

A SONG OF LOCUSTS.

Ho! my lively gossips,
Under porches green,
What's the news this morning.
Something stir, I ween.
Aught of Mistress Spider,
In her silver den?
Has the bee deserted
Pretty Rose again?
Chatter, chatter, chatter,
Scandal you are at;
The amber sky is husky
With your chatter, chatter, chat!

Has gay Robin Redbreast
Left his little brood?
Say, is love-lorn Phoebe
In a livelier mood?
What about the cricket
Or the grasshopper?
And the water lily
Heard you aught of her?
Chatter, chatter, chatter,
Tell the story pat;
There's no doubt you like it,
By your chatter, chatter, chat!

Oh! my lazy gossips,
While you chatter on,
Half the royal beauty
Of the year is gone.
Where will be your stories
When the wind blow shrill,
And purple, gold, and red leaves
Jewel vale and hill?
Chatter, chatter, chatter,
Tell of this and that;
Would all were as harmless
With their chatter, chatter, chat!

PAGE THREE.

The total depravity of inanimate things has been proved, defined, catalogued, and accepted. Nobody doubts that a tack on the bedroom carpet always stands on its head; that a chair in the dark always moves to a position where a bare skin cannot miss it; that a pin in a pretty young lady's belt always pokes its point away out at the moment she takes the reins to do the driving down a dark street; that, in short, there is a diabolism conceived and established for the special uses and amusement of things without souls. Things without souls! Horrible thought! Alas, there is no punishment in store for them.

Our venerable and loveable friend, Mr. —, we had nearly written his name, which, in his present state of mind, would have been our unpardonable offence. Let us call him Mr. Goodheart. Mr. Goodheart earns his modest, placid, useful way with his pen. He writes for his bread, and eats that bread in well-earned peace and a noble content. Why should inanimate things conspire to vex such as he—who loves all things because all things are but attributes of that great whole which the wisest and the best of men have learned to love?

Mr. Goodheart, in his study the other day, had written an article for one of the public prints—an article covering five pages of manilla paper. When he had reached the end he began to read it over. Page one was all right, page two required a slight interlineation, and—where was page three? Every piece of paper on the desk was scanned and—where was page three?

"Strange," said Mr. Goodheart, un- ruffled, but perplexed.

He looked upon the floor, into the wastebasket, under the rug.

"Well, well," he said.
He searched behind the clock, under the chair-cushions, between the curtains, behind the paintings on the wall.

"I rum," he remarked, and was a little irritated, just a little.

He sat down to think. He tried to think perfectly calmly. Had anybody been in the room? Yes; Mrs. Goodheart had come in and softly kissed him gently, stroked his silvery hair as was her wont before going from the house.

"Maud," said Mrs. Goodheart to his daughter, "has mother gone out?"
"Yes, papa; to market," answered the young lady from the foot of the stairs.

Mr. Goodheart concluded that his wife must have taken page three with her. "Yet," he thought, "it is so unlike her to take anything from my desk."

When Mrs. Goodheart returned she said she had taken nothing, and she was very, very sorry he had lost anything.

"It might have become entangled in the fringe of your shawl," he said.

"It might," she answered, "but I do not think it did. I am sure I should have noticed it and—"

"But, my dear wife"—when Mr. Goodheart speaks in that tone he is controlling himself—"you were the only person who came in here, and page three is gone."

There was a terrible logic behind these two clauses. One was a major premise, the other a minor. A syllogism seemed to compete itself with a conclusion that Mrs. Goodheart was the only person who could have taken page three.

"Have you looked in your pockets?"

she asked quietly but hopefully. "You might have put it in there."

"My darling wife," he answered—and the more the epithets of affection improved the more penetrating his eye became—"My darling wife, that is absurd. Of course I would not put it into my pocket."

She began to open his coat.

"I tell you it is ridiculous to suppose I would put it into my pocket."

But she took from his inner breast recess all the papers it contained.

"I suppose you will not be assured," said he, "unless I turn all pockets wrong side out," which with terrible irony, he proceeded to do, making the most extravagantly minute inspections. Then he sat down and placed the toe of his left boot behind the right calf and pulled at the heel until the boot came off.

"What are you doing, dear?" asked Mrs. Goodheart, partly frightened, partly saddened.

"I want to assure you," said he, while his eye gleamed, "I want to assure you, if it is possible to do so, that I did not, in a fit of abstraction, put page three into my sock," and as he began to roll down the top of that garment Mrs. Goodheart suddenly left the room.

