

A MONOPOLIST'S WANTS.

My wants are few, I sit serene
Upon contentment's highlands,
If I can have earth's continents
I care not for its islands.

I would not climb upon a throne
Through seas of bloody slaughter,
If I can call all lands my own,
Why you can have the water.

Give me but these, they are enough
To suit my humble notions,
And you can have for all your own
The land beneath the ocean.

And 'tis a generous slice of earth,
And doubtless quite prolific,
If you can only drain it once,
The bed of the Pacific.

And all I ask is just this earth,
To regulate and man it,
And I surrender all my claims
To every other planet.

And so you see I out my cloth
On a contracted pattern;
I've made the earth, I drop all claims
To Uranus and to Saturn.

Little I need, my wants are few,
Nor would I have them greater,
I only want the land between
The poles and the equator.

Give me the earth, 'tis all I ask,
For me and my wife Sarah,
Then I'll give all my fellow men
A house lot in Sahara.

The earth is very, very small,
And not in good repair;
Compared with Sirius it is
A very small affair.

And I just want it while I live,
And Death, I'll not resist him,
For after death I hope to get
The whole great solar system.

—Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

"TAKEN AT THE FLOOD."

BY OLIVE MAY EAGER.



YOUTHFUL physician and his still more youthful bride were driving slowly along a lonely mountain road, where the late autumn sunshine shone mildly through the already frost-stricken, wind-stripped trees. They stopped a moment when a break in the hills gave them a glimpse of their destination in the narrow valley below. The straggling, hastily built village near the recently discovered coal beds of that region was not calculated to excite either hope or admiration.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," quoted the young man, adding, musingly: "I wonder if any tide in you group of shanties will sweep us on to fortune. Things are at a low ebb with us now."

The girl-wife made no reply, but, taking advantage of their standstill, she made what she felt to be an all-important change in her toilet. Drawing forth a slightly battered hand-box, she replaced her big shade hat by a very staid and sober bonnet, which so failed of the desired matronly effect that the husband hurriedly jogged his horse to a fresh start, lest he be called upon to pass judgment on a face made still more blooming by the contrast.

To tell the truth, after graduating with high honors from the good old State University, Dr. Thomas Nelson, aged twenty-three, had done two tawdry, imprudent things: One was to marry offhand a dear little school girl, whom two-thirds of the town still remembered as a famous romp and scatterbrain in short dresses; the other dubious step was to settle down to the exercise of his profession in the same community where both of them lived from babyhood.

Hests of friends and relatives took the deepest possible interest in "Tommy's" cases and "dear Kittie's" house-keeping, but somehow under the fell sway of aches and pains, their affection waned to such an extent that it could be revived only after a sight of the regular practitioner, a man of age and experience. No young couple, however economical, can manage to exist on good wishes alone, so after a year's trial of such dry fare, the Nelsons set out to try their fate among total strangers. Their goal was a mushroom town, whose rapidly increasing population was still left to the tender mercies of an antiquated quack, very well acquainted with Therapeutics as tested through the medium of black bottles.

In the chill, autumn twilight, the newcomers drove up to the long, low tavern, a relic of stagecoach times, standing out prominently among the newer, box-like houses which looked so like pens in a pod that the observant, quick-eyed doctor found himself vainly searching for some distinguishing mark, and wondering if he should ever manage to know where his patients lived. The streets seemed quite deserted, and the tavern unattended, making the doctor blue with something worse than cold.

A warm supper and a roaring fire succeeded in cheering the travelers to a faint interest in the chatty landlord's confidences as to the community at large, and the bibulous old doctor in particular. They were beginning to feel comfortably cozy and sleepy, when a slouchy, ill-kempt Irishman shuffled awkwardly into the dining room, saying that he wanted the new doctor.

