

AN ANTIDOTE TO CARE.

Think that the grass upon thy grave is green;
Think that thou seest thine own empty chair;
The empty garments thou wast wont to wear;
The empty room where long thy haunts hath been.
Think that the lane, the meadow, and the wood,
And mountain summit foot thy foot no more,
Nor the loud thoroughfare, nor sounding shore;
All mere blank space where thou thyself hast stood.
Amid this thought-created silence say:
To thy stricken soul, what a new I now, and where?
Then turn and face the pott, narrow-creased,
Which has been gnawing thee for many a day.
And it will be as daisies a waiting breeze
Lost in the solemn roar of bounding seas.
—James S. Smith.

THE MUSICIAN'S STORY.

Yes, I don't know but what the color is right; we see some very curious things in this profession of ours. I am often tempted to think that it would make a very interesting story if a reporter would come some time and write out an account of a single day's experiences and tell all he sees without adding even a tinge of romance. First of all the very variety of the life has a certain charm to the uninitiated, who have an idea that it must be delightful to be behind the scenes in everything, as they like to put it. As though it was always pleasant to see things stripped of all romance. Now, it is right there that I take issue. It is not well to have everything laid bare. I would rather have some of the gilt left on my fingerbread. I want a little romance in mine. For would I go to all through life and have some of the illusions of youth left when I get through; and here I am not yet thirty, not by several years, and the few ideals that I managed to bring with me through childhood have been escaping ever since so fast that I have hardly been able to see them go. That's why I am tempted to quit journalism—thanks, I mean the newspaper business of course. Now I have a story to tell the illustrious point I am making. Talking is not much in my line, however, and I have often thought I ought to write what I have to say. Still, if somebody will stand a mug of ale, I'll tell it anyway. Thanks, Judge, here to you, and here goes.

Well, to begin with, I suppose you boys all remember that fellow Harrington who died a couple of weeks ago and had such a big funeral. The papers gave a good deal of space to it at the time, for his family amount to a good deal, even if he didn't, peace to his ashes. He was a pretty lively youth, and they do say that the way he made the paternal ducats fly was a caution to fathers, and I've no doubt he has furnished the text for many a sermon to wayward youth since he left us. He was a fast pace and every one knew he couldn't keep it up long, but he had a good time while it lasted. The way I came to get onto his story was a very natural one.

The day after he died our editor called me into his room and told me he wanted me to do the funeral and to give it a good write up, you know.

"He never did anything particular," remarked the man of the sheet and the pot, "but his father was a friend of the governor's so I guess we can stand about half a column if you can get it in early enough. The ceremony is at 3 o'clock. You can write your stuff up in the organ loft, and if you have one of the boys come up there after your copy you ought to be able to get a good story down in time for the second edition. There's nothing on the book for you this evening, so you needn't come back to the office."

It was a great show, and I flatter myself that we had a fairly good account of it that afternoon. Pretty much all of the West End was there, and the names of the half a column with the names of prominent people in the congregation if I had wanted to.

I was through my work and had my work on its way to the office long before the ceremony was over, but I stayed on because I wanted to see just how far the minister would go in his remarks about the departed brother. De mortuis et the rest of it is all well enough, but I think they carry it too far sometimes. Then, you know, our minister had an organist who can fairly make that big organ of his talk, and cry, too, when he feels that way; and I like nothing better than to sit up there in the loft when he is playing away so that he fairly forgets that there is anyone else in the church. After the congregation is all gone he sits there by the hour and plays to himself as though it was his only pleasure and solace in life.

He's a queer old chap. I don't suppose he ever had much fun out of life, but somehow I like him, and every time I am sent up there to report the Bishop's sermons, I make it a point to stay awhile afterward with my old friend. I could stay there for hours and hear him talk to me with his mouth open, and he never ever anything lively or hopeful about it, but it touches me in some sensitive place, and makes me feel sure that there is some story in his life. If only one could get at it. It would make a good special, I know, and I am going to try to get it, sometime. He has no family, and I am certain, but somehow he seems to take the greatest interest in young people, and I've noticed that he always played his best at weddings. He does not often talk much, but that day, after every one had gone I got him started by a king him he had known many years ago, and he told me some interesting things about the young man who was dead. At first he did not seem inclined to talk, but, finally, he had been making music that was indefinitely sad, as if it were full of tender memories, he turned part way about on his stool and told me a story that I shall never forget. I do not know whether it was true, but at any rate it was worth the hearing, for it taught me a lesson that was worth the hearing. It showed me that there are two ways at least of looking at the same thing; and who can say which is the better way?

