

THE QUEST.

We followed the Rainbow Road When the storm had grumbled by. The rainbow stood by the big east wood With its top against the sky. Dot and the dog and I— The dog with the curly tail— And a spade to dig for the treasure big, A spade and a new tin pail. (She was the company, I the command, And the dog went along to guard the band.)

A PINSTRIPE DIMITY.

"Have you heard the latest?" quizzed Janet Robinson, elbowing a place for herself among a group of boys and girls in the high school yard at Masontown. A spirited discussion as to whether the commencement exercises should be given in the opera house or the army was at high tide, and Janet's query cut short Kenneth Moore's statement that the army was out of the question. "That we can't have our class pine in time," answered Pauline Kaiser, ignoring Kenneth's remark to present the doubt that lay closest to her heart at this particular time. "That the almanac predicts snow for the twenty-eighth," laughed Kenneth. "Or that Armour's cornered the sheep market and our diploma will be made of crepe paper," suggested Willis Brown, with a drollish smile. "N—!" declared Janet with reflected disgust. "Frances Harrison's going to wear a dimity commencement dress!" "A dimity?" repeated Daisy Barlow, in unbelieving amazement. "Yes; she and her mother were in Caine's last night buying, or rather trading in butter and eggs, for a pinstripe, twenty-five cents—"

not recollect a single day since her father's death, five years ago, she had mother had not sat by the window sewing. "She's in the yard, perhaps. No, her work is folded on the machine." Janet dropped her books on the stand and a sheet of tablet paper fluttered to the floor. Her face flushed as she read the feebly scrawled note; then, tossing it aside she picked up the new fashion paper and sank into a rocker to forget her aesthetic complaint in a profusion of new sleeves and lace-trimmed bonnets. It was a melting June day, but Frances Harrison trudged the sun-baked pike, insensible to the glare that made the top fence-rail all zig-zaggy. Two miles of the road's dusty length had been covered with a pause. At the three mile post, the road dipped into a hollow and across a lazy creek that crept away to the thick, still woods. Here the air was cool and smelled of wild grapes and tree-bark and the mingled odors of unknown herbs and of the violet earth. But Frances did not slacken her steps, for her eyes were on the little white farm home that capped the hilltop a half mile beyond, and her thoughts on mother. "A twenty-five cent dimity! The class will be disgraced. She is selfish not to think of us. Vote out her oration." Frances could hear again those degrading voices just outside the school-room window. She had tried to change a paragraph in her thesis and was happy in the thought that now her oration was ready for the world, her world of Masontown and the farm. To be sure, she had decried it along the roadway to the birds and the stalwart trees, and had even seen her gestures mirrored in the sleepy creek; for to be chosen second in a class, a class of fifty, was something of which to be proud, and on that night of nights, with all Masontown for an audience, she meant to make the class proud of her. Frances had not intended to listen, but when those words in searing derision burst upon her, she had felt stunned. "O, it cannot be," she muttered, "for my dimity is beautiful. Yes, I could have silk; mother suggested it; but there's the doctor's bill, and—mother must have help. Dr. Kaiser said yesterday he'd try to find a woman in town. If I got silk I'm sure it would mean doing without something needed at home, and dimity will do as well. O!" she cried to the incessant heart-sob as she leaned against the fence, and— "Frances could not wait to go round the roadway; it seemed a mile longer today; so she climbed the rail fence at the meadow and went up the back lane. As she neared the barn, she could hear voices off toward the house. "Company, or else Dr. Kaiser's found someone to help mother," she pressed. "I hope it's a woman, for mother will do things in spite of me." Frances steadied herself against the barn door, looking off down the hill and across toward Masontown. On the far outskirts was the depot, a mere speck against the green farm fields, and still farther a factory from whose chimney was trailing a smudge of black ashward the cloudless sky. Here and there among the mass of trees on the near hillside towered a dormer window or a patch of roof, while on an opposite hill stood the school with its gold-topped cupola glistening in the sun. Frances breathed deeply. "How small it all seems from the hill-top!" she exclaimed, waving a hand toward the village, "and how beautiful the farm! It's a world all to itself, with the dear old lane, the orchard, the freshened hen and her chick's browsing in the garden. What if my dress is only a pinstripe?" she laughed. Just then the talking indoors grew louder, and she heard her mother's laugh. Frances suddenly felt choky. "I won't tell her. It'll hurt her more than it does me. No, she'll never know." She tip-toed to the pump to dash away the tell-tale tears and down the rankling lump in her throat. When she reached the step she knew that the strange voice did not belong to company, for it came from the kitchen, accompanied by the thud and clink of some ironing. "Why, you look as if you'd seen a ghost!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrison, kissing her daughter's cool cheeks. "It's Mrs. Robinson come out to—"

