

**FISHING.**

Alder fish pole, six feet long—  
Looked quite straight a-growing;  
Home-made fish line, good and strong—  
Used for harness sewing;  
Hook ma gave me, that she found  
Sticking in pa's trousers;  
Worms I dug out o' the ground—  
My! but they were rousers!

So I went a-fishing, down  
In the white birch chopping;  
Waded—me and Luther Brown—  
Got our breeches sopping!  
But the trout they bit like Sam—  
Just came up a-flying.  
Grabbed the worm—and then ker-slam  
On the bank wa're lying.

Feller came along, and said  
'Twant the way to take 'em,  
Ought to let 'em play, instead—  
Not haul back and snake 'em to.  
'Loved he'd show us how to do,  
With his little feather;  
Fished all day, and just caught two.  
Laid it to the weather!

Coming back, with pockets fat,  
Me and Luther found him,  
Fighting skeeters with his hat—  
'Bout a million 'round him.  
Feller said there want no trout  
In that draught holler;  
Cussed his luck—and bought us out  
For a silver dollar!

—New York Clipper.



ONE evening not many years ago George Wilson made his way through one of the streets of New Haven.

His full name, as it appeared in the catalogue of the university, was George Ellis Wilson, of Smithville, Pa. He had just eaten supper, had hurried across the busy streets and down this little lane till he came to a dimly lighted second-hand book store.

After pausing at the threshold long enough to shake the snow from his coat he entered.

The air of the room had the musty odor peculiar to old books, and the little old man who kept the store seemed to have absorbed some of the musty learning of his shop, such a scholarly stoop did he have and so dusty were his clothes.

An effort had been made to sort some of the books, and over several shelves was hung the label "Religious," and over some others "Greek and Latin," while in the extreme corner were "Translations."

Wilson eyed these last suspiciously, for he had "boarded" his way through preparatory school, and he had made up his mind not to "horse" through college.

Turning to the Latin books, he looked them through till he came to a copy of Horace, somewhat the worse for wear, but still serviceable. Wilson glanced over the pages of the Horace, and, deciding that it would answer his purpose, paid the old man 35 cents, put the book in his pocket and went out into the street.

The next morning he got up late, and in his hurry to get to breakfast put on the coat just as he had left it the night before. At chapel, however, during the long prayer, while the president was imploring "blessings for the heathen in all lands," under which head Wilson would have little thought himself included, he pulled out the Horace and looked at the fly-leaf.

There were two of the initials of the former owner, W. B., and his class, 55. The last name had been carefully scratched out. Up in the corner there was a note, evidently written during some recitation thirty years before, "Can you tutor me an hour in trig. tomorrow?"

By the time that Wilson had observed this much the prayer was ended, and the president was walking down the middle aisle, while the seniors, in accordance with a custom handed down from long ago, were making prodigious bows as he passed, and falling in unceremoniously behind him.

Pocketing the book, Wilson returned to his room, and, after a few preliminaries, began to get ready to study.

No one can study a book until he has thumbed it over and over and made himself familiar with it. The first thing Wilson did, therefore, was to glance over the pages of his Horace and see what sort of a fellow its former owner was.

On the fifth page he saw something that attracted his attention. Written in a man's hand in rather small characters, as though the writer would not have it too public, and on the inner edge of the leaf, was the name "Mary."

Smiling to himself, Wilson turned on. Nothing else note-worthy appeared till he came to what was evidently a very different passage on the fifty-first page, for the leaf was badly worn and soiled, and written in the same hand as before were the names "Mollie" and "Mame."

Wilson turned to the first ode and worked steadily over the dictionary for two hours. Then he started for the recitation room.

The professor was William H. Henderson, but the boys always called him Billie behind his back, and occasionally

some one made a slip and called him Billie to his face.

He was very serious, seldom known to smile, and a regular "grinder." Stories were abundant about some love affair that he had while a student at Yale, and of a girl whom he had been engaged to who left him for a wealthier man and a trip to Europe.

But stories about college professors are common, and no one pays much attention to them. No one supposed that Billie Henderson could ever have thought much of anything except Latin.

Every time that Wilson took up his Horace to study his eye caught sight of "Mary" or "Mollie" or "Mame."

One day, in looking over the notes in the back of the book Wilson made a discovery. Down in the corner of a page in the same handwriting was "My Mary."

"I'd like to know who that fellow was and what became of Mary," thought Wilson. "What a nice little plot for a true story! I could make out a whole love affair from these names in the book. Let's see. Something like this:

"Chapter I. Student comes to New Haven from Western home, is hazed, meets a pretty girl, name Mary something or other; tries to study Horace and finds himself writing 'Mary' in his book.

"Chapter II. Takes her to glee club concert, borrows money for the tickets and gets uncomfortably in debt, becomes absent-minded and begins to write 'Mollie' and 'Mame.'

"Chapter III. Scene—A beautiful parlor: Mary, beautiful and collected, seated on a sofa. Student, with one hand in coat pocket, standing by grate fire, with one elbow on mantel. He complains of his hard luck in Horace; is sure to flunk on exam. Mary consoles him tenderly. Student goes over to sofa, looks into Mary's dark eyes, tells her the trouble is that his Horace consists of no one but Mary, and that the rest of his fellows and the professor don't translate that way. Mary blushes beautifully. He takes her hand and they are very happy.

"Chapter IV. The fellow goes to his room and writes 'My Mary' in his Horace and flunks on the exam."

Suddenly another idea struck him. He turned around and started for his room. On reaching it he took a triennial catalogue and looked through to see what names in the class of '55 had the initials W. B. To his perplexity he found several names with these initials.

"Well, if there isn't Billie Henderson's name! I never thought of it, but I suppose his name is really William," said Wilson to himself. "He could never have owned this book, though, for he must have been a regular 'grinder.'"

The term was drawing to a close, when one day Prof. Henderson announced to his class that they should bring their own copies of Horace to the class-room on the next day. They would do some reading at sight, he explained, and the class would be allowed to use what notes were to be found in their books. The next day, therefore, Wilson took his Horace to class.

The passage which was assigned to him was the one which the former owner had found so difficult and had sought relief for his feelings by writing "Mame" and "Mollie" on the margin of the page. Wilson, however, buckled in manfully, and when called on translated with some fluency and sat down.

The professor looked over the top of his glasses and said, rather sternly: "I do not understand, Mr. Wilson, how you obtain the meanings that you give to some of the words."

Wilson hesitated a moment, and then a happy thought struck him. Something that he had seen in the notes came to his mind.

"I think, professor," he said, "that my text must differ from yours."

"Ah!" said the professor. "Let me see your text."

The professor took the book and glanced over the page. His expression changed in a moment. Old memories seemed to come up, and he leaned his head on his hand and looked steadily at the book.

Finally he raised his eyes, and, handing the book to Wilson, said: "You are quite right, Mr. Wilson."

After the recitation was over Prof. Henderson called Wilson to his desk.

"I should like, Mr. Wilson," he said, "to obtain that copy of Horace from you when you are through with it, if you have no objection to parting with it. It's an odd edition, you know," he added, in explanation, "and I should like to have it to compare with other texts."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Wilson, as soon as he was well away from the recitation-room. "Who would have thought it!"

And he buttoned up his coat and hurried to his room to tell the story to Johnson.—Chicago News.

**A BABOON FLAGS TRAINS.**

**His Master a Switchman Who Has Lost Both Legs.**

A baboon is in the service of the Cape Government Railway Department. Cape Colony, the principal British colony in South Africa, own the railroads within its borders, and therefore the baboon is one of the great army of officials in the British Empire. He is stationed at a point on the railroad between Port Elizabeth and Mitenhance. He assists, or perhaps it would be better to say, is assisted by an old switchman who has lost both legs. This man is his master, and the noble baboon is glad to be able to support him in his misfortune.

The baboon does all the work of a competent switchman and much more. No one who knows him believes that he will ever be found negligent in his responsible duties. The co-operation of himself and the man is a valuable assurance of safety. The routine part of the work has become so familiar to the baboon that he would be incapable of forgetting things where the man might do so through mental preoccupation.

The baboon not only switches the trains, but he flags them. He understands perfectly when told to exhibit a red, a white, or a green signal.

He does many other things that will seem incredible to people who have never met members of his family under favorable conditions. It should be remembered that monkeys of the better class seldom visit this country. The few who do are quickly enfeebled in health by the climate and are then in no condition to exhibit their talents.

This baboon belongs to the chacma family of South Africa, and consequently has a very high standing for intelligence among apes. The doings of his family, not always admirable, are recorded both in natural history and in novels and they are very interesting reading.

The switchman's baboon pushes a little trolley from his master's little hut to Port Elizabeth for the purpose of fetching tools, provisions and other things. He cleans his master's house, prepares his food, spreads the table for him, and waits on him and generally lightens the burden of his lonely life.

It may well be thought that the baboon must have given striking proof of his ability before a government department consented to his occupying this position. The master was a very faithful and efficient workman, and lost his legs in an accident upon the road.

In consideration of his good services, and the fact that he met with a disaster on the railroad, he was allowed to take his old place when he got well. At first he struggled about and did his work on two wooden legs, but it was terribly wearing and he felt he could not stand it long.

Then his pet baboon put a most beautiful and encouraging idea into his head. The animal was always at his side, and displayed the greatest willingness to help. Could he possibly be trained to do the work of the lost legs? The man set to work to train him, and was delighted at the quickness with which the baboon learned his duties.

Shortly after the baboon assumed the active work of the switch station, the head of the railroad department came that very way on a little tour of inspection. He surprised the baboon on duty, and was naturally surprised himself. He did not discharge him at once, as some would have done, but gave him a little attention. The result was that the baboon demonstrated his efficiency and secured himself in his position.

**TRICKS OF TRADE.**

**What Becomes of Furniture Sold at Auction.**

There are many tricks in the auction business, the same as there are in every other trade. A woman has household goods which she wishes to sell, and, being ignorant of the ways of doing business, decides to call some one in the second-hand furniture trade, who wishes her to hold a "sale" at the house.

The fact is duly advertised, the red flag is swung from the porch, the neighbors call and wait curiously through the rooms, eyeing, spying and whispering. Their gossip concerns the sadness of the thing, the sooddy furniture, the nice things, how bad it is, how glad they are, how sorry they are, until the whole range of human love and hate has been manifested at this, the breaking up of another household and the exposure of the family idols.

The poor woman is there herself, telling how much she had paid for this or that, and what a shame it is to sell these nice things at such a great loss.

The auctioneer cuts short former moralizing by rapping with his hammer in the parlor and announcing that the sale has begun.

When it is ended the woman finds that articles of household virtue which cost not less than \$1,500 have brought her less than \$150.

Who bought the goods? In her excitement, in her commotion at the sight of her disrupted home, in the midst of the wild alarms of the auctioneer, the pressure of the people and the presence of strange faces, she did not observe, and she may not know until she reads this article, that nearly all her property was bought by a dealer, the friend and confidant of the selling agent; in fact, by the auctioneer's own silent partner, to whom, at the very lowest rates, a rascally auctioneer "knocked down" the goods. Maybe, walking along one of the avenues some weeks later, she will see the furniture she formerly owned displayed in the identical second-hand shop from which the auctioneer came and directed her "sale."

**THE FUCHSIA IN EUROPE.**

**It is a Much Finer Plant There Than Here.**

Americans who have been to Europe can have but little idea what a fuchsia may become. It grows wild in the hedgerows of Wales and Ireland and in the Isle of Jersey, off the coast of France (which is, however, an English possession), it reaches to the second story windows. Some of the fuchsia berries are eaten with sugar in certain countries, though in Great Britain and Ireland, as in America, the plant is valued solely for the flowers.

**WORLD'S LEGISLATURES.**

**Differences in the Apportionment of Members.**

The recently elected Italian Chamber of Deputies consists of 534 members. The present German Reichstag consists of 393 members. The next House of Representatives at Washington, exclusive of Territorial Delegates, will consist of 356 members. The English Parliament consists of 690 members, including those elected in Ireland and Scotland as well as those elected in England. Of these members 465 are chosen from English constituencies, 103 from Irish, 72 from Scotch, and 30 from Welsh. The French Chamber of Deputies consists of 632 members.

It appears from these figures that although popular control over the choice of representatives is most general in the United States, the lower House of Congress is a smaller body than the popular branch of the Legislature of Great Britain, Germany, France, or Italy. The Belgian Parliament, prior to the extension of universal suffrage and the adoption of the multiple system of voting, consisted of 124 members, the number varying according to the number of qualified electors in each district. The Hungarian House of Magyates consists of 735 members, and the Hungarian House of Representatives of 445. The Dutch Parliament is constructed on the basis of one deputy for every 45,000 of population. The representation of all the Swiss cantons in the National Council is 135.

In the choice of representatives few European governments conform with the American plan of selecting representatives on the basis of the number of voters only. In England, for instance, where the right of suffrage has been extended to the point of being almost universal, or manhood suffrage, as it is called in the United States, nine university districts continue to have representations as such, and the divisional lines of parliamentary districts are such that the representation is unequal, being larger proportionately in the country and small in the urban districts. The basis of representation in the United States has varied greatly from time to time. The ratio of representation per population was 30,000 under the first apportionment. It rose gradually under successive apportionments until 1843, when it was put at 70,000. In 1853 it jumped to 92,000 and in 1863 to 127,000. From that figure it grew gradually until 1883, when it was 151,000. The present basis of representation is materially higher—173,901. Congress fixes the number of members which each State shall have, but the subsequent subdivisions, based on the preceding national census, is made by the State Legislature. The rule of equality of division is not very well preserved, though an effort to follow it is shown generally. The First Congressional district of Texas has a population of 130,000; the Second Congressional district of Texas has a population of 210,000. That is a flagrant and exceptional inequality. Nevada has a representative in Congress for 45,600 inhabitants. In New York State the district having the largest population is the Fourteenth, now represented by Congressman Quigg. The Fourth district of Pennsylvania, one of the strongest Republican districts of the country, had by the last census a population of 239,000. Ohio had only one district with more than 2,000 inhabitants. Twelve of the thirteen districts of Massachusetts have 170,000 population or a fraction more.

**THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.**

**How Elias Howe Came to Place it Where it Really Belonged.**

Elias Howe almost beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be located. It is probable that there are very few persons who knew how it came about. His original idea was to follow the model of the eye at the heel. It never occurred to him that it should be placed near the point, and he might have failed altogether if he had not dreamed he was building a sewing machine for a savage king in a strange country.

Just as in his actual waking experience he was rather perplexed about the needle's eye, he thought the king gave him twenty-four hours to complete the machine and make it sew. If not finished in that time death was to be the punishment. Howe worked and worked, and puzzled and puzzled, and finally gave it up. Then he thought he was taken out to be executed. He noticed that the warriors carried spears that were pierced near the head. Instantly came the solution of the difficulty, and, while the inventor was begging for time, he awoke. It was 4 o'clock in the morning. He jumped out of bed, ran to his workshop, and by 9 a needle with an eye at the point had been rudely modeled.

After that it was all easy. This is the true story of an important incident in the invention of the sewing machine.

**THE COWS OF DELHI.**

The crowded streets of Indian cities present manifold attractions, but the study of native life and manners in Delhi is frequently interrupted by the gray herds of Brahman cows, which roam about at their will, with the evident conviction invariably entertained by these pampered animals that their own importance far exceeds that of the community which they inconvenience by their presence.

An overturned stall witnesses to the self-assertion of the sacred kine, and as our carriage disperses a blockade of sleek backs and interlacing horns, an indignant member of the scattered conclave wreaks vengeance on the battered chariot by pushing it along with these natural weapons to the end of the street. The "raison d'être" of the assembled cows is found in the presence of a great Hindu temple, where a glimpse of glittering images in fretted shrines is unwillingly granted to the unbelievers, whose feet are forbidden to tread the sacred courts of the Brahman sanctuary.—All the Year Round.

**TWO KINDS OF NORTHERS.**

In Texas a "norther" is a chilling blast that sweeps over the country, sending the temperature down as much as 30 degrees in as many minutes. But in California a "norther" is a hot wind that puts the temperature up 10 or 15 points above comfort, and instead of freezing vegetation does great damage by causing a too quick ripening. Early this month the Sacramento Valley had a norther which lasted 10 days, ripening the wheat crop prematurely so that the yield shrunk 25 per cent. over the estimate of the previous week. These hot winds rarely last more than three days, as is the case also with the cold Texas northers.

**KAISER WILL DRIVE ZEBRAS.**

**Trained in South Africa and Now Being Tested by an Expert.**

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**THE JOKER'S BUDGET.**

**JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.**

**The Age of Progress—A Lover's Admiration—Went Right Along, Etc., Etc.**

**THE AGE OF PROGRESS.**  
Dr. Emdee—It is a rare thing for a woman to have appendicitis.  
Miss Finesiecle (enthusiastically)—Give us time! We'll get it.

**A LOVER'S ADMIRATION.**  
"My dear fellow," said one foreign nobleman to another; "I have just met your fiancee. I want to congratulate you. You have a prize."  
"Yes," was the complacent reply; "and the beauty of it is that she's a cash prize."  
—Washington Star.

**WENT RIGHT ALONG.**  
Customer—You give light weight. That pound of evaporated peaches you sold me did not weigh over three-quarters.  
Dealer—Well, mum, I didn't warrant 'em not to go on evaporatin'.—New York Weekly.

**PLEASURE IN HIS WORK.**  
"That sour old fellow Grumpus has a job that just suits him."  
"What's that?"  
"He's station master where fifty trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Chicago Record.

**HELD TO THE HART.**  
"I can't let you have any money, that's flat," said the new woman.  
"Why?" asked the husband, tears gathering in his limpid blue eyes.  
"Because," confessed the breadwinner shamefacedly, "there is a bargain sale down at Cutten's, and they are selling the loveliest spring trousers ever seen for \$2.98. I thought I had got over the bargain counter habit, but this is something I cannot resist."—Indianapolis Journal.

**CAME TOO LATE.**  
"It's a great pity," said the convicted burglar to his lawyer, "that you couldn't have made that closing speech of yours at the opening of the case."  
"I don't see that it would have made any difference."  
"It would, though. Then the jury would have been asleep when the evidence came in, and I'd have stood some show."  
—Washington Star.

**A COMPROMISE.**  
It was in an absent-minded sort of way that she read the sign "Ice Cream."  
"Oh, ah; ice cream," said he. "Did you ever read that there were deadly ptomaines in ice cream?"  
"Yes," she said a little spitefully. "Did you ever read of the microbes in kissing?"  
On reflection he concluded to compromise on a basis of present cream and future kisses.—Indianapolis Journal.

**A DIFFERENCE.**  
She—Oh, my! there's something gone down my back.  
He—It's one of those thundering bugs, I suppose.  
"No, I guess it's one of those lightning bugs, George."—Yonkers Statesman.

**LATE IN REALIZING.**  
Reporter—I suppose you realized a large sum of money on your last fight, didn't you?  
Pugilist—Naw, I didn't realize nothing until I came to, a week after der scrap.—Truth.

**A CAPTIOUS CRITIC.**  
"There is one part of your romance, Mr. Hicks, that you will have to change," said the editor.  
"What is that?" asked Hicks.  
"Where the deaf-and-dumb boy rescues Ethelinda from the ocean. You say that with one hand he grasped the fair girl around the waist, and with the other he signalled loudly for assistance."—Harper's Bazar.

**THE INEVITABLE HERO.**  
Billings—Who is that man the crowd is cheering so vociferously?  
Coddington—Why that's Commodore Starboard, who is going to rescue Pain's arctic expedition.  
Billings—And who is the little man at his side?  
Coddington—Why, that's Pain; he's just about to start.

**HER TIMELY DISCOVERY.**  
Helen—Oh, George, we are saved.  
George—What do you mean, loved one?  
Helen—Why I have found my bicycle oil-can in my pocket; we'll pour its contents on the troubled waters.  
And then she swooned.

**A YOUNG PRIST.**  
"Liz," said Miss Kiljordan's youngest brother, "do you say 'woods is' or 'woods are'?"  
"Woods are, of course," she answered.  
"Why?"  
"Cause Mr. Woods are down in the parlor waitin' to see you."—Chicago Tribune.

**THE BEST PLACE FOR THEM.**  
Mother (arranging for the summer)—I want the girls to go to some place where the nicest men are, of course.  
Father—Then, my dear, you had better let them stay in town.—Detroit Free Press.

**SPOLED HIM.**  
"Don't you think that for an ugly man Junkette is awfully vain since he came back from his vacation?"  
"Yes; but you know he was at a summer resort for three weeks and was the only man there."—Chicago Record.

**A NATURAL MISTAKE.**  
"Isn't Smith a poet?"  
"No; can't borrow a quarter to have his hair cut—that's all."—Atlanta Constitution.

**THE DOUBLE ALLIANCE.**  
"I'm glad you came," said the mosquito; "I have been nearly worked to death."  
"Well, you can get a good rest, now," answered the fly. "I'll take care of him till he gets ready to get up."—Indianapolis Journal.

**SEEK NO FURTHER.**  
"Oh, where can rest be found?"  
A weary poet sighs.  
That's easy. Drop into a store  
That doesn't advertise.

**CHINA, TO PAY OFF THE INDEMNITY,** will have to pay to Japan money at the average rate of more than \$65 a minute, day and night, during the next five years.

**DIFFERENCES IN THE APPORTIONMENT OF MEMBERS.**

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**THE EIFFEL TOWER'S SUCCESSOR.**

It has now been practically settled that the chief sensation of the Paris exhibition of 1900 will consist of a new bridge over the Seine 100 meters broad, and with houses, theaters and monuments on either side of it, like the Pont Neuf in olden days, not to mention old London bridge. It will span the Seine from the Champs Elysees to the Invalides.

**WHERE SHAVING IS CHEAP.**

Two barbers are fighting for supremacy on Fort Street, in Springfield, Mich. The contest has reached the point where one offers to shave customers free, while the other not only shaves them free but gives them a cigar.