There was something very impressive in the scene to me. By the time he had finished the church was almost dark, and all the light there was came through the stained glass windows and gave a melancholy tinge to it all. One ray from the setting sun as it broke through the clouds fell upon the old man's head and gilded his snow-white hair until he looked almost young again. The lines of his face seemed to fade away as he talked along in his low, sweet voice. For a time I almost forgot the reality of the world outside and was lost in the enthusiasm and fervor of the old musician's story. I can give you a pretty good idea of what the old man said, for it made a deep impression on me at the

time; I thought then that I would write it up some time. But I haven't. It would seem almost a sacrilege to treat his ideal any less earnestly than he did. I couldn't write that sort of a story, anyway, but I'll try to tell it to you just as he told it to me.

Yes, I can tell you his story, now that he is dead—poor boy—so full of life and hope and promise that it seems almost as though it could not be.

I must have grown to love him more than I knew, for now that he is dead, I feel indeed that I have lost a friend. Yet I never knew him, never spoke to him. He was a young man, while my youth has gone so far into the past that it seems as though I never had been young. He was a man of the world, with many friends, and what am I but a poor, old tired-out musician, living by adding what little I can to the pleasure of others? I have looked upon his face for the last time. He is dead, and they have carried him forth from this great church, where his friends were gathered together to show as best they could the love and respect they bore him. We heard the minister say those words of consolation and hope, old, yet ever new, "I am the resurrection and the life." What more could he have said?

Now all are gone and you and I are left alone here, I with my thoughts and the memories of other years that come flooding over me. The light from those rich-colored windows is already beginning to fade away and these evening shadows give an added gloom to this dreary place. Not one of all that crowd that was so lately here ever gave a thought to the old musician, and yet it seems to me that I knew him better than any of them. I knew his hopes and fears, and I knew what the sorrow was that spoiled his life and made him glad to die. There was one other, but she learned it was too late.

I saw her, too, to-day. She was pale and sad-eyed and when the voice of the singer rang out rich and clear, bearing aloft the words of that sweet hymn of hope, "And is this all?" I felt somehow that she was weeping and that she knew it was not all.

I remember so well the first time that I saw her. She was but a girl then, just growing into womanhood, and I was one of the musicians who played at the ball given in honor of her first appearance in society. Yes, she was what they call a society girl, but she looked to me like one who was here to learn and not to follow. I well born, rich and beautiful, full life must have looked very fair to her. I remember she was spoken of as the most successful debutante of the season. She was beautiful, of that there was no doubt, with dark hair and eyes that would start a man to improvising wild and noble music, with passionate and tender strains, but with here and there a few notes, for she had some thing about her eyes that seemed out of place—a proud, ambitious look that did not become a young girl and that made her look older than she really was. She was that sort of woman that might inspire a man to noble deeds if he would, or else to wreck all beside rather than to lose her; whom a man might love, and, losing, die for. I knew that even though I was but a lonely old musician.

I often wonder whether the people at the receptions and balls in the great world ever give a thought to the musicians sitting off by themselves and playing for their pleasure. Do they ever realize for a moment that we see all that goes on about us and are the unseen audience of many a farce and comedy and tragedy. My ball room is the scene of events that may make or mar a life, and the musicians, left out of account and screened, perhaps, behind flowers and most interested spectators. A queer life is this of ours, going from house to house, from reception to ballroom, playing our parts in scenes in which we really have no part. Yet we are always there. During the gay season we may be as the faces again and again, day after day, night after night, until we get to know them well. New faces come, familiar faces disappear from our view, yet many of the one we follow with interest. We see people meeting for the first time. They talk idly for a while, dance together and, perhaps, never see one another again.

