

What a Poet Writes.

"You never can tell whether poetry is loaded or not," said a Columbia professor descending upon the muse, "and what a poet writes in the moments of his fine frenzy rolling may be susceptible of changes which would make him curse the pen did he but know whence it pointed. Now, listen to this couplet:

"Help us to save free conscience from the paw Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw."

"It sounds like some kind of a family poem, doesn't it, with paw and maw coming in to make the rhyme? Do you imagine the poet when he wrote the lines ever thought of the parents represented in such a homely way and how the meaning of the whole thing could be changed by changing the meaning of the end words of two lines? Was he a beginner? Oh, no; he was not a beginner. He had written several very classy things. He was John Milton. You remember he wrote 'Paradise Lost' and two or three other pieces of considerable merit, though he never quite got into the 'six best sellers' list, and these two lines I have quoted close his sonnet to Lord Protector Cromwell, written in 1652."—New York Herald.

The Southerner and Corn.

The southerner feeds himself, his pigs and his progeny upon corn. He slept in his frontiersman's cabin upon a mattress made of the husks. Today he contributes some of its pith to the manufacture of gun cotton which he blows the enemy to Beelzebub and some more of it to the manufacture of cellulose to pack behind the armor of his country's battleships to prevent them from sinking when projectile pierce their plates. He plants corn as early in the springtime as the season will permit and gets up at dawn to go into the fields and tickle its sprouting roots with a double shovel plow. In midwinter he smokes his corn-cob pipe before a corn-cob fire. Looking into a bed of glowing embers through a blue haze of the smoke of incense burned to Mondamin, he returns thanks for the cornmeal in the cupboard and dreams happily of the "ros'n ear" of the golden summer to come. His appreciation of the value of Indian corn is high. His affection for it in its various forms is abiding.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Argyll and Longfellow.

The great Duke of Argyll was visiting his son, then governor general of Canada, and met Longfellow in the American poet's ancient colonial mansion at Cambridge, Mass. As they sat together on the veranda the duke persistently asked the names of the various birds he saw and heard singing in the poet's trees as well as of the flowers and bushes growing in his extensive and beautiful garden. Longfellow was neither botanist nor ornithologist and did not know.

"I was surprised to find your Longfellow such an ignorant person," said the duke subsequently to an American acquaintance.

"Indeed! Pray, on what subject?"

"Why, he could not tell me the names of the birds and flowers to be heard and seen in his own garden."

"May I ask how many languages you speak?" the American asked.

"Certainly—but one."

"Mr. Longfellow," was the answer, "speaks six and translates freely from almost all the languages of Europe."

Rise of Russia.

In the history of Europe down to the middle of the eighteenth century Russia is a blank. The foundation of the kingdom was laid by Rurik the Norseman in the ninth century. In the tenth century the Russians were Christianized, adopting the Greek form of Christianity. In the thirteenth century the Russians were completely overrun by the Tartars under Garghis Khan. From the Tartars Russia was delivered by Ivan, who became czar in the time of Elizabeth. It was Peter the Great (1672-1725) who gave Russia for the first time a place in the states system of Europe.—New York American.

The Mistletoe.

The mistletoe is a Druidical contribution to Christmas. It was held in great veneration by the Druids in ancient England, and the cutting of it was attended by sacrificing and feasting. With weird incantations the priest climbed the tree on which the mistletoe grew and cut it away with a knife of purest gold, no base metal being allowed to touch it. As the twigs fell they were received below in a mantle of spotless whiteness.

Modest Greatness.

Reporter—Senator, to what do you chiefly attribute your successful career? Eminent Statesman—Entirely to heredity, young man. I deserve no credit for it whatever. My father had ambition, and my mother had talent, and I happened to inherit both those qualifications.—Chicago Tribune.

From Experience.

Mrs. Enpeck—I learned today that Bob Smith and Mary Jones were secretly married ten months ago. Just think of it! Married nearly a year and nobody the wiser! Mr. Enpeck—Oh, I don't know! I'll bet Smith was a whole lot wiser before he had been married a month.

In Stock.

Joker—Do you keep smokeless tobacco? Clerk—Sure, we do. Joker—What kind is it? Clerk—Chewing tobacco, of course.—Cornell Widow.

Passing of the Organ Blower.

"The organ blower is passing. He will soon be, like the armor, extinct," said a musician. "It's a pity. He was a quaint type."

"Most of my blowers were simple minded old chaps who firmly believed they must suit their blowing to the music. In soft, light passages they blow soft and light. When the crescendos thundered forth they worked frantically, blowing with all their might and main."

"Often a facetious reporter on the local paper would refer to 'the excellent blowing of the organist's assistant, Mr. Bellows.' Then the blower in his vanity would develop all the affectations of a Paderewski or a Sousa. Now he'd blow delicately, a dreamy smile on his lips, his eyes half closed. The music would change to a march, and he'd stamp his foot in time, while up, down, up, down, the old bellows, in time also, would be jerked. At a climax his face would redden, he'd bend to his task and blow so fast and furious that the organ would nearly burst."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another Case of Faith.

"I wrote a medical friend of mine in London about a curious discovery which I made recently quite by chance, but which I shall never publish to the world through the scientific journals," said a Brooklyn doctor last week. "Not long ago this friend sent me about fifty little dark colored pellets, and he wrote me that they were a new combination of drugs that he had found particularly good in cases of brain fog. He asked me to try them on my patients and report. During the next month or so I doled out the pellets to several of my patients who came around complaining of tired nerves. All of them said that the medicine did them a lot of good. Yesterday, however, I was going through my office desk and discovered those pellets from London intact in the plain envelope in which I had placed them. A hurried but anxious investigation disclosed that I had been administering to my nerve weary patients some wistaria seed that my wife had gathered, put in a plain envelope and laid inadvertently on my office table."—Exchange.

No Lie After All.

They were telling fish stories, and at last the tall, lank man on the cracker barrel said: "I went down to the river this morning, and, although the water was high almost to a flood, I took a ten foot pike!"

"Stop there!" exclaimed the fat man with the corn-cob pipe. "Tell us you took an eight pound trout, and I'll sit idly by, but a ten foot pike—never! Ananias died for less than that."

"I took a ten foot pike pole," continued the unshrilled tall, lank man on the cracker barrel, "and in less than five minutes I hooked out a fifteen foot bass!"

"See here! See here!" yelled the man who owned the grocery. "You'll have to go way from here to finish that lie. I haln't got no lightning rod on this store yet."

"I hooked out a fifteen foot bass-wood log," persisted the tall, lank man, "and I want to ask how much you think I kin git for it."

Not Aptly Worded.

An absurdly worded statement of a fact which was not in itself remarkable recently tried the gravity of the listeners. It was on the occasion of the funeral of an elderly woman in a New England town. She had left an old mother, nearly ninety years of age, and an only son who was well on toward fifty.

The services were conducted by a timid young clergyman recently settled over the parish. After praying for many and various things he said: "And two we especially pray that the Lord will comfort and sustain in their loss and sorrow. One is the orphan, who, although no longer young, is an orphan still and must so continue. The other is the mother, far advanced in years, who has survived her daughter, although considerably her senior."—Youth's Companion.

Physicians in Japan.

Medical students in Japan must have had eleven or twelve years of preliminary training in the lower schools. No one may practice medicine who has been convicted of a crime. All physicians for the first ten years during which they follow their calling must keep full written records of all their cases, and they must not issue boastful advertisements or claim the exclusive right to any healing invention with a secret formula.

The Best Proof.

Little Ted, seven years old, was sent to the bathroom for a "good scrub" before dinner, but returned so quickly that his mother declared he couldn't possibly have washed himself. He replied, "Truly I did, mother, and if you don't believe it you can just go to the bathroom and look at the towel."—Delineator.

Cutting.

Miss Homeleigh—Perhaps you won't believe it, but a strange man tried to kiss me once. Miss Cutting—Really! Well, he'd have been a strange man if he'd tried to kiss you twice.—Illustrated Bits.

A Great Success.

First Young Wife—Do you find it more economical, dear, to do your own cooking? Second Young Wife—Oh, certainly! My husband doesn't eat half so much as he did.—London Punch.

To shock people is often better than to please them.

The majority of mankind need the shocking.—Emerson.

Stop the Leaks.

If a ship springs a leak it would be a foolish captain who would crowd on sail and try to run away from the leak. The first thing to do is to stop the leak, or the very press of canvas increases the danger. Look at the drains which affect some women in the same light as the leak. It is no use to use stimulants and tonics, as if they could carry you away from the effects of that leakage of vitality. The first thing to do is to stop the unhealthy drain, which is robbing the body of strength with every day. That's what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does, it stops the drains which weaken women. It regulates the periods, heals ulceration and inflammation and cures female weakness. When the local health of the womanly organs is established women find an improvement in their general health at once. There is no need for tonics or stimulants. There is no more nervousness. The whole body is built up sound in health. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well.

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