### WATERING THE ELEPHANT.

Whenever I think of the farm of my child

And there let my fancy delightfully dwell, I do not recall with a bit of affection The old Oaken bucket that hung by th

I never was stuck by its moss covered

Its creaking refrain never made my heart And surely there wasn't a throb of excite

In drawing a bucket for mother or dad.

But still do I cherish in tond retrospection, As memories sweet that shall ever be nurs

The pailfuls of water I patiently carried For quenching the elephant's marvello

I'll bet that old Sisphus, hard as the job Would surely have filled the sieve up to the

If only, as object and guerdon of labor, A seat at the circus was given to him. -McLandburgh Wilson, in The Su

## OVER HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Over the hills and far away An endless throng is going; Onward they press, and hand in hand They march as to a king's command, Their journey's end the shining strand That lights the edge of sunset land, Over the hills and far away, Their golden homeland glowing.

Over the hills and far away. Beyond the furthest hollow, While twittering birds at twilight call, And evening shadows longer fall, Onward they march till one and all Are hid within a star wrought pall, Over the hills and far away Where every man must follow.

## THE FIRM STAND OF HANS

-William Adams Slade.

Hans Heckendorn drew from the oven the last loaf of his evening batch of bread; then he sat down heavily in his arm chair. The bakeroom was stifling, but he was accustomed to the heat, and clad as he was in a thin gauze shirt and a pair of cotton trousers, he did not mind it. In the dim light of the lamp he seemed like some huge monster, grim, portentious.

Sitting there, with his great bare arms folded, he bent his head on his breast and fell to thinking.

"I suppose the children must learn the English," he said to himself in German. "And I dare not speak evil of the President, or the officer will get me. But it is something in which I have still the say. The men in the fatherland do not fetch the wood and the coal for the women. I will no longer fetch the wood and the coal for Margaretta. I will take a firm stand. I-"

sniff the air. A glance at the lamp betrayed the source of the odor. She did not look toward her husband, but, as one who realizes the futility of speech, crossed the room, and turned down the light. Her husband's eyes followed her with terror. They were bent not upon her, but upon an object which she carried in her hand-a pair of long shears, which she lifted meaningly as she came toward him.

'Come," she said shortly in English. "But, Margaretta, it is not yet time. It is only-." His tongue twisted itself uncomfortably about the Euglish words.

"Shall the children cry in the street at you?" she demanded. "You look this long time as when you came from the mountain down."

"But, Margaretta, it is plenty to do here. She pointed to the great batch of brown

"You are done here. Come on."

When she had gone, he rose painfully out of his chair and carried the lamp across the room to where a little mirror hung against the wall. He saw reflected there a brown beard; a pair of frightened eyes set in a white face, and a mop of thick hair. Yes, it was long. He put up a trembling hand and tried in vain to smooth it flat. He sighed, then his face brightened. largaretta," he called almost joyous-

ly, "I must go tonight to my lodge."
"Ernst paid this afternoon your dues," she answered grimly from the next room. The smile faded from Heckendorn's face

"Ach, Margaretta," he wailed, "let it be tomorrow! "Come," said Margaretta, firmly.

For an instant his eyes rolled helplessly. The little bare room, however, offered no escape from the terror which awaited him. and, wetting his dry lips with his tongue, he went slowly out to the sitting room.

There the floor was half-covered by a white sheet, upon which stood an arm chair like the one he had just left. Fastened to, and projecting above, its back was a long, narrow stick. Heckendorn went toward it as the condemned approach the gallows. Margaretta gave him a little push as he sat down, and then took from the table a long, white tape. Slipping it around his head, she fastened it behind the stick.