Or the following winter we see them together everywhere as we go and, seeing one, we know right well we will see the other not far away. One can tell a great deal if one only sees a person's eye light up as if it sees a wished-for face appear. That may be all, or the friendship may ripen into more. So the world wags, and so it will continue to wag on long after my fingers are laid to rest in their cunning and grown stiff and cold.

How often have I played right merrily at a young girl's first dance, and later on played her wedding march, or, perchance—and this is the saddest task of all—have played above her body music that she did not hear and that would have sounded weak and poor compared to the sweet strains she was perhaps already hearing. Ah, me, what a deal an old man has seen; and yet that boy who is now in his last resting place knows more of the great riddle of life and death than one can learn in a long life on earth. "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," said the minister.

But I am wandering from his story. It was in his second season that they met. From the first she had been what they call a success. I could tell that even from my point of view. She was courted, sought after and admired. At every ball it seemed to me she held a little court. Men flocked to her side, and I heard it whispered that one or two had reason to wish that they had never met her. I did not like her well as I did when I first knew her. I am old, and I may have been a little cynical, but it seemed to me as though her face had lost some of its girlish frankness. She had been too popular and the result was she was spoiled.

He was very young, and a certain homesick boyish look in his face made him look younger than he was. As you probably know yourself, he was better built for books and works than for the ways of society, but his pleasant manner and his sincerity I suppose must have made him hosts of friends.

And so they met. I remember it was during an interval between the dances. They were standing close to one corner when a mutual friend went through that curious formality that is necessary in a civilized society before any two of God's creatures may even recognize the fact of each other's existence. They stayed together for an hour and it was evident they liked each other very well. That was the first of many meetings. He was evidently fascinated and he never lost an opportunity of being with her. I do not think she was ever in earnest; perhaps she did not realize how far along they were drifting with the tide. At any rate it was not long until it had been clear to the duller onlooker that he had lost his heart to her; and he was the first of many meetings. He was evidently fascinated and he never lost an opportunity of being with her. I do not think she was ever in earnest; perhaps she did not realize how far along they were drifting with the tide. At any rate it was not long until it had been clear to the duller onlooker that he had lost his heart to her; and he was the first of many meetings. He was evidently fascinated and he never lost an opportunity of being with her. I do not think she was ever in earnest; perhaps she did not realize how far along they were drifting with the tide. At any rate it was not long until it had been clear to the duller onlooker that he had lost his heart to her; and he was the first of many meetings.

ing for a man who has given his all in love and has received nothing in return. No man dies of love nowadays, they say, and perhaps they did not die when I was young; they just lived on and tried to forget it.

One night late in the same winter I saw them together at a great ball that was quite the event of the year. She was the guest of the gay, and no one else was half so fair as she, with a great rose almost buried in the wealth of her dark hair, and another on the breast of her white gown. I watched them with a closer attention than usual that night, but later on I missed them from the throng of dancers. They were gone some time and then I saw them coming in from the great conservatory beyond. She had her arm, but they were not speaking, and there was a hard, strained look about his eyes that was infinitely sadder to me than tears. He slipped away later without being observed, and I saw him no more for many a day.

So time passed on, and they had well nigh gone from my thoughts, until one night, a couple of years later, this old church was brilliantly lighted and filled with all the wealth and fashion of the town. It was with a dull heart, however, that I sat up here and played the wedding march. Yes, you are right. It was her wedding night, and people called it a wonderfully fine match. She had come home to marry a foreigner of rank and title she had met and won in some European capital. It was a brilliant affair, and many a young girl no doubt that night envied her success.

As I played the old familiar strains of the march, old, yet ever new for two young hearts if they but beat in unison, I turned part way round and watched them coming down the aisle. They made a handsome pair, he in his gorgeous uniform with the jeweled decorations of his many orders pinned upon his breast, and she—well, she was radiant, and she had that night a proud and satisfied smile that added to her grace and beauty, if not to her womanly sweetness. Once I thought she gave a hasty glance up into the organ loft, and as she did so I saw her face grow strangely white and a look of pain came into her eyes. It was for a moment, however, and then it passed away as suddenly as it had come.