seat, Pauline Kaiser flitted her book and edged over to indicate a place beside her. "The fifth measure," she whispered. "Frances's clear soprano blended beautifully with Pauline's rich alto tones. The girls had never sung together but there were a unison and a harmony that caused Miss Ritter to look in their direction. In the second part of the chorus there was a soprano and alto duet, but their being no two singers qualified to take the part, it was sung in chorus. "Will Miss Frances and Miss Pauline sing the aria on page twelve, beginning 'O, gracious Lord, cast down Thine eyes?' " Both girls were natural singers and went through their parts without hesitation. "How well you voices blend!" Miss Ritter declared. "You must sing the duet at commencement." Frances gave one appealing look at her teacher, but Pauline's nod of approval settled the answer and relaxed the frown from Janet Robinson's face. The afternoon dragged on. It seemed endless to Frances, but at last the gong sounded. "I'll see Miss Ritter a minute," she resolved, "for if my dress is not due enough for an oration, it certainly won't do to sing in." But Miss Ritter had been called to the floor above, so Frances waited. Someone was talking in the hall. She caught the word "dimity," and involuntarily clasped both hands to her ears as "I will not hear another word," she sobbed inwardly. "Oh, why don't they stop?" She hurriedly penned a note to the teacher and gathered up her books. Someone was crying. Janet? Then Kenneth Moore mumbled in an undertone. "It is too late!" choked Janet. "Mamma—wanted—me—not—to—have—silk." "It's not too late for me," asserted Daisy. "We've been waiting for samples." Several announced that they did intend to get their dresses the last of the week. "I bought a dimity last night," announced Pauline. "A pinstripe, too!" Kenneth, who, if the truth be known could not tell a dimity from silk or sackcloth flung his cap to the second-floor ceiling with a burst of "Now you're on the right track! And, cracky! I'll have the trousers creased in a double box-pleat!" Frances jabbed her hatpin into her sailor and reached for her books. "Why, here she is," called Pauline. "I thought you'd—" Janet's eyes were swimming as she reached for Frances's hand. "O, girls," she sobbed, "I'm—"

They succeeded the System of Nomination by Caucus. Conventions have not always nominated our presidents and vice presidents. For more than thirty years presidential candidates were named by a caucus made up of members of the house and the senate. This system died when in 1824 the caucus insisted upon by Martin Van Buren and other friends of William H. Crawford of Georgia defeated Crawford, which threw the election into the house on account of the scattering electoral vote caused by the entrance of Clay, Calhoun, Jackson and John Quincy Adams in the race. This fracas elected Adams. The campaign of 1828 in consequence was somewhat demoralized, and in 1831 the Republicans followed the example of the anti-Masonic party had set the year before and met in convention in Baltimore to nominate Henry Clay. The Democrats held their first national convention in the same city the following year, nominating Martin Van Buren for vice president. The dominating figure of the party, Andrew Jackson, needed no indorsement of his candidacy for the presidency. The Democrats in 1835 and 1840 nominated Van Buren for the presidency in Baltimore, and the Whigs nominated Clay in the same place in 1844, when the Democrats named Polk. In 1853 Romulus M. Saunders introduced the two-thirds rule to the Democratic convention, and it was adopted. The customs installed at these earlier conventions which succeeded the tyranny of the caucus chamber have been continued and added to from time to time, and the conventions today are merely the descendants of those that nominated Clay and Van Buren.—Charles Wadsworth Camp in Metropolitan Magazine.