"Now," she said gaily. Her husband's eyes opened wide for an

instant. "Ach, Margaretta !" he wailed piteously. Margaretta, however, paid no heed. She gave the tape a final tug, then, having opened and closed her scissors to be sure that they moved smoothly, she began to cut her husband's bair. His face, meanwhile, grew whiter and whiter until it became the color of his flour-sprinkled arms. Once more he said, "Ach Margaretta!" this time very faintly, then his eyes closed, and

his hands dropped limply. He had fainted. Presently, Margaretta moved his head a little to the right, so that she might cut the back more easily, and after a while she moved it a little to the left. She felt no first known him, when they were children in Berlin, he always had fainted when he He would not go to the barber's. He could imagine no worse disgrace than that the neighbors, the Maniagos at the corner, the Smiths next door, should discover his weakto the barber-shop around the corner. Nor did he dare to go farther away. He did not

know how he would ever get back. The click of Margaretta's soissors.

might be, nor the little tune which she hummed, did not awaken him; nor did against the back of the chair as he was, and it was only a few seconds before he clasped his hands before his breast, and with a

long sigh opened his eyes. "Is it done?" he gasped.

As Margaretta untied the tape, he lifted up his voice in a loud "Gott sei Dank !" and tottered somewhat weakly up the stairs the hour for his hair cutting drew near, even that he might die. It seemed as though he were sinking into some vast, bottomless ocean, and that Margaretta, the hour, a minute. She spread the covering on the floor, and fastened the support for his head to the back of the chair, and then she called him. Nor had he ever been able to invent an excuse that would serve.

He did not believe that his hair needed cutting so badly this time. It might have gone another week. He crept in under the gay bed covers, angry with himself that he bad not refused, and still angrier with Margaretta that she had insisted.

There he lay wide awake. It was not near his usual bedtime, and though he felt too weak to be up and about, he could still think. Margaretta had acquired the outrageous American notions of the other women on the block; she thought that she was the head of the house, she made him But, Margaretta." he began. Then he realized that it would not do to show weakness before her. "All right. If it is right that we should not longer do it. He would have to teach her a lesson, not because he minded doing things for her.—what were the state of the table kept his voice steady.—"it is all all her state of the state ed doing things for her, -what were they to a strong man like himself?-but because children's English and the officer in the matter of inveighing against the President, yet

had the right to interfere, and which no one but himself had the right to manage. She watched him narrowly on In consequence of his meditation, Marafter the time when her husband got up to start the fires in the bakery, found neither the coal nor the wood with which she start ed her own fire awaiting her. Her first thought was to call to Hans to get them for her. Then remembering that he had had his hair cut the night before, she refrained. Perhaps he was not well. She brought the coal and wood from the cellar herself, and 'Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten' the while. There was a certain defiant tone about it which set Margaretta's eyes spark-

ling. No, he had not forgotten.
She went quietly back to the kitchen and stood there, her brow wrinkled. Was it possible that—well, she would see.
She gave him another chance at noon and

another at night and another in the morn-Margaretta. I will take a firm stand. 1—
The door into the bakeroom opened suddenly, and Hans paused in the midst of his soliloquy. A little blue-eyed woman stood before him.

In the door into the bakeroom opened suddenly, and Hans paused in the midst of hungry from the bakery for his dinner, found a covered dish before his plate. Its shoulders. He had meant to cut it all, but the straining upward of his arms, and the chill struck him before he lifted the lid.

Margaretta always used that dish for sauer that always used tha ing. Still her coal bucket stood empty in krant, but he could not remember having for breath. smelled any boiling sauer kraut that morning. Suddenly the lid dropped from his hand. Within, neatly surrounding a huge piece of succulent raw pork, lay a mass of

uncooked cabbage.
"Margaretta," he stormed, "what does die mean ?''

"It means that I had no coals," said Margaretta, while little Hans and Karl and Ernst and Elsa stared wide-eyed. 'I cannot cook unless I have coals. It isn't fire

unless you have coals." For the fragment of a second her newly shorn husband gazed at her while her blue

eyes gazed placidly back. "I fetch no more coals, not today nor to-morrow nor any day," he shouted. "It is no coal fetching for the men in the old country it sha'n't be any here."

Whereupon be went back to the bakery to eat the light bread which he baked, and which his soul loathed.

