THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

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FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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There are fewer deaths by railway accidents in Persia than in any other country.

The French have invented an occult science of arithmetic which they call "arithmomancy."

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

Scientists say now that beauty is more than skin deep. Half of the charm of a pretty face, they claim, is imparted by the little muscles of the skin.

When civilization reaches a higher standard than has yet been attained, the New York Advertiser is convinced that there will be a law making it a penal offense to fry instead of broil a chop.

The number of American horses in Italy, England, France, Germany and Russia is already quite large, is rapidly increasing, and the result of crossing them with the native stock has already proved far more satisfactory than almost any one anticipated.

From a tabular statement published in the Japan Gazette it appears that Japan has altogether 39,601 doctors, of whom only 10,553 are qualified on modern principles; the rest, over two-thirds of the total, being old stagers of the purely native school, the champions of frogs' toenails and burnt joss paper.

There are 20,000 woman cycle riders in New York and New England alone. If possible, the latter staid and conservative locality is more wheel mad than New York, maintains the Dispatch. The enthusiasm has spread to the tiniest towns, and a little mountain hamlet of 300 or 500 souls will have its quota of wheel women.

It is said that horses are cheaper in Idaho, just now, than anywhere else in the world. Ordinary unbroken, ranch-bred horses have been sold at auction, in Boise City, during the last summer at seventy-five cents a head, and horses broken to harness and the saddle as low as $2.50, although, as a farmer remarked, "if you want a good team they are surprisingly scarce."

To reach the north pole, an architect, M. Hauin, has proposed to the Geographical Society of Paris the construction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.

The sacred cattle of India take more readily to American ways than do the people of that land, according to the caretakers of the National quarantine for cattle at Garfield, N. J., where there is a small herd of the animals, imported for Oliver H. P. Belmont. Said one of these men: "Mr. Belmont sent over for the cattle some of the native feed. It is a grain or berry which when ground up resembles ground chicory. The cattle ate it all right, but after a few days here they became sickly. The superintendent gave them some Yankee feed, on which they immediately began to thrive, and now they won't touch the feed sent over with them."

Among the reasons for the almost uninterrupted success of Japan in prosecuting the present war with China is the spirit of sacrifice and generosity exhibited by her people. Voluntary contributions amounting to almost $15,000,000 have been received by the Government. The Bank of the Nobility, which has given $1,000,000 outright, has also placed $15,000,000, interest free, at the disposal of the authorities. The noblemen and wealthy merchants have been most patriotic, and a number of them have contributed more than $100,000 each. Victory under such conditions is comparatively easy and certain. Public spirit in China with reference to the unfortunate conflict presents a melancholy contrast. Unhappily for the Chinese, the same spirit of indifference—to use no stronger word—seems to pervade a great part of the army and navy. Admiral Ting himself had to report that seven of his ships remained concealed during the fight on the Yaloo; that several officers had to be court-martialled for cowardice, and that it was deemed essential to behead Captain Fong, who fled before the beginning of the battle. It appears to be a hopeless task for the Chinese to fight the demoralization in their forces.

GAINING WINGS.

A twig where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the leafy bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more;"
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm—
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings;
'Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

—Edna D. Proctor, in Youth's Companion.

SAUNDERS'S ROMANCE.

SAUNDERS had read dime novels as a boy in New York. In the afternoons, as he came home from school he had bought them from some street corner vender of "penny dreadfuls," and had gloated over them as only a small boy, born and bred in a great city, can gloat over tales of the West. He had not been discriminating, of course, and had had a natural leaning toward the most blood-curdling recitals; but he had chosen always something in some way connected with army life.

The army was to him a beautiful dream, a highly varnished picture, and to be a part of it—a major part, of course, something like a General, or, at the very least, a Colonel—had been from the first his one ambition. But destiny, in the shape of parents of stern and old-fashioned mould, the kind that thought, and accepted it as a convenient creed that, having inflicted life upon their offspring, they were entirely at liberty to ruin that life—this destiny ordained that he should have a profession other than that of arms; in short, that he should be a lawyer.

Now, Saunders was of an age to judge for himself, and he knew that he was not the stuff of which lawyers are made. Not the slightest vestige of eloquence had he; he was blunt and truthful to a degree. He disliked a lie for its own sake. All this and more he told his parents, but he was answered by the logic which has retarded the world's progress through so many generations, that they were older and therefore wiser; that he was their son, and they knew better what was good for him than he could possibly. Saunders, more from a sense of duty than a fear of being disinherited of his father's goodly estates, accepted their decision and began the reading of law.

About this time he chose for a chum a youth whose only possible recommendation must have been that he could boast of army relatives. He had visited in his sallow gosling days at a garrison, and was full of highly spiced tales regarding the wild daring and fascinations of a soldier's life. Saunders would drink in all these stories, and despite his valiant efforts to forget them and put temptation away, they would come back to him as he sat over the inexpressibly stupid folios relating to the law.

One summer this chum of his invited Saunders to visit him at his country house on the Hudson. Saunders went and spent the happiest two weeks of his life. For it was there that he met Madge Kean, the bewitching little daughter of Colonel Kean, of the Tenth. Saunders caught his first glimpse of her as he walked with young Milton up the driveway. Madge was armed with a Flobert rifle, and was teaching the little son of the house how to aim and pull the trigger. There was something in her very pose, in the fact of her knowing how to shoot, that appealed to Saunders at once. He could not see her face, but, nevertheless, he said to Milton that she was a "mighty pretty girl." Milton replied with pardonable pride that the young lady was his cousin, had just come from the far West, was of the army, and a "mighty pretty little flirt." Therefore, before Saunders had even been introduced to the fair Madge, he was perilously near to being in love.

When he stood beside her and Milton was saying, "This is my chum, Saunders, Madge; Miss Kean, Mr. Saunders," when her bright eyes glanced at him from under her long lashes—just like an untamed mustang's—when she smiled and put out a hand all smutty with powder, Saunders thought her the most bewitching woman he had ever seen. And Madge, in her turn, made note of the fact that Saunders was tall, blond and extremely handsome, with that unmistakable air of self-possession and refinement of a New York gentleman. She determined that he would be much better material to expend her fascinations on than that milksop of a cousin of hers. She was glad he had come, and said so. Saunders answered, in a tone which carried conviction, that he also was glad she had come, and Madge blushed through one of those clear, tanned skins which change color with every emotion. Not that she was shy and schoolgirlish in her blushes; they were not a result of timidity.

Cupid did not hit Saunders's heart with the traditional golden arrow this time. It was the tiny bullets of lead which went from the muzzle of the Flobert straight to the bull's-eye of the target that made the wounds which are inflicted sooner or later on every man. By the time the wee cartridge-box was empty Saunders was hopelessly smitten.

In the course of the next fortnight he came to that point where he would have even studied law with pleasure had she expressed an admiration for law students. But she did not. He had confided to her all his baffled ambitions; had told her how his soul yearned for shoulder-straps; and she, in turn, told him that the life of a soldier was the only one worth living.

He was too old for West Point; why didn't he try for a civil appointment? This had never occurred to him; he would think it over. He asked her some questions, and confided some of his ideas of garrison life to her. She laughed at them and told him that he was a "dear old tenderfoot." If it had not been for the tone of voice in which she said it, for the roguish, half fond glance from her mustang eyes, Saunders would have been terribly cut up over that scornful word.

"Tenderfoot—tenderfoot," he! After all he had read on the subject. Could it be that his source of information was bad? He did not ask Madge this, however; he never put forth any of his ideas on the subject again, to her; asked for no further information; he knew he was missing golden opportunities for enlightenment, but he did not care to be laughed at. He was aware that nothing would so much injure him in her eyes as to make himself ridiculous. And Madge in that fortnight exerted, first, every charm she possessed, every power she could command, to bring him to her feet.

Having succeeded in this, she used quite as much skill in keeping him from asking her to marry him. She didn't want to be married; she didn't even want to be engaged, and he was only the pastime of a summer's jaunt. Nobody took such flirtations seriously; that is, nobody with any sense. If he couldn't see she was in fun it wasn't her fault, was it? She wasn't accountable for his being deficient in powers of preception, was she? A New York man ought to know how to take care of himself.

Well, the little summer play was over. Saunders went back to town with the secret determination to cut loose from the grind of the law reading to go into the army. He had not told Madge of this; somehow, looking back on it, he hadn't told her anything that he had meant to; he had been half afraid that she would laugh. It would never do to have her laugh.

Of course, there was a big row at his home when he announced his determination. But the breath of free air that he had drawn in from contact with Madge made him see that he should have something to say in the matter of his own career. Moreover, he had the strength of love to uphold him. He surprised his parents by asserting his freedom of action, and when they made it too disagreeable for his self-respect to allow him to stay under their roof he left it, with paternal and maternal maledictions following him. He started in to obtain a civil appointment, and learned more, before he realized his failure, of the nature of human beings and of the struggle for existence than he had ever known before.

It came about that he obtained no civil appointment, and he knew that his father had done his best, covertly, that he should not obtain it. This one thing he could not forgive. Meantime he longed for Madge with the whole power of his heart. He wrote to her and received no reply. So he supposed that she had not got his letter. The thought that she had ignored it did not come to him. The final refusal of a commission was a blow from which he did not recover for some days—he had lost heart for a time; but he read in an Army and Navy that Miss Kean had been desperately ill. That afternoon he enlisted as a private soldier, and the next morning wore the blue.

This was not being a Colonel or a General, but men had risen from the ranks to sudden fame and honor in the books he had read; besides, he was at his last penny. A little wave of disgust ran over him as he learned that $13 a month, with clothing, bed and board, would be his share of the world's goods. He enlisted with that vague notion, which the average citizen of that day had, that officers and men inhabited peacefully the same quarters; that the barrack-room was a sort of happy-family cage, where shoulder-straps and chevrons went side by side. He had not stopped to think that the West was wide, and that he might be assigned to a post several thousand miles from the one which his lady-love lighted with her presence. It was not until the deed was done that this came to him, and then he could only hope and pray.

As luck would have it, he was sent to the very post where Colonel Kean was stationed. This did not exactly surprise him; he took it as a matter of course that Providence should interfere in behalf of Saunders—of one of the handsomest and most popular fellows in his set. He wondered what his friends at home thought of his escapade. Then he settled down to the discomfort of second-class accommodations in a railway car. Fortunately for him, the garrison to which he was ordered happened to be very near to the railroad, and he was spared a cross-country trip of a hundred or two miles.

Words cannot paint the miseries that Saunders went through. They were not physical miseries, for he was well sheltered, well clothed, not overworked, and was spared the humiliation and pain of the raw recruit, who learns for the first time to bestride a bare-backed horse. Saunders was an old hand at steeplechase, and had little to learn, save a few technicalities.

He did not even see Madge for three days, but was induced to overcome his predetermination to call upon her. He saw within an hour after he had stepped upon the reservation that he would hardly be welcome. It was bad enough not to be able to see his divinity; it was infinitely worse when, at last, he met her. She gave a great gasp and start, blushed, and returned the bow, with just the slightest nod and condescending smile. He saw with dismay that he was to her simply a menial—that he could not dare to overstep the line which divided them.

He got over his desire to shoot himself every time he was given an order in her hearing after awhile. He watched her flirtations with a gorgeous first lieutenant in bitterness of spirit, and the thought dawned on him that she was not true; but he hoped she would leave the first lieutenant when he (Saunders) should have won his spurs. But even the spurs seemed far away; he had come to understand that the jump from the uniform of an enlisted man into that of an officer is a difficult feat, or was in those days, and no chance for physical prowess presented itself. Morally he was as brave as only a man in love can be. He would have killed himself had he not been.

More courage than to carry a standard to the cannon's mouth did it take for him to obey the first order to "police," with a fatigue party, the back yards of the officers' quarters. To "police" is army for cleaning up, and it is left, as a general thing, to the prisoners who happen to be in the guard-house. But at this time there were very few prisoners, not more than one or two, for the men had been upon their good behavior, it being almost two months since the paymaster's last visit, and no cash left to be expended upon whisky at the sutler's. So Saunders sallied forth in fatigue suit—overalls and coat of canvas—and he helped the others to sweep with stable brooms and to shovel up the back yards.

In the Colonel's yard he was mercifully spared meeting Madge—it would have been, he thought, the last straw—and he did not know that from behind her filmy curtain she was watching him with amusement and pity, the while she turned about on the third finger of her left hand a large solitaire ring, and wondered what he would say when he heard of her approaching marriage to the dashing young lieutenant.

Then the police party went on its way and came at last to the yard of that very lieutenant. There was a half sheet of note paper in one of the piles of dust and rubbish which had been swept up. Saunders noticed this—noticed, though it was crumpled, that the writing upon it was Madge's pointed scrawl. He picked it up and slipped it into his pocket. It was not an honest thing to do, but he did not stop to think—he only wondered what a note of hers was doing in this man's back yard and what was in it.

When he got back to the barracks he read the note. There was enough therein to make him understand that Madge—his Madge—for whom he had given up everything, for whom he had endured so much humiliation, was to be married in one week to that first lieutenant; that she was in love—desperately in love—with him, and did not hesitate to say so. Was the man in love with her? If he was, why did he crumple up and throw away a note for which Saunders would have given his very soul?

Then Saunders looked about him with eyes opened by despair. He saw at last the barrier of caste in all its height and strength; he saw what he had done, and he shuddered. There were but two ways out of this unless he waited until his enlistment were up—four and a half more years—and that he could not do. He could kill himself, but he was young, remember; it was not to be lightly done. And—he could desert. To his mind a deserter was not what it is to a man who has been long in the service—all the disgrace of it did not occur to him. If it had been explained to him he could not have grasped the full horror of it.

So he waited his chance for four days, and then "bolted," as his comrades termed it. He went away from the railway, thinking that he would put those who were sent after him off the scent, and after a day or two circle round to reach the iron road, which would lead him far from all this.

On the third day, as he trudged onward to the railroad, dodging like a hunted criminal behind every clump of mesquite or greesewood, he was overtaken, his hands tied behind him, and marched back to the post under guard.

At a turn of the road the party drew aside and waited for an ambulance to pass. The soldiers saluted the officer inside.

Saunders could not salute; his hands were tied. He knew the officer—it was the first lieutenant; he was going to the station with his bride. Madge looked out and saw the deserter—saw him and turned her head.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Fig Growing in California.

For 1891 the output of cured figs in California was 360,000 pounds. The increase since that time has not been as rapid as in other branches of production, so that it is not likely that a million pounds of merchantable figs are yet produced in that State. The quality of the product has, however, greatly improved, and the prejudice in favor of the imported article is slowly giving way, so that all conditions are favorable to an almost unlimited production.—New York World.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Cinnamon kills the typhus microbe.

Children's first teeth have a great effect upon the second set.

Soap is one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection.

Substitute for glass is made from collodion wool and is flexible, not brittle.

The fiber of nettle weed is being used in the manufacture of textile fabrics.

The phosphorescence near the Cape Verde Islands is at times so bright that one can easily read the smallest print.

Spontaneous combustion occurs in many substances because during fermentation heat is evolved and inflammable gases are engendered.

A closed room is bad for sleeping, because air once breathed parts with a sixth of its oxygen, and contains an equivalent amount of carbonic gas.

The France Militaire says that the French and Spanish Governments have agreed to the boring of two railway tunnels through the Pyrenees to connect the two countries at Saint Chiron and at Oloron.

It is estimated that 12,000,000 tons of coal are used for gas making annually in England. A train of coal wagons three miles long, each wagon holding a ton, would be required to bring into London the coal for an hour's supply of gas.

That lizards will catch and eat butterflies is stated by Jane Frazer in an article in a London entomological journal. In the Samoan Islands she saw a "skipper" butterfly when lighted caught and instantly swallowed by a beautiful golden-green lizard with a bright blue tail.

A living specimen of the largest and most deadly snake known (Ophiophagus elaps) has been added to the Zoological Gardens of London. It grows twelve to fourteen feet in length, and is hooded like the cobra. It occurs in India, Burma and in the East Indian Archipelago, living in forests and jungles and readily climbing trees.

It has been discovered that microbes capable of germination exist in the ocean everywhere except at great depths. They seem to be more plentiful in the Canary, Florida and Labrador currents than elsewhere, and are not detected in the ocean bed. They are, however, plentiful at a depth of 1300 feet, and are found as far down as 3500 feet—certainly deep enough for all practical purposes. Some of these microbes are phosphorescent, and are found on the bodies of living fish.

Li Hung Chang and Foreigners.

It was never an easy matter to transact business with Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, and yet I always found him a man of his word. He would turn a question over and over again—look into it minutely—quick to detect the slightest error in your statement. It was never safe to go to him without having your case prepared. He would take nothing for granted, nor accept "assurances" or "understandings." No Rialto usurer was severer in the reading of the bond. Blandishments or menaces were in vain. He knew the tension which each State would endure—what was meant by Gladstone or Salisbury ascendency in England, and the meaning of Democratic or Republican advent to power in the United States. He knew how to play one against the other—when to give a significant smile to the Ambassador of one power, or a no less significant shrug to the envoy of another power. He never overlooked the relations between Germany and France, nor neglected the jealousies of Russia and England. But when once you had an understanding with Li—a complete accord—the matter was done.

He never professed affection for foreign powers, and was free from sentiment so far as they were concerned. If he ever had sentiment as regards foreigners, it was toward General Gordon and General Grant. But to the average foreigner Li was the man behind the counter—his business to make the best bargain. You came there to serve your purpose; he would serve that of China. He had no pride of opinion as against a fact, and once the fact became patent, he would follow it to its conclusion with logic and courage. In this Li was unlike any other statesman I ever met in China, and it gave a reason for his prolonged tenure of power.—Review of Reviews.

Cheap Meals.

Two English institutions, framed in the interests of workingmen, might well be adopted in our large cities. In London, Liverpool and half a dozen other places there are located in the main streets handsome coffee palaces, where a cup of tea or coffee, with sugar and milk, and a slice of bread and butter can be obtained for three cents. There are other cookeries to which a workman takes the slice of raw meat he will bring with him from home in the morning. In the noon hours this is cooked for him on a gridiron, and he is supplied with knife, fork, salt and pepper for three cents. Six ounces of bread with butter can be added for six cents.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

An Eccentric Millionaire.

According to the Paris Figaro Mr. Coates, the American millionaire, during the whole of his lifetime has never taken any medicine. He has constantly consulted doctors and chemists, and all the medicine they prescribed for him he put away in a room. The result of this strange fancy is that Mr. Coates has now 1900 bottles of medicine, 1370 boxes of powders and 870 boxes of pills.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE STREETS OF CANTON.

PICTURESQUE SIGHTS IN THE BUSY CHINESE CITY.

Thronged With People—Narrow Thoroughfares—Funerals Have the Right of Way—A Busy Scene.

FLORENCE O'DRISCOLL, a member of the English House of Commons, has a timely article, "In the Streets of Canton," in the Century. A second paper will describe life on the river. Of the street scenes in Canton, Mr O'Driscoll writes:

Little if any sunlight struck down into these ways. Their narrowness would have prevented the intrusion of any but vertical beams, or those slanting parallel with the street, and, to guard against even these, a shade loving people had hung matting overhead. This gave the city the aspect of a huge straggling bazaar sheltered beneath a great ragged roof.

The thoroughfares in the older portions of the city vary from about four to six or seven feet in width. In the newer quarters there are frequently ten and even fifteen feet of space between the houses on each side.

These narrow ways were thronged with tens of thousands of people; looking along them it seemed almost as if one could walk upon men's heads, so close were they. High and low, rich and poor, all rubbed shoulders. Coolies, carried, on each end of a six-foot stick, water, firewood, and burdens of various sorts; when an exceptionally heavy load was to be carried, some four coolies bore it, slung on the middle of a bamboo, two at each end of the pole. Peddlers carried their wares in baskets slung at each end of a stick, or in flat trays hung like an old fashioned pair of scales, with the pole or beam on their shoulders. Carriers thus bore creels of fruit, fish, and all sorts of esculents; live rats, cats, and dogs in wicker baskets; fat pigs in wicker cylinders, sometimes with their legs hanging out; and boxes, bales, and trays of toys. Through the throng exalted Chinamen, fan in hand, in silken gowns, and with queues pendent far down the back, made their slow way in dignity. There were plenty of women and children also in the crowd, some of the women hobbling painfully along on their tortured and distorted feet, which, from the tight binding, were so shrunken and diseased that their shin bones had become fleshless skeleton supports covered with a wrinkled parchment skin, and their limbs seemed to be little better than gnarled and knotted stumps. Occasionally an empty chair was seen in this crowd, or a chair in which sat some mandarin, with awning and delicately fashioned lattice-blinds closely drawn, or a man who hawked small wares or sweets for sale, and carried in one hand a little flat metal plate and a string with a small weight tied to one finger. With each twitch of his finger a clear, musical note rang sharply in the air. Ping! ping! ping! sounded his little gong, heralding his approach from a long way off. Who knows? Perhaps from this primitive but artistic appliance has in the course of ages been evolved our muffin-bell—sweet music in the ears of those setting forth in quest of five o'clock teas. Anon our progress was checked by a funeral procession, which struggled past us amid a blare of discordant trumpets, beating of gongs, and screeching of stringed instruments, the mourners bearing aloft paper and tinsel dolls, bright streamers or little trays of food and sticks of incense.

The coolies, who had their queues knotted up, wore, for the most part, a hat shaped like a flat lamp shade about two feet across. A little cup shaped wicker basket fixed underneath it held this covering over their heads, and it served more as a sun and rain shade for the body than an actual head covering. Clerks, merchants and well-to-do people carried their queues loose, and were either bareheaded or covered with a black satin or very fine black wicker skull cap with a coral button on the top.

Every one seemed busy; no one seemed unhappy; each individual was polite, and prepared to make way for another. To keep to the right was the rule of the road, a rule strictly adhered to, without which all progress would have been impossible. As I looked along the crowded way, I could see always two long lines of people in single file, passing one another, and keeping close to their respective right sides. In places the streets so narrowed in that passers-by rubbed shoulders. Every one stood aside for the passage of a funeral or a priestly procession, after which the acknowledged order of precedence was first a chair with a passenger—though even this moved aside to allow a passage to the lowest class laborer staggering beneath a heavy load—then any person carrying a load, and lastly those who were unencumbered by burdens. A mandarin on foot, or a wealthy merchant with a richly embroidered gown, moved aside to allow the coolie wood carrier to pass alone uninterrupted. There were no policemen at corners to regulate traffic; old established custom, based on a policy of mutual obligation, took the place of a man in blue.

The City Horse Dropped Dead.

A dealer in horses recently took to Clyde, N. Y., a lot of horses that had been in use on a New York street railroad. D. H. Cady purchased one. He was driving it home when a traction engine, which horses native to Clyde do not notice any more than they would a sheep, met them in the road. The city horse stopped, looked wildly at the strange thing for a moment, gave a shudder and fell dead in its tracks.—Chicago Herald.

THE MERRY RAIN.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, comes the rain
Tapping on the window-pane,
Trickling, coursing,
Crowding, forcing,
Tiny rills
To the dripping window-sills.

Laughing raindrops, light and swift,
Through the air they fall and sift
Dancing, tripping,
Bounding, skipping
Through the street,
With their thousand merry feet.

Every blade of grass around
Is the ladder to the ground,
Clinging, striding,
Slipping, sliding,
On they come
With their busy, pattering hum.

In the woods, by twig and spray,
To the roots they find their way,
Rushing, creeping,
Doubling, leaping,
Down they go
To the waiting life below.

O, the brisk and merry rain,
Bringing gladness in its train!
Falling, glancing,
Tinkling, dancing,
All around—
Listen to its cheery sound!

—Rhymes for You and Me.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Lives of great men remind us of little episodes in our own.—Puck.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but many of them fail to turn over.—Peck's Sun.

The Chinaman loves solitude. Even the soldiers seek their retreats.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

She—"It takes two to make a bargain, you know." He—"Yes; but only one gets it."—Boston Courier.

If the bass drum could think, it would probably wonder why it has to to keep still so much.—Ram's Horn.

To lose a chance for a free advertisement is the Kansas man's idea of future punishment.—Kansas City Star.

My shelf holds books of many an age,
And many are books of price and fame,
And writ on many a title-page
Is many a different owner's name.

—Judge.

Marriage is the hereafter of courtship, and people never know what it will be till they get there.—Detroit Free Press.

We never see a citron without thinking it should be arrested for trying to look like a watermelon.—Atchison Globe.

It is said that a photograph can be taken 500 feet under water. We have seen several that ought to be taken there.—Chicago Dispatch.

I've studied women sweet for years
And got to know them so!
For now just what they'll do (the dears!)
I know that I don't know.

—Judge.

Pastor—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking." Toper—"So do I when I drink what they do."—Fliegende Blaetter.

One of the greatest sorrows of age is that, with increasing years and experience, a man loses that blase feeling which was such a pride and comfort to his youth.—Puck.

Kashem—"Why don't you put a check to that fellow who is everlastingly dunning you?" Bilker—"What'd be the use? The bank wouldn't pay it."—Buffalo Courier.

"Hello!" said the chestnut to the robin, "What are you?" "I'm a little bird," said the robin. "What are you?" "I'm a little burred, too," said the chestnut.—Tammany Times.

Stuffer—"You know that girl who refused me? She has just insulted me by inviting me to dinner." Dashaway—"What are you going to do?" Stuffer—"Swallow the insult."—New York Sun.

An absent-minded Southwark woman went to the bank the other day to have cashed a cheque her husband sent her. She indorsed it thus—"Your loving wife, Mary Miller."—Philadelphia Record.

A man who would be indignant at being called a grumbler will accept without disfavor the name of pessimist. Nevertheless, most pessimists are, after all, only chronic grumblers.—Christian Inquirer.

"So you let the prisoner off on his word for a couple of days, did you?" asked the captain. "I did," answered the lieutenant. "And do you think he will come back on it or go back on it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why didn't you give the alarm when you awakened and saw the burglars in the room?" Mr. Nupah—"I saw they were entertaining the baby, and what was a paltry $400 compared with that?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Parker uses a great deal of cologne, it seems to me. Awful bad form!" said Hawkins. "It would be in you," said Hicks, "but it's family pride with Hawkins. He comes of old colognial stock."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Flatter—"George, dear, the cook is going to-morrow." George—"Why, what is the matter with her? I thought she liked the place." Mrs. F.—"That is the trouble. She says she is too contented with us."—Brooklyn Life.

"Everything that is done in this house is always blamed onto me," sniffed the small boy, "an' I'm jist gittin' tired of it. I'll run away, that's what I'll do. Dog-gone if I mean to be the Li Hung Chang of this family any longer."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Stranger—"Would you kindly show me the way to the cathedral?" Intelligent Native—"That is not difficult to find. You just walk down that street yonder, and at the farther end you will see a small provision shop on your left. The cathedral is exactly opposite."—Fliegende Blaetter.