PASTIMES OF MADMEN. Cunning and Ingenuity Displayed by the Insane. Some of the inventions of the insane are of scientific value. A patient at Villejuif invented a "purification machine" by combining a bottle, a plank and small metallic tubes, to which he had fitted faucets. Having set up his machine, he produced leaves of bread the size of a man's head. The bread was good—so good that it was decided to make the machine known. One day when it was in action the doctor suggested taking a photograph of it. The inventor watched him as if petrified for a moment; then he fell upon the machine, wrenched it apart and trampled it underfoot. The invention, an exceedingly useful one, was lost, because no one had seen him make it, and no one dares speak of it to him. To allude to it is to bring on a furious attack. Most lunatics, no matter how contented they may be, generally cherish a furtive longing to escape. They collect wax from the polished floors, take the impressions of locks and make keys from empty sardine boxes, spoon handles or anything to be found. Dr. Marie's museum includes a collection of knives of strange and unheard of shapes. Some of them have blades made from pieces of glass or slate and set in handles of corset steels. Objects harmless in themselves become dangerous weapons through the ingenuity of madmen. Insane sculptors are as common as insane painters. The insane sculptor hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic animals, ferocious little horned and grinning devils. An ex-mechanic carves all his soap bones. That his old trade is still in his memory is shown by the little screws that he makes out of the smaller pieces of bone. He works all day at his senseless and ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who believes he is the incarnation of the soul of Beelzebub, passes his time carving toy men out of wood. Each pair of his creations are joined together, now at the necks, now at the shoulders.—Helen E. Meyer in Harper's Weekly.

A DISPLAY OF QUICK WIT. The American Saved His Pride and Observed Russian Etiquette. The Yankee and the Russian story is again on its grand rounds, but as all attempts to name the original Yankee have failed, says London M. A. P., it is safe to pin the anecdote to any prominent American who may have visited St. Petersburg. The Russian has been identified as the Grand Duke Constantine, younger brother of the Czar Alexander I., and the incident occurred about 1810. The Yankee went out for a walk in March, when the snow was melting after sudden rain. The street was a maze of puddles, divided into sections by narrow ledges of snow at the crossings, over which pedestrians carefully felt their way. The Yankee was just in the middle of such a snow bridge when he recognized the Grand Duke Constantine approaching in the opposite direction. The path being too narrow for two persons to pass, the grand duke being accustomed to every one getting out of his way, the Yankee being too courteous to turn his back on a brother of the czar to return whence he came and too proud to step servilely into the slush for a mere prince of the royal blood—such was the contretemps. Quick as a flash our American whipped out his purse, presented it to Constantine and asked, "Even or odd?" "Even," replied the astonished prince. "You win!" said the Yankee and stepped off into a puddle half a leg deep. Constantine, highly pleased by this peculiarly American proceeding, mentioned it to the czar, and our Yankee was invited to dine at the palace next day.

A DESERT PERIL. The Deadly Clear Water of the Death Valley Pools. "One of the chief dangers to travelers in crossing such dreary and arid wastes as the far famed Death valley arises from ignorance as to the character of the infrequent pools of water along the route," said a mining engineer of Denver. "The tenderfoot, growing faint under a blazing sun, will want to quench his intolerable thirst when he comes to a shallow hole whose water, clear as crystal, seems absolutely pure. He can with difficulty be restrained from drinking it by some experienced companion, who knows that one draft will probably cause serious if not fatal illness. This water, for all its seeming purity and clearness, is loaded with arsenic, and many a man has lost his life by its use. Curiously enough, the only water in the desert that is safe to drink is foul looking and inhabited by bugs and snakes. When you come to a muddy pool on the surface of which insects are disporting themselves, however repulsive it may be, both to the eye and palate, you may drink it with impunity, despite its looks, as a man will who is crazy with thirst produced by the burning sands and merciless sun."—Baltimore American.

THE PALISADES.

Their Counterpart Cannot Be Found In All the World.

The edge of the world, if such a thing may be, lies hardly a rifle shot away from one of the centers of the world itself—the city of New York. The Palisades, those mighty walls whereon the annals of the centuries are grav'd—what an edge of the world their lip presents to him who comes, perhaps at night, to their rough hewn elevation! In no other place other than this near proximity to man and one of his greatest cities could a physical feature so profoundly vast and impressive be so hidden from the world. Their counterpart cannot be found in all the world, and yet the Palisades are almost unexplored and unknown to the globe circling, sight hunting public that yearly traverses the continents or seas to gaze at things less wonderful in some distant field of nature's marvelous achievements, for little does any one know of these titanic walls who has merely seen them from the Hudson. Were they somewhere off in a land comparatively inaccessible, reached by a transcontinental thread of steel, the guidebooks would be rich in their pictured grandeur and man would rove far to explore them.—Phillip Verrill Mighels in Harper's Magazine.

Superstitions of Stage Folk.

A stock actor is apt to have a prejudice against decorating or fixing up his dressing room. He is certain to get his notice shortly after he puts his pictures on the wall and otherwise makes the place comfortable and homelike. Actors and managers both have a horror of the witch lines in "Macbeth," and they never will allow them to be spoken, as it means a fire in the playhouse before the twelvemonth is over. Sir Henry Irving was a firm believer in this superstition, and he would never allow the fateful lines to be read when he was playing the tragedy. I know many players who fear to have any one pass them on a stairway when they are entering a theater. There are many actors who make the sign of the cross before they make an entrance.—Chicago Tribune.

Where They Forgot.

"Once, in the rooms of the Fabian society, overlooking the fresh green slopes of the Law Court gardens in London, I heard George Bernard Shaw express his thoughts about English public schools," said a Chicago editor. "He attacked these schools. He said you learned nothing in them. He told of a young peer to whom a certain master at Eton said: "I am ashamed of you, unable to work out so simple a problem! Your younger brother did it correctly an hour ago."

"I am sorry, sir," the boy replied, "but you must remember that my brother hasn't been at Eton as long as I have."—Washington Star.

Got Full Weight.

"Sir," says the aggrieved customer, approaching the bookseller, "I have called to express my opinion of your business methods." "What is wrong?" deferentially asked the bookseller. "I bought a set of Shakespeare from you last year. It weighed fourteen pounds. Yesterday I ordered a duplicate set for my son's library, and it only weighs thirteen pounds and nine ounces. I'd have you understand, sir, that there is a city ordinance against short weights."

Thoroughly humbled, the bookseller made up the shortage with seven ounces of miscellany.—Exchange.

Anxious For More.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered a five dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the grateful golfer. "Thanky, sir," said the injured man after a kindling glance at the money, "an when will you be playin' again, sir?"—Argonaut.

The Snake Bite.

"So Wild Bill died of a snake bite? What did he get bit?" "Oh, th' snake didn't bite Bill. Th' snake bit Tough Tompkins, an' Tompkins drank two quarts o' th' remedy an' then shot Bill."—Judge's Library.

HE LACKED TACT.

Bad Breaks of the Man Who Was Trying to Sell Spectacles.

"The meanest job of my lean days," said a millionaire, "was spectacle peddling. I still see the sad and scornful looks, I still hear the reproachful oaths, which that work brought down on me. "It was at the seashore. I had a case of spectacles for every age from forty-five up. I paced the beach and the board walk. "Once I walked up to a lady and gentleman seated close together on the sand. "Sir and madam, I said, 'would these interest you? The best and cheapest brand of old age spectacles on the market. This pair would be your size, sir—forty-nine years. Lady, will you try these fifty-four year ones?' They reddened, and the man told me, with an oath, to move on. I remembered as I moved that he had been holding her hand. A seaside flirtation. Of course they hadn't liked their thoughts brought down from love to old age spectacles. "On the board walk I accosted a pretty girl leading an old man by the arm. "Would your grandpa be interested in these, miss? I said. 'Best glass, warranted, eighty year size, price—' "Tell him to go, Billy," said the girl. "And as I went a hot corn man chuckled: "That, you dub, was Gobsa Golde and his young bride."—Los Angeles Times.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

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Horizon.