At supper-time the sauer kraut was cook ed and eaten. Afterward Heckendorn stood proudly at the door of his shop. It was easy to manage the women. All one needed was a little firmness. Margaretta should never get the upper hand again. He could think of a dozen different directions in which he should assert his will. No longer should she read the Euglish Bible to the children, no longer should she sit on any other doorstep than her own in the evenings. It was from the other women that she imbibed her revolutionary notions.

Presently Margaretta herself came out of the door and stood for a moment beside

"I go to Frau Maniago," she said. "Margaretta," he began firmly, then paused. It would not do to insist upon too many changes at once.

"It is all right this time," he said grandy, unaware of the flash of her blue eyes I go after while to the Bakers' Union. When Margaretta came home, she found little Hans in charge of the shop, and she held no further converse with his father that night. Early in the morning, however, he wakened her to tell her of the approaching picnic planned by the Union.
"In August it will be. We will go in a

boat up the river on Sunday. We will go in a go, I and you, Hanschen and Karl, and Ernst and Elsa. We—"
"You can go," said Margaretta, sharply."
I and Hanschen and Karl and Ernst and Elsa will not go. It is not right to go on

Sundays on exertions." Heckendorn stared at her agbast. "We go in the morning in the church,

like in the faderland, and in the afternoon it is holiday." "I and the children go in the afternoon in the Sunday School," she said in the tone which indicated to Heckendorn's experi-

enced mind that nothing more need be

Nor did he try to persuade her in the weeks which followed. It would be like old times to go out there without any wife alarm at his fainting. Ever since she had and children to bother about. There he would see Balthasar Kleber, who had lived next door to them in Berlin, and who had tad his hair out. It was no stranger than no family , and Heinrich Heissman, with the weakness of others at the sight of blood. trade; and Milton Rupp and Gottlieb Wohlgemuth and a host of others whom he could mention, who still loved the fatherland. Margaretta, with her New-World ness, as they must certainly do if he went notions, would be a wet blanket on the festivities. Likely enough she would disgrace him with some scornful remark. No. he was thankful for the chance to go alone. Then week by week the picnic was post-

which were apparently not as sharp as they poned. The boat which they wanted was asked whether he had gone down-town. engaged, or some of their number wanted to go to the Turn Verein pionic, or else the Margaretta make the least effort to arouse him till her task was done. Then she longed, had its annual boat-ride. Finally, bathed his face with cold water, still braced however, the day was set for the first Sunday of September.

As the time drew near, Heckendorn's satisfaction changed to dismay. Each day, when he combed his hair before the little mirror in the sitting room, he realized that it would have to be cut. He held his breath have felt without them?
every time that Margaretta mentioned his When she got to bed, she could not sleep. every time that Margaretta mentioned his name; he scarcely dared to look at her when she came hurriedly into the bakeroom sighing as he went. How many times had or the shop, for fear that she should be he wished that he might grow bald; yes, as carrying the seissors, cruel as those of At-

Margaretta, however, said not a word. On Taesday evening before the excursion, when he had finished baking, he carried guardian angel of his happier hours, stood over him, pushing him down, down. When Margaretta thought that it was time his his shoulders. It must be cut to-night. He right.

Margaretta thought that it was time his would not go to the picnic with the feeling would not do it today, nor toof nakedness which always followed a hair-

cutting. His wife answered his tentative "Margaretta" only by a short "Well?" without "I guess my hair should be cut before to work.

Margaretta snipped off the thread an audible click of her white teeth. "I cut no more hair, not today, nor to-morrow, nor any day," she said so placidly

weeks before. "It is no work, hair-cutting,

Margaretta regarded him for an instant she must learn that even though she had the schools on her side in the matter of the Then she folded little Elsa's finished dress that he was no longer afraid to have his neatly together, and went to shut up the house for the night, singing softly to herthere were certain other things sacred be-tween husband and wife, in which no one enten." Afterward, when Hans slept be-

