The Bright Side.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

If one looks upon the *bright* side
It is sure to be the *right* side—
At least that's how I've found it as I've journeyed through each day;
And it's queer how shadows vanish,
And how easy 'tis to banish
From a bright side sort of nature every doleful thing away.

There are two sides to a question,
As we know; so the suggestion
Of the side which holds the sunlight seems most reasonable to me.
And, you know, we can't be merry,
And make our surroundings cheery,
If we will persist in *coddling* every gloomy thing we see.

There's a sensible quotation
Which will fit in every station—
We all know it—"As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."
And the twigs of thought we're bending,
If to ways of gloom we're tending,
Will be pretty sure to twist and dwarf and quite deform the mind.

There's a way of searching over
The wide skies till we discover
Whether storms are on the way, or the weather fair we're riding.
And the *blue* may fast be hiding
Back of clouds which swift are riding,
Yet we know the blue is shining still, and spreading far above.

And while *that* will last forever
(For the *true blue fadeth never*),
The dark clouds must soon or later be dispersed and fade away;
And the sweet "bright side," still shining,
Will show to the eyes inclining
To watch for it and welcome it, however dark the day.

So, my friends, let's choose the bright side,
Let's be happy, glorious *right* side,
Which will give us health and spirits just as long as life shall last;
And the sorrows that roll o'er us
Shall not always go before us
If we keep a watch for *blue* skies, and will hold its sunshine fast.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Mr. Jackson Horner—what would be have said if he had known that now and then irreverent people called him little Jack Horner!—lived in a very handsome villa in Hornerville, and was the richest man, no doubt, in the whole county.

There was a time—not so very long before, either—when he had been no richer than his neighbors, and then he had not, as they said, "taken so many airs."

But a lucky contract, not particularly to his credit when it came to conscience, and a lucky speculation or two added to that, had made Jack Horner rich.

In the old days, when he lived in the row of frame houses with shops under them, his most intimate friend had been one Jerry Pine, who kept the tinsmith shop next door to him.

Many a good turn had Jerry done him; many a dollar had he loaned, glad to accommodate a neighbor; but Jerry, being generous, had been imposed upon, and Jerry had grown poorer, and since Mr. Horner had gone to live at the villa he had not invited his old friend to see him.

Jerry felt the slight. For years they had smoked their pipes together, sitting on the low fences of their little gardens in the evening, or played dominoes when winter nights were long. He still had the old accordion they both used to play on in the boyish days before they were married, and they had been confidential over their love affairs.

"My Jim was born two years before Jack's Eliza came into this world," the tinsmith would say. "Jack used to swear that his girl should marry my boy, and their mothers talked as if it were to be so. I'd like to see Jack Horner's face up there in the villa, as he calls it, if he was put in mind of that. Riches spoil some men. And yet who doesn't want 'em? I'd like to see my Jim one of the rich ones, I would; but he has got to take to his too's, like his daddy."

Jim was quite content. He was a big fellow, with brawny arms and black hair and eyes. And whatever coolness had come between the rich and the poor one, none had come between their children.

They had been playmates and Jim's mother died early; so that Eliza's mother, feeling pity for the little child who had no womankind to watch over him, had him about the house a good deal after that.

Eliza was very affectionate, and by the time she was 17 and Jim 19, the boy began to know that it was not as a sister that he loved Eliza. He was sorry then for the first time that he had not a fortune to offer her, but he intended to make one—to hammer it out of the tin, he said, if there was no other way. And he often went up to the Horner villa, never guessing that the mother knew so well what her husband's feelings on the subject would be, that she never let him see who called. They sat in the family room, and Jack Horner knew that Eliza had company in the parlor. Young folks always had company, he supposed; and they were in a fine house, and the neighbors' sons, all people who were quite up to his taste, would naturally drop in.

"Eliza," he would say to himself, "will marry a big banker or something of that sort one of these days. There's nothing like lifting your family up."