I turned once more to my keyboard, and as I glanced around I caught a hasty glimpse of a young man's figure and a sad, white face almost hidden away among the palms that filled the organ loft. I knew then, and understood it all.

Two years later she came back alone. I saw her one bright spring morning riding in the park. She was not in mourning, but she looked tired and worried and anything but a happy woman. I imagine she had not found life much to her liking. Perhaps she had but herself to blame for it, but was she any less to be pitied for that? She had done as many another young girl has done, and as they will continue to do through all time. She had but lived up to the teachings of her little world, and had made about as much out of her life as she had been taught to do. A butterfly would do but poorly in harness, you know.

I saw him, too, not long ago—not her husband, but the other one. I heard that he had been off to the mountains in the far west, working hard in that open, free life that is so close to the heart of Mother Nature, and striving, I suppose, to forget. But there are some gits that will not be laid. To me the fact that he had nursed a poor sheep herder through a long illness, and then had fallen ill himself and had been vainly knocking at death's door for weeks, did not altogether account for his pitiable condition. It may have done so with the rest, but it is my opinion that he did not care very much to live. And so I was not much surprised last night when the old sexton came to me and told me that my services would be needed at the church to-day.

She, too, was here, and I saw her, off in a dark corner of the church, and she could have noticed that solitary figure, clad all in black and at times shaken by her silent emotion. Upon the black covering of the box above the young man's breast, I noticed two great blood-red roses.

You say that I played with unusual feeling to-day? Ah, but I was trying in my own poor way to bring comfort to one saddened heart and to try to tell to the two that I knew and had pity. When she came down the aisle just now, after two red roses on her breast. I think, perhaps, he knows now and is happy.

And that, boys, is the old musician's story, just as he told it to me. You can hear it for what it is worth. At any rate it throws a new light on that young fellow's life, and who can say but what he was right? At least he saw the better side, worse luck to me.—[Washington Star.]

The Wealth of the World.

Few people, even among professed politicians, have much idea of the wealth of the world, or of the manner in which that wealth is growing. It will never have any notion of appreciable increase. M. Jannet quotes the elaborate calculation of an ingenious author to show that 100%, accumulating at five per cent. compound interest for seven centuries, would be sufficient to buy the whole surface of the globe, both land and water, at the rate of \$1,000,000. (\$40,000,000,000,000). The actual growth of riches has not hitherto assumed such inconceivable proportions.

M. Jannet cites various authorities to show that the wealth of the United Kingdom exceeds \$10,000,000,000; that of France, \$8,000,000,000; that of all Europe, \$40,000,000,000; that of the United States, \$14,000,000,000. If we place the wealth of the rest of the world at \$20,000,000,000, we shall arrive at an aggregate of \$24,000,000,000. We should have, we may add, to multiply this vast sum 30,000 times before we reached the total to which, according to M. Jannet's ingenious authority, 100%, accumulating at five per cent. compound interest for 700 years, would grow.

The figures we have given are so vast that they convey no appreciable idea to the ordinary reader. It may assist the apprehension if it be added that France, on an average, possesses more than \$2,000,000,000 for each member of the population. Just 200 years ago Sir W. Petty estimated the entire wealth of England only \$20,000,000. Two centuries, therefore, have increased it fortyfold. But the chief additions to it have been made in the last fifty years, and we believe that we are not far wrong in saying that the sum which is annually added to the capital of the United Kingdom amounts to \$200,000,000, or, in other words, is nearly equal to its entire wealth at the time of the revolution of 1688.—[Edinburgh Review.]

It is only the women who can lawfully hold up a train.—[New York Journal.]

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

DURING the last Paraguayan War it was noticed that the men who had been without sleep for three months, and who had been wounded, however slight, died of their wounds because they would not heal.

THE Maharajah of Mysore has decided, if possible, to put an end to marriages between children, or rather infants of his kingdom. He issued an edict recently forbidding girls under eight years and boys under fourteen to marry. In the future no man aged fifty or more dare marry a girl under fourteen. The edict has aroused much opposition in Mysore, but the ruler is said to be an energetic man and capable of enforcing regulations which he is pleased to promulgate.

