

CONTENT.

BY FRED WARNER SHIRLEY.

The German Emperor and I
Within the self-same year were born,
Beneath the self-same sky.
Upon the self-same morn;
A Kaiser he, of high estate,
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a Prince, and mine—
Why, just a farmer—that is all.
Stars still are stars, a though some shine
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;
But argue, caval, you can,
My sins was just as good a man.

The German Emperor and I
Eat, drink and sleep the self-same way;
For bread is bread, and pie is pie,
And Kings can eat but thrice a day,
And sleep will only come to those
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

I rise at six and go to work,
And he at five, and does the same.
We both have cares we cannot shirk;
Mine are for loved ones; his for fame.
He may live best; I cannot tell;
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

I have a wife, and so has he;
And yet, if pictures do not err,
As far as human sight can see
Mine is by long odds twice as fair,
Say, would I trade these eyes, dark brown?
Not for an Empress and her crown.

And so the Emperor and I
On this one point could ne'er agree;
Moreover, he will never try,
His frans suits him and mine suits me,
And though his sons some day may rule,
Mine stand at public school.

So let the Kaiser have his sway,
Bid kings and nations tumble down,
I have my freedom and my say,
And fear no ruler and his crown;
For I, unknown to fame or war,
Live where each man is Emperor.

LOVE AND WAR.

BY WILLIAM WESTFALL.

A summer night at Geneva, and a
nautical fete on Geneva's historical lake.

The narrow stretch of water between
the two sides of the city, thronged with
boats, great and small, all aglow with
Chinese lanterns; rockets shooting sky-
wards in rapid succession, their course
marked by trails of fiery rain; at inter-
vals the boom of cannon and the shouts
of excited spectators.

"Good! Very well done, and how
beautiful!" exclaimed Baron von Hohen-
stein, who, together with Dr. Burt and
myself, were watching the spectacle
from one of the balconies of the Hotel
de la Paix.

"Yes, it is very fine. The fireworks
are splendid. How beautifully the lights
are reflected in the water. And then
the 'cannon thunder.' You have seen
war, Herr Baron; does it not rather re-
mind you of a battle?"

"A very small one. A single battery
of light artillery would make more noise,
Yes, I have seen war—seen it on a large
scale—and though we Germans are sup-
posed to be fond of fighting, I want to
see no more of it. A battle-field strewn
with thousands of corpses is a fearful
sight, and when among the slain there
are dear comrades and, it may be, kin-
men, and one thinks of the sorrowing
hearts at home, it is hard to rejoice even
over the greatest victory. Yet I must
not speak ill of war, for to war I owe the
happiness of my life."

"The happiness of your life? How
was that, Herr Baron?"

"Ach, Gott, Meinher! Thereby hangs
a tale."

"So much the better. I like tales,
above all when they relate to love and
war and if I am not indiscreet—"

"You go too fast. How know you
that my tale relates to love and war?"

"You spoke of owing to war the hap-
piness of your life?"

"So you think, then, that one can-
not have a life of happiness without love?
You are right. But I am not good at
tale-telling. I daresay, though, that my
dear brother-in-law here, Dr. Burt, who
is a born narrator, and knows the story
almost better than I know it myself, will
oblige you. Tell him all about it, Vic-
tor. The fete is nearly over, and, while
you discourse on war, our friend here and
myself will smoke the calumet of peace."

"A very convenient arrangement,"
said the Doctor, smiling. "I don't smoke,
so you are willing that I should have all
the talk to myself. Convenient, yet
scarcely fair; and Hermann does himself
scant justice. He can talk almost as
well as he can fight."

"Ach! That's paying my power to
fight a very poor compliment, Victor."

"On the contrary, it is paying your
power of talk a high one. However, I
will tell my part of the story—that in
which I played the principal part, on
condition that you do the rest."

"Good! It's a bargain," returned von
Hohenstein. "By the time you have fin-
ished your tale I shall have finished my
pipe. Then I will begin; for smoke,
though a good listener, is a bad talker."

On whereupon Dr. Burt, turning to me,
began as follows:

"In the year 1870 I was a young
sugar living here in my native city, very
eager to work, yet with very little work
to do. So when the war broke out I
offered my services, first to the Germans,
then to the French, and failing to find
employment from either, I enrolled myself
as a volunteer in the International
Ambulance Corps, which took the field
under the protection of the Red Cross of
the Geneva Convention. In that capacity
I made the campaign of Sedan with
the army of Marshal MacMahon."

"On August 23, 1870, we found our-
selves at Vouziers, a small town of three
thousand inhabitants, between Mezieres and
Verdun, in that same forest of Ar-
gonne which, in the previous century,
was made classic by the exploits of Du-
mourelle. We had marched from Rheims
and Chalons with MacMahon's army, and
were attached to the Seventh Corps
d'Arme, then commanded by General
Doux."

"Our first care was to establish a field
hospital, which was soon filled with
wounded soldiers, for though no gen-
eral engagement had recently taken
place there were continual affairs of out-
posts."

"Meanwhile the army was in a state of
dire confusion, marching and counter
marching without apparent object, for
the Marshal hesitated; he could not
make up his mind whether to follow the
dictates or prudence and fall back on
Paris, threatened by the third German
Army, under the command of the Crown
Prince of Prussia and Saxony, on yield-
ing to the entreaties of the Government
to the rescue of Bazaine, who was
at bay under the walls of Metz."

"While MacMahon was halting be-
tween two opinions, the Germans were
pushing forward with characteristic en-
ergy. On the 26th their cavalry patrols

exchanged pistol shots with the scouts
of the Seventh Corps, which formed the
right wing of the Marshal's army and would
be the first to receive the enemy's onset."

"A battle seemed imminent. General
Doux made his dispositions, fortified
the heights, issued his orders, and con-
centrated his command. But on the
morning of the 27th came an order from
the headquarter staff to fall back in the
direction of Mezieres and Paris. The
movement had, however, hardly begun
when still other orders were issued. The
Seventh Corps was to march on Buzancy.
This meant that the influence of Paris
had prevailed, and MacMahon was about
to hazard everything in a desperate at-
tempt to 'join hands with Bazaine,' an
attempt which resulted in the fall of the
emperor and the ruin of France."

"In the afternoon the Seventh
Corps passed through Vouziers for the
third or fourth time. The men went
anyhow, singing songs, falling out when
it pleased them, cursing and shouting,
marching to death with despair in their
hearts and a laugh on their lips."

"I did not know it then, for I lay
many days unconscious, but I knew af-
terward that he treated me with consum-
mate skill, and watched over me day and
night. So you see it cost him much
more trouble to save my life than it cost
me to save his. And then, when I was
getting better, another came and helped
me to get well. A nurse she was, oh! such
a sweet nurse—the sweetest you
ever did see. She had soft, dark eyes, a
low sweet voice, and a face so lovely
that words are too weak to describe it.
At first, she was still weak, I really thought
she was a visitor from heaven; and one
day I told Victor that an angel had been
smoothing my pillow and giving me to
drink."

"Victor laughed heartily.
"It is my sister Lucie," he said.

"A false report reached Geneva that I
had been hurt, and she came to nurse
me, but as I did not need a nurse, I set
her to nurse you."

"I felt glad she was not an angel from
heaven, for I had already fallen in love
with her, and one fine May morning,
when I could move about a little, as we
were walking under the chestnut trees,
I told her what was in my mind. I began
by saying that I did not know which
to be the more thankful for—the wound
on my head or the bullet through my body.

"Thankful for hurts that nearly killed
you, Baron!" she exclaimed. "You are
surely joking or—"

"I am neither joking nor delirious,
Mademoiselle Bart. I was never more
serious in my life. If I had not been
wounded, you would not have been my
nurse, and I should have missed the hap-
pier time I have ever known. Your
good brother has saved my life. Will
you share it with me, Lucie? For I love
you so dearly that I would rather lose it
than live unloved by the angel of my
dreams."

"I cannot tell you how Lucie an-
sweered, or whether she answered at all in
words; but I read her answer in her eyes,
and we were both very happy."

"And then I told Victor, and he was
very glad, and he proposed—the war be-
ing over and myself convalescent—that I
should travel home by way of Geneva
and make the acquaintance of his people.

"This offer I gladly accepted, and
wrote to tell my people, who lived at
Nuremberg, of all that had come to pass;

"My mother and my sister, Natalie,
met us at Geneva, and we stayed there
several weeks.

"Natalie was a beautiful blonde, with
blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and it was al-
most a matter of course that Victor and
she should fall in love with each other;

"And the day on which Lucie and I
learned that her brother and my sister
were betrothed was the second happiest
of our lives. We were all married at the
same time; and every other year Victor
and Natalie visit us at Nuremberg, and
every other year we visit them at Geneva.

"That is the end of the story, and
when I have smoked one more pipe we
will join the ladies in the saloon, and I
shall have the pleasure of introducing you
to Madame Victor Bart and the
Baroness von Hohenstein. Afterward
we will go to the Jardin Anglais and
listen to the music. I will also introduce
you to my sister, Helenchen, so there
will be a lady for each of us."

time. In the last days of the siege I got
seriously wounded in a cavalry attack
near St. Cloud—my head was laid open
by a sabre stroke at the very moment a
bullet went through my body.

"The doctors said that I must die,
that nothing could save me. One alone
refused to regard my case as hopeless,
and to him I am indebted for my life.
His name is Victor Bart."

"I did not know it then, for I lay
many days unconscious, but I knew af-
terward that he treated me with consum-
mate skill, and watched over me day and
night. So you see it cost him much
more trouble to save my life than it cost
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Famous Pearls.

The most curious among famous pearls
is that which, three centuries ago, the
French traveller, Tavernier, sold to the
Shah of Persia for \$675,000. It is still
in the possession of the sovereign of Persia.

Another Eastern potentate owns a
pearl of 12½ carats, which is quite
transparent. It is to be had for the sum
of \$200,000. Princess Youssouffoff has
an Oriental pearl which is unique for the
beauty of its color. In 1820 this pearl
was sold by Georgius, of Calais, to
Philip IV. of Spain at the price of \$80,
000 ducats. To-day it is valued at \$25,
000. Pope Leo XIII. owns a pearl left
to him by his predecessor on the throne of
St. Peter, which is worth \$100,000, and
the chain of thirty-two pearls, owned
by the Empress Frederick, is estimated
at \$175,000.

One million dollars is the price of
five chains of pearls forming the collar
of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild,
and that of the Baroness Adolphe Roth-
schild is almost as valuable. Both these
ladies are enthusiastic collectors of pearls,
and their jewelers have instructions to
buy for them any pearl of unusual size
and beauty which they may happen to
come across. The sister of Mme. Thiers,
Mme. Doshe, is also the owner of a very
valuable string of pearls, which she
collected during the last thirty years. Of
so-called black pearls the Empress of
Australia possesses the most valuable

collection.

They Were First.

The man who is first in a line is always
more prominent than any of the others
simply because he is first, and the
achievements of the first man in any
kind of literary or artistic work are
always valued far above their real worth.

A hundred better speeches than any ever
made by Demosthenes have been delivered
in the halls of our own Congress,
a hundred better orations than any
credited to Cicero have come from the
lips of leading American speakers. Hun-
dreds of paintings have been exhibited
in the last half century which surpass
anything that Raphael could do; a dozen
long poems equal to or surpass those of
Horace, But Demosthenes and Cicero,
Raphael and Homer, were first in point
of time, and so absorb nine-tenths of the
glory in their line. It may be that with-
out the leaders the followers would not
have been able to do as well, but even
this fact does not furnish a sufficient
reason for attributing to the former all
the honor for depreciating the efforts
of those who really are their equals if not
their superiors.—[St. Louis Globe-

Democrat.]

Eat Food Slowly.

Eat all food slowly. Digestion will
not begin till the temperature of the food
has been raised by the heat of the stomach
to 98 degrees. Hence, the more heat
that can be imparted to it by slow mastication the better. The pre-
cipitation of a large quantity of cold
food into the stomach by fast eating and
indigestion, and often does, cause discomfort and
indigestion, and every occasion of this kind
results in a measurable injury to the
digestive functions. Ice water drunk
with cold food of course increases the
mischievous. Hot drinks—hot water, weak
coffee, chocolate, &c.—will, on the
contrary, help to prevent it. But eat
slowly, anyway.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

How Easly She Does It—A Fair Description—The Christmas Pledge—All He Wanted, Etc.

HOW EASILY SHE DOES IT.

A man will run till he seems to feel
The perspiration pour like rain,
But a woman has only to kick up her heels

To catch a train.—[New York Press.]

A FAIR DESCRIPTION.

"Papa," asked the small boy, "what
is dignity?"

"Dignity, my son," replied the father,
"consists principally of a tall hat and a
frock coat."—[Buffalo Express.]

THE CHRISTMAS PLEDGE.

There was a young man named Block
Who wanted something to hock;

Not a thing could he take;

So he went and hung up his sock.