However, he himself made no new friends. He asked people to dinner, and went out to dine. They bowed and spoke as they met on the cars, returning to their villas from the city. He was one of the select of the neighborhood, but there was no one to chat with him over his pipe, or play dominoes, or talk over old times, as there was when he was intimate with Jerry Pine, the tinsmith.

The idea that it was Jim Pine in there in the fine parlor, with its carved mantel, and bevelled mirror, and great plate glass windows, and brand new stylish furniture, never entered his mind, until one evening, after glancing from the window as the street door shut to, after a rather prolonged good-bye, he saw him in the moonlight, coolly walking down the gravel pathway, between the two broad grass plots.

"Why, mother, Jim Pine has been to see Eliza," he cried.

The mother had known it must come some day, but now she was very much frightened.

"Yes, Jack," she said, braving it out with a smile, "Jim comes pretty often. They've liked each other from children, those two have, and there isn't a finer looking fellow that I know of anywhere, or a better son; and old neighbors, too, Jack—an old friend's son."

"Old friends?" said Jack Horner, testily. "When a man is poor, he must live near poor folk, and live like them. But we've gone up. If I'd had some women, I'd have had credit for it; but you—I begin to think you like low down folk best, Betsy."

"No, and I never did," said his wife. "But Jim isn't low down, nor Jerry neither, only poor, poor as honest working people are, if that's poverty, and Jim is educated a good deal better than you and I, Jack—just as our Eliza is; and there's no reason for you to despise them; it was just luck. You might be over there in Wooden Row and he here on the hill if the chance had come to him instead of you."

"Ah," said Jack Horner, "the taking of chances makes the difference. You don't do it by letting 'em pass."

"I agree to that, Jack," said his wife. "Still, I think Jim is one to take chances. His mother was capable—smarter than his father. Come, Jack; remember that Eliza didn't look for money."

"She's got to have a gentleman, anyhow," said Jack Horner. "I want her to marry into one of the old families. I ain't going to have a tinker's son coming after her for her money," and he banged his fist upon the table furiously, so that a decanter and glasses that stood there danced about and jingled.

He gave his daughter a lecture next morning at the breakfast table to which she prudently answered very little, until toward the last Mr. Horner said something about "sneaking into a man's house."

"Jim never sneaks," she said. "He walks up to the front door and rings the bell. He sees me in the parlor, just as a man always does when he calls on a girl."

"You've kept it from me," said the father. "I never thought it of you."

"Pa, dear," said the girl, coming and kneeling beside him. "I never knew a girl to go about telling folks she had a beau; but you might have seen him any Sunday night. And now we are talking of it, pa, I will say that if you don't let me marry Jim, I'll never marry any one."

"You're likely to die an old maid, then, Eliza," said Mr. Horner; and as he spoke he decided that on Thursday, when he went to Wooden Row to collect his rents, he would speak to father and son—men had more sense than women. When they saw there was no chance of his money, Jim would drop the thought of marrying Eliza, and then the girl would see that she had only to forget him.

"With her chances," the old man said, "it's doing her no wrong."

This was the reason why he was so astonishingly quiet, when the women expected a scene.

On Thursday he carried out his plans. He had been collecting a good deal of money, and came after dark to the three houses that were in his Wooden Row. When he had got his rent, he went, for the first time in years, down to the tinsmith's door and looked in.

Jerry lifted up his eyes; he was reading the daily paper through his glasses by the light of a kerosene lamp.

"Glad to see you, Horner," he said. "It is a good while since you stopped in. But better late than never. Jim, push up the rocker here. Many a time you've sat in it before. And how is your health, Jack?"

"My health is good enough, and I hope yours is," said Horner. "But I won't sit down. What I have to say I can say standing. It is only this: I've found out that Jim has been coming over to see Eliza. I didn't know it before. Now I want that to stop. If Eliza is a fool I'm not. You understand, Jim?"

"I understand, anyhow," said Jerry. "Jim is not rich enough for Eliza Horner. Where was your pride, to go after a girl whose parents despised poor folks, Jim?"