"Oh, go along with you, Mike!" said the tavern keeper, unwilling to lose his appreciative audience. "It's no old woman," insisted the man. "She's that bad that I be thinkin' it's a stroke. Arra a wurr'd have I had the day, and see that glib o' tongue since I first saw her, Biddy O'Leary, in the old country."

felt small inclination to trust so unpromising a guide along unknown mountain paths after night; for the fellow was rather the worse for liquor. "I wouldn't go," said his self-constituted Mentor. "These fellows swear by the old doctor, who is glad to take his pay in 'Mountain Dew.' You may whistle for money of any color," this last being a thrust at the already declared temperance proclivities of his guest.

"But," urged the man in self-defense, "the ould docther's that drunk he'll not be after stirring the night; and it's good silver I'll pay ye, and bring ye back meself in the mornin'."

Dr. Nelson looked doubtfully at his wife. Could he possibly leave her alone all night in a country tavern, of which he knew nothing? She would not meet his gaze with her eyes full of fast gathering tears. Had she not, by silliness and cowardice, interfered with his previous career? At least she felt very guilty over her secret rejoicing whenever the night passed without a summons to some bedside; but in assuming a matron's bonnet she really meant to turn over a new leaf and bravely act her part as the doctor's wife in their new home. Besides, in novel surroundings women are often more venturesome than men; so she said, encouragingly: "It may be the tide at its flood, dear."

The night was dark and threatening, and the rough bridle paths over the mountain seemed nearly overgrown in places, judging from the boughs that at times almost swept the doctor off his horse. Gusts of wind blew the coming rain in his face; but his taciturn companion still stalked clumsily along, leading the horse, which gave evident signs of disapproval. After a tedious climb of an hour or more a faint glimmer through some opening announced their arrival at a human habitation, even before a furious barking of dogs greeted the unaccustomed footfalls of the horse.

Dismounting, the half-anxious doctor followed the Irishman into the lighted cabin, whose one room seemed entirely empty. But there was an inmate—a woman clad in faded calico, who, with her face hidden in a limp sunbonnet, sat rocking her thin, spare body backward and forward before the big fireplace, where pine knots gave forth a glowing light and a warmth that was pleasantly apparent after the crisp night air.

It needed but a glance at the fixed, strained muscles of the sallow face to convince the doctor that lockjaw was the cause of the silent tongue, which had impressed the husband as something dreadful and altogether unanny, to the exclusion of any special concern about a badly hurt and very painful ankle, which had been entirely neglected.

But a few days before, the doctor had chanced to read in a torn scrap of newspaper that chloroform was an invaluable remedy for lockjaw. Sir James Simpson's experiments with chloroform having recently called the attention of the whole world to its capabilities and development as an anesthetic. Fortunately, he had a small vial in the leather saddle-pockets which were the inseparable companions of a doctor in the days when druggists were found in large towns only, and patent medicines were not among the stock in trade of every cross-roads store.

A moment sufficed for him to unstop the vial and saturate his own handkerchief, the appearance of the cabin hardly warranting the forthcoming of such a luxury. The look of relief on the woman's face was second only to that which overpowered her husband's countenance, as soon afterward she found her tongue sufficiently to berate him soundly for having brought her that "spalpeen of a doctor," instead of their old friend and fellow-toper.

After settling his patient in the one bed of which the cabin boasted, the doctor slept off his fatigue, as best he could, by dozing and dreaming in a straight backed, hard bottomed chair. Under the circumstances, breakfast seemed so doubtful a quantity that, with the early dawn, he wended his way back down the mountain, accompanied to the edge of civilization by the presumably grateful husband who, in parting, gingerly counted out two quarters and gruffly said "Good-by," with no word of thanks or praise.

The young man pocketed the first fee and grimly vowing to keep it for luck, returned to the tavern thoroughly disheartened at the prospect of similar night journeys and their ill-proportioned recompense. It was a bad beginning, but a hearty breakfast and a sympathetic wife caused him to decide that one must not quarrel with one's bread, even though it be unbuttered. During the day, a call from another miner further confirmed him in the resolve to waive his prejudices for the time being, and after that he really had no time to think any more about them.

mountain side. A few mourned over the fading laurels of the convivial old fellow, always ready for a "drap" with his patients, sick or dying though they might be; but among the miners, whose daily life was prolific of accidents, the cool head and ever firm hand of the "temperance man" could not fail to inspire confidence.