An extraordinary occurrence is reported from near Galashiels, Scotland. A boy named Brooke, the son of a shepherd at Buckholm, was out with the sheep, when he was bitten on the finger by an adder. He became alarmed lest the bite should prove fatal, and resolved to cut the finger off close to the palm. This he attempted to do with his pocket knife, but as it would not cut through the bone he cut it away at the first joint. He then went to the nearest farmhouse, where he was met by a doctor. Here a doctor amputated the remainder of the finger.

GEORGE ANDERSON and William Hunt, farmers, who live near Corning, Mo., were engaged in boring a well when their drill struck a rock and broke short off. It was necessary for someone to go down into the well to dislodge the drill, and Anderson went. After he had reached the bottom, 160 feet deep, Hunt looked over the edge to see what he was doing, and by some misfortune missed his footing and tumbled headlong into the shaft. He then collided with the bit of Anderson and the skulls of both were crushed, killing them instantly.

The Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts is to decide whether a creditor has the right to demand payment of a debt from a debtor who has hidden away his property in the morning in order to present his bill in the afternoon. The aggrieved party in the dispute is a milkman and the aggrieved person is his customer, who says that he forbade the milkman to invade his privacy, and was awakened by being shaken by the shoulder when suffering from a severe headache. The lower court entered judgment for the milkman, and the plaintiff appealed to the full bench of the Supreme Court.

SEVERAL wild turkeys had a love for swallowing shining articles that had been shot by a hunter on one of the branches near San Diego, Tex., netted him quite a sum in gold, which he found in their claws, which he had picked up. In South Africa ostriches have been successfully employed in finding gold deposits. A drove of the birds are turned loose to feed in the territory where the precious metal is supposed to exist. They are given an emetic and the ejecta carefully examined for nuggets, and if any are found the trail of the bird is followed until the diggings are discovered.

THE full-rigged ship, the Harry Williams, met with a peculiar accident while passing under the Brooklyn bridge recently. A sailor was at work near the top of the mainmast as the ship approached the structure. The mainmast was unusually high, and as the ship swept down the river a carpenter at work on the bridge yelled to the sailor, who slid down just in time to save himself. The foremast passed under safely, but the top of the mainmast struck the bridge and about six feet of the stick was snapped off. It was said at the bridge entrance that this was the first accident of the kind recorded since the bridge was erected.

LAWYER BUNKER, of Ellsworth, Me., recently had an unrepentant contest with an angry bull on the Hancock county fair grounds at that place. He seized the angry beast by the horns, and, after a few minutes' struggle, he succeeded in throwing the bull. Since then the young farmer of the county have been practicing at this hazardous wrestling, and most any average-sized man will now boast of his ability to upset any bull in the county. Competitive challenges have been the natural outcome, and Bucksport has just issued a defiance to Ellsworth to furnish a champion for a "raster" (wrestler) in the latter place, "horned bolt, best two out of three bulls."

PROBABLY few men have had a more thrilling fifteen seconds or so than had the driver of a heavy load of giant powder in Oregon a few days ago. He was piloting a four-horse team drawing a wagon containing 3,000 pounds of giant powder over a rough road into Tillamook. A rickety bridge spanning a narrow ravine gave way under the load and the whole outfit was dumped down into the bed of the river. There was no explosion, and the driver, horses and wagon and powder were hauled out all right. The driver has not recorded his sensations as he felt the bridge giving way and during the few seconds between then and the time the load landed safely again.

"It was decidedly a grim ornament," said a society young man in the New York Sun, "that I saw recently at the house of a well-known civil engineer being made up for a party given in the Rocky Mountains. It was a necklace composed of the finger nails of a young Sioux brave slain by a Ute warrior, with the scalp of his victim, had taken with his trophy of his prowess. Strange to say, this necklace was intrinsically very handsome. The characteristic haplessness of the Indian's arm and hand, ideally perfect even to the finger tips, was illustrated in this barbarous memento. A necklace of ten pieces was in color a vital brown, suggesting more than anything else a string of acorns. So removed in appearance was it from any forbidding suggestions of the savage deed it recorded that the genuinely gentle and refined woman to whom it was presented handled it so gingerly, and begged of the owner that if he ever gave it away it should be to her."

The Newcastle (England) Journal reports a pathetic story of a dog, given in evidence before the Gateshead magistrates. A man over eighty, charged with keeping a dog without a license, did not appear, but the chief constable informed the Bench "that the old man had been at the court in a terrible state of distress, and that he lived with his wife in a condition of abject poverty. On inquiries being made, it was ascertained that the dog was the property of a poor old woman, and that the old couple had no money to pay for a license, but that the wife had begged for the dog's life because it

had more than once saved her from being burned to death. She had fallen into the fire in a fit, and "the dog had seized her, dragged her from the flames, and burying his nose in her lighted clothes, had extinguished the fire. To prove the truth of the woman's statement, the chief constable got some old newspapers and set fire to them, this being done in the presence of other constables. On each occasion the newspaper was lighted in the middle of the floor. The dog rushed at it and extinguished the flame." The magistrates, of course, subscribed to pay for what the local reporter, with pardonable effusiveness, calls the "noble creature's license." It is a pity that the dog's breed, or, at any rate, size and looks are not mentioned.

MR. MATTOX, of Mississippi, was housing his hens. (The night was somewhat cloudy.) He had visited his barn and was on the point of returning to his house when all at once he heard a peculiar hissing sound overhead, and at the same instant a luminous glow fell all around him, as if the moon had suddenly emerged from behind a cloud, chronicles the Chicago Post. He looked up and was almost paralyzed at the sight of a brilliant, fire globe descending through the air with the speed of lightning, and shooting a comet-like trail far up into the heavens. So rapid was the descent that it was only visible for a second, but in that brief space, he says, he suffered an eternity of unspeakable terror. The fire ball struck the earth with a dull report, scarcely 300 yards from where he stood. It was some minutes before he could recover the use of his limbs when, running hastily to his house, he aroused the family and several laborers about the place, telling them a comet had struck the earth, and they had only a few minutes to pray. In a short time the whole plantation was up and women and children were heard crying and supplicating heaven for mercy. They could not get closer than about thirty yards on account of the heat and noxious fumes of sulphur and gas which the stone emitted. The stone sizzled and steamed and shot out jets of steam or vapor from a thousand pores. By daylight it showed up a dull, dingy black, and was full of pores, which still shot out jets of vapor of an offensive smell which almost stifled. The stone is evidently imbedded in the ground for some distance, and shows only about a foot above the surface. Mr. Mattox estimates it to be about the size of a hog's head.

A DIFFICULT mechanical feat just accomplished at Porta Costa, Cal., is described substantially as follows by eye-witnesses: On August 10, a locomotive went through the big ferry-boats and plunged first into the waters of Carquinez Straits, the tender and cars remaining on the ferry-boat. The water was deep enough to cover the cab, but not enough to let the boat out of the slip. The locomotive stood practically vertical and its nose was deep in the mud. On the night of the 15th a large pair of shears made of 12x12-inch timbers crossed at the top was built up on the end of the boat and some large pulleys hung where the pulleys crossed. The driver grasped several hours in fastening a number of cables on either side of the frame under the boiler. Four engines were attached to the ropes, but could not start the locomotive, although the strain was so great that a cable nearly three inches in diameter was broken. Finding the appliances of insufficient strength, the shears were doubled in size, and a single engine taken on each side. Another trial was made. It was hard to get the engines to pull exactly together, and as their wheels would slip and revolve, the cables would snap and the tackle generally would be badly strained. Finally a simultaneous pull started the mass, and the cab slowly appeared above the water and the engine was gradually lifted until somewhat higher than the floor of the ferry-boat. Tackle from the steam dredger stationed in the front of the slip was then attached to the forward end of the locomotive, which was pulled out in this way. The shears were then swung slowly backward over the deck of the ferry-boat and the engine gradually lowered to the tracks it had left. When it was hauled to the neighboring roundhouse and the mud washed off it was found that but little damage had been done beyond the splintering of the cab by the cables.

The Spanish Onion.

The large and handsome Spanish onions, which have been coming to this city in increasing quantities for the past half-dozen years, are now cheaper than they have ever been known here. These vegetables are grown mainly near Valencia, in Spain, and the first shipments this year, which came by the way of England, were harvested too early and were therefore watery. Being liable to quick decay, they were hurried upon the market and sold for low prices. The first direct importation was also of-grade in quality, and this set the price for the season very low, so that in many auction sales the price has barely covered the freight and duty, to say nothing of the commissions and cost of packing. The duty of 40 cents on a bushel of fifty-six pounds, together with the freight, commission, and cost abroad, brings the actual value to the importer about 80 cents a crate laid down, and, therefore, when prices range from 55 cents to \$1 a crate, the trade has been a disastrous one. Together with what has already arrived and what is expected, the imports this year will amount to 150,000 crates or about 15,000,000 pounds. Attempts to raise this Spanish onion in California and other parts of the country from seed purchased in Spain have generally proved unsuccessful, as the vegetables when grown here do not differ much from the ordinary domestic onion. It seems that a Castilian climate and soil are necessary for the production of this delicious product. For this reason, and also because these bulbs do not come into conflict with home vegetables, a strong effort is now on foot to have the duty decreased to a more reasonable rate.—[Garden and Forest.]

Education Criminal.

The Russian Government forbids any one possessed of a superior education occupying any post which brings him into direct communication with the people. During a certain period, when the Russian revolutionary party reckoned upon a mass rising of the peasantry and wished to hasten this rising by propaganda, several young people having spent from four to five years in the higher studies, left the universities without passing the final exams or taking their diplomas, in order not to be considered as having more than an average education, and so being enabled to obtain employment in the villages.

This "fraud," which consisted in renouncing not only all hopes of a professional career, but also the pleasures of living in a cultured and intelligent society or enjoying good books, etc., constitutes in the eyes of the police a serious aggravation of the crime of "discovering or even suspected"—[The Idler.]

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Compensation—The Critic Rebuked—Against Her Will—A Parallel Case—Etc., Etc.

COMPENSATION.
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again,
For perseverance overcomes
A thing of mortal ken;
And if you do not get the girl
You want or think you do,
You're safe in betting you will get
The girl that's wanting you.
—[Detroit Free Press.]

AGAINST HER WILL.
Mother—If that young man kissed you against your will, why didn't you call me?
Daughter—He—he held me so tightly in his arms I couldn't call.
"Why didn't you call after he let you go?"
"Oh, there wasn't anything to call for then."—[Good News.]

A PARALLEL CASE.
"Do you mean to say, grocer, that you are going to charge me for the few crackers and raisins that my boy eats while you are taking my orders?"
"Well, I'll be fair, ma'am. If when you go to a book shop to buy a set of novels the bookseller don't charge you for the picture-books your boy looks at, I won't charge neither. I can't say no more than that."—[Harper's Bazar.]

A SAHARA JOKE.
He had been out on the sandy wastes of the west and had returned safely.
"How is it out there?" inquired a friend.
He shook his head dubiously.
"Where did you stop?"
"At a hotel."
"How did they feed you?"
"They gave us corn beef, cabbage and scenery."
"Scenery?"
"Yes."
"You couldn't eat that?"
"Oh, yes, it was a dessert, you know," and he laughed an alkali sort of a laugh with a white crust on it.—[Detroit Free Press.]

THE CRITIC REBUKED.
"Isn't there something the matter with the feet in this poem?" asked the editor.
"Sir," replied the haughty man, who stood by his desk, "I am a poet; not a chirographist."—[Washington Star.]

AN AVERAGE BOY.
Father—Little Johnny appears to be hard at work out in the yard. What is he doing?
Mother—I don't know, but if he is working hard, it is play.—[Good News.]

SCIENCE AND APPETITE.
The old gentleman who takes an interest in natural history was very happy.
"Congratulations! Congratulations!" he exclaimed.
"What for?" asked his nephew.
"I have just discovered a rare bird."
"Oh," replied the young man as he turned back to his book, "you'll get used to that after you've been here awhile."
"Do you mean to say that such discoveries are frequent?"
"Yes. Almost any restaurant will cook 'em that way, unless you tell 'em not to."—[Washington Star.]

WITH VERDURE CLAD.
Miss Heigho—You seem very contented, Mr. Rapport. We've been on this wooded island two hours in unbroken silence. Can't you promulgate something in the nature of a remark?
Mr. Rapport—Oh, I beg pardon, to be sure! It's a charming spot, exclusively verdant and delightfully rural.
Miss Heigho—Then, I ought not to wonder that you feel so thoroughly at home.—[Truth.]

THE CAPTAIN'S INDIGNATION.
Scene on the deck of a mail steamer at sea. Esthetic Passenger (to Old Salt).—Can you tell me, my good man, the name of that fine bird hovering about?
Old Salt—That's a halibut, sir.
E. P.—Dear me, quite a rara avis, is it not?
O. S.—Dunno, sir. I've always heard it called a halibut.
E. P.—Yes, yes, my good fellow, but I call that a rara avis, just as I call you a genius homo.
O. S. (Indignantly)—Oh, do you! Then I call that a halibut just the same as I call you a blooming humbug.—[Tit-Bits.]

SHE WAS BOUND TO SAVE IT.
It was the highly cultivated girl's first effort at baking.
"Dear me!" she said, "there must be something wrong with that loaf of bread."
"I think," replied her mother gently, "that you had better throw it away."
"Throw away the first bread I ever baked?"
"Yes; most of us have to, you know."
"Never! I know what I'll do. I'll put some cucumber inscriptions on it and send it to the seminary museum."—[Washington Star.]

HE TOLD THE MARK.
Madeline—Did he make amends for stealing that kiss?
Olga—Yes; he was very manly and would not stop till he had made complete restitution.—[Truth.]

THOSE OFF-HAND EFFORTS.
"I hear Bronson's impromptu speech at the banquet last night wasn't a success. What was the matter?"
"He'd forgotten to bring the manuscript."—[Truth.]

A SACRIFICE.
My, Sourly—I'm going to have my picture taken to-day.
Mr. Sourly's Wife—You will have to make a great sacrifice if you do.
Mr. S.—Why?
Mr. S.'s W.—You'll have to look pleasant for a moment or two.—[New York Press.]

IN THE FALL.
In the fall a fuller smokehouse rises on the farmer's land;
In the fall the colored fiddler fiddles to the dancing band;
In the fall a livelier sunset gives the fall leaf its hue;
In the fall a young man's fancy sadly turns to bank n'tes due.
—[Atlanta Constitution.]

GIRL FRIENDS.
Miss Seare—See what Mr. Chapley gave me—a pretty French rustling glass.
Miss Sharpe—How nice! I must get one just like it for grandmamma.—[Truth.]

ANOTHER STORY.
Mrs. Billiger—Why couldn't you have seen my hat on crooked before we left the house?
Billiger—Love is blind.
Mrs. Billiger—Mr. Billiger, I ask you a civil question and I wish you'd answer it.—[Detroit Tribune.]

SHE LEARNED.
She knew not how to cook, she said,
In accents far from gay;
But afterward, when they were wed,
She roasted him each day.

A YARN AFTER.
Mr. Benedict—I met Howard to-day.
He was surprised to know we are married. Says you told him once you wouldn't marry the best man living.
Mrs. Benedict—Well, the fact is, I did.

MR. BENEDICT—Is that so? How did you come to change your mind?
Mrs. Benedict—Well, the fact is, I didn't.—[Puck.]

WITH SLIGHT VARIATIONS.
The man who talked of summer heat
Indignantly, of old,
The same remarks will soon repeat
Concerning winter's cold.
—[Washington Star.]

MUST BE GOOD.
Customer—Is this good soap?
Dealer—Well, mum, the man who writes poetry about that soap gets \$10,000 a year.
Customer—My sakes! Gimme a dozen bars.—[New York Weekly.]

ODDS AND ENDS.
Barber—Do you want a haircut? Victim—Not only one, but all of them.—[Judge.]

Solemn Stranger—All flesh is grass.
Deaf Man—Hey! Solemn Stranger—No; grass.—[New York Press.]

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