[illegible]ord.

[illegible] INDIANA

[illegible] THAT REMAIN.

[illegible]d words in golden phrase,
[illegible]es fine in airy rhyme,
[illegible]oet's idle days
[illegible]s that outlast his time—

[illegible] he feels within his heart
[illegible]ell of passions, sob of pain,
[illegible] life's little things depart
The poet writes songs that remain.

He weaves them not in words that speak
Heroic measures, tragic lines,
But in such accents low and meek
As sympathy alone divines.

Unfettered by eccentric rhyme,
He sings of man's eternal quest
In language simple yet sublime,
By truth and love and joy impressed:

And lo, his liquid measures sweet
To tell the heart's high hope and trust,
And laughing children long repeat
His jines, when he is in the dust!
—Charles W. Stevenson.

The Bluebells

William Curtis felt that there were all the elements of a quarrel in the situation, and although naturally headstrong he was determined not to precipitate matters. He spoke slowly and quietly, and his manner was that of the perfect wooer.

"Mary, dear, do you really want those bluebells?"

The girl in the boat with him knew that as she lay back in the pillows she was a delightful picture. She knew it by reason of the man's face, for his blue eyes displayed h[illegible]ger and his mouth was expressive [illegible] a desire to please her.

She was right. She looked very handsome as she indolently watched th[illegible]y clouds fleeting by in the a[illegible] above her. Her throat was warm and delicately shaped, her skin was perfect in curve and color, her hair lazily moved to and fro in the summer breeze, the soft, cooing breeze which caused the clouds to flutter overhead and their reflections to glide amid the scintillating ripples of the river.

Surely no quarrel could generate amid such surroundings. Nature shone at her fairest, in sky, in water, in ver[illegible] but there was the suggestion of [illegible]thing untoward as Mary Lilling[illegible]raised herself with a gesture of [illegible]om and said in a sweet tone [illegible]h carried also a suggestion of imperiousness:

"I do want them; certainly I do!"

William Curtis was roused; he could see that by picking the partic[illegible]lar flowers, which grew some distance up the bank, he would probably get his clothes torn and dirty, and there was a great risk of falling into the water. He mentally put the girl's wishes down [illegible] to some erratic caprice, which w[illegible] calculated to excite her vanity [illegible] showing her power over [illegible]. Mary was asking her[illegible] [illegible] was a lover if he [illegible]ot obey her every behest; the [illegible]kness of her request was noth[illegible]g to bar, it was the withholding of anything by her lover which rankled.

"Will you not get them, Will[illegible] I—"

William Curtis heard the half-appe[illegible] half-command, and felt a surge of anger pass over him. But he was perfectly self-controlled and replied:

"My dear little girl, you——"

"I am not your dear little girl if you will not do as I wish."

The words were hasty, and even as they escaped her Mary felt that it would have been better not to have uttered them.

"Mary, Mary, what is it you are saying? Surely, my little girl does not require me to——"

"Merely to sacrifice yourself? Yes, that is all," was her continuation.

"Sacrifice myself? Of course I will when there is something to sacrifice [illegible]self for."

[illegible]ary misunderstood him. What, not [illegible]rifice himself for her, not give up [illegible]ything that he might please her! Strange kind of love this; not like those ancient knights who went through fire and water for their ladies. Her answer was snapped out, and her face was red with anger.

"I want them!"

"Then, Mary," was the firm reply, "I shall not humor you. You do not need them, and I can get others far better."

He knew he was right and felt that he should not show any weakness, see[illegible] he was convinced that the request [illegible] an unreasonable one.

[illegible] he was not prepared for the im[illegible]iate result of his attempt to dis[illegible]e her.

"[illegible], Curtis"—the tone was cold and [illegible]—"will you kindly row me to [illegible] boathouse, please?"

"Mary——"

She held up her hand in the imperious manner which he had often admired, but which now, stripped of its romance, was cruel, and said:

"Mr. Curtis, will you please row me to the boathouse?"

The man was angry but proud. He was ready for an outburst of her selfishness and unreasonableness, but he said nothing; he rowed away from the hateful bank and plunged his oars into the stream with a vim and a celerity which astonished the girl. Again she misunderstood him; she imagined that [illegible] was rowing fast to get rid of her quickly, but he was not. It was his method of working off his temper, for striking viciously at the water was better, he argued, than showing his feelings by speech. Besides, he thought she would relent.

The banks of the river sped by them; they passed the streamlet which [illegible] the weir with its roaring and [illegible] foaming, for the current of the [illegible]iver ran strongly; the trees skimmed past them, and soon they reached the boathouse. With the utmost politeness he handed her out of the boat.

"Is it worth while quarreling——"

He stopped, his speech frozen on his lips by her features, cold and unresponsive. She went away, and he, returning to the boat, re-embarked, and for an hour sculled in silence. Then he murmured:

"Strange cattle, women. What you think you've got them, you haven't!"

With this prosaic and not over-cultured expression rising in the cham[illegible] this mind, he went to his house, [illegible] last post he received his [illegible] or two other presents [illegible] dark

ness descended; he had lost her, and he cursed all bluebells which grew on the banks of the river.

* * * * * * *

The weeks which followed were devastating to William Curtis. He had loved, he still loved Mary Lillington with a great love, and he wondered why a moment's caprice should wreck his happiness. Why had she demanded so ridiculous a thing? Why had he not yielded? His judgment had led him astray; that at least was how he viewed the matter now. Yet he was conscious that he had acted rightly; to have given way might have been the way of outward peace, but he knew he would have despised himself had he acted otherwise than as he did.

Mary herself gave no apparent sign that the break had affected her seriously. She wondered that he had not returned her presents and that he had never acknowledged the ring. She resolved that he should not think she cared, and although they met frequently they ignored each other. Mary, however, was suffering; she was still in love with him, and would have been glad of an opportunity to show it. Alas, that awful pride, the undoing of many.

William Curtis kept his grief to himself. Mary tried to make him jealous; as often as she could she showed herself in the companionship of a man whom she knew Curtis despised and detested. This served a two-fold object; it diverted her, caused her to forget in the excitement of the new companionship the void in her heart, and also, she hoped (Mary was not very original) it would raise the jealousy of her late lover.

But Curtis was not touched any way—outwardly. Yet in his heart there raged the discontent and horror of jealousy, that she should have thought fit to seek distraction and pleasure with Manners, cringing, miserable and self-opinionated Manners—why, it filled him with disgust! Surely she could not think seriously of mating herself with such a man.

And if William Curtis had only known, Mary compared every action, every word of Manners with what Curtis himself would have done in the same circumstances, and the comparisons were to the benefit, the great benefit, of her late flance.

One day Curtis was walking by the side of the river; the towing path was almost deserted, the sun was shining, and the country looked splendid. However, the river was not so nice in

"I SHALL MISS YOU."

appearance; there had been heavy rains during the last few days, the lands adjacent to the river had been flooded, and the stream was dirty and ran swiftly.

He was still in the mood of despair, still looking back on the times he had spent so pleasantly in these very parts. It accentuated his desolate feeling as he noticed this place and that aspect which she had laughingly commented upon in those happy days which now seemed so far away and which did not seem likely to be renewed. He loved all these objects for her sake; why, the very sun, now sinking below the western horizon in an effulgence of pink and mauve and crimson loveliness, was dear to him; had she not enjoyed a similar sunset in the days gone by?

And he was to find out that she was enjoying this one also, for looking up he saw her lissom form in a punt and the odious Manners lazily punting.

The river was running quickly, the weir was a little to the left, and notice boards warned the boaters away from the particular tributary which led to it.

Manners punted on; he cared little for weirs. Mary never felt so mischievous as at that moment espying Curtis she said something which caused the punter to laugh boisterously, with the result that he lost his grip of the pole and was thrown into the water, where he floundered bewildered.

The punt was now left to the current; gradually the craft was driven to the stream of the weir. Mary laughed a little at the wet and bedraggled Manners, who struggled to the opposite bank, but she soon became alarmed, for the boat acquired a rapid momentum. She must do something; she rose unsteadily, and the craft swung, nearly upsetting. Curtis, who had seen everything, forgot the past—remembered only that the girl he loved was in danger. It was a situation which demanded dealing with at once if the punt and its occupant were not to be hurled over the weir.

"Try to guide it to the bank," he shouted, meaning the girl to use the other punt pole.

But Mary was now too frightened to hear, much less to do anything. The weir hissed and foamed, and the noise struck terror to her; she shut her eyes and waited for the end.

The roar of the water came nearer and nearer, the splashings fell all around her, and just when she was giving herself up and wondering whether her body would be much mutilated in the awful leap, the punt's course was suddenly arrested and a jarring noise fell on her hearing. She furtively opened her eyes and saw a head wet and unkempt, bobbing in front of the punt, and she felt that slowly, almost indistinguishably, she was being drawn to the bank. She had not heard Curtis jump into the river—she had only the rush of the water in her ears. After a struggle the craft was dragged to the bank and there made fast.

A white and frightened Mary stepped ashore. She held out her hand to the dripping figure and her eyes welled, her lips shook and her voice was full of emotion.

"Thank you! Thank you!" and Curtis wondered at the beauty of her voice.

That evening with the moon shining on the ripples of the swollen river, Curtis restored the ring to its owner, and as he did so he took his toll in one long, sweet kiss; and at Mary's breast was a bunch of bluebells, his present.

"I did miss you, Will," was all the girl said of their estrangement.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

COREY'S NEW CHATEAU.

Romantic History of the Old Bonaparte Estate of Villegenis.

Mr. Corey, a steel trust magnate and his wife, have hired the former country house of the late emperor's uncle, Jerome, who fifty years ago was known in Paris as the ex-king of Westphalia, the Frankfort English Mall says. He himself took the title so seriously as to refuse precedence to Queen Victoria's husband. In consequence his imperial nephew did not invite him to the fete given in compliment to her late Britannic majesty when she visited Paris during its first universal exhibition.

Lord Byron's old flame, the countess of Guiccioli, whom Paris knew as the Marquise de Boissy, used to direct for some years his little court when he was en villegiature there. She had still pretensions to beauty, and thought she owed to Mrs. Grundy the duty of taking with her the extremely lively marquis, her husband. It pleased him to be the merry-andrew of the chateau, as he was of the senate, and he had no objection to King Jerome, after an interval of nearly thirty years and many adventures on the lady's side, taking the place that Byron had filled. His former majesty remained what he had been at Cassel—gracious, polite to the ladies, and apt to lose his heart in a flirtation with no matter whom.

He had at Villegenis his marshal's salary of 30,000 francs a year, his senator's salary, and his dotation as imperial prince and last surviving brother of Napoleon. It brought him 2,000,000 francs annually, and he had free of all rent and taxes the royal chateau and home park of Meudon and the residential part of the Palais Royal, both sumptuously furnished. That marshal's baton gave him a right to two saddle horses for himself, four for his equerry and aid, and to two carriages and the horses they required. The only legal Prince Napoleon, who had also rooms at the Palais Royal, received a dotation of 500,000 francs, but bullied the ex-king into giving him 200,000 francs in addition. A Marchese Bartholone had, as a wife in the eyes of the church and the Italian law then existing, lazily ruled Jerome before the De Boissys came in and ousted her. They had been helped in their wicked intrigue against her by the Princess Mathilde and Prince Napoleon for reasons it would now take too long to explain. The other sons were Patterson Bonaparte, father of Lawyer Bonaparte, of Baltimore; Count Camara Camarata, and the most able man of the Bonapartist side, Billault, who, to the great grief and loss of the emperor, died about a year after Jerome.

SOMERS VILLAGE, NEW YORK.

Hamlet of Harvey Birch of Cooper's "Spy" and Other Characters.

In the early part of the last century Somers village, or Somerstown Plain as it was then called, where the two roads to the Hudson river branched off, one to Sing Sing and the other to Peekskill, was a busy place, with three hotels, three stores, a newspaper, the Somers museum, hat shops and other industries, says a writer in the Westchester County Magazine.

Hackaliah Bailey built and conducted the Elephant hotel, a substantial three-story brick structure, which is in good repair to-day. In front of it stands a granite shaft, on the top of which is a model of the first elephant brought to this country, "Old Bet." Mr. Bailey bought the elephant of his brother, who was the captain of a sailing vessel. Securing a partner, he put them on the road, traveling from place to place at night and showing in barns in the daytime.

Not hearing from them in some time, Mr. Bailey started on horseback to look them up. Finding the elephant and man near Boston, and asking for an accounting, he was told that the show did not make any money. Then said Mr. Bailey, "I will shoot my half and you can do what you like with your half."

From this small beginning the menagerie business grew to large proportions under the management of the Cranes, Baileys, Junes, Angevenes and Tituses, all residents of Somers or South Salem. The long barn on the Gerard Crane farm was built to house the animals in winter.

Enoch Crosby, the Harvey Birch of Cooper's "Spy," married a widow near Somers village. She was buried at Mount Zion by her first husband; he at Gilead.

Luther Kinnicut, one of the strange, eccentric characters of those early days, was believed to be in league with the devil. The turnpike from Sing Sing to Sodom Four Corners passing through the village was the route of the rumbling stage coach and the farmers' wagons with their produce. The toll gates were unpopular and frequently destroyed, probably for a consideration. Finally Luther was arraigned in court, and the indictment read charging him with cutting down the turnpike gate. He answered: "Not guilty. I did not touch the gate; I only sawed off the post the gate was hung on," and walked out of court. At another time a noted criminal lawyer asked him what made his face so black. He said: "My face is not as black as your character, for you put your sister in state prison."

In the Presbyterian church, near the center of the village, built before the memory of any one now living, Dr. Ebenezer White was tried some 75 years ago for heresy because he refused to accept the doctrine of election. The clerk of the presbytery was one of the judges, and after reading the charges said he believed him guilty. Judgment before trial. The presbytery found him guilty, but the courts subsequently reversed the ecclesiastical tribunal.

To the Ladies.

Here's to the garden of Eden,
Which Adam was always a weedin'
Till Eve by mistake
Got bit by a snake,
Who on the ripe pippins was feedin',
Then a longin' it seemed to possess her
For clothing sufficient to dress her,
And ever since then
It's been up to us men
To pay for the dresses. God bless her!
—Dayton Herald.

Unpleasant Encounters.

"Does Bliggins meet his obligations?"

"Frequently," answered Miss Cayenne. "But he almost invariably snubs them."—Washington Star.

YOUNG FOLKS

Jelly Lane.

As I walked down through Jelly Lane,
Went winding through its curves,
The road was lined with every kind
Of jellies and preserves.
O, there were pots of apricots,
And candied fruits displayed,
And there was peach within my reach
And orange marmalade,
And piles and piles and miles and miles
Of citron, quince, and grape
Upon the grass in jars of glass
Of every size and shape.

The sirup rills and ginger hills
The raspberry jam and plum,
And cherries canned on either hand
Seemed glad to have me come.
I like to walk in Jelly Lane,
Where everything is sweet,
And take my fill of all until
I wish no more to eat.
And though each day I come away
And feel a little pain,
Yet when I'm rich a tent I'll pitch,
And live in Jelly Lane.

A Dog's Tea Party.

Ears for Eyes.

Aunt Ruth, Bertha and Alice were on the piazza, busy with needlework. Carl and Norton were lounging near.

"Oh, put up your work—do! I want a game of some sort," pleaded Norton.

"This mat never will be done if I don't hurry up," replied Alice.

"Shut your eyes, Norton," said Aunt Ruth, "and tell us what you hear."

"Is it a game?"

"I'll leave that for you to say, when we have all tried it," laughingly said his aunt.

"Well," began Norton, as his eyes went together, "I think I hear wheels down the road. Yes, they are coming nearer. Shall I open my eyes now?"

"Wait a minute! Tell us what the wheels are on."

"Why, a wgon of some sort. I guess it's a grocery team—I don't hear it now."

"Where has it stopped?"

"Down the street somewhere—maybe at the Braces'."

The others laughed.

"Oh, that's no fair! I'm going to open my eyes—why, I thought it was nearer than that! And it isn't a grocery wagon! It is Mrs. Parker's father, with his double carriage!"

"Let me try it!" cried Bertha.

But she mistook a furniture van for an ice-cart, and there was a call for Aunt Ruth to play the part of guesser.

She laid her embroidery in her lap, shut her eyes, and listened.

"Mr. Wilson's horse has just turned the corner of Hubbard street," she presently announced.

"Why-ee! How could you tell," gasped Norton.

"I know his step," said Alice.

"If you will listen to various horses, you will find that their steps differ as much as people's. But here comes a doctor's carriage!" said Aunt Ruth, her eyes still shut. "I think it must be Dr. Post, going to see the Higby baby—yes, he has stopped there. Am I right?"

"Exactly!" responded Carl. "But how in the world do you do it?"

"I wasn't sure until he stopped; but as I heard only the horse's hoofs, I knew it must be a rubber-tired carriage, and I thought at once of Dr. Post. He often comes about this time."

"I wish I had such ears," said Bertha.

"You can train your ears, and this is good practice."

"Oh, let me try it!" begged Carl. "I hear an auto down on Hubbard street! Now I'm going to guess. It must be Mr. Huntington's, because Mr. Barry never comes home at this hour."

"No!" "Wrong!" chuckled Norton and Bertha.

"Oh, it's that friend of the Shipmans'!" he went on, as the car drew near.

"No, it's——"

"Don't tell!" Carl put in. "Why, it is stopping here!" His eyes flew open. "Uncle Stanley!" he shouted, jumping up and waving his arms.

"Who wants a ride?" called out the man in goggles.

"I!" "I!" "I!" was answered from the piazza, while Carl said, "We'll play that game again, or I'll play it by myself, till I can tell Uncle Stanley's auto when I hear it."—Youth's Companion.

"Comic Concert" Game.

Every one in the company chooses an imaginary musical instrument. One may be a violin, another a piano, a harp, and so on. The leader of the band also chooses one, say the flute. He begins to play this imaginary instrument, running his fingers up and down it and tooting away in representation of the real instrument. As soon as he begins the other players must follow suit; the piano player begins to strum an imaginary piano, the violin player to wield his bow, and so on—not only must the players imitate the actions, but also the sounds which proceed from the various instruments.

During the concert the leader will suddenly cease playing his flute and commence playing the violin, when the violin player must take up the leader's discarded flute playing. Presently the leader will change again. Any player who fails to take up the leader's instrument must take the leader's place and likewise pay a forfeit.

Literal Ted.

There is a little boy 5 years old who takes everything literally, and by so doing causes much amusement. Not long ago he heard his father say: "Well, I am going to take the bull by the horns!" Whereupon Ted set up a wail:

"Oh! don't you do it, papa," he pleaded; "it is a terribly dangerous thing to do."

Another day he was given a glass of lemonade by a young lady. "Teddy's got the clam," she laughed, as a bit of ice slipped into the glass.

"Dear me!" frowned Teddy; "that is too bad; I never take clams in my lemonade!"

GETTING AT THE TROUBLE.

"All kickers into the pond," is one of the by-laws of a certain summer camp. The result is that there are no "kickers." Another preventive method of dealing with complaints is given in C. F. Carter's "When Railroads Were New." Once, when there had been a very heavy rain, and the track was in such a condition that the train was to be delayed for hours, the passengers, following a custom that is still observed, heaped maledictions upon the management.

Some of the more spirited passengers drew up a set of resolutions denouncing the company for the high-handed invasion of their rights, as manifested in the delay, in scathing terms. The resolutions were passed along to be signed by all the passengers.

When they came to a minister, he said he would be happy to give his signature if the phraseology was changed slightly. Upon being requested to name the changes he wished, he wrote the following:

"Whereas, the recent rain has fallen at a time ill-suited to our pleasure and convenience and without consultation with us; and,

"Whereas, Jack Frost, who has been imprisoned in the ground some months, having become tired of his bondage, is trying to break loose; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we should be glad to have it otherwise."

When the good clergyman arose and in his best parliamentary voice read his proposed amendment, there was a hearty laugh, and nothing more was heard about censuring the management.

GETTING OUT THE TIMBER.

How Woodsmen Worked in Forests in the Early Days.

The woodsman went into the camp in the fall to stay during the winter in earlier times, the facilities of getting out being limited and in marked contrast to those of later days when the pine regions were threaded with iron rails. The woodsmen were fed well, says a writer in the Pilgrim, because they were expected to work hard, drones not being tolerated, and to do good work plenty of "grub" was required. The bill of fare of an average camp consisted of pork and beef, potatoes, beans, bread, dried apple sauce, tea, molasses and occasionally cabbage, onions and other vegetables.

The camps built, all hands were set to work at building roads over which the logs were to be hauled from the timber in the vicinity of the camp to the river and cutting and skidding the logs. The modus operandi was simple. The choppers cut down the tree and trimmed off the limbs, then the sawyers cut it into such lengths as could be best handled, twelve, fourteen, sixteen or eighteen feet, and the logs were then hauled by teams to some convenient point on the road and skidded up in piles ready for the sleighs when the snow came. The effort was to get as many logs skidded as possible before the deep snows came to interfere with handling them advantageously.

When winter came on the logs were loaded on wide sleighs and hauled over ice roads to the river, where they were banked and scaled and on the end of each log was stamped the mark of the owner, this being done with a marking iron.

In the short winter days the woods were lively enough, the work being pushed while daylight lasted. In the evening came the care of the horses and cattle, then supper for the men and the real enjoyment that comes from strenuous endeavor. With appetites whetted with the hardest of work from early dawn to the shades of night a camp force of sixty men would mow away a stock of provisions that would appall the dyspectic city man, and then the men gathered around the bright camp-fires and stories, songs, the incidents of the day's work, etc., were gone over, the atmosphere grew hazy with the smoke of many pipes and by 9 o'clock the tired men were stretched out in their bunks slumbering as only those can whose days are hardened with toil and whose brains are not racked with problems of finance or scientific investigation—the sleep that comes to the strong, the rugged and healthy.

Fatal Cupidity.

A certain Egyptian native discovered the entrance of a tomb in the floor of his stable and at once proceeded to worm his way down the tunnel. This was the end of the man. His wife, finding that he had not returned two hours or so later, went down the newly found tunpel after him. That was the end of her also. In turn three other members of the family went down into the darkness, and that was the end of them.

A native official was then called, and, lighting his way with a candle, penetrated down the winding passage. The air was so foul that he was soon obliged to retreat, but he stated that he was just able to see in the distance ahead the bodies of the unfortunate peasants, all of whom had been overcome by what he quaintly described as "the evil lighting and bad climate." Various attempts at the rescue of the bodies having failed, we gave orders that this tomb should be regarded as their sepulcher and that its mouth should be sealed up.

According to the natives there was evidently a vast hoard of wealth stored at the bottom of this tomb, and the would-be robbers had met their death at the hands of the demon in charge of it, who had seized each man by the throat as he came down the tunnel and had strangled him.—A. E. P. Weigall in Putnam's.

The Cynic and the Lowbrows.

"The stage is in sad need of something to elevate it," said the earnest observer.

"Perhaps," answered Mr. Storminton Barnes. "But the stage certainly does not need elevation as much as the foreheads of some of the people on whose money it depends."—Washington Star.

Sometimes a man is loved for the enemies he has made, but more often for the money he has inherited.

NO MONEY FOR STREET BEGGARS

How Charity Often Forces Unfortunates Into Ranks of Panhandlers.

"Money should never be given to street beggars," says Theodore Walters in "Six Weeks in Beggardom," in Everybody's Magazine. "It is impossible for the average person to discriminate offhand between the genuinely needy and the professional panhandler. There are many overkind people who prefer to give to all rather than that one go hungry, and if there were no depots of immediate relief, this might prove a good rule. But in the existing conditions the possible consequences are too fraught with danger to the genuinely unfortunate for the practice to be continued by any right-thinking persons.

"The danger of giving the unfortunate money offhand is that you may force him into the ranks of professional beggardom. However honest he may be in first intention, unless he have a definite goal before his eyes—and men who are down and out seldom have such—he will more than likely return to the same free fountain at which he so easily quenched his initial thirst.

There are many cases to prove this. I know of one man who until a year or two ago owned a profitable little fruit shop in a side street far downtown. One night, having locked up the shop and being ready to start home, he found himself by accident without money to pay his carfare. He stopped a man on the street and asked him for 5 cents. He got it so easily that he determined next day to tell the story often and get many nickels. He did so and the practice became so remunerative that despite his wife's pleadings and protests he sold the little shop and became a regular beggar."

Never do panhandlers make the mistake of appealing to the reason—the motions of the crowd only are attacked! there is always a complete human story in the pose. What, for instance, could be more compelling of sympathy than the spectacle of the bent old gray-head patiently and despairingly, as it seemed, grinding a wheezy old organ which he had tied into a broken-down baby carriage? The suggestiveness of that perambulator, coupled with the wails of that organ, more forlorn than mortal child ever uttered, was worth dollars a day to the old fellow. It was art—reprehensible art, of course, but art nevertheless. And the artist grew rich, for when investigated by the police he was found to be the owner of many houses in Hoboken.

Again, could there be anything more likely to excite compassion than the crust-throwing trick? It was invented by a German beggar named Lang, whose French disciple, Lemaire, practiced it subsequently. I have seen a crust-thrower operating in 6th avenue. It was before the time of this investigation. He was a semi-well-dressed man who walked swiftly down through the crowds of shoppers. Suddenly he uttered a horse cry and darted out into the roadway, where, pouncing upon a crust of bread, which he had thrown there previously, he began gnawing it ravenously. He did not wait for sympathy. He walked rapidly away, but a number of women who saw the act ran after him and crowded one another for the privilege of giving him money.

TUTORS AS PALS OF STUDENTS.

Direct Contact a Marked Feature of Oxford University Education.

Another important person to the student at Oxford is the tutor, W. W. Boyd says in a London letter to the St. Louis Times. The teaching function is performed by two classes of people; by the professors and readers, who teach in the name and with the authority of the whole university, and by the tutors and lecturers, who are appointed and paid by the colleges.

Until quite recent years all the teaching of a student was done within the walls of his own college. Now all the colleges combine for their public teaching and honor examinations and an undergraduate of one is admitted to the lectures of all. But there is this striking difference between Oxford and an American university. In America, as in Germany, the university itself is the teaching body and its professors are in each of the various faculties; so that a student's attendance at lectures is taken into account with his examinations. He cannot shirk the lectures and then present himself for an examination only. But in Oxford, so far as obtaining a degree is concerned, a man need not have attended a single lecture. All his work for the examination may be done under the supervision of his tutor. And the fact is that at Oxford professors and readers are popular, just in the proportion that their lectures bear upon the subjects of the public examinations and tend to prepare the listener for them.

At most colleges at Oxford the undergraduates are distributed among the tutors, a certain number to each. They are not necessarily to attend their lectures, but to regard them as fatherly advisers, who will also assist them in their college work, tell them the lectures to attend for the examination for which they are reading, provide them with a list of books to be read, overlook their readings and help them over the hard places and develop in them, if possible, studious habits and noble character. It is this direct personal intercourse of tutor and student, of teacher and taught, which is the most marked and most praiseworthy feature of Oxford university education.

Mister Rabbit.

Watch out, Mistah Rabbit,
I see you layin' low,
But winter weather comin'
When dey'll track you through de snow!

Watch out, Mistah Rabbit,
Don't wink you eye lak' dat!
Dey'll sarve you lak Br'er 'Possum,
An' Br'er 'Possum mighty fat!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Matter of Business.

Harker—That fellow Bright is playing both ends against the middle from a business point of view.

Parker—How's that?

Harker—He operates three pie bakeries and has just put a new cure for indigestion on the market.—Chicago News.

Many a young man in search of a wife has passed right through a peach orchard and pitched his tent in a lemon grove.

The average man is willing to risk choking if permitted to bite off more than he can chew.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

Find a cause anywhere that woman is not the heart of, and you find one that the devil is at the head of.

The better way to get a better place is to do better in your present one.

A poor man's dog is seldom lean.

No college has ever yet been found that could make a saint.

The little ills of childhood are bigger than the mountains of manhood.

When you know a man's definition of life, you know how much he lives.

No man can be either saved or lost without himself giving the casting vote.

The religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet where it is most needed.

It is doubtful whether the man who makes a long prayer ever expects it to be answered.

The world pays a good deal more attention to what a man does than to what he says.

A man cannot enter the straight gate without leaving behind him everything that is crooked.

We are as responsible for what we permit others to do in our name as for what we do ourselves.

The kind of giving upon which God promises a blessing is the kind that is willing to give some of its own blood.

DOG AND HORSE.

It was the morning hour in a European circus—one of the permanent circuses, where performances are conducted all the year round under a roof instead of under the traveling canvas dome with which American circusgoers are familiar. In the ring a horse trainer was teaching a young horse some new tricks, but what most interested the American newspaper man who had made the trainer's acquaintance was the activity of a big white bulldog.

As the horse ran round the ring, the dog kept just in front of it, dexterously avoiding the horse's hoofs, and evidently feeling that its assistance was a great help to its master.

"Your dog seems to like this sort of thing as much as you do," remarked the visitor, when the horse had been led away and the trainer had leisure for conversation.

"Beppo? Ah, yes. He iss of more importance than myself in his own opinion. Eh, boy?" and the man leaned over to pat the dog's head. "And he iss not so far wrong, perhaps," he added.

"How so?" asked the visitor.

"A dog's intelligence," said the trainer, "iss far different from that of the horse. The horse has no ideas. He learns simply that if he does so and so he gets a mouthful of carrots. But the dog observes. So with Beppo. You have noticed that he iss always at the head of the horse while I teach her to run in a circle?"

"Yes."

"That iss not merely because Beppo like to run. If you watch closely you will see that he iss making the horse to run in a circle. I did not teach him to do it, but by watching me he teaches himself that, and many other things. When, for example, the horse iss obstinate and will not mind promptly, Beppo will nip her legs and make her quite uncomfortable. But when the horse iss good and minds splendidly, ah! then you will see him leap high in the air and kiss her with his tongue. That iss his intelligence."

"And you have never taught him to help you?"

"It iss of his own volition and for no other reward than the word of approval. He iss not like the horse, that must always be paid with carrots or sugar. Iss it not so, Beppo?"

And the white bulldog sat up like a soldier and barked an affirmative.

Another International Crisis.

While patrolling his beat in the small hours of a recent morning, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times, an officer beheld a suspicious-looking little figure shuffling along in the shadows, bearing a bundle.

"Looka here," said the officer, halting the wanderer; "where are yes goin'?"

"Me go home," was the short reply.

"Where did yes come from?"

"Nort' 'Ighland," grunted the little chap.

"North iv Ireland? Indade an' yez did not," declared the officer. "What is yer name?"

"Tara Kakata."

Just at that moment a well-dressed couple arrived on the scene.

"Why, it is our Japanese servant!" exclaimed the woman. "He is carrying home our fancy dress costumes," she explained. "He is all right, officer."

"Oh, he's all right," said the officer releasing him reluctantly. "Well, thin, what th' divvle does he mane by tellin' me he's from th' North iv Ireland an' his name is Terry McCarty?"

A Personal Matter.

Clarence was usually so restless and fidgety in church that his mother was obliged to reprove him from time to time. One Sunday he was so quiet and well-behaved that his mother noticed it, and spoke approvingly.

"What a good little boy Clarence was in church to-day," she said. "Mamma was so proud of him."

"Well," said Clarence, "I had to be. The choir looked right at me, and sang over and over again, 'Please be still, please be still!'"

A Pleased Audience.

"What makes you spend so much money on that lawsuit?"

"It's a matter of taste. Some people like to attend lectures. I prefer to pay more and hear a lawyer discourse on affairs in which I am personally interested."—Washington Star.

Sounds Appetizing.

"I wonder if moths have any preference as to textile fabrics?"

"I should think cheesecloth would make tasty eating," responded the other.—Kansas City Journal.

You are wrong, Alonzo; the magazine gun wasn't invented by a magazine editor for the purpose of exterminating poets.

A man whose wife is blind says her sense of touch keeps him broke.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

An airship of the Zeppelin type costs $150,000 to construct.

Uniforms were first adopted by the English military organizations in the seventeenth century.

Ancient buildings or works cannot be restored in Italy without the consent of the government.

Twenty-five cent dinners are served in the House of Commons for such members as desire them.

No passenger was killed on the English railroads in the year 1908. The number injured was 283.

The Interborough Railway Company of New York will make use of steam turbines to utilize the exhaust from the reciprocating engines.

"Father sent me over to borrow your paper; he only wants to read it." "Tell him I'm coming over to borrow his breakfast; I only want to eat it."—Commoner and Glass Worker.

John Fred Landis, son of former Congressman C. B. Landis, has received the highest army medal for sharpshooting at West Point, where he is the youngest man in his class to graduate next June.

Among other articles for dogs, a St. Louis concern is placing on the market a dust eye-shield similar in every way to the same article worn by human automobile riders. Popul[illegible] mechanics contains a picture of [illegible] bull equipped with the eye-shield. It is held in position on the dog's nose by straps which fasten to the collar.

Complaint has been made to the Ipswich (England) guardians that inmates of the workhouse infirmary were washed as early as 3 o'clock in the morning and a member protested against it, especially in the cases of the older folk. The reply was made that it would be impossible to begin later unless more nurses were employed.

Russia's copper production is increasing, amounting to 10,306, 14,554 and 16,591 tons in 1906, 1907 and 1908, respectively. Deposits of copper in the Caucasus present vast opportunities, and enormous beds of coprolites exist in Central Russia and in the Dniester basin, the quantity in the latter alone being estimated as high as 27,000,000 tons, says a consular report.

The Germans are developing their high school at Kiao-Chau, China, with their usual thoroughness. Its scope is even larger than the proposed Hong-Kong university. Except a grant of $10,000 from the Chinese government, the whole cost is paid by the German government. German text-books and other works are translated into Chinese in a department of the school, says the London Times.

Clothing, particularly new clothing, is a powerful mental and moral tonic, according to a medical specialist quoted in the Outfitter of London. The specialist says that shabby or ill-fitting clothes are a source of constant worry, which tends to take the keener edge off the wits of the average man. "The mere fact of being smartly dressed," adds the doctor, "is a strong mental stimulant, and the man who is shabby, and knows it, is often less capable than his well-dressed mental inferior."

A new "cod bank" has been discovered in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off the west coast of Newfoundland, by the Canadian government survey ship Ellinor. The new bank is said to be situated about twenty-five miles northwest from Port Riche (the northwest point of Ingornachoix bay), and is reported to be about twenty-eight miles long and ten to twelve miles wide. The least depth of water over the bank is said to be about eighteen fathoms. Cod are reported to be in abundance.

The municipality of Paris has made an attempt to grapple with the problem of traffic congestion. Owing to the difficulty of crossing the roads, due to the constant stream of motors, underground passages for pedestrians are to be built at various points beneath the Champs Elysees. If the Champs Elysees tunnels prove a success, others will be built in the center of Paris, and foot passengers will in future cross not over streets, but under them. The scheme of inclined planes, for perambulators, has been abandoned on the ground of cost, and only staircases will be provided.

It has been stated that the Vatican had been approached with the view of selecting a patron saint for aviators, and that it had been suggested that Elijah would be an appropriate person. The originator, remarks the London Globe, of the story seems to have not taken into account that Elijah was an Old Testament character, and as such would be ineligible. No doubt, going to heaven in a chariot of fire would have made Elijah an appropriate patron. A Paris contemporary suggests that St. Colombe should be chosen. Her name alone has much to recommend her. She suffered martyrdom under Marcus Aurelius.

Captain Von Ermnerik of the royal Dutch mail packet Van Spilbergen recently made a clever capture after a murderous assault on a wealthy saloon passenger while bound for Sydney from Batavia. After the alarm had been given he had a full crew of Ma[illegible]lays lined up on deck and as he pas[illegible] along the ranks he placed his ha[illegible] the bared breast of each man t[illegible] the action of his heart. The b[illegible] coursed normally through the vein[illegible] all but one, and his heart was thro[illegible]bing violently. The captain arrested him on suspicion. Another man's hands were abnormally cold, but this fact was not considered sufficiently strong to justify arrest. However, the first man subsequently confessed to the crime and indicated the seaman with the cold hands as his accomplice.

Some so-called useful hints are amusing, and here is one from a French newspaper. It is a method of finding the weight of a pig without weighing it, and this is how you proceed: Take a tape or piece of string, and take the chest measurement, then the length of the animal from the shoulder to the tail. Multiply the chest measurement by itself, then by the length of the body, and finally by 87.5. The result will give approximately the weight of the animal in kilograms. For example, if the animal is 1.26 meters around the chest and 1.15 meters in length, this would give 1.69; multiply 1.69 by 1.15 and we get 1.943. Finally, multiply this number by 87.5 and we get 170 kilos. This will afford a pleasant pastime for country folk, especially if they try to weigh the pig alive. It will be observed that the author of this plan discards sc[illegible] [illegible]ectricals.