

## KEEP AGOIN'!

If you strike a thorn or rose,  
Keep a-go'in'!  
If it hails, or if it snows,  
Keep a-go'in'!  
'Tain't no use to sit an' whine  
When the fish ain't on your line;  
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'!  
Keep a-go'in'!

When the weather kills your crop,  
Keep a-go'in'!  
When you tumble from the top,  
Keep a-go'in'!  
'S'pose you're out o' every dime?  
Gittin' broke ain't no crime;  
Tell the world you're feelin' prime!  
Keep a-go'in'!

When it looks like all is up,  
Keep a-go'in'!  
Drain the sweetness from the cup,  
Keep a-go'in'!  
See the wild birds on the wing!  
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!  
When you feel like sighin'—sing!  
Keep a-go'in'!

—[Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.]

## Her Celestial Adorer.

She was little, prim and pious.  
She was so d'sttractin'ly pretty.  
Three of these qualities are an unusual combination. Therefore worthy of note.

She came up to New York to study bookkeeping and shorthand. Her name was Alice Pearson, and she had a mania for converting people.

The house at which she boarded was kept by a stout Irish-American woman—Mrs. Brown. She looked the essence of good nature, but she let the boarders freeze all the winter by never having a fire in the furnace, and she fed them with pork and beans until life became a burden. She had a daughter, Mattie, tall, rather well-favored, though running to bone, who was much in love with a man whom I may term the "head boarder." That is, a person who, having a magnificent constitution, had been able to stand the ravages of Mrs. Brown's pork and beans the longest. He was a medical student, and his name was Caldwell. He was very good-looking, by-the-by.

There were sixteen boarders in Mrs. Brown's establishment the first night Miss Pearson came down to dinner. Two weeks afterward there were twenty-one, and within a month Mrs. Brown's limit—thirty—had been reached. The newcomers, it was noticed, were all men; and, curiously enough, men who, in the rush of New York business life, had no time to worry about their souls. The fact was that before the lovely Miss Pearson had been in the house five weeks she had nearly ruined the surrounding boarding houses, and had turned Mrs. Brown's erstwhile peacefully wicked establishment into three opposing revival meetings rolled into one and let loose.

Fah Chung, laundryman, late of Peking, subsequently of San Francisco, then of the Bowery, New York, fell so madly and jealously in love with her as if he had been a Christian.

Miss Pearson affected demure little gray frocks, with a wide Eton collar and cuffs of white, and Fah Chung—oh, bliss!—Fah Chung washed and ironed them for her. It was noticed that while no fault could be found with the Chinaman's ordinary work, there was not in the whole of Sixth street linen that could be compared for whiteness and gloss with Miss Pearson's little collars and cuffs.

It has been remarked that Miss Pearson had a mania for converting people. She tried her hand on Millie, the waitress, first; but Mrs. Brown made strong objections to having her servants talked to, so she turned her attention to Fah Chung.

"How do you do, Mr. Chung?" she greeted him with one morning when he came for the laundry work.

"Ni cha," replied the Celestial.

"I guess he means 'Howdy,' Miss Pearson," struck in Millie, who was sweeping the room.

"Oh! Ni cha, Mr. Sing."

The Chinaman did not change a facial muscle. He did not want to look sad, and he could not grin any harder than he was already doing. The left side of the six padded coats gave a great beat outward.

That was getting on.

The loved one could now converse as fluently in his native tongue as he in hers.

That was getting on.

The next time he came he brought one of those little reeds with a bunch of hair fastened in one end, which the Chinese use for pens, and presented it, with his immovable grin. That gentle smile of his was so fixedly wide that Caldwell declared the top of his head to be an island surrounded by-moath. A somewhat exaggerated metaphor. Still it was what one might call a generous smile.

The following week he laid on her shrine a packet of Chinese firecrackers and had learned to count up to five in English. She had eight articles in the washing, but he began over again at "one" when he reached the place where "six" ought to be, so that was all right.

Miss Pearson never got beyond "Ni cha" in her study of the Chinese tongue, but Fah Chung applied himself with ardor to the mastery of English, and went about his laundry practicing—"One collee, one collee, two cuff, two cuff, one collee, two cuff." When he got so that he could say, "Allee lightee, washee soon, done slatteday," Miss Pearson thought it time to begin her spiritual ministrations. Accordingly she took him down to the boarding house drawing room one Saturday, set him

on a stiff horse hair chair, just where he got the draughts between the fireless grate and the door beautifully, and discoursed to him.

The girl was sincerely in earnest, and it was something of a shock when he turned toward her that unchangeable smile and affably remarked:

"Me likee Mellean gal."

Fah Chung slept in a tiny box of a room at the back of his laundry. Presently he took to bunking on his iron table and let the box to a lodger. Fah Chung seemed to desire a larger income. He began "wasting his substance on riotous" green-jade boxes and Chinese hairpins, which he presented to his spiritual sponsor when he took her washing home.

The recipient thought he was setting up as an Oriental dealer, and gave him a half dollar for one of the pins. When he laid the money on the table and would have none of it, she took it that it was below his price, so returned the pin, and pocketed the money herself. Finally it dawned on her that he was making her a present. She promptly declined the gift, but the next week it turned up again. At last she became so tired of seeing the much-refused article "bob up serenely" every Saturday that she took it to get rid of it, and Fah Chung grinned harder, worked later, and ate less. The fever of the New World had seized him. He longed to amass riches.

With all her primness, Miss Pearson was of a somewhat adventurous nature. The great town to her country mind, was full of wonders; and leading, as a woman, even a young and very pretty woman can, if she choose, in New York, as independent a life as if she were her own brother, she indulged her passion for exploring frequently. Her studies usually occupied the day, but on those evenings when she was not engaged in setting the boarding house by the ears by catechising one or another fortunate young masculine sinner, she donned a trim little gray bonnet and cloak and wandered out into the bewitching, brilliant night world.

She was not sure just why, but she found that she felt a little uncomfortable in walking by herself up Broadway, Fifth avenue or Madison square in the evening, but the good-natured crowds in the less fashionable parts of the town never annoyed or frightened her.

What more blissful than to walk down Sixth avenue, with its cheap restaurants filled with noisy, merry people?

After a stroll part way down the avenue, it was very pleasant to cut through into dark, deserted Thompson street, and wander about a little while before taking Bond street or one of the other turnings leading into the upper part of the Bowery.

Good little Miss Pearson might not have ventured down that street alone had she known what was going on its basements.

It was a long time before any one at the boarding house dreamed that she had gone anywhere except perhaps to chapel or to do a bit of shopping, and then it was Caldwell who found it out. He—good fellow that he was—simply followed at a distance and kept guard.

Now it chanced that a certain pair of narrow slanting black eyes had been keener than Caldwell's big round brown ones. Their owner periled his "wash-up shop's" reputation for promptness by lingering about the boarding house every night for an hour after dinner to learn what his divinity's movements were to be. If she went exploring, so did Fah Chung, and kept an eye on her. It grew more complicated when Caldwell took to shadowing her too. That gentleman never noticed the Chinaman, but Fah Chung did not grin so hard when he looked at Mr. Caldwell, particularly after he had seen Miss Pearson fasten a rose in his button hole.

There are some things that change not neither in America nor in China, and the heart of the lover is one. Fah Chung might take the Fourth of July, with fire-crackers and illuminations, to be a kind of American "Feast of the Lanterns"—a great religious festival, in fact. There he mistook. Decidedly.

But Fah Chung was right when he guessed that the object of his passion regarded him no more in the light of a lover than she would some old woman who chose to wear a pig-tail and unusual shoes.

The change in dress shadowed upon Miss Pearson's mind the fact that her laundryman was a man, and her manner toward him became somewhat reserved. That was good for a beginning. He wrote her a letter—she took it for a laundry list, by the bye—in his native tongue, of course—in which he declared his passion. He knew she could not read it, but it was an outlet for his feelings.

He got his lodger to address the envelope. As it stood she could read the outside, and he the inside, so that made it even.

It was rather a pity that Fah Chung could not have learned a little more of the customs of his adopted country earlier. The knowledge might have saved him from making two great mistakes.

The first lay in the fact that he had not curtailed his laundry window.

Strolling down the Bowery one bright afternoon and enjoying to the full the rush and roar of life in that Broadway of the lower class "Gothamites," Miss Pearson was amusing herself by counting the different nationalities represented in the shops and so on. At the last corner she came upon Fah Chung's laundry. She stopped at the window to admire the scrupulous cleanliness and to watch its owner at work.

Now the ways of American laundrywomen are not as the ways of Chinese laundrymen.

The former sprinkles the rough dried clothes by dipping her hand into a basin of water and flinging the drops from her finger tips. Then she rolls the garment up tightly and lays it away for an hour or two to absorb the moisture evenly.

Not so the Chinaman. He fills his mouth with water and deftly ejects a tiny spray over the garment in hand at the same time as he is ironing it.

Fah Chung lovingly pulling out the dainty ruffles of a little white apron with his slender yellow fingers, and ironing with ardor, was probably never so thunderstruck in his life as when it was snatched from his hands and a lovely little face as red as a rose with anger and disgust disclosed to him Miss Pearson's indignant brown eyes. The rest of her things lay on a shelf near, and scolding as fast as her tongue could wag, she gathered them up, thrust them into a piece of paper, threw a half dollar upon the table, and marched away, the amazed Chung in the meantime standing in helpless bewilderment, his cheeks puffed out with his mouth full of water, and his black eyes staring.

After that Miss Pearson sent her things to an Irishwoman, who scrubbed them to pieces within a month, and the laundry of Fah Chung knew them no more. Alas!

His second mistake—a fatal one—sprang from a national difference of views regarding death and all things appertaining thereto which exists between the extreme East and the West.

He sent her a most gorgeous and comfortable coffin—life size—for a Christmas present.

Any one in China would have been flattered no end by such a splendid gift. Miss Pearson did not seem to like it.

In fact she took it as an intimation on the Celestial's part that the "wooden overcoat"—as they are facetiously termed in the States—would presently have a wearer, whom he, in remembrance of the scene in the laundry, would gladly provide.

It is probable that Fah Chung would have been kicked farther down the street than he was, but that Caldwell, who was in the drawing room when the gift was presented, had to leave him just then.

Miss Pearson in her agitation seemed to require some one to hold her in his arms and call her his darling, and assure her that just as soon as he had time he would "go and finish that Chinaman." She would not let any of the other fellows do it—Mattie did not offer to go—so Caldwell sacrificed himself. Good, old fellow! Mattie glanced at them, and looked rather as if she could have found a use for that coffin if they had not been in such haste to pitch it into the street after its heart-broken owner.

The little Chinaman crept miserably away, wondering at the uncivilized manners of those "Western barbarians." But even then "is 'art was true"—not to Poll, but to Pearson.

Caldwell married Miss Pearson. He got his diploma as M. D. and settled in her old home.

Mattie has transferred her affections to her mother's present "head boarder." She is no longer young. She would not mind marrying.

Fah Chung? Ah, yes; Fah Chung.

Well, he got killed one night near the Bowery.

Caldwell, at that time accepted lover to Miss Pearson, had told her that she must on no account venture into any of the streets between lower Broadway and the Bowery alone. So, one evening, when he was at the hospital, she felt it her imperative duty to do so. She wandered about Mulberry street for a while, and Baxter street, unconscious of two figures that had been following her for the last half hour.

From the top of Baxter street there is a short, very narrow, very dark turning leading into the brilliantly lighted Bowery.

This turning is very quiet. It is filled with Chinese gambling dens and opium joints. The police rather avoid the place. It rejoices in the descriptive and suggestive name of Dead Man's Alley.

As Miss Pearson was about to enter it she was stopped by a Chinaman, who motioned her not to come that way. Recognizing Fah Chung, she indignantly brushed past him, and with great staidness proceeded on.

Half way between Baxter street and the Bowery a stealthy figure stole close behind her—another figure quickly and quietly ran between them, there was a muttered oath, a slight struggle, and something gleamed in the hand of the taller man. Just then Miss Pearson reached the Bowery, and in Dead Man's Alley one man was running swiftly and silently toward the sheltering crowds in Baxter street, and the other, a little Chinaman, lay on the ground bleeding to death. When Miss Pearson, on reaching home, found that her purse was gone, she exclaimed:

"There! I knew that a creature who sprinkled clothes in the disgusting way he did wasn't honest!"—[L. Hereward to-day.]

## How to Silence Critics.

A poet desirous of the laureateship was bitterly complaining to a friend in a London club of the conspiracy of silence that was waged by critics against his effusions. "How ought I to meet this conspiracy?" he asked. "Join it," replied the friend.—[London Truth.]

## SIGNAL SERVICE.

### OUR WEATHER BUREAU THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

It is Right Just Seven Times in Ten.—Method of Conducting the Various Observations.

It has been shown that the percentage of verifications of rain, temperature, wind and cold wave forecasts of the United States Weather Bureau are misleading only about two or three times out of ten, and, considering the uncertainty of the elements with which weather prophets have to deal, this result must be admitted to be remarkable. In 1892 the service predicted rain within 24 hours in different places 4,844 times, and 71.2 per cent of these forecasts were verified. Rain within 48 hours was predicted 444 times, and 53 per cent of these rains were forthcoming. In 1893 5,350 rain storms within 24 hours were announced, and 73.5 per cent of them occurred. Only 75 storms were forecast two days ahead, and 62.6 per cent of them came on in time. Much better results were obtained in predicting the changes of the temperature. In 1891 80 per cent of the 24 hour forecasts were verified, and 84.3 per cent of the 48 hour forecasts. In 1891 81.9 per cent of the one-day prophecies came true, and 73.4 per cent of the two-day prophecies. In 1893 81.6 per cent of the one-day predictions were verified, and 78.1 per cent of the two-day predictions. With wind signals the result has been 71.1 per cent, 77.6 per cent and 77.6 per cent of successes in 1891, 1892 and 1893 respectively. Cold waves seem to be the most difficult to prophecy, for in 1891 only 65.2 per cent of these were foretold, in 1892 63.6 per cent and in 1893 64.7 per cent.

These forecasts and warnings are based upon observations taken at 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. daily, seventy-fifth meridian time, at 124 stations in the United States and nineteen in Canada, the reports being promptly wired to the central office at Washington and several of the more important Weather Bureau stations and to the Canadian central office at Toronto. Special arrangements are made during the West India cyclone season to get early warning by telegraph of storms in that region. The manner of taking these observations is laid down in exact rules and is done at the same time and in the same way at all the different stations. The work of observation is begun at the proper time, and the observers perform their duties simultaneously. Within a specified time the reports are filed at the telegraph offices and placed upon circuits which are set apart entirely for this business. The deciphering of the reports and the making of charts showing the results of the observations are begun at 8.45 a. m. and 8.45 p. m. daily by trained experts at Washington. The forecast official stands ready when the charts are completed to dictate a statement of their general and special features, to prepare forecasts for the various districts and to issue such signal orders as the conditions may require. His dictated report is set in type within forty-five minutes and within a very brief space of time every telegraph station in the United States is supplied with the result of the work of this vast system, and the press associations furnish the newspapers with a regular forecast and warning and also any special features that are of sufficient interest to print. Weather and temperature, cold-wave and frost signals, are communicated at the expense of the Government to special display men at selected points exclusive of the Weather Bureau.

Messages are also telegraphed to 2,129 railroad stations and 620 other places, and are sent by mail to 3,065 points and delivered by railroad to 1,264 stations. The total number of places to which the forecasts or warnings are sent is 9,323. This number does not include thousands of persons and places who get their information direct from the local weather offices throughout the country, nor does it take in 121 points on the sea coast and the shores of the Great Lakes, where danger signals are posted.

There is another branch of the weather service of which the people in large cities know very little, but which is of great importance to the farmer. This is the State Weather Service, organized for the collection and publication of information relating not only to the weather, but also to the crops. State bureaus are dependent almost entirely upon the voluntary efforts of intelligent citizens, whose labor is furnished without compensation, and whose individual reports are received at the central stations, compared and summarized in such a way as to form the basis of general reports. Monthly reviews of the prevailing weather condition are published, and bulletins are issued weekly during the planting, cultivating and harvesting of crops, telling the most important facts about the weather, with their probable effect upon the growing crops from week to week. This service in many States also has the cooperation of an agricultural station, and the weekly bulletins contain information with regard to pests that imperil the crops and the best way of treating them. Many of these volunteer observers are farmers, some of them are doctors, and others are men who have only a private interest in keeping a record of the weather. It may be said that their work is generally thorough, their reports concise and their observations valuable. Some of them are furnished with a set of instruments, and many others are not.

As there are less than 175 meteorological stations in the United States that are conducted by paid observers, each one of these stations has to cover about 22,000 square miles of land, and the data supplied by this means would be very inadequate were it not for the information that is furnished through the State Weather Service. The latter work began in Iowa as early as 1875, and in Missouri in 1878, but the system has not been sufficiently general to be of great value for more than twelve or thirteen years. It is now a rule that the weather crop reports are mailed by the correspondents so as to reach the central stations on Tuesday morning, and so far as possible they cover the weather record up to Monday night. They are quickly summarized, and comments upon them are made in short order, and the State crop bulletins are promptly and widely disseminated. Of course, the report for each State is also sent to Washington to help out the National Weather Bureau.

To the farmer these reports are of more benefit than they are to any one else, because they supply him with a means of knowing accurately the condition of crops in other neighborhoods than their own, and they also enable him to estimate somewhat the conditions of the market for his goods.

## A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

### How a Doctor Was Tempted To Become a Cannibal.

A real fine old English gentleman was Dr. Thomas Gunton, who while confabbing with a number of friends in a prominent resort recently, related a number of interesting experiences in his career. His later years have been passed looking out for sick people in the Canadian wilds, but his younger days were marked with activity and no little adventure.

"What do you regard as about the most perilous position you were ever in, doctor?" asked one of his friends.

"Well," musingly replied the doctor, "I am sure that a circumstance that happened when, as a young man, I had the double office of supercargo and surgeon of an English trading vessel on the African coast, left a deeper and more painful impression on my mind than any other event in my life."

His listeners gathered somewhat closer, and the doctor went on:

"Our captain and the ship's company generally were pretty well acquainted with the natives, and various kings and priests and other men in authority would frequently come aboard to get a bite of salt pork, and once in a while a glass of rum, etc., so it was not considered dangerous to go ashore and make little excursions into the interior. The natives were cannibals, but they knew who to eat, and interest for their personal welfare prevented their mouths watering for the blood of an Englishman. I went ashore one day with the mate, who got the notion into his head that he wanted to kill two or three gorgeously plumed birds, cure and dress their wing feathers, and take them home to his sweetheart. We got separated in the jungle, and I became lost. I had left my pocket compass aboard the ship, and to save my life I couldn't locate myself. Well, I was in that forest two days without a thing to eat before I was lucky enough to strike the coast from which I had at no time been three miles distant. I was starving. I think for the first time in my life I realized what hunger was."

Here the doctor made a grimace.

"Boys," he said, "as I got near the coast my nostrils met a most savory odor. It increased my torment of hunger ten-fold, while my heart rejoiced at the prospect of food; but to my horror and fright, I walked right into a group boiling a man. The remembrance of the temptation offered me clings to me yet. Weak as I was, however, I ran from the place lest I, too, should become a cannibal. If I remained, in my starved condition I should have partaken of their broth. But I was safe, for a party of the ship soon found me, and when I saw them I fainted dead away."

"That terrible temptation," the doctor continued, "was the one event of all my career that makes me gloomy whenever I think of it—and I almost always think of it."—[Washington Post.]

## Promotion on the Field of Battle.

On the field of battle the Emperor Napoleon would pull up in front of a regiment, and calling the officers around him, would address each by his name. He would ask each to mention whom among them they considered most worthy of promotion or of a decoration, and then passed on to the soldiers. Such testimony delivered by those of the same rank bound the various regiments together with the bands of confidence and esteem, and these promotions, granted by the soldiers themselves, had all the more value in their eyes.

In the course of one of those distributions of military rewards, which were like family scenes, an under officer was designated to the Emperor as the bravest and the best. The Colonel, while agreeing that he possessed all the qualities necessary to make a good officer, added that, in rendering him this justice, he regretted that, on account of a serious drawback, he was unable to recommend him for promotion. "What is it?" asked Napoleon, quickly. "Sire, he can neither read nor write." "I appoint him officer, Colonel; you will have him admitted as such."—[Memoirs Baron de Meneval.]

## SOME BIG SALARIES.

### Pay of Representatives and Rulers All Over the World.

The United States pays its Senators and Representatives alike, \$5,000 a year each; and to the presiding officers of the two Houses it pays \$8,000 a year each. Canada pays \$1,000 to one class of legislators; \$10,000 to another, and \$8,000 each to the presiding officers. England pays nothing to the members of the house of lords or the house of commons, but the speaker of the commons has a salary equivalent to \$25,000, and a house; while the lord chancellor draws a salary of \$50,000—equal to that of President Cleveland—of which \$20,000 is his salary as speaker of the house of lords, and \$30,000 is his salary as a judge; and the retiring pension of the lord chancellor is \$25,000 a year.

Other English salaries are equally amazing compared with those which are paid to similar officials under this government. There is the chief justice of the supreme court, for example. In England he has \$40,000 a year. Chief Justice Fuller of our Supreme Court has a salary of \$10,500 a year. The judges of the higher court of justice in England receive \$25,000 each; the associate justices of our Supreme Court receive \$10,000 each. The attorney general of England has \$25,000 a year, and his fees sometimes amount to \$25,000 a year more. The first lord of the treasury receives \$25,000 a year; the first lord of the admiralty, \$22,500 a year. Attorney General Olney, Secretary Carlisle and Secretary Herbert have to get along with \$8,000 a year each, and a horse and carriage.

Our President does not draw the smallest salary paid to the head of a nation, but he comes within a very few of doing so. The president of Switzerland receives \$3,000 a year and the president of the Argentine Republic only \$30,000. President Cleveland draws \$50,000 a year; and, as I have said, probably saves half of that sum. The salary of the president of the French republic is \$240,000 a year. Napoleon III received \$5,000,000 a year; but he had to bear many of the expenses of government, such as the maintenance of palaces, subsidizing theaters, &c. The present head of the French republic has none of these expenses, and he can leave office a rich man if he serves a term of fair length. Our President has a house given him, and all of the "official" expenses of that house are paid for him, but the distinctly household expenses come out of his own pocket.

The Queen of England receives \$300,000 for the privy purse, besides a civil allowance nearly six times as great. The Prince of Wales has an income of \$500,000 a year, the princess \$50,000, and each of the children of the Prince of Wales \$180,000 a year. The Emperor Francis Joseph receives \$1,800,000 a year from Austria, and \$1,600,000 a year from Hungary. He is obliged to maintain out of this a number of libraries, museums, parks, &c., and to pay the subsidies of several theatres.

King Humbert of Italy has an allowance of \$3,000,000 a year, out of which he, too, has to keep up palaces in different parts of the nation—in cities formerly capitals of independent states.

The Emperor of Japan has an annual allowance of more than two and a quarter millions of dollars. The Prince of Montenegro has only \$20,500 a year, but Russia allows him \$25,000 more.

The Shah of Persia has the income from a private fortune of \$27,000,000, accumulated by his family in office. The King of Sweden and Norway receives nearly \$600,000 a year from his people.

The King of Greece has an allowance from his country of \$200,000 a year, and a further allowance of \$20,000 from Great Britain, France and Russia.

The King of Belgium has an allowance of about \$650,000 a year.

The King of Servia receives \$240,000 a year. The infant King of Spain and his family have an allowance of \$2,000,000 a year. The Emperor William gets 1,225,000 from Prussia alone, and his grandfather is said to have saved \$12,000,000 out of his allowance from the state.

The Czar of Russia is credited with receiving more than \$12,000,000 from his government.—[Washington Star.]

## A Railway Cushion Car Cleaner.

The French have brought carpet cleaning machinery to a high state of efficiency. One of their latest machines not only beats the carpets of railway cars, but also brushes the cushions while drawing off the dust. With this machine, operated by one man, 350 carpets or cushions can be cleaned in an ordinary working day. The machine consists essentially of a strong frame containing an endless band, beaters, revolving brushes, exhaust fans and suction pipes. The carpets are attached to the endless band, the revolution of which brings them under the influence of the beaters. These consist of ten stout leather straps fixed on the iron arm of a horizontal revolving drum. Meanwhile the cushion is being cleaned by the backward motion of the table on which it is placed while in contact with cylindrical brushes. The dust raised by the beaters and brushes is drawn by the fans into the galvanized iron pipes and discharged by the current of air outside the building.—[New York Telegram.]

There is no historic authority for the statement that little George Washington cut down the cherry tree.