A man calls it the horizon where the earth and the sky seem to meet, but a woman's notion of the horizon is the families she can see moving in from behind her front window curtains. If, further, they hang out their washing in a spirit of candor, they are, of course, all the more so. The horizon is caused by a number of things, chief among them the gregarious instinct. Only for this next door would mean as little as tariff revision or pure food or international arbitration. It takes a star or something of that sort to rise above the horizon, but a very ordinary woman may feel above it.—Life.

The Cult of the Hotel.

"Hotel" is a French word, but a thoroughly British institution. If its great hotels were suppressed London would no longer be London—that is to say, the London of society, the theater, literature, politics, art and fashion. The hotel is one of the essential factors of London life.—Milan Corriere Della Serra.

A Comparison.

Mrs. Gies (anxiously asking after rector's health)—Well, sir, I be glad you says you be well, but there—glad you be one of these "bad doers," as I calls 'em (gle 'em the best o' vittals, and it don't do 'em no good)—there be pigs like that!—London Punch.

First Necessity.

"How would you define a 'crying need?'" asked the teacher of the rhetoric class. "A handkerchief," replied the solemn young man with the wicked eye.—Chicago Tribune.

The great and the little have need of each other.—Shakespeare.

Unique Postage Stamps.

Japan is the only country which has given recognition to the floral kingdom in the issues of its postage stamps. Trees have been portrayed upon stamps by many countries, especially those situated in the tropics, but it is only upon the stamps of Japan that a flower appears. The cherry blossom, the national flower of Japan, is given conspicuous places upon all the postage stamps issued by the government, and upon many of the denominations it occupies the central portion of the stamp. For nearly ten years (it may be remarked by way of parenthesis)—from 1857 to 1869—a conspicuous feature of all the postage stamps of Newfoundlan is a bouquet of thistle blossoms within the centre of a delicately engraved background. This issue of stamps was exceedingly popular with greedy collectors and is known as the "thistle issue."

Nervousness is a common feminine disease.

Women try all kinds of nerve quieting potions which are offered as a cure for nervousness, in the form of "compounds" or "medicines." And yet no cure is effected. The relief is only temporary. The reason is that these potions are opiates and narcotics. They put the nerves to sleep for a time, but when they wake again their condition is worse than before. Modern medicine recognizes the relation of this nervous condition in women to the forms of disease which affect the sensitive womanly organs. To cure the nervousness the cause must be removed. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will result in the cure of weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and bearing-down pains, the common causes of nervousness in women. Nothing is just as good as "Favorite Prescription," because nothing else is as harmless or as sure. It contains no alcohol, and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

Anticipating Him.

Night after night the exceedingly quiet and backward youth had called on a neighboring farmer's daughter, sitting perfectly mute beside her while she did all the entertaining. This night, however, the youth, wishing for a glass of water, suddenly surprised her by blurting out, "Say, Sal, will you?" "Don't exert yourself, Reuben," she interrupted. "I understand. Yes, have you brought the ring?"—Bohemian Magazine.

The Toast of an Irishman.

Michael Meyers Shoemaker wrote "Wanderings in Ireland." An old Irishman read a fragment of it that related to the reader's neighborhood. He asked the name of the author. "Mr. Shoemaker, is it?" he commented. "A nice gentleman, I'll go ball. 'Tis a fine country he chose to travel in too. May the heavens be his bed for choosing it, and may every hair in his honor's head be a mold candle to light his soul to glory!"

Logical Conclusion.

First Burglar—Hark! I hear some one talking. Second Burglar—What's he saying? First Burglar—That he never will bet on another horse as long as he lives. Second Burglar—Let's get out of this. No money here. He's lost every cent.—London Tit-Bits.

At Last.

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the great explorer joyfully, "at last I have found the missing link!" And, crawling from under his bed, he proceeded to put the small dog affair in his clean cuff.—New York Journal.