Mr. Goodheart never swears—not out loud—but we do believe he would have gone to the window and pronounced a silent benediction upon the army of Flanders if that famous body had just then happened to march by.

It will be conceded by everybody who earns his bread by the sweat of his pen that Mr. Goodheart was in no humor to reproduce page three. Reproduction of one's own lost manuscript is, at best, the most difficult, as it is also the most unsatisfying of all literary tasks. It is worse than drudgery; it is labor in which all the faculties must take part while none is in the least assisted by that greatest of all inspirations, interest. But page three had to be reproduced. Mr. Goodheart gnawed his pencil savagely, rumpled his hair, yanked his paper around, smashed an innocent little baby bug with his paper weight, and was altogether a most unlovely, unloving man as he tugged at his memory and grabbed at his reason and glared with his mind's eye at his work. Of course, when the new page three was completed it was not unsatisfactory to him. The first one, he was sure, had said what it had to say in so much better form! But the new one had to do.

When it was done Mrs. Goodheart came softly into the study. Her eyes were red, but she came with a pleasant smile.

"Have you found the page?" she asked, smoothing down his hair.

"No; I have rewritten it—after a fashion. The article is spoilt, though. I might as well throw the blamed thing into the fire. It has ruined this day for me, and I meant to do so much, and felt so much like doing it!"

"There, there," she said soothingly: "perhaps it is all for the best."

"Humph!" You know that half-smorting sound a man makes when he wants to express something between incredulity and disgust.

Mrs. Goodheart gathered up the pages—one, two, three, four, five.

"They are all right now," said she, and, folding them, perceived there was writing on both sides of the last sheet.

"I thought you always wrote on only one side of the paper," she said.

"Oh?" Then this is nothing useful on the back of this sheet?"

Mr. Goodheart looked. It was page three, the original page three. The explanation was very, very simple.

This totally depraved sheet of paper had turned itself upside down and Mr. Goodheart had written page five on the back of page three. Mr. Goodheart saw it all, and said with awful deliberation:

"Well, I—will—be—"

"Tut, tut, tut," said Mrs. Goodheart, with that firmness that always calls a man back to himself. "You must not and you shall not swear."

In the street-car coming down-town, Mr. Goodheart read the article twice—once with the original page three and once with the other.

"After all," he said to himself, "I think perhaps the rewritten page is the better of the two," and he drew his pencil and obliterated the original page three, while over his mind there hovered a vague, shadowy suggestion—for he was optimistic now—that possibly there is great and good purpose in even the total depravity of inanimate things.—Washington Post.

Venezuela buys nearly all of her flour of the United States, but imports her butter from Holland, France and Germany.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

A Most Interesting Critter With But a Single Fault.

Will Insist on Scalping With His Fore Paw—A Judge of Blooded Stock—Some Interesting Anecdotes from California.

The Californian grizzly is a most interesting animal. As Bret Harbo used to say, he has but one gentlemanly habit, that of scalping with his fore paw, and this he caught from the wicked red man. Otherwise, unless aggressively assaulted, he is the pink of good behavior. He will walk off the trail and give you the right of way; he will gather salmon berries in the same patch, or dig roots on the hillside while you are sketching or writing not many yards away. If it were otherwise—if the grizzly had the temper of the royal tiger—thousands of the pioneers of California would have perished at his claws, for a full-grown grizzly when aroused is a terrible antagonist.

There was a family of pioneers who lived in the hills of Alameda County, not far from Valparaiso. The elder, Zachariah Cheney, took his son Joe and a young man named Allen and went out to kill a grizzly. They all knew very well where to find him, in a wild and broken canyon, or about the rocks at his head, where oak trees grew. They had come across his tracks many times and had seen him grubbing among roots on the hillside when they were hunting up cattle. So they thought very little of the danger.

Each of them had a gun and a revolver. Suddenly they met the bear at the head of the wooded gulch, who, seeing their warlike preparations, immediately charged them and trod all three in less than a minute. There was so little time for choice of a tree that the elder Cheney and young Allen got into scrub-oaks hardly larger than respectable quince trees. In less time than it takes to tell it the bear had Cheney on the ground, scalped him with one blow, crushed his arm and shoulder-blade with another and left him. The bear instantly turned his attention to young Allen, seized him by the boot-heel and jerked him from the tree so violently that the poor fellow rolled 30 feet down the gulch and under some willows, where he lay in silence. The third man was beyond reach, so the grizzly, master of the circumstance, rose to his full height, gave a roar of triumph and walked leisurely home. Not a single shot was fired by any of the three men! Yet let no one too hastily shoot out the contemptuous lip, for 99 men out of 100 might have done as badly. The rush of a large grizzly from his chapparral shelter is a terrible thing to face. I distrust most of the current stories about successful hand-to-hand encounters with full-grown grizzlies.

There is an oak tree in Shasta county under which a miner who had fired upon a grizzly was killed by one blow from the enraged animal. And when his companions had killed the bear it was found that the man's bullet had passed entirely through the animal's body.

If it were not for poison placed for him in his haunts, the great master of the California forests would still walk "alone as a rhinoceros" in almost every wild canyon of Coast Range and Sierra. Men learn to give him the track whenever they can, and if they go on the war-path, it is with profound respect for their antagonist's strength and courage. I once met five or six San Luis Obispo farmers who had shot a huge grizzly. They took their guns and went down into the gulch where the bear lived. They found him where he was bound to cross the ravine to get to them, and so they were able to put over 20 bullets into him before he died at their feet. They had just skinned him and spread the great hide on the rocks when I rode up, I asked them how they felt about it, and the leader said: "We none of us want to tackle another. If he had been on our side of the gulch, instead of on his own, most of us would have been killed before we could pump enough lead into him." And that seemed to be the general conviction.

The Slow Brazilians.

An American gentleman, recently returned from a trip to Brazil, told a reporter of the Pittsburgh Dispatch that the Brazilians use ox-carts in which the axle is made to revolve with the wheel, which is invariably a solid block of wood cut like a slice of sausage from the trunk of a tree. These wheels, of course, make an unearthly screeching as they revolve. The authorities of the various towns have enacted a law that the oxen shall be cranked when the wagons enter the limits of a municipality, but the honest planters object very much to this regulation, and comply with it only to escape the penalty. As soon as a farm wagon on its homeward trip reaches the city limit, the Dispatch's authority says, the driver hastens to put sand on the axle, so that its squeak can be restored. This is done not only because the music of the squeak is pleasant to the driver's ear, but also because it is firmly believed that the oxen will not do their work so well if the squeaking of the wheels is not heard. The American thinks that a people capable of this sort of thing are hardly fit for a republican form of government. He says further that few people in this country can realize how slowly intelligent

genie travels in Brazil. He thinks that no more than 50 per cent. of the people of Brazil are as yet aware of the fact that Dom Pedro has been deposed.

LEATHER CANNON.

They Were Successfully Used in Ancient English Warfare.

"Let me give you a bit of history," said a down-town leather merchant yesterday, "that many a student has overlooked. The objects of peace are not all that leather figures in, for it is to leather that we owe the introduction of light artillery. Leather cannon have been actually tried on the battlefield, and, what is more, turned the tide of one of the greatest battles of modern times. The inventor of leather artillery was a certain Col. Robert Scott, a Scotchman in the service of Charles I. of England.

"He constructed guns of hardened leather and experimentally tried them. The result was that they were pronounced superior to guns made of brass or iron. The Colonel, however, did not live long to enjoy the greatest triumph of his invention. He died in 1631, and a monument erected to his memory I have seen in a churchyard in London. This monument represents him as an armor-clad, fierce-looking man, wearing a heavy mustache and pointed beard.

"In the very year of the Colonel's death the effectiveness of his leather artillery was amply proved on the memorable field of Lipsic, where, September 7, 1731, Gustave Adolphus achieved his splendid victory over the Imperialists under Gen. Tilly. It is said that it was owing to the invention of Col. Scott that the victory was obtained.

The guns were found to be so easily carried that a small battery could fly from one part of the field to another, and thus artillery brought to bear when most needed—a thing impossible with the heavy artillery of that period. Certain it is that leather artillery was used in this great battle by Adolphus, though it is equally certain that the guns were never used afterward. The reason of that, however, was that the leather guns having demonstrated the value of light artillery, a way was discovered of making the metal guns lighter, and the greater durability of the latter gave them the superiority.

Beauty of Spanish Women.

If I were asked to state in one sentence wherein lies the chief advantage of Spanish women over those of other countries, says a writer in Scribner's, and to what they chiefly owe their fame for beauty, I should say that if a Spanish girl has round cheeks, and has medium-sized, delicately-cut nose and mouth, she is almost certain to be a complete beauty; whereas, if an American or English girl has a good nose, mouth and cheeks, the chances are still against her having a beautiful complexion, and fine eyes, hair and teeth, which Spanish girls are always endowed with as a matter of course. But over and above everything else, it is the unique grace and the exquisite femininity, unalloyed by any trace of masculine assumption or caricature, that constitutes the eternal charm of Spanish women.

Fashion Notes.

Long necked girls will be sorry to hear that collars on waists and jackets are to be reduced in height.

Walking jackets are not as heavily embroidered as they were, and can be almost called "severely plain."

Bonnets are small and made of much richer and more expensive materials than have heretofore been used.

Any kind of white ruching at the neck is now obsolete, on the authority of the most fashionable modistes.

In many cases the evening bodice for young girls is merely pointed and filled in with lace, while the sleeve is entirely omitted or is an elbow sleeve.

Little boys' costumes are of velvet with soft silk blouse vests and wide collar and cuffs of Irish crochet or any rich effective lace in Vandyke or touse-Eiffel points.

The long low toque is the popular hat with young ladies, and when strings are added at the end of the crown it becomes the favorite bonnet with those who are older.

There is a decided objection among mothers to the adoption of the extreme decolette styles, worn by the older women of society, by girls in their first or second season.

The use of a collar and cuffs, or revers of fine knife pleating in tinted silk, the color of the frock, or of white wool in contrast to it, is a feature of children's dresses this season.

Bonnets are very small and velvet rosettes placed directly in front are a favorite trimming. Flat Alsatian bows are seen, but often a little height is given to the low crown.

Togues for morning and plain wear are made of the material of the dress, with velvet folds along the edge and some box pleats and loops to lighten the front slightly.

The food a "Zoo" hippopotamus is estimated to be about two hundred pounds a day in weight, and consists chiefly of hay, grass and roots. The daily provender of a giraffe weighs about fifty pounds. The lion and tigers obtain about eight or nine pounds of meat a day.

Engene Field's Watches.

I went fishing in Wisconsin last August, and fearful that harm might befall my gold watch if I took it with me, I bought a Waterbury watch for \$2.50 and wore it. One day I dropped it in the bottom of the boat and it came all apart, with a succession of terrifying reports. I never before saw so symmetrical a case of instantaneous and complete dissolution. The larger intestine spread all over the bottom of the boat and curled up over the starboard side. As it lay quivering and groaning there, I fancied for a moment that I had shipped a monster eel or some other kind of marine reptile. I towed the debris ashore and showed it to a doctor from Racine (Dr. Davis, a scientific man of profound research), and he has assured me, after critical examination and analysis, that the intestine of the Waterbury watch closely resembled the human bowels, being provided with a secum, a colon, a sigmoid flexure and all that sort of thing.

Some years ago I had a great deal of quiet fun with a watch of my own devising. I had Giles Bros., of this city, put a stiff spring into a large, hollow, silver watch case. Whenever I turned the stem the spring would make a noise loud enough to be heard thirty feet away. I used to wind up this awful thing between acts at the theatres, and people wondered what kind of a watch it was. Occasionally I would let the watch drop on the floor; then I would pick it up nonchalantly and resume winding it. Eventually I gave the device to Henry E. Dixey, the actor.

Just before going to bed at night is the time I wind my watch, and it is a duty I never forget or neglect. My watch gains five minutes every two days, so upon every second day I set it back five minutes, thereby cheating the jeweler, insuring correct time, and preserving my watch from baleful tinkering. My 10-year-old boy has a Waterbury watch, which he wears proudly. Very often when I come home at night I find a note from him pinned to my pillow: "Dear Papa: Please wind my watch for me I am tired."—Jewelers' Weekly.

Business is Business.

Life insurance agent (out west). "What did Mr. Newcomer say?" Assistant: "He wouldn't talk with me at all; said he was too busy to think about life insurance." "Well, I'll hang around his house to-night and shoot holes through his windows, and when he comes down-town in the morning you be behind the fence in some vacant lot and put a few balls through the top of his hat. Then when he reaches his office I'll drop in and talk life insurance again."—New York Weekly.

The Way Americans Sit.

Kate Field says, referring to the day Chief Justice Fuller delivered in the House of Representatives his oration on a century of Constitutional Government: "In marched the President and Mr. Blaine, followed by the other Secretaries, and sat down in the first row of the amphitheatre. Sat? Yes, sitting is what it is called. Within five minutes every mother's son of them, with perhaps one exception, had slid down so that his body was supported by his shoulder blades and the small of his back. The Justices of the Supreme Court followed, and down they went in the same way. So did the rest of the dignitaries, as bevy after bevy filed in. In contrast with them, there sat the foreign Ministers and the delegates to the two international Conferences, as upright as ramrods.

What made the contrast so disagreeable was the fact that our own great men were by far the best-looking persons on the floor, as a rule. It seemed a pity that they should spoil their fine effect by such an attitude. But it is the common fault of Americans in public places. Congress sits on its 400 and odd spines when it ain't making speeches or writing letters. Our magistrates do it on the Bench. Our State legislators do it. Everybody does it when he hasn't his hands or his brain or both, too busily occupied to admit of such a thing. And why, pray?"

Trying Ordeal for Edwin Booth.

Edwin Booth recently told a party of friends of a trying experience that once befell him while he was having a quiet little stroll all by himself in one of the smaller cities where he was acting. Seeing some particularly delightful-looking cream puffs in a conspicuous part of a restaurant, he stepped in and purchased one. Without stopping to ponder upon the peculiarities of cream puffs, Mr. Booth, in the most uncalculating and enthusiastic manner, bit exactly into the centre of the spongy delicacy. Of course, a small stream of the cream oozed out at each side of the bite and gathered itself together on Mr. Booth's cheeks. Just at this juncture some one in the shop recognized the tragedian and cried out: "Why, that's Mr. Booth!" Half a score of people crowded about and eyed the figure with interest. It was a trying position for a great tragedian who was conscious of being in anything but a tragic role. But he went calmly on with his refreshment, eating with as much unconcern and enjoyment, apparently, as if he were far from the madding crowd. "But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I never did a better bit of acting in my life."

The old Cradlock fort on Ship street, East Medford, Mass., is the oldest house in America. It was begun in 1634.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

Fretting cures no evil, it is true, but it sometimes relieves the monotony of too much happiness.

It is advisable to put our hearts into whatever work we may have to perform, but it is wise to think well before we put our money in.

When a person becomes too good to overlook the faults of the unfortunate, then it is that he makes the error which loses to him the glory of his goodness.

Delusions are the natural consequences of ignorance. A lack of knowledge of a thing necessitates the invention of some theory to account for its existence.

When you see a person trying to play the fool, and you hear it remarked of him that he is a fool, you may take it as an evidence that he was created for the part.

The chronically unhappy man, who persists in trying to sour humanity, should get him to his closet with his woes, and give the sunshine a chance to warm his neighbors.

A man with a red nose is always suspected of men. He may also be wronged of men, for it may be that he is, instead of a heavy drinker, a sufferer from some painful malady.

One strong, well directed blow sends the nail truer to its home than do a dozen coaxing taps. One fit and earnest word carries more weight than does a yard of high-flown eloquence.

How much mud and mire, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided, if we could tread but six inches above the crust of the world. Physically, we cannot do this; our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles.

"Never a rose without a thorn" is an axiom possessing much truth. It follows, then, that the thorns were created for the purpose of protecting the treasures of the bush. So do we often find in human life that beauties of the heart and mind are preserved by the thorns of unshapely bodies, unbecoming faces or lack of wealth.

Every man has an inclination to communicate what he knows; and if he does not do so, it is simply because his reason and judgment are strong enough to control this inherent propensity. When you find a friend who can exercise absolute power over the communicative instinct, wear him in your heart. If you have no such friend, keep your own counsel.

It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely assorted cravat and waistcoat with the handsome rascal in red scarf and green feathers; more need that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, than at the deeds of heroes I shall never know except by hearsay.

Pleasure is a shadow, but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its great offices it fears no danger, spares no expense, looks into the volcano, dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, wings its flight into the skies, enriches the globe, explores sea and land, contemplates the distant, examines the minute, comprehends the great, and ascends to the sublime; there is no place too remote for its grasp, no sphere too exalted for its reach.

The idea that so long as a thing is good to be done it must be done at all hazards is a very demoralizing one. It puts conduct above character; whereas conduct is chiefly valuable as it is the natural fruit of character. Not only should we consider the intrinsic quality of the motive we present, but also the effect of its being strongly and frequently excited. For motive becomes habitual by repetition, as well as action. Every time we rouse cupidity or avarice, envy or rivalry, hope of public applause or fear of the public frown, we help to form a corresponding character; and we may well inquire what is the object that when gained will be worth such a price. That this should be done thoughtlessly and unconsciously, as it often is, shows a great deficiency in our moral condition.

He Was a Born Humorist.

Mrs. Caller—"I think it is very kind of your husband to sing at so many funerals. He will no doubt be rewarded for it some day."

Mrs. Singer—"Oh, no; he doesn't expect anything. He just sings for fun."—Rochester Post-Express.