She watched him narrowly on Wednesday, but he did not leave the shop. Several garetta, coming down stairs half an hour times he put on his collar and coat and went to the front door, only to hesitate on the steps and finally to turn back. He was afraid; Margaretta knew he was afraid. On Thursday, when he started out, she sent little Hans after him. At the corner, how-ever, Hans the elder climbed into a street coal and wood from the cellar herself, and of hair. Margaretta did not doubt that he is a woman's best preparation for life. then opened the door softly into the bake-had tried and fainted. Her lips set them. There is a fairly prevalent idea that college room. Her husband was bending to put a selves firmly, partly in an effort to keep batch of bread into the oven, and singing back the tears, and partly with renewed back the tears, and partly with renewed purpose to hold out. She would not go back on her word. Little Hans had heard her say that she would not cut his father's hair today, nor tomorrow, nor any day, and little Hans must not be allowed to think

that his mother did not tell the truth. next day, his family stared, and little Elsa ultimately may, and very likely will, play cried aloud, and would not let him touch them false, and leave them lonely and emhad made him sit down heavily, gasping

In the afternoon he went to the barber's shop at the corner. "I sometimes get a little sick when my hair gets cut," he explained; "but you shall not mind it. Margaretta she never

minds it. You might tie me in." The barber, questioning him, discovered that the sickness was a fainting spell. "Can't take the responsibility, sir, with-

out you have a doctor. A man once died of heart disease when I was cutting his hair. I couldn't think of it." Thereupon hope died. He could not go to the Bakers' Union picnic, he could not

go to church with Margaretta, he could not even go into his own shop to sell the bread which he had baked. He would have to hide in the bakeroom and in the back of her word.

turned. There was the cheerful smell of tion. Her interests must be widened, frying sausage, but it seemed to make him more carefully than a man's, because she is siok. He ate only a little supper. Mar-less likely to be broadened by life. garetta watched him with auxious eyes, but said nothing. This was not the first time that Margaretta had lived through a domes-tic crisis, nor the first one which she had the sympathies it cannot be because it is solved to her own satisfaction.

Supper over, Hans sat down in the back of the shop, his face on his arms, which were folded on the counter. When Mar garetta banked her fire for the night, he heard the last few coals in the scuttle rattle into the fire. Then, like a man walking in his sleep, he went out to the kitchen, and carrying the scuttle down into the cellar, filled it, and brought it back. It was not because he wished to make amends -he knew Margaretta too well for that,but because, in his misery, his mind paturally went back to its old tasks. He was thankful that there was something to do. He had forgotten that he had said he would bring no more coal today, nor tomorrow,

nor any day.

In the morning he filled the bucket again in the same daze. He then made a final appeal to Margaretta. But, Margaretta, I cannot go the Bak-

ers' Union pionic." Margaretta closed her lips more tightly. "But, Margaretta, my children will get afraid of their poor vater."
"Shall I not be ashamed when my man looks like a Belsnickle [Santa Claus] ?"
demanded Margaretta. "But I cannot

The sudden helpless droop of his broad shoulders, the tear which rolled down each cheek, made Margaretta go quickly from the room. She was not unmindful of the fact that he had filled the coal-scuttle and had brought the wood. That, however, had nothing to do with the question. If Hans could go back on his word, there was all the more reason why she should hold to hers. And yet—she saw him before her with his bair hanging to his shoulders, the laughing-stock of the Smiths, the Maniagos, and the Goldsteins. They would probably

inducement could have moved Margaretta, it would have been that. Hans went to bed early that night. Usnally on Saturday evenings he sat on the doorstep talking with their neighbor, Mr. Smith, or with Officer O'Malley, or who-ever might happen that way. The door-step was to a certain extent his club, his recreation. Only Margaretta's heart knew the pride she felt in seeing him sitting there in his best clothes.

think it was some German custom. If any

There was no doubt that Hans had become

a person of importance Now, however, this importance was to cease, partly because he had been rash and partly because she had been stubborn. It would have been bad enough for him to go to the picnic alone. She knew with what pride the Wohlgemuths displayed their children to all who would admire. Their own were so much finer, how would Hans

Heckendorn was breathing heavily, and once or twice he moaned, which was not unusual, but which to his wife's ears as sumed a sudden pathetic significance. She lay and listened, more troubled that

she had ever been before. They had had other difficulties, but none so serious as this-none which would make them the

morrow, nor any day," she said aloud. "It isn't today, or tomorrow; it is to-night."

Before the words were spoken she was

out of bed. She slipped quietly downstairs looking up from her sewing. The cloud for the seissors. She slowly opened and which had gathered between them after the closed them as she came back. Then, last hair cutting had not yet been dispelled. bringing the lamp close to the bed, she set

Sunday," be said weakly. "I guess it should be cut to-night. I guess." There entirely unaware of the busy shears which was already a dull horror in his eyes. edges above his forehead, now trimming close to his ear, which portion of the pro cess always made him deathly sick. He did not even open his eyes when Margarthat he did not recognize the quotation from the sentence which he had shouted at her Her work finished, Margaretta went Her work finished, Margaretta went back

to bed, and smiling, fell asleep.

you always out it while I am sleeping ?' For an instant Margaretta hesitated bair out? Then she realized that the new and painless method would be more than ever a bribe or a reward, and its discon-

tinuance a threat. "If I shall out hair like in the fatherland," she said firmly, "then that will be enough fatherland for me. The coal-fetching and the wood-carrying shall be like the United States."—By Elsie Singmaster, in the Century Magazine.

Woman and the College. Despite the many beautiful and prosperous colleges for women all over this coun-An hour later he came home white try, it is still a question in many parental minds whether or not a college education women too often develop the intellect at the expense of the sympathies, that they set mental standards which are higher than their husbands have leisured to reach, or, worse, that, wanting better bread than can be made out of wheat, they refrain from marriage altogether. The higher education too often leads them to choose a life of self-When Heckendorn came to dinner the exploitation, and to pursue callings which

cation disciplines the emotions. If it disciplines them away altogether it does an irremediable injury. If, however, it merely controls the sentimentality of youth by training judgement, it is an effective force Life will bring out the sympafor good. thies of those who have them sooner or later, and to be delivered from the sentimental ebullitions of girlhood is not so ap-

palling a matter after all. There seems to be no doubt that the chief weakness of the feminine mind, as diffierentiated from the masculine, is to see life personally. A woman, more than a man, is encumbered by herself and hedged by limitations. She cannot, by the inherent nature of things, take so many risks or lead so experimental a life as a man, and her education is therefore, a matter not of the house. Margaretta never took back less but of greater moment. She must have thoroughgoing knowledge, because, less It was almost supper-time when he re- than a man, can she afford a wrong reac-

> College if it does nothing else should lay the foundation for more abstract interests too high or too thorough, but because it is too slight and too superficial. Any educaattainments is a poor education. Any education that allows a person to think he can really gain by another's loss, or aggrandize himself by another's fall, or in any way separate his interests from the general interests of the race, is a superficial and inadequate education, whether it be gotten at a finishing school or at a college. If colleges turn out women of defective sympathies and selfish instincts it is not pursuit of learning that effects this. Intellectual training in and for itself cannot be other than beneficial. The freedom, the independence, the fact of being thrown upon her own resources at a critical age should all prepare a girl for wise government of her own household and intelligent

> It is difficult to believe that higher educatlon unfits a woman for household management or motherhood, since to these two functions the most highly trained faculties are necessary, especially in these days when social conditions are changed rapidly, and when the domestic problem is in a state of uncomfortable upheaval. It is not less intelligence and training, but more and wiser, that is needed to meet the new

It is, therefore, a cause for rejoicing rather than doubt, that the women's colleges of this country are to be multiplied more heavily endowed .- [Harper's

-"Though he's a literary man, he makes all his money by not writing a

"How is that?"