Slowly, but surely, the tide turned in his favor. During the very severe winter which followed, the doctor braved many a hard ride through rain and sleet, snowdrifts and swollen streams, while the anxious wife spent many a lonely night wishing for the dawn and his safe return. Spring found the doctor with a slight balance in hand, and a steadily growing practice, and miners gradually became aware of his existence, and took due note of it for future reference.

In a new country like ours, towns often spring into cities and men into riches; but our doctor and our town climbed upward, step by step to fame and fortune. For a man ready to seize every honest opportunity to rise, there are always more ups than downs, and such a one is certain to have, sooner or later, what many style "luck;" but the doctor and his wife called it, "Taken at the flood."

Ere middle age succeeded in catching our young couple, the doctor could not afford a belated wedding journey, during which the little wife bought and wore her Paris bonnets, with sublime indifference to what people might think of the still youthful face. Her husband ransacked Europe in the interests of his profession, making special researches which brought him fresh laurels in the medical world.—New York Independent.

Alpine Torrents in Harness.

"All over the Tyrol, Switzerland, and the Alpine country generally, you find to-day a curious conjunction of the modern and the medieval in the village streets, the stores and the inns," said a traveler. "In the smallest, the most remote and the most ancient villages in the Bavarian Alps, the Tyrol and the Bernese Oberland you find the streets, the stores, the inns and not infrequently the houses supplied with electric lights. I revisited last August a little village back in the Tyrolean Mountains, near Insbruck, which is one of the most characteristically medieval communities one could well find. The people live in the houses of their grandfathers, and follow their customs and ways."

"This year I arrived there in the evening, and was amazed to find the streets as brilliantly lighted as Broadway, where formerly the only light was from a swinging horn lantern here and there. There were clusters of incandescent lights strung across the streets every few yards. The little inn had a complete installation, and so had the few little shops. I was prepared to learn that the formerly quiet village had become a fashionable watering place. But it hadn't. It was as quiet and as slow, antiquated and out of date as ever. Later, as I wandered about the Tyrol and Switzerland, I found the same change everywhere."

"It is very natural that it should be so, too, for in all that region there is power in superabundance running waste on every hand. From every rock leaps a cascade, and over every cliff roars a waterfall; there are streams that flow evenly with a steady, small power, and torrents that thunder down with tons of force. The village of Murren, perched on the edge of a cliff opposite the Jungfrau, at a height of 5000 feet above sea level, has a very complete electric lighting system, and power enough within a few hundred yards' radius to light half New York. The villages get their light almost free."

"This is, so far as I could learn, the very first use to which the vast water power in the Alps has been put. hitherto it has all run idle. Materialistic travelers often wonder why Switzerland is not a big manufacturing country. Alas! It soon may be, now the patient plodders there are finding what a wonderful capability for work is in the waterfalls.—New York Sun.

Modernizing the Holy Land.

The completion of the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway, with the early prospect of a completed road between Haifa and Damascus, is but the most prominent of growing indications that the lands of Bible history are falling under modernizing influences. The first American locomotive which circled the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane on its way to Jerusalem marked the first step in the change. Actuated apparently by the prospect of commercial aggrandizement for his Asiatic possessions, the Sultan afterward gave his assent to the construction of the new road to be known as the Syrian-Ottoman Railway.

Already the effect of these new endeavors is to be seen in the efforts of British and other capital to secure a field for investment on the historic ground. The same company which has placed a modern steel bridge across the Jordan has laid plans for a grain elevator in the heart of the land. There are propositions to establish public carriers for a great grain trade, to put on lines of steamships from London to Haifa and to open up through the region made famous by religious associations the paths for active and profitable commerce.