"I never thought of her folks," said Jim. "I like her; she likes me, and that is the whole of it."

"Never thought of me, indeed! Not a penny of my money does the girl get if she marries you," said Horner, in a fury.

"I don't want a penny of it, sir," said Jim. I guess I shall make money for myself; I mean to try."

"At all events, don't come to my house again," said Horner.

"Now, Jim, where is your pride?" said Jerry Pine.

"All right," said Jim. "I won't come to your house, but I'll see Eliza whenever I can, Mr. Horner. Everything has turned to money with you. You don't seem to remember that there is something else in the world."

Furious at this self-assertion on the part of the tinsmith's son, Jack Horner, with his satchel full of those plums that grown folks value—namely, dollars and cents—took his way homeward.

He took the lonely shore road as the shortest way, but after a few moments he felt that he had not done wisely.

There were dangerous characters about, and he was known to have cash with him.

A certain apprehension of evil seized him, and the sound of steps behind him made him shiver. A moment later two men came up with him.

"Good evening, Mr. Horner," said one.

"You might as well stop, Jack Horner," said the man who had not yet addressed him. "We will have to make you, else. We want that little satchel and whatever else you have about you."

"You'll not get it," said Horner. He crammed his hand into his pistol pocket and pulled out the weapon he always carried there. It was wrenched from his hand in a moment. He roared for help; the wind seemed to snatch his voice away from him.

The next thing he knew his hands and feet were tied, and they rolled him over on the sand as they robbed him of watch and chain, diamond pin—all that was upon him. Suddenly he recognized their faces.

"Ah! I thought I knew you, you two rascals!" he said. "You're the Barker boys."

He could have done no more imprudent thing."

"I say, Tom," said one of the men; "out there in the quicksand is the place for him. No danger there. Dead men tell no tales."

Again Horner roared, but they were carrying him toward the shore. His end had come. He tried to pray. He thought of wife and daughter. Life seemed very sweet to him, and they were going to take it from him.

"Heave him; he'll sink like a shot just here," said one of them.

But his words ended in a howl of agony. He fell, dropping Horner's feet. Then the two rascals lay prostrate, and he saw Jim bending over him.

"I'll untie you, Mr. Horner," said he, "Dad and I heard you, and guessed what had happened. We brought a couple of bits of iron with us that settled the hash for those fellows. And now dad will go for the officers, while I stand guard. I don't think I've quite finished them."

"Great heaven, Jim! my life was not worth a penny when you came," said Horner. "They were going to throw me into the quicksands. Old friend," and he turned to Jerry, "you and your boy have saved my life."

"Thank God!" said the tinsmith. "I did not think we'd be in time!"

"Why, Eliza, your pa is coming up the path arm in arm with Jerry Pine," said Mrs. Horner, was looking from the window; and in a minute more Eliza saw the sight herself.

Jack Horner was very pale, but his eyes had a look in them his wife had hardly seen since they came from Wooden Row to live in the villa.

"You've been within an inch of losing your father, Eliza," he said to his daughter. "Your Jim and his father saved me. I'd never been home again else. I learned a lesson that minute when I looked death in the face. I—I've thought too much of money lately."

"Take her, Jack, if you love each other, and may God bless you both."

Then the two old men clasped hands and renewed their friendship.

Roping With The Lariat.

In the matter of authentic records for roping with the lariat, none probably exist. One hundred and sixteen feet has been claimed for a California man now traveling with Buffalo Bill's show, while ninety-four feet has been published for a Billings (Mont.) man, but both of these records are preposterous. The average cow-puncher from Texas to Montana uses a rope which rarely reaches fifty feet, and from twelve to twenty feet must be deducted from this measure for circumference of noose. Sometimes a so-called "California loop" exceeds this by nearly five feet.

In catching a wild horse or steer, after the noose is over the animal's neck or legs, the end of the rope is swiftly tied around the horn of the saddle, the horse being braced back to resist the shock, which in most cases either snaps the ropes or sends the captured animal all in a heap. What the possibilities of roping to catch are is hard to say. No doubt with a horse at full gallop down the hill, the wind favorable and a good long rope, an expert may reach 100 feet, but such cases are few and far between, and most good ropers feel extremely pleased when they can reach on the full length of their forty-five-foot rope and catch.

Life is short, but if you notice the way most people spend their time, you would suppose that life was everlasting.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

Condensed History of the Development of Uncle Sam's Great Coin.

Congress having decided to improve the figure of the eagle upon the silver dollar, and having authorized the director of the mints of the United States to procure new designs, a visit was made to the mint of Philadelphia, where R. A. McClure, curator of the cabinet and one of the best-known numismatists of the world, gave a complete and thorough history of the coinage of the silver dollar from its beginning to the present time.

"The first silver dollar ever coined," said Mr. McClure, "was coined under the act of February 12, 1792, and weighed 416 grains and had a fineness of 392.4, which standard was continued for many years. In 1794 the silver dollar issued had on the obverse side Liberty head, facing right, with flowing hair, fifteen stars; above the head the word 'Liberty;' beneath, 1794. Reverse side, an eagle, with raised wings, encircled by branches of laurel, with the legend 'United States of America' around the edge of the coin, while the edge of the coin contained 'Hundred cents, one dollar or unit.'

"The next year, 1795," continued Mr. McClure, "the design was again changed as follows: Observe side—bust of Liberty, facing right, hair bound by a ribbon, shoulders draped, and fifteen stars showing in the field. Reverse side—an eagle with expanded wings standing upon clouds within a wreath of palm and laurel, which is crossed and tied, and the inscription: 'United States of America.'

"In 1798 the same design was used, excepting the using of two stars less in the field on the observe side. You see," said Mr. McClure, "they began by putting in a star for each State, and after putting in fifteen stars they found that if they continued the policy of adding a star for each new State they would scarce have room, so they decided to go back to the original number, thirteen stars, representing the thirteen original States.

"On the reverse side of the 1798 dollar a change was made by placing on it an eagle with raised wings, bearing the United States shield upon its breast and in its beak a scroll with the inscription: 'E Pluribus Unum' upon it; a bundle of arrows, thirteen in number, in the right talon, and an olive branch in the left talon. Above were clouds and thirteen stars, and upon its field 'United States of America.'

"From 1805 until 1839, inclusive," said Mr. McClure, "there were no silver dollars coined, but from 1840 to 1865 we coined what has been called the "dollar of our daddies.' On its obverse side was Liberty seated upon a rock, supporting with her right hand the United States shield, across which floats a scroll inscribed 'Liberty,' and with her left hand supporting the staff and liberty cap; below, the date of coinage.

"On its reverse side an eagle with expanded wings, bearing the United States shield upon its breast and an olive branch and three arrows in its talons. Legend, 'United States of America, One Doll.,' reeded edge, size 24. From 1866 to 1873 the same design was used, the words 'In God We Trust' being added above the eagle.

"From 1874 to 1877 none were issued, and the next design accepted was the present one in use, which was struck off for general use in 1878. On the observe side we have the Liberty head facing left, upon which are a cap, a wheat and cotton wreath, and a band inscribed 'Liberty.' Above the band the words 'E Pluribus Unum; beneath the date and thirteen stars.

"The reverse side of our present silver dollar," continued Mr. McClure, "has an eagle with expanded wings, pointing upward; in its right talon an olive branch with nine leaves; in its left talon three arrows; in the field above the words 'In God We Trust;' beneath a semi-wreath tied and crossed, reaching upward to the wings of the eagle. Legend: 'United States of America. One Dollar."

"The trade dollars," continued Mr. McClure, "were coined from 1873 to 1883 inclusive. Upon the obverse side of the trade dollar was Liberty seated upon a cotton bale, facing left. In her extended right hand is an olive branch. In her left a scroll inscribed 'Liberty.' Behind her a sheaf of wheat; beneath, a scroll inscribed 'In God We Trust,' and below the date are thirteen stars. On the reverse side an eagle with expanded wings. In its talons three arrows and an olive branch. Above, a scroll inscribed 'E Pluribus Unum.' Beneath on the field, '490 grains 900 fine, United States of America.'

"There were," said Mr. McClure, "in 1836, '38 and '39 some designs struck off, but none of them was accepted or put into general use. I believe that there were about 1000 of those of 1836 which got into circulation, but not, of course, for general use."

"If Designer Morgan, whose design upon the present silver dollars was accepted, had been allowed his own way in the matter," said Superintendent Bosbyshell of the mint, "there would be no crying out 'buzzard,' as I understand the present design of eagle has been called, but the dollar would have upon its reverse side a natural eagle instead of the present conventional one."

Dogs and Their Tricks.

Professor Burton, who has a troupe of clever dogs at the Eden Musee, is an old circus man. He used to be a tumbler in the ring. There comes a day in the life of every circus tumbler when he must quit the business and go into something else. Burton went to training dogs. He has been with various companies but is now on his own hook. He had a valuable troupe of dogs once in New York, but somebody poisoned them. The event created almost as much stir in New York as would the World's Fair if it were there.

The professor's present family of dogs consists of Italian greyhounds, German poodles, a Russian poodle, a Russian spaniel, a liver-and-white spaniel, a spitz, a black dog that does the somerset act, and several others.

"There is no dog," said the professor, "which can't be taught a trick of some sort. Of course there are some dogs that learn quicker than others, and more tricks. I am always asked how I teach dogs these tricks. Well, there is no trick about it that I ever knew. It takes patience and judgment and kindness. I seldom use the whip, and never in giving instructions. In fact, I have to be very cautious. The other day two of my family got into a squabble. I separated them, but with trouble. In doing so I had to cut one of them with the whip. That fellow is heartbroken. He won't eat and he won't act. I've got to send him away for a few days.

"A dog should be at least a year old before training. I select different breeds for different acts. The greyhound is a natural leaper. The spaniel is a trickster. The spitz is a clown. The black dog—the black-and-tan-one—is the acrobat.

"Under ordinary circumstances the average dog will learn his tricks in five weeks. Then the test comes when he goes on the stage the first time. Talk about people having stage fright! I've known dogs when brought on the stage for the first time make a break and run away and tremble like a frightened child. When they get used to it, though, they like the stage, and the more applause they get the better they act. You may think that is stretching it, but it is a fact that trick dogs do better if they are applauded, and this is especially true if the applause comes from the children.

"These trick dogs know their places on the stage and take their cue from my looks. They are as eager for the show to begin as children are eager for play. This, I think, is instinct, for anybody could go on the stage with them if he knew the words to speak and the motions to make, and the dogs would go through the same programme they go through with me.

"I keep them in cages after the show. Every morning at 9.30 I take them out for exercise. They are fed twice a day—in the morning and consumes about 15 loaves of bread and a large size market basket of cooked meat every day.

"They never forget a trick. I laid off some months ago and sent the dogs to the country. I had a vacation of several weeks—me and dogs. When I returned to the stage with them they went through every part without a break. There is good feeling between the members of the present family. They are healthy and full of fun. There isn't a cynic in the lot."

A Curious Bird.

Among the most curious birds of Queensland are those known familiarly as the "Twelve Apostles," from the circumstance that they are always seen in flocks of exactly twelve—never either more or less. Whether such a little company consists of an equal number of males and females does not seem to be known. But in the nesting season they all build in the same tree and feed the nestlings promiscuously. How the number of such a flock is always adjusted is one of the unsolved questions presented of the economy of this bird. It is something like a blackbird in appearance, but of a rustier color.

How the Fire Should be Kept.

Never have the coal come above the stove lining. The fire will not be so bright; fuel will waste, because the draught is not so good. When not using the fire keep dampers closed; when needed, open the draughts. For cooking or baking, no matter how hot the fire desired, having the coal come nearly to the top of the lining, the fire ought to last four hours without new coal or poking. The top of the stove may be red hot; the coal piled up to the lids, and yet the oven will not bake.

Our College Yells.

Nothing in this country more astonishes an English university-bred man than our college yells. He never takes the practice as a bit of American fun, but seriously sets to work to prove how even educated Americans follow the customs of the savage Indian, his warwhoop being perpetuated in the college yell. The American college boy is not an ideal creature; he may even be a bit of a barbarian. But the English university man, as described in various truthful chronicles, is hardly qualified to tell him so.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Each day is a little life.

Ability is often reinforced by necessity.

There is a transcendent power in example.

We reform others when we walk uprightly.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.

Take things as they are and make the best of them.

Ill-bred people are always the most ceremonious.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

Life is made up, not of knowledge only, but love also.

The power of doing a good action is happiness enough.

Stupidity is to the mind what clumsiness is to the body.

Happiness is like the echo; it answers, but does not come.

Happiness is to the heart what sunlight is to the body.

If you wish to be borne with yourself, bear with others.

A little force will break that which was cracked before.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

Genuine grief is like penitence, not clamorous but subdued.

Misfortune may make us proud; suffering makes us humble.

Great misfortune lends greatness even to an insignificant person.

Ambition is as natural to the soul of man as blood is to his body.

One must indeed be unhappy to attempt suicide a second time.

Vice in the young fills us with horror—in the old, with disgust.

Seek consolation only in immortal things; in nature and in thought.

The man who never makes any blunders seldom makes any good hits.

The great advantage of good breeding is that it makes the fools endurable.

It is the singleness of motive, not of action, that makes true simplicity of life.

Hospitality sometimes degenerates into profuseness, and ends in madness and folly.

About the best thing that experience can do for us is to teach us how to enjoy misery.

Where there is a moral right on the one hand, no secondary right can discharge it.

We admire modesty in a woman for the same reason that we admire bravery in a man.

Suffering is sensitive and clairvoyant. Happiness has firmer nerves, but not so true an eye.

How much more agreeable the man who wants to sell than the man who wants to buy.

Contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt gain heaven.

Sorrow from the house tops and penitence in a market place show more ambition than piety.

The time to pray is not when we are in a tight spot, but just as soon as we get out of it.

There is no dispute managed without a passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.

Rudeness harms not even the humblest and poorest to whom it is directed, but it injures the exhibitor.

A sociable man is one who, when be has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.

We often console ourselves for being unhappy by a certain pleasure that we find in appearing so.

It may be true that all men are born equal, but inequalities begin to appear very soon afterward.

The reason why so few people are happy in this world is because they mistake their bodies for their souls.

To take away rewards and punishments is only pleasing to a man who resolves not to live morally.

We are poor, not for what we need, but from what we want; necessities are not only natural, but cheap.

Do not talk about the lantern that holds the lamp; but make haste; uncover the light and let it shine.

Every man should know something of law; if he knows enough to keep out of it, he is a pretty good lawyer.

Nothing is impossible to the man that can will. Is that necessary? That shall be. This is the only law of success.

About the only difference between the poor and the rich is this—the poor suffer misery, while the rich have to enjoy it.

The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and never tires.

Our minds are like certain vehicles, when they have little to carry they make much noise about it, but when heavily loaded they run quietly.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's roof.

The world is full of heroes and heroines, and the reason why so many of them live unnoticed is because they adorn everyday life and not an occasion.

The respect people show you in your misfortune diminishes long before you have begun to outlive it, and you are irritated at being treated as before.

Forms and ceremonies are just as necessary in the church as uniforms are in the field; strip an army of its cockades and brass buttons, and it would become a mob.

There is a sort of instantaneous brotherhood between victims of misfortune. When you have long been in mourning you feel attracted by every black cloak you meet.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue, where patience, honor, sweet humanity, calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish.