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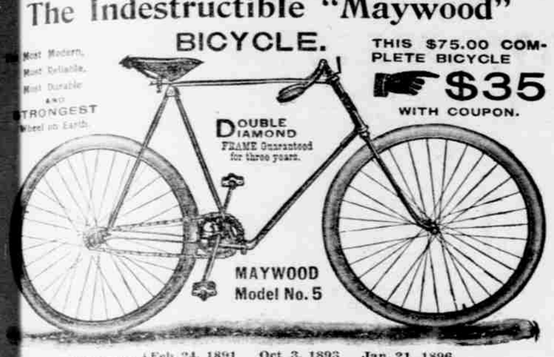

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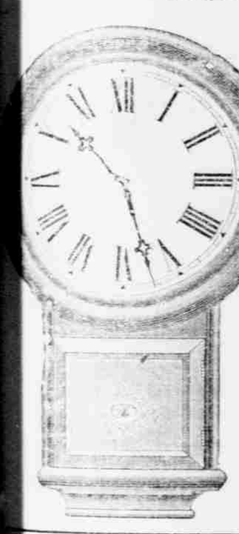

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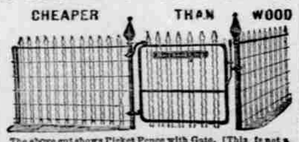

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SWEETHEART THE TRUE.

I dream I tread again a path
Which naught but luring beauty hath,
By dark green bank of coaxing stream,
All glorious in its flashing leme,
Winding afar through cooling shade
Of woven branched, thick leaved arcade,
Its soft moss borders flower limned
In flecking light by clouds ne'er dimmed—
A wondrous scene, but part unfurl'd
The big rose garden of the world.
Ah, fair! So fair, it can but seem
To pilgrims in a deep, deep dream
The vision when in Life's young days
Enthusiasm spreads a haze
By which a color fine is wrought—
Upon each bloom ambition sought,
A vision still to him who walks
Its farther end, past lifeless stalks.
The trav'ler who the best can tell
That in mirage ideals dwell—
That for all buds that he has found
Ashes of roses strew the ground.

Then each will fade?

No—one is true
To cheer when every roseate hue
Has vanished in the gloomy gray,
And all bright visions flee away.
Sweetheart the true, the fairer grown—
Fairest that you are true alone.
—Womankind.

HIS FIRST FIGHT.

A friend of mine, a soldier, who died in Greece of fever some years since, described to me one day his first engagement. His story so impressed me that I wrote it down from memory. It was as follows:

I joined my regiment on Sept. 4. It was evening. I found the colonel in the camp. He received me rather brusquely, but having read the general's introductory letter he changed his manner and addressed me courteously.

By him I was presented to my captain, who had just come in from reconnoitering. This captain, whose acquaintance I had scarcely time to make, was a tall, dark man of harsh, repelling aspect. He had been a private soldier and had won his cross and epaulets upon the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and feeble, contrasted strangely with his gigantic stature. This voice of his he owed, as I was told, to a bullet which had passed completely through his body at the battle of Jena.

On learning that I had just come from college at Fontainebleau, he remarked with a wry face, "My lieutenant died last night."

I understood what he implied—"It is for you to take his place, and you are good for nothing."

A sharp retort was on my tongue, but I restrained it.

The moon was rising behind the redoubt of Cheverino, which stood two cannon shots from our encampment. The moon was large and red, as is common at her rising, but that night she seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the redoubt stood out coal black against the glittering disk. It resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier at whose side I found myself observed the color of the moon.

"She is very red," he said. "It is a sign that it will cost us dear to win this wonderful redoubt."

I was always superstitious, and this piece of augury, coming at that moment, troubled me. I sought my couch, but could not sleep. I rose and walked about awhile, watching the long line of fires upon the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When the sharp night air had thoroughly refreshed my blood, I went back to the fire. I rolled my mantle round me, and I shut my eyes, trusting not to open them till daybreak. But sleep refused to visit me. Insensibly my thoughts grew doleful. I told myself that I had not a friend among the 100,000 men who filled that plain. If I were wounded, I should be placed in hospital in the hands of ignorant and careless surgeons. I called to mind what I had heard of operations. My heart beat violently, and I mechanically arranged as a kind of rude cuirass my handkerchief and pocketbook upon my breast. Then, overpowered with weariness, my eyes closed drowsily, only to open the next instant with a start at some new thought of horror.

Fatigue, however, at last gained the day. When the drums beat at daybreak, I was fast asleep. We were drawn up in ranks. The roll was called, then we stacked our arms, and everything announced that we should pass another uneventful day.

But about 3 o'clock an aid-de-camp arrived with orders. We were commanded to take arms.

Our sharpshooters marched into the plain. We followed slowly, and in 20 minutes we saw the outposts of the Russians falling back and entering the redoubt. We had a battery of artillery on our right, another on our left, but both some distance in advance of us. They opened a sharp fire upon the enemy, who returned it briskly, and the redoubt of Cheverino was soon concealed by volumes of thick smoke. Our regiment was almost covered from the Russians' fire by a piece of rising ground. Their bullets (which besides were rarely aimed at us, for they preferred to fire upon our cannoneers) whistled over us or at worst knocked up a shower of earth and stones.

Just as the order to advance was given the captain looked at me intently. I stroked my sprouting mustache with an air of unconcern. In truth, I was not frightened and only dreaded lest I might be thought so. These passing bullets aided my heroic coolness, while my self respect assured me that the danger was a real one, since I was veritably under fire. I was delighted at my self possession and already looked forward to the pleasure of describing in Parisian drawing rooms the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino.

The colonel passed before our company. "Well," he said to me, "you are going to see warm work in your first action."

I gave a martial smile and brushed off my cuff, on which a bullet which had struck the earth at 30 paces distant had cast a little dust.

It appeared that the Russians had discovered that their bullets did no harm, for they replaced them by a fire of shells, which began to reach us in the hollows where we lay. One of these in its explosion knocked off my shako and killed a man beside me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain as I picked up my shako. "You are safe now for the day."

I knew the military superstition which believes that the axiom "non bis in idem" is as applicable to the battlefield as to the courts of justice. I replaced my shako with a swagger.

"That's a rude way to make one raise one's hat," I said as lightly as I could. And this wretched piece of wit was, in the circumstances, received as excellent.

"I compliment you," said the captain. "You will command a company tonight, for I shall not survive the day. Every time I have been wounded the officer below me has been touched by some spent ball, and," he added in a lower tone, "all the names began with P."

I laughed skeptically. Most people would have done the same, but most would also have been struck, as I was, by these prophetic words. But, conscript though I was, I felt that I could trust my thoughts to no one, and that it was my duty to seem always calm and bold.

At the end of half an hour the Russian fire had sensibly diminished. We left our cover to advance on the redoubt.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second had to take the enemy in flank. The two others formed the storming party. I was in the third.

On issuing from behind the cover we were received by several volleys, which did but little harm. The whistling of the balls amazed me. "But after all," I thought, "a battle is less terrible than I expected."

We advanced at a smart run, our musketeers in front.

All at once the Russians uttered three hurrahs, three distinct hurrahs, and then stood silent without firing.

"I don't like that silence," said the captain. "It bodes no good."

I began to think our people were too eager. I could not help comparing, mentally, their shouts and clamor with the striking silence of the enemy.

We quickly reached the foot of the redoubt. The palisades were broken and the earthworks shattered by our balls. With a roar of "Vive l'empereur!" our soldiers rushed across the ruins.

I raised my eyes. Never shall I forget the sight which met my view. The smoke had mostly lifted and remained suspended like a canopy at 20 feet above the redoubt. Through a bluish mist could be perceived behind the shattered parapet the Russian grenadiers with rifles lifted, as motionless as statues. I can see them still—the left eye of every soldier glaring at us, the right hidden by his lifted gun. In an embrasure at a few feet distant a man with a fuse stood by a cannon.

I shuddered. I believed that my last hour had come.

"Now for the dance to open," cried the captain. These were the last words I heard him speak.

There came from the redoubts a roll of drums. I saw the muzzles lowered. I shut my eyes. I heard a most appalling crash of sound, to which succeeded groans and cries. Then I looked up, amazed to find myself still living. The redoubt was once more wrapped in smoke. I was surrounded by the dead and wounded. The captain was extended at my feet. A ball had carried off his head, and I was covered with his blood. Of all the company only six men except myself remained erect.

This carnage was succeeded by a kind of stupor. The next instant the colonel, with his hat on his sword's point, had scaled the parapet with a cry of "Vive l'empereur!" The survivors followed him. All that succeeded is to me a kind of dream. We rushed into the redoubt, I know not how; we fought hand to hand in the midst of smoke so thick that no man could perceive his enemy. I found my saber dripping blood, I heard a shout of "Victory!" and in the clearing smoke I saw the earthworks piled with dead and dying. The cannons were covered with a heap of corpses. About 200 men in the French uniform were standing without order loading their muskets or wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was lying, bathed in blood, upon a broken cannon. A group of soldiers crowded round him. I approached them.

"Who is the oldest captain?" he was asking of a sergeant.

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders most expressively.

"Who is the oldest lieutenant?"

"This gentleman, who came last night," replied the sergeant calmly.

The colonel smiled bitterly.

"Come, sir," he said to me, "you are now in chief command. Fortify the gorge of the redoubt at once with wagons, for the enemy is out in force. But General C—— is coming to support you."

"Colonel," I asked him, "are you badly wounded?"

"Pish, my dear fellow. The redoubt is taken."—Prosper Merimee.

Bogus Money Lenders In Paris.

From a Frenchman's point of view, everybody who lives well and dresses better than a bank clerk is put down as a spy in the employ of Bismarck, unless he is known to have any other occupation. But among these busy people without distinct profession there are those who lend their names and imposing appearance to enterprises which could exist only in the country where the "gogo" is always on the lookout for a rapid road to fortune. For example, the money lending agencies. Notwithstanding article upon article which has been written in the respectable portion of the French press warning people against them, they still go on and prosper. One has only to consult any day the smallest French paper which pretends to the largest circulation to see half a dozen persons or societies advertising to lend money on simple signatures. The simpleton replies to the advertisement, states his requirements, is informed that the director will be able to obtain what he desires, that he must agree to pay so much per cent commission (generally very low) and deposit 22½ francs for sundry preliminary expenses. This he does and hears no more of the matter. Or, if he becomes anxious and worries the "society," he gets a polite letter to say that the "board of directors," having taken the matter into their serious consideration, regret that the securities offered are not such as to justify them in making the advance. His 22½ francs have been expended for the postage on one letter and the inquiries, which have probably never been made.—Lippincott's.

SHOOTING STARS.

Across the strings of memory
A zephyr breathes from out the past,
When youth believed the shooting stars
That night athwart the heavens cast.
They told him that the soulfelt wish
Asked, while still glowed the flashing brand,
Were sure to fall—a wondrous gift—
Within faith's supplicating hand.

How many dreams of love and wealth—
How many hopes of name and fame
With boyish trust—so soon outgrown—
Were loaded on each flitting flame!
Say 'twas the credence of the fool,
A farce where folly played chief part—
It had what too much after lacks,
The earnest service of the heart.

And so of all those radiant ships
That one time sped o'er seas of air
And piled up high with golden dreams,
Struck Age's rock and foundered there,
Hung in the sanctum of the soul,
Where death can only force the bar,
Alone remains that joy we knew
And lived when dreaming of the star.
—Philadelphia Times.

ROUTED BY GIRLS.

The Marquise Therese de Lionne, the most adorable old lady in the world, a grandmother, with fluttering little curls and the laughing eyes of a child, has but one fault, and that so grave a one that you would hardly believe it. Dainty and pretty as she is, and grande dame to the tips of her taper fingers, she punctuates her most ordinary conversation with the strangest of oaths. At the slightest provocation, or on no provocation at all, she will come out with "The dence!" or "The devil!" or even a "Damn!" that shocks every one who hears her. "It's an old habit of mine," she explains, "and I cling to it because it is an old one. And then," she adds, with a gay smile, "it saved me once from the greatest peril a woman can run."

And here is the story as the marquise tells it:

"Old though I am, I am not a very serious person; but, as a little girl—ah, how long ago that was, how long ago!—I was the greatest madcap that ever got out of breath chasing butterflies, or tore her gown and left her hair ribbons on the hawthorn trees, though that did not prevent me—egad! would you believe it, at 14!—from being very much interested even then in the handsome hussar, gold laced, embroidered and bedizened, who adorned the front pages of the romances of that day.

"Naturally my friends were hardly less feather brained than I. You would have to search long to find a dovecot more full of turbulent chatter and laughter and flights of song than the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where I took my vows—never to be a nun.

"It was in the evening that we used to play our greatest pranks. We had discovered a way to slip out of the dormitory without waking up the sister who was supposed to guard over us. As soon as she was asleep, we would creep down stairs into the great dark garden, carrying with us tablets of chocolate, a coffee pot, and an alcohol lamp, and, climbing up to a favorite perch high in an old oak tree, we would make chocolate and drink it triumphantly in the darkness.

"In the town where this convent was, there was also a garrison. The walls of our garden were very high, and we never so much as set eyes on a uniform; but walls that prevent seeing, do not prevent hearing. The officers and common soldiers—naturally attracted by the presence of so many girls, I suppose—used to stroll along on the other side of our wall in the evenings, chattering together, and we girls used to listen. We could hear them so well! They would describe what they had done in battle, or what they would do in case there should be a war, and when they got excited, they used to talk in the most bloodthirsty way. It was terrifying to hear them, but so fascinating! And what formidable oaths they used! We could remember a few of them.

"One day, as we were walking together in one of the paths, Eveline de Sabran exclaimed, 'By thunder, girls, this is a devilish fine evening!'

"It was a revelation! From that time forth, the entire convent, inspired by her example, began to pepper their conversation with oaths that would have done credit to Napoleonic veterans. And we did not content ourselves with the garrison expletives overheard across the wall. We recalled peasant profanity we had heard years before, and hunted through romances to find the oaths of fine gentlemen, roisterers, and serving maids. It was not long before we had acquired a special and remarkable erudition in that line.

"As you may imagine, it was not in the classes, before the pious ears of the sisters, that we aired our new accomplishment. In the daytime we swore only before the abbess, who was deaf as a post. But as soon as night came—oh, we did not think of chocolate any more, you may be sure—we met on the lawn under the big oak and had a grand time. 'Deuce take it!' Jane de Seaux would begin. I would follow with 'By thunder, blast your eyes!' and the others would chorus 'Devil fly 'way with me!' 'Damme, sir!' 'By 'r lady!' 'Ten hundred thousand devils!' 'Grape and canister!' 'Thunder and lightning!' 'Confound it!' To see us strutting about with our hands on our hips or twirling imaginary mustaches, with our little voices coming from the bottoms of our boots, you would think we were more terrible than a regiment of dragoons."

As she said this, the marquise burst into a peal of merry laughter, and imitating the childish uproar of the precocious blasphemers the gentle old lady swore delightedly.

"It must have been an amusing scene," we said laughing, "but we don't see the danger it saved you from."

"Devil take you, my dears," she replied, "how impatient you are!" and checking her laughter, she continued her story:

"After the convent comes marriage—after the mother superior, a superior of another kind. M. de Lionne was presented to me—a fine looking army man. I thought immediately of the hussar of romance. He could talk the part well too. And, zounds, why shouldn't I marry him? Thirty-five years of age, but much younger in spirit, of proved courage and unquestioned honor—in fact, how shall I say it—he pleased me very much. Only one thing kept me from saying 'Yes' at once. Novels were already being written at that time. I had read some—far too many—and they had put a lot of absurd ideas into my head. If I were to give myself to a man forever, I must know his intimate thoughts, his past, above all.

"One fine evening, then, between two cups of tea, I said bravely to M. de Lionne:

"'Well, yes, I love you. But come, tell me frankly, looking me straight in the eye—it is not very disagreeable to do so, is it?—have you nothing, absolutely nothing, to reproach yourself with—if not as regards men, as regards women?'

"'Nothing,' he replied, with an ingenuous earnestness that made me wish to throw myself into his arms.

"Then he suddenly blushed. 'I had forgotten one incident,' he said. 'I confess that I have committed, or almost committed, a bad, a very bad, action.'

"Blushing at first, he had now turned pale. I almost regretted having asked him. But it was too late to curb my curiosity.

"'Tell me everything.'

"'I obey. Twelve years ago I was in garrison at T—— There was talk of war in the air at the time, and this, added to our youth, gave us an audacious, almost a ferocious, gayety. One evening when we were all tipsy—for we got tipsy in those days, which I hope you will pardon—a sublieutenant, more tipsy than the others, proposed that we scale the walls of a convent in the neighborhood and frighten the nuns and pupils in their sleep. It was a stupid, an infamous idea! Wine is a bad counselor: not a man there, brave and honorable though they were, slapped the face of the man who had made the wretched proposition. We rushed out of the tavern, found ladders I don't know where, scaled the wall, and ran across the garden like looters in a captured city.'

"'Oh!' I cried.

"'You despise me, do you not? You will never be my wife?'

"'I have not said that yet. I sincerely hope you did not carry out your horrible project?'

"'Chance saved us. As we reached the convent door we heard deep voices in the garden, swearing the strangest oaths. There could be no doubt that rough fellows of some sort—gardeners or peasants come to pay their rent—were near at hand in considerable numbers. Yes, they were countrymen, for under the trees we could see garments that looked like skirts—they must have been long blouses. We began to be less courageous, remorse seized us, and we fled to the ladders; and no one ever knew that we had entered the convent garden. But I have always had a bitter recollection of that night's escapade.'

"The dear fellow! I assured him that I thought none the worse of him for it, and, a month later, I was the Marquise de Lionne."

When we had finished laughing—for, it must be confessed, the adventure was amusing—we demanded of the marquise:

"And did your husband never know the truth? Did he never learn that it was you and your schoolmates"—

"Perhaps he guessed it. The night we were married, just as he was about to take me in his arms and kiss me, I suddenly sprang away, crying: 'Damme, sir! Ten thousand devils! By thunder!'

"But he didn't run away that time."—From the French in San Francisco Argonaut.

Sulphur Baths.

Some of the sulphur baths in Hungary and Bosnia are sights worth going far to see.

At one place, Ilidze, near Serajevo, those who thirst for sulphur are shown into small cells just like the cells of a prison. Light streams in faintly from a small skylight, but the bath is not to be discovered until the bather's eyes are accustomed to the semidarkness and he has been in the place some minutes.

Then he becomes aware that there is in one corner of his cell a small flight of steps leading to a rough hewn basin in the very bowels of the earth, so to speak.

The sulphurous water gushes up in the basin, and the odor of it is not to be described. Yet people travel hundreds of miles to enjoy it, and the doctors rave about its medicinal qualities.—London Tit-Bits.

The Flight of Geese.

Wild geese conduct their migration in an extremely methodical fashion. The birds form themselves into lines shaped like an old fashioned drag or harrow. Sometimes there are two rows, one behind the other. There are always distinct leaders, but these very soon tire, and by careful watching with a glass one may see the leaders drop back and others take their places. It has been suggested that this arrangement is on the principle of a ticket office window, and that all of the ganders successively take the leadership. When weary, they fall back to the rear and others come up. If the flock is scattered by shot or accident, they may immediately form again.—New York Ledger.

After the Long Arctic Night.

The inhabitants of the little villages in the arctic circle have nearly three months of steady night. It is the annual custom that on the day when the sun rises above the horizon after the long season of darkness the inhabitants all stand in line, facing the returning orb, and greet it with a military salute. No other effect than that of paleness of complexion is discernible in the natives after this long time at night. The pallor soon passes away with the sun's return. In Bodo the sun can be seen at midnight on June 3; in Tromso it can be seen on May 20; in Hammerfest, or as far as the North cape, the midnight sun may be seen as early as May 13 or 16.—New York Herald.

Odd Receptacle For Gold.

One of the most interesting curios in the collection of valuables at the mi is a queerly contrived bamboo tube that once contained a small consignment of gold from far off Madagascar. "The gold was mined and smelted and done up for shipment by natives," said Registrar of Deposits J. Robley Dunglison, "and was the brightest gold ever received at the mint. They took a piece of bamboo about 6 inches long and 2 inches in diameter and polished the outside till it was smooth as glass. Then they put a wooden cork in one end and poured in the melted gold and corked up the other end. In this queer receptacle the precious metal was safely brought all the way to America and finally found its way into the mint."—Philadelphia Record.

LOVE'S REALITY.

Who laughs at love and calls it foolish knows
Not life's real value in great things or small.
Love is true faith, the silencer of woes,
The everyday delight, the little all
Of poverty, a gift so great to those
Of wealth that other treasures, poor and small,
Seem by the glory of its holy flame
That flashes up to heaven, white and tall,
To kiss the stars. Ah, love is great! It came
Not 'fore the fall, but after, just to shame
Life's littleness with something high withal
And strong, and beautiful and void of blame,
This gift divine to man—his all in all.
—Maude Andrews in St. Louis Republic.

A TIGER OF THE LAW.

Never had Chi Hung Lang sat down to his cup of tea in a more sorrowful frame of mind. A something wrapped in yellow silk lay before him, which bid fair to give the brave mandarin a headache. It was an official letter.

A weighty matter it was for Chi Hung Lang—to be or not to be, in fact. In case he succeeded in doing what was asked of him he would receive the second peacock feather and the red button for his cap, but if he failed the soles of his feet would certainly become intimately acquainted with the bamboo. And there were such beautiful, strong, elastic bamboos in the town hall for such purposes. He had tried every stick with his own hands on one of his inferiors in office.

For Chi Hung Lang was the highest judge of the province and bore the title of honor, "tiger of the lawbook."

In criminal circles and among those learned in the law his name was greatly respected. He understood the law so well and could expound it so minutely that he once succeeded by a brilliant plea in having a 2-hour-old infant sentenced to 18 years' imprisonment.

There was no one in all the land with a clear conscience, at least no one who felt secure, for Chi Hung Lang had once declared that in his opinion every respectable citizen ought to sit on the criminal's bench at least once during his lifetime, and he was just the man to put his theory into practice.

It cannot be denied that Chi Hung Lang, with his method of administering justice, accomplished great results. If any one had the least reason to fear the law, he moved into another province. This solved the tramp question at least.

If the tiger of the lawbook had not occasionally instituted a practice lawsuit, the judges of the land would have had nothing to do but smoke their opium in undisturbed leisure.

At this time the prison of the province of Yen-si-ling, over which Chi Hung Lang ruled, had been without an inmate for eight days. It was absolutely impossible to find a wrongdoer.

The beautiful prison, with its 832 cells, electric lights, flogging machines and torture chamber equipped with all the modern improvements, was empty—empty as a Chinese lieutenant's purse on the 29th of the month.

This is the reason that Chi Hung Lang's heart quaked and his feet tingled with misgivings:

Five years before this the above mentioned model prison had been built by the son of heaven at an enormous cost, and it had been made so large at the express wish of Chi Hung Lang. The viceroy now announced that he would inspect the prison in three days and hoped to find it comfortably well filled. The writing ended with the ominous figures "25." Oh, how poor Chi Hung Lang's feet burned! It was just like the Mikado. But where was he to get 832 Nanki Poohs without stealing them? It was hardly to be expected that any one would volunteer. But the viceroy wanted to see the flogging machine and the hydraulic gallows in actual operation during his inspection. Here the terrible number 25 appeared again. Oh, how the feet of the tiger of the lawbook burned! There was no escape. An unlawful act he would not have committed, and at any rate there was no time to manufacture several hundred complaints and try the cases in the usual way. Oh, if only he had more time! And Chi Hung Lang rubbed his head doubtfully. He had a very long head, had Chi Hung Lang, tiger of the lawbook.

At this moment his pupil and favorite practitioner, Ka-cha-lo, entered the room with a newspaper in his hand and horror in his face.

"Read, master," he said.

It was a copy of a comic paper, The Dragon Claw, which contained a malicious item ridiculing the large feet of Chi Hung Lang's wife.

Ka-cha-lo had expected his master to fly into a passion and at least breathe out fire and smoke or some exhibition of the kind.

Nothing of the sort took place. The mighty man of law danced around the room in his glee until his cue upset all the candles, crying; "I am saved! I shall fill my prison! I shall get my 832 prisoners!" Ka-cha-lo said in astonishment, "Only one, I think—the responsible editor of The Dragon Claw."

"Young man," replied Chi Hung Lang, "what do you know about law? How about his accomplices?"

"But do you think he has 832 of them?" ventured Ka-cha-lo.

"He has as many as I need," was the wise answer.

Ka-cha-lo, more astonished than ever, left the room, saying, "What a man!"

Two days afterward proceedings were begun.

Eight hundred and thirty-two persons had been accused of being parties to the offense or of spreading abroad the contents of the libelous sheet. As a matter of course the editor was first indicted, then the assistant editors, the publishers, the owners of the printing office, the printers, the folders, the compositors and the proofreaders, the janitors; also his wife, who had brought him his breakfast and so refreshed him that he was able to take part in such scandalous doings. The porter of the building did not escape, for had he not allowed the bundles of papers to be carried out without a protest? Neither were the women who carried the papers overlooked, nor the postal authorities who forwarded them by mail, nor the railway officials down to the engineer, for they all had assisted in bringing it before the public.

This, however, made only 180 accused persons, and more were needed. But Chi Hung Lang, with long, long head, was a man of resources. He then indicted the cheese and sausage merchants who had wrapped their wares in this number of the paper, the manufacturer of the paper on which the edition was printed and all his establishment, including his traveling salesmen, the man who delivered the ink; also his mother-in-law, for it was plain that these all had had a hand in the affair.

Next on the list were the waiters at the restaurants who had handed this copy of The Dragon Claw to the guests, a street car conductor in whose car a passenger had read the paper, an optician who had sold eyeglasses to a near-sighted man and so helped him to read the wicked article, the family of the physician of the editor who had cured the latter of influenza three days before and made it possible for him to return to his work and break the law as he had done. Fifty-seven men who had read the article to their wives was quite a respectable addition to the list, and in natural order followed 57 wives who, with malicious giggling, had heard the news thus read.

Finally the parents of the editor were indicted for bringing such a monster into the world and the editor's brother for not having exercised a better influence over him.

This brother, however, was released. He was deaf, dumb and blind.

Eight hundred and thirty-two persons were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and to more or less severe flogging with the bamboo. The fine new prison was now filled to the roof with the exception of a single cell. In this one the writer of the scandalous article very properly belonged, but, unfortunately, after all these legal proceedings he could not be found.

The viceroy came. The inhabitants of the town, as many as were out of prison, crowded the streets and cried as if possessed: "Hurrah! Hurrah!" for it had been announced that those who did not shout and those that remained in their houses would be properly punished.

The viceroy inspected the prison, saw a man or woman sitting in each cell and was highly pleased. The automatic flogging machine worked without a single hitch, and the hydraulic gallows exceeded the highest expectations of the illustrious inspector. He had heard of the wholesale convictions, and, delighted with Chi Hung Lang's sagacity, he handed him the second peacock feather and the red button. Then he said:

"But tell me, tiger of the lawbook, why is this cell empty? One more would have made very little difference."

Chi Hung Lang was not only a lawyer of the shrewdest kind, but also a diplomat, so he answered: "We knew no one else that could be indicted without the appearance of slight injustice. Perhaps you wisdom, O most noble one, is able to name still another who deserves punishment."

The most noble one slowly closed his left eye, and with a very cunning look he said:

"Tell me, Chi Hung Lang, tiger of the lawbook, lion of the paragraph, how does this atrocious article read?"

Chi Hung Lang carried the paper in his pocket and made haste to read it to his noble master. As he finished reading the viceroy said with a smile: "That is not so bad, for between you and me, you know your wife wears No. 9. But here we have another who has helped spread abroad this wicked article, and he must be imprisoned."

"And who is it, O most high one?" asked Chi Hung Lang as he bowed in amazement at the wisdom of the viceroy until his cue curled on the ground between his feet.

"You yourself, tiger of the lawbook, for you have just read the paper to me. About 13 days and 12 blows on your feet, I think, eh?" said the imperial inspector jovially.

"You are the wisest of all wise ones; your wisdom has no bounds," replied Chi Hung Lang, a trifle disconcerted. Then he bowed again to the earth, took hold of his cue, led himself into the only vacant cell and with his own hands took off his shoes.—From the German in Short Stories.

THE SOLACING WEED.

Civilized Men Take to Tobacco as a Level Above the Lower Animals.

In the opinion of about four in every five men the essential difference between man and the inferior animals is that man smokes tobacco. Occasionally a precocious monkey has been taught to drink beer and smoke a pipe—Old Tom in the London zoo, for instance—but this only emphasizes the exclusive humanness of smoking. The monkey is nearest kin to man and is in full progress toward the human state. As the ultra temperance lecturers affirm, "A dog wouldn't smoke the vile weed." No other animal than superior man and the anthropoid ape will smoke. Perhaps in the civilized white world one man in five is the victim of some defect that disqualifies him for smoking. The defect may be a tendency to a cancerous growth, or it may be a wife or a mother-in-law. The remaining four are in the full enjoyment of all their faculties and the right to pursue happiness through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Lack of opportunity to smoke is without doubt the most afflictive evil under which a majority of men suffer. A large proportion of men are employed in offices, stores and shops where rules against smoking are rigidly enforced. This is entirely proper. No superior smoker ever smokes while working. To do that is to debase the luxury and to take off the keen edge of the pleasure. It is intemperance and dissipation. The most expert wine tasters never drink to excess, but find that in moderation only does the palate retain its power to detect the delicate flavor. So with smoking. At night, after a few pipes or cigars have dulled the edge of appetite, it is allowable to smoke half a dozen with some violence to stimulate a jaded palate, but at other times pleasure goes with moderation. To smoke after a meal is the imperative demand of the whole system. Not to be able to do this is to incur endless disorders of the nervous system, the stomach and the entire digestive apparatus and sometimes to invite progressive decay of the mental faculties. There is no better preparation for a day's work for the smoker than a pipe or cigar after breakfast.—New York Advertiser.

Cape Canaveral, in Florida, was named by the Spaniards from the abundance of flowers in the vicinity. The name means "Land of the Rose Tree."