In short, the influences which are everywhere else knitting the world together are at last at work upon the holy land. It will be a curious evolution which this region of ancient tradition will have undergone when the traveler of fifty years hence sets foot in Jerusalem or Damascus and finds in them the bustling commerce and trade of latter-day civilization.—Chicago Record.

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

By Express—Three-Quarters of the Way—A Natural Effect—Unfortunate Carelessness—A Good Definition, Etc., Etc.

And so I send this powder puff
To touch your tender cheek.
You see I ain't no near enough,
And so I send this powder puff!
You will not find it half so rough
As stubble grown a week!
And so I send this powder puff
To touch your tender cheek!
—Harry Romaine, in Puck.

THREE-QUARTERS OF THE WAY.

Hecker—"I'm glad to see you out again, old man. I hear you've been very near to death's door."
Decker—"Yes; I went as far as the doctor's."

A NATURAL EFFECT.

Mr. Norris—"What's the matter with this dinner? It seems to be an off day for the cook."
Mrs. Norris—"Yes; she had a day off yesterday."—Puck.

A GOOD DEFINITION.

Johnny Phiz—"Say, pa, what's an 'egotist'?"
Mr. Phiz—"An egotist is—a-hem—an egotist is a person who thinks he is a bigger man than we are."

ONE WAY.

"I wonder," mused the one, "how the sirens transformed the men into brutes."
"Married them, probably," gloomily answered the other, who had just quarreled with her husband.—Puck.

UNFORTUNATE CARELESSNESS.

Pana—"Why so thoughtful, Johnnie?"
Johnnie—"Well, people are having such a hard time hunting for the North Pole I think it's too bad it ever was lost."—Judge.

RESULTS OF INVESTIGATION.

Bronson—"Have the detectives found out anything about that burglary yet?"
Johnson—"Yes; they've come to the conclusion that the motive for the crime was money."—Puck.

AUTHOR OF THIS IS DEAD.

Superintendent—"Now, children, how many days make one week?"
Little Pet—"Six."—Judge.
Superintendent—"Six? How do you make that out, Peter?"
Little Pet—"Why, sick days make one week."—Judge.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"She has such a superb carriage!" said the Yankee, such as... as a handsomely immense thing.
"Indeed, the prices run as Parvey New. It's very strange, but every time I ever met her down town she rode in a horse car."—Washington Star.

A NEEDLESS INQUIRY.

"What was the principal object of interest in America when you were there?"
The eminent British novelist looked at his questioner with chilling scorn and replied:
"I was, of course."—Washington Star.

RESIDUUM FROM THE LAST.

"Bridget, I am tired of your carelessness. Only look at all that dust lying about on the furniture. It's six weeks old at the very least."
Bridget (very dignified)—"Then it is no fault of mine. You know a very well, mum, that I have been with you only three weeks."

REVERSING THE RULE.

"So you want to marry my son," said the stern mamma to the Emancipated Woman.
"I do."
"Can you support him in the manner in which he has been accustomed?"
"I can."
"Then take him and be happy."—Life.

WILLIE'S ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"Do you know what Miss Cayenne says about you?" said the young woman who bears tales.
"No," replied Willie Washington.
"She says that you have proposed to her seventeen times."
"Yes. That's quite true. It's the only thing that I can do that wealthy seems to amuse her."

NOT SACRILEGIOUS.

"We'll have to discharge that agent," said the president of the insurance company. "He's a nice fellow, but he isn't suited to this business."
"What has he done?" asked the cashier.
"Issued accident policies to a football team."—Washington Star.

HIS MITE.

The woman emancipationist had tackled the serene old bachelor. He squirmed occasionally, but he retained his serenity.
"Have you ever done anything for the emancipation of women, I'd like to know?" she said, coming down the home-stretch.
"Indeed, I have, madam," he smiled; "I have remained a bachelor."—Detroit Free Press.

LESS THAN HIS DUE.

