of Havana one day, he saw a Spanish planter "lamming" a slave with a stout East Indian bamboo cane. If there was one thing that the bluff Yankee hated very much it was any big, high and mighty bully trouncing a dependent, and Putnam's blood boiled at the Castilian's brutality, writes the Norwich correspondent of the New York Sun. He was all alone in the streets of a hot-blooded city but the man who some years later rode away from the British down the precipitous stone steps at Horseneck, Conn., while bullets whistled about his head and one bored his continental hat, did not stop to count the chances when his gorge was up. He strode up to the hidalgo and took away his cane.

Then a hornet's nest gaped wide open instantly in the streets of Havana. Every one in sight of the street byplay, including the haughty Spaniard himself, got after the presumptuous Yankee, and Putnam, who knew when it was time to run as well as any one, legged it back to his American ship, with a mob of Cubans at his heels. But instantly a cloud of sailor men swarmed over the vessel's side to receive the doughty American. Then it was time for the Spaniards to sheer off, and they did so with prompt and polite discretion.

Putnam kept that cane. Worse still, he kept the haughty Spaniard's darky, for the darky ran with Putnam, fell in love with him, and at the wharf of the American ship threw himself at Put's feet, as "Friday" did before Robinson Crusoe. Having taken a track Israel wasn't the man to go half way. He said to the trembling slave: "Come along, boy; get aboard that ship and all the Spaniards in Cuba can't get you away from it." The slave declared he wanted to be Putnam's servant for life, would go anywhere he wished, or do anything he asked of him. So Putnam and his Friday sailed to New England. Put set a great store by the Spanish cane, and even more by his faithful slave. Putnam dwelt in Massachusetts at the time, and he took the negro home to old Salem town. The black served him affectionately as his body servant until the patriot died at his home at Pomfret, Conn. Putnam kept a diary, and therein recorded many complimentary and grateful things about the poor Cuban slave. When the illustrious general died in 1790, at the age of 73 years, the cane, in accord with his will, became the property of the slave, and the white-headed old darky stumped about the little Connecticut country village, leaning proudly on the staff for many years. If any one asked him about his walking stick he straightened his bent form and with pride and dignity replied: "Massa Putnam's cane, b'long to de gineral. Great man, Massa Put, good man."

Our Sea Hero.

Considering the duration of the war of the rebellion, the extent of area covered by its operations and the number of combats that took place both upon sea and land, that great contest was not as productive as one would have imagined it might have been in popular heroes—that is, men who won a national or world-wide reputation by their vigor and dash and their readiness to take all sorts of personal risks. There was no lack of brave men in the Northern army or navy, but the requirements of duty seem to have kept them, in almost every instance, within prosaic lines; at least it was the rare chance when one of them was rendered conspicuous by some special act of daring. In the army Sheridan and Custer were noteworthy figures, and in the navy there were Morris, Foote and Cushing. But in both branches of the service there were men who won the particular class of fame we are referring to at a time when they held subordinate commands. The one commanding officer, either upon sea or land, who gained a reputation for personal daring was Admiral Farragut. We are inclined to think that he approached nearer to the old idea of the fighting sea hero, so dear to the heart of the Anglo-Saxons, whether English or American, than any of those who during the war were connected with our navy—and this at a time when he held a position which might in certain ways have justified him in holding himself in reserve. It is therefore fitting that a man who made himself dear to the hearts of our people, in the way that Lawrence, Decatur, Perry, Porter, Paul Jones and others did in the earlier days of the republic, should have a statue erected in his memory near the harbor of one of the great seaports of this country. It detracts from the merits of none of the other brave men who did their duty faithfully during the war to render to this chief of the naval service that peculiar measure of homage that his services deserved.

Three Generations of Veterans.

The oldest son of a veteran in the United States is said to be John E. Mills of Bradford, Mass., who is 79 years old. His father, who was principal musician in the First United States infantry, though nearly 80 years when the war broke out, was assigned to active duty and was commissioned second lieutenant by President Lincoln. John E. Mills, the son, enlisted at the outbreak of the rebellion, and had three sons who enlisted with him, so that three generations of the family saw service at the same time in the last war.

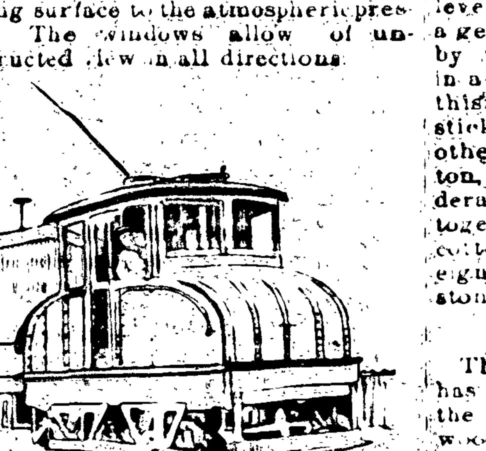
AN ELECTRIC ENGINE.

SPEED ANNIHILATOR FOR PUBLIC TRAVEL.

The First Electric Engine to Be Seen at the World's Fair. General News of the Scientific and Industrial World.

An Electric Locomotive.

An electric locomotive for use on steam roads has finally become an accomplished fact. It was constructed in the Lynn shops of the general electric company and will go out to Chicago in tow of a regular train. It is built to the standard steam railroad gauge and its dimensions are somewhat similar to the steam motors now in use on our elevated roads. It is 16½ feet long, 11½ feet high and 8 feet 4½ inches wide. The motors are supported on springs resting upon the frame of the machine, and the armatures are mounted upon hollow shafts through which the axles of the wheels pass, and to which they are connected by special couplings. The cab is of sheet iron and is built upon the frame of the locomotive directly over the moving parts. It is symmetrical in appearance, and it is so curved as to offer receding surface to the atmospheric pressure. The windows allow of unobstructed view in all directions.



THE ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

The interior of the cab is finished in hard wood and is lighted by a cluster of incandescent lamps. Inside this cab are the electric air compressors for operating the air brakes and the whistle and the controlling switch. Above the frame of the cab at each end are placed the electric headlights.

The electricity will be taken up by the motors according to prevailing conditions. The trolley may be under certain circumstances the method adopted, while under others the current will be taken from conductors running parallel with the service rails by means of a running wheel or a sliding shoe contact, as in the case of the Intramural railway at the fair or the overhead railway at Liverpool.

The locomotive is expected to attain a normal speed of thirty miles an hour. It is primarily intended for elevated work and light freight traffic and passenger service.

The adoption of the electric locomotive will, of course, be gradual, but for places comparatively near each other, and where traffic is dense, it is peculiarly adapted. It will probably first be used in elevated railroad service, and in cities like New York, Brooklyn and Chicago should be hailed with delight, doing away, as it will, with the present evils of noise, coal smoke, dust, cinders and flying sparks that attend the motors now in use.

This invention is the first practical step toward the adoption of electricity altogether as a means of securing absolute rapid transit. The electric locomotive is susceptible of a higher speed than that already obtained by our most magnificent steam locomotives, for while there is always a limit to steam production and utilization dependent upon the structural and operating conditions of the locomotive, the limit of speed of a revolving armature is as yet unknown.—New York World.

A Double Action Electric Motor.

Of peculiar interest among inventions of its class is that lately brought forward by Sir David Solomons, namely, a method of changing a continuous current of 100 volts and ten amperes into an alternating current having an electromotive force of 100 volts and one ampere and an alternation rapidity of 1,000,000 per minute, all this being ingeniously accomplished by means of a motor-driven alternator. The diameter of this machine does not exceed one foot for the rotating portion, and as more than ten poles to the inch could not well be obtained the requisite alternation frequency is arrived at without an excessive speed by a simple and very effective plan, viz., by rotating the field and armature of the motor in opposite directions, the brushes of the commutator proper being carried by the field. The reactionary effect on the field is necessarily as great as the tendency of the alternator to turn, their speed being equal—thus 3,000 revolutions being equally divided between the two bearings. The primary current is taken to and the alternating current is brought away from the rotating portion by carefully insulated wires passing through the spindles, which are hollow, being connected to their respective terminals by the device of rings and spindles. As the whole of the weight is overhung, it is absolutely necessary that the bearings be true; and, as the diameter of the polar faces is very small, requiring very small air space, white metal thrust bearings are used.

Liquid Fuel.

Speaking of liquid fuel for making steam and the objections to the use of crude petroleum, Mr. Hetton, an intelligent authority in engineering practice, remarks that the other form of oil used—the product of the refining process after the elimination of the naptha and the kerosene or burning oils from the crude material—is a safer form of oil for fuel, and, having no volatile material remaining gives off little or no odor, and has great advantage, though there has been sacrificed not a little of its calorific power and its length of flame. It will contain upward of 85 per cent of fixed carbon and upward of 13 per cent of hydrogen in the ordinary run, the balance being oxygen and impurities, so that it will compare in composition about equal to coal of the bituminous class so much used for steam purposes, and having by no means much of a theoretical calorific advantage over the solid fuels; the crude petroleum contains 21,000 heat units against 14,000 for coal. Among the disadvantages common to both forms of oil fuel, however—where the vapor system is followed—is the noise made by the burner, and, in the gaseous system, the sacrifice of part of the fuel efficiency for the distillation of the gas and in both the air-vapor and gaseous systems, the necessity for auxiliary and additional apparatus.

Utilizing Waste Cotton.

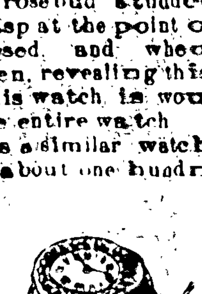
The new and unique device for utilizing waste in cotton mills is likely to prove of peculiar convenience and economy and may be generally adopted. The machine consists of a large square wooden tank about three feet deep, a perforated wooden shelf extending across the entire width and breadth of the inside of the tank, and upon the shelf is placed a mass of stones, on top of the latter being also laid a quantity of waste cotton, this waste being taken from the sweepings from the floor, from beneath the pickers and other places. Above the tank is a water pipe, which is perforated, and from which a supply of water continually falls on to the waste cotton that is in the tank. A large number of pipes are arranged side by side, so that the water will fall upon every part of the tank. A pulley gives motion to a lever in the tank, this lever imparting a gentle sliding motion to the shelf, by this means the stones being kept in a slight movement. The effect of this arrangement is to remove the sticks, the burrs, dirt, grease and other foreign substance from the cotton, which, of course, is a great desideratum. The action of the water together with the stones forces the cotton fiber to the top, while the foreign matter settles between the stones.

Composition of Paints.

The Engineers' Club, Philadelphia, has lately had under consideration the composition of paints for wood and metal work, with particular reference to iron buildings. An essential starting point in the latter case is, under all circumstances, that the iron itself be absolutely free from rust, as the latter will spread from a point under the coating if there is the slightest chance for it to do so, flaking off the paint and thus gradually exposing the bare surface of the iron to the destructive action of oxygen in the presence of water. Experience shows that the iron should be prepared by removing the scale with a stiff wire brush, and destroying the rust by a means of a pickle of dilute acid, which, of course, must be afterward washed off before applying the paint. For use on iron exposed to changes of temperature, to gases or moisture, the well-known anti-rust paint, as it is termed, is found protective in the highest degree, in all the various severe conditions of temperature, oxidizing gases, etc. But tests as to the wearing qualities, under different conditions, of any kind of paint to be put to this service are always desirable.

A Miniature Watch.

In the section of horology at the Fair the genius and ability of the French for original work and delicacy of execution is finely shown. Several watches are exhibited which have a face half an inch in diameter. One of these watches, which is claimed to be the smallest one in the world, is set in a rosebud studded with stones. A clasp at the point of the bud keeps it closed, and when pressed, springs open, revealing this miniature watch. This watch is wound up by turning the entire watch. A gold enamel ring has a similar watch set in it in a nest of about one hundred small diamonds.



FRENCH INGENUITY.

We here give an engraving showing the exact size of this remarkable specimen of fine mechanism. Several novelties in watches for ordinary use are also exhibited. One watch is so constructed that every time the case is opened to see what time it is, then closed again, the spring is wound up. This watch is a repeater, striking the hour and the minutes. Another watch has two faces, one on each side. One face gives the second, the minute and the hour of the day, notes with a pointer how nearly the watch is wound up, and has two small faces, so that the time of different cities in the world can be shown. Turning the watch over and opening the rear case, there is found a perpetual calendar, which gives the day of the week, the day of the month, the month of the year, the phases of the moon, and it also contains a thermometer. The watches in this one case are estimated to be valued at about $400,000.

Steel Welding.

Experiments made at Glasgow, Scotland, with lap-welded steam pipes show only a slight difference in the matter of strength between the solid plate and the weld. A flange about two and one-half inches thick was screwed on to each end of the pipe to be tested, a recess being cut in this flange, into which the pipe was fitted to form a thoroughly water-tight joint. To these flanges again there were fixed blind flanges with close-pitched bolts, into one of these blind flanges the pipe from the test pump was screwed, and in the other blind flange a small hole was bored close to the top of the pipe so that air could be discharged from the water in the pipe before the bursting pressure was applied the hole being afterward closed up. One pipe of eleven and one-fourth inches bore and thirteen thirty-seconds of an inch thick burst under a pressure of 3,100 pounds; and a pipe of eight inches bore and five-sixteenths of an inch thick burst at 2,800 pounds pressure. Test pieces cut from ordinary stock pipes were broken both when hot and cold—the results showing that there was no difference in strength between the hot and cold pipes.

A Hasty Toilet.

Little Dick—What are you tryin' to do, anyhow?

Little Dot—Mamma has sent for the doctor to come and see me, and I is scrubbin' my tongue so it'll be fit to look at.

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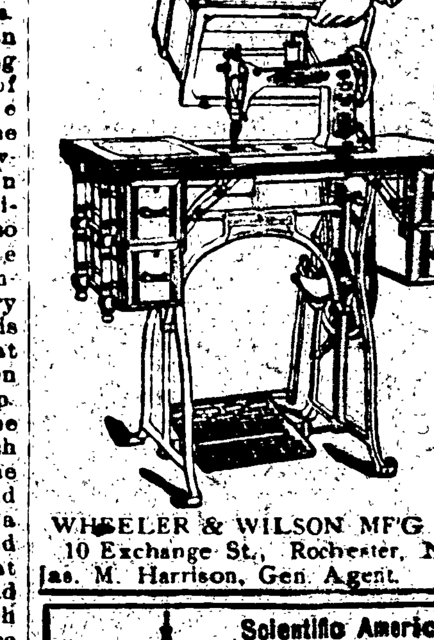

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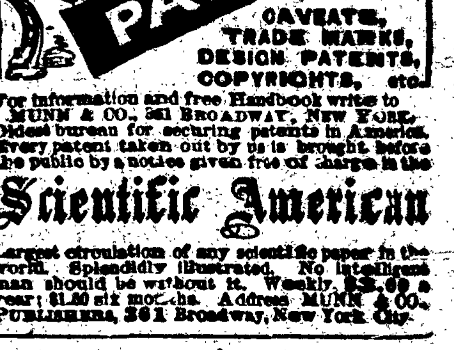

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