"His friends chipped in and paid him to -Anxious Mother-How do you know

that young man is in love with you? Has he told you? Pretty Daughter--No, mamma, but I know he is from the way he looks at when I am not looking at him. -"What a bright little thing!" ex-

claimed the society woman, patronizingly cooing at a baby out for an airing in the park. "Whose little one is this?" To-night Mr. Smith came to the door to "Yours, ma'am," replied the nurse ask where he was, and Officer O'Malley "I'm the new nurse that kem yistherd'y"

## OLD TIME CALENDARS.

The Saxon Clogg, Whence Comes the Name "Almanac." In these days, when printed calendars are in evidence everywhere, the ques-

tion as to what device the elder folk employed to help them mark the progress of time is not uninteresting. "They," says Verstegan, alluding to

the Saxons, "used to engrave upon certaine squared sticks about a foot in length, or shorter or longer, as they pleased, the courses of the moones of the whole yeere, whereby they could alwaies certainly tell when the new moones, full moones and changes should happen, as also their festivall daies, and such a carved stick they called an al-mon-aght-that is to say, al-mon-heed, to wit, the record or observation of all the moones, and hence is derived the name almanac."

An instrument of this kind was also called the clogg, from its form and matter, and had a ring on the upper end of it to hang on a nail somewhere about the house. On each of the four sides were three months, the days being represented by notches. Every seventh notch, being of a larger size, represented Sunday. Issuing from the right side of the notches were inscriptions and figures marking the festival days by some endowment of the saints or illustrating the season of the year by some work or sport char-

acteristic of it. Thus against June 29, St. Peter's day, were carved his keys. On Feb. 14 a true lover's knot appeared, and against the notch designating Christmas day was the old wasshalling or carousal horn that the forefathers used to make merry with.

The Danes, Swedes and Norwegians used these almanacs under various names, such as Reinstocks, Runstocks, Runstaffs, Annales, Staves, Stakes, Cloggs, Runici, and so forth. Before printing was introduced and when manuscripts were rare and dear these Runic almanacs were made the instruments of instruction and regularity. That they might be more serviceable they were often carved on the tops of pilgrims' staves or stakes so as to regulate their time of assembling at particular places. They were also cut on sword scabbards and implements of husbandry. These cloggs are not entirely unlike the Egyptian obelisks, which have been called fingers of the sun and which may be regarded as a

species of almanac. One of the first printed almanacs or calendars was that of John Muller, who opened a printing house and published his almanac at Guremburg in the year 1472. It gave not only the characters of each year and of the months, but foretold the eclipses for thirty years in advance.

In England the year book of Henry VII. gives the first recorded account of almanaca.-Chicago Record-Herald.

Lightning Superstition.

The ancient Romans avoided places struck by lightning. The houses if damaged were pulled down or fenced in so that no one could use the building on which the gods had set the mark of their displeasure. This feeling was probably deepened by the fact that certain localities are visited by thunderstorms more than others, the wrath of Jove descending in white flame time and again in the same spot, And It was the same superstition, lingering among Christians in a slightly different form, which made it so difficult for Benjamin Franklin to introduce the lightning rod, for the pious Americans of that day declared that "it was as impious to erect rods to ward off heaven's lightning as for a child to ward off the chastening rod of its father."

The Wood In Old Violins. The woods most favored by the old masters for violin construction were pine, pear, lemon, ash, maple and sycamore, and by some of the later men apple was used. Boxwood was universally employed for bridges. Haweis says, "A perfectly harmonious marriage is as rare between violins and their bridges as it is between men and women." He deplores the heartless substitution of new bridges for old ones and insists that a new bridge will never mate perfectly with an old violin, and rather than resort to substitution he advises patching and repairing the old one as long as it can be made to last.-Circle Magazine

A Homemade Weather Glass. A very reliable weather glass can be made out of such simple materials as an empty salad oil bottle and a quart fruit jar. Having procured these articles, pour sufficient water into the jar so that it covers the mouth of the bottle when the latter is inserted into the former. In fine weather it will be found that the water will rise into the bottle, but will fall back into the far when wet weather is due. Though the idea of this quaint homemade barometer is not new, it is quite reliable

A Poor Artist. Patience-Do you know Jules, the

Patrice-Yes, but I don't like him. "Why not?" "Oh, I like a man who can look you in the eye."

"Can't he?" "Why, he can't even paint a picture of a person who can look you in the eye!"-Yonkers Statesman.

Characteristics. "Geniuses are eccentric. Some of them touch every post or tree they run across."

run across or almightily try to."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Most of 'em touch every friend they

No man can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.-Hawthorne.

# LAMARTINE'S PRESENT.

How the French Author Got a Big

Price For a Little Poem. Francois Buloz, the founder and editor of the famous French journal, La Revue des Deux Mondes, was by no means celebrated for his generosity to contributors. One day shortly after the publication of Lamartine's "Les Girondins," and while the literary world was ringing with the fame of its great author, Buloz called on him and asked him to write an article for his magazine. Lamartine consented, but stated that he could not have it ready for some weeks.

Buloz, fearing that this was only an excuse and that he would never get the article, offered Lamartine an advance. It so happened that the author was in need of 4,000 francs at that time, and he so informed the editor, who at once handed over the money. Three months later he called Lamar tine's attention to the fact that the contribution had not yet been received. It was toward the end of 1847, and the great author was devoting his entire time to politics.

"While you are waiting for this article would you care for a little poem I have here?" he asked Buloz.

He enthusiastically replied in the af-

firmative. Months later, when Lamartine had become minister of foreign affairs, Buloz again called upon him to remind

him of the promised contribution. "But you see my position," answered the minister, "how busy I am!"

Buloz frowned. "But, citizen minister, a certain amount of money was advanced, and the interests of my magazine do not permit me to"-

"How much was it?"

"Four thousand francs." Lamartine took this amount of money from the drawer and laid it upon his desk. The editor, however, looked some

what embarrassed. "Well, what more can I do for you? You have your money."

"The fact is, I owe you for a small poem. "Oh, that's not worth mentioning!

I'll make you a present of it." Buloz drew himself up haughtily. "Citizen minister, La Revue des Deux Mondes does not accept presents. How much do I owe you?" "Oh, well, if you insist," answered

## 4,000 francs and replaced them in his drawer, "we will call it square!" ODD CUSTOMS.

Lamartine dryly as he took up the

Every house must be decked with flowers on New Year's day in Japan. In Buenos Ayres the police alone have the right of whistling on the streets. Any other person whistling is

at once arrested. In Ashanti many families are forbidden the use of certain meats. In like manner others are forbidden to

wear clothes of a certain color If a carriage upsets or injures another carriage in the streets of St. Petersburg or if a person is knocked down, the horses of the offending vehicle are seized and confiscated to the use of the fire brigade.

It is the practice of the Ashantees and Fantees to bury one-third of the property of a dead man, converted into gold dust, under his head, and rifling the grave of an enemy is considered the proper action for a warrior.

Clapping the hands in various ways is the polite method in central Africa of saying "Allow me," "I beg pardon," "Permit med to pass! he ando "Thanks." It is resorted to in respectful introduction and leave taking. 11 9913

Doves and Religion. "One thing I remarked and think worthy of notice is that ever since Noah's dove every religion seems to consider the pigeon as a sacred bird. For example, every mosque swarms with pigeons, and the same exists in most Italian market places. The Hindoo pundits and the old Assyrian empire also have them, while Catholics make it the emblem of the Holy Ghost.'

Lady Burton in her account of the Mohammedan mystery play of "Hassan and Hossein" says:

"Then comes the bler with Hossein's corpse and his son sitting upon it sorrowing and embracing him and a beautiful white dove in the corner whose wings are dabbled with blood. The effect upon the excited crowd is awful." -"Life of Sir Richard F. Burton."

Where He Worshiped. As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become an active member of the church. "Good evening, my young friend," he

said solemnly. "Do you ever attend a place of worship?" "Yes, indeed, sir, regularly every Sunday night," replied the young fellow, with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."—Ladies' Home Jour-

The Mystic Number Five. Five is the great sacred Chinese number. There are five virtues, five colors (yellow, white, green, red and black), five household gods, five planets (Saturn, Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Mercury), five ranks of nobility, five tastes, five cardinal points (the middle, east, west, south and north respectively) and five tones.

He Had to Stay.

"You venture into Wall street occasionally?" said the lamb. "My case," answered the magnate.

"is different from yours. "I don't dare venture out of it for fear of what they would do in my absence."-Washington