Henry—"Did you see what the Startler says of you, Uncle George? It says: 'Mr. Fuddy is a gentleman of the highest aims, one who has achieved the summit of earthly wisdom, and one, too, whom all men regard with unbounded love and illimitable esteem.'"
Uncle George—"There's one thing I like about the Startler. It never exaggerates. It always prefers to underestimate rather than to overstate."—Boston Transcript.

achieved the summit of earthly wisdom, and one, too, whom all men regard with unbounded love and illimitable esteem."
Uncle George—"There's one thing I like about the Startler. It never exaggerates. It always prefers to underestimate rather than to overstate."—Boston Transcript.

THE WORM TURNS.

"My dear young lady," said the old gentleman at the matinee, leaning forward, "would you object to taking off your hat? I can't see the stage on account of it."
"Certainly not, sir," replied the young lady, removing her hat.
Then she spoke in a clear, metallic voice to the young man in front of her.
"May I ask you, sir," she said, "to comb your pompadour down? I can't see over it."—Chicago Tribune.

THE PERIOD OF REVELATION.

"I tell you," said the Inspector, leaning back in his chair, "detective work is not the snap it's cracked up to be."
"Were you ever badly taken in?"
"Well, rather. The worst I was ever fooled by was by a pretty, baby-eyed, innocent looking young girl. I could have sworn she was an angel!"
"And wasn't she?"
"Well, I guess not! She had a temper like a Western cyclone; and once when I attempted to call her down, I thought an earthquake had struck me."
"How did you happen to discover her real character?"
"Simply enough—I married her."—Truth.

Sleeping in Cold Rooms.

When doctors disagree, it is time for the intelligent laymen to give a little thought to their own conditions and ascertain, if possible, by careful and prudent experiments, just what is best for them. One class of physicians will advocate cold rooms, abundance of out-of-door air and what would seem to be almost fatal exposure, and will insist that this is conducive to health and that the patient will thrive under such heroic treatment. A medical man claims to be able to cure consumption and all pulmonary troubles by keeping the patient for a goodly portion of the day in an atmosphere of intense cold. In mid-winter the sufferer is put by an open window and inhales the sharp outside air for hours at a time. This is all very well and no doubt a good thing, but from this state of affairs people who have neither the experience nor the facilities take their cue and imagine that extreme cold, if applicable in this way, must necessarily be so in others. They seem to lose sight of the fact that these invalids are put upon wheel carriages, tucked up as snugly as a baby in a cradle and wheeled in by these open windows. They may sleep there or sit there as long as they are comfortable, sometimes perhaps longer than the sick one desires, but, under no circumstances, are these people even for an instant exposed to the atmosphere in any dangerous way.

But, on this theory, somebody thinks that sleeping in a cold room, or sitting in one, has its points of grace, consequently we find extremely delicate people going into cold rooms and getting into beds that are just about as comfortable and safe as tea-houses. To inhale prodigious quantities of cold air is one thing, and may be beneficial, but to retire in a room with a temperature at zero, in a cold bed with the blankets and wraps in an absolutely congealing condition, is quite another. With an abundance of hot-water bags and warm blankets, it is possible to get into a cold bed and finally become comfortable; but when, after a night's rest, one rises in the morning and comes suddenly in contact with the freezing air of such an apartment, even though one goes immediately into a warm room, it is little short of suicide. Under ordinary circumstances, it is better to sleep in a room as nearly as possible of the temperature of the one occupied during the day. Children should not be permitted to sleep in very cold rooms. They are restless, and almost always get more or less uncovered, and get colds that start a long train of ills. All things being equal, the use of a moderately warm room with fresh air brought in by a tube from out of doors is much the safer and wiser method of procedure.—New York Ledger.

Roadways to the Roof.

Modern invention has been not a little busy with improvements in the arrangements and fireproof qualities of the theatre. It has been sought to render access to any part of the house easy, and egress immediate. But the furthest advance in this direction is probably that found in the new opera house for Buenos Ayres, South America. It will be the largest place of the kind in the world. The stage will accommodate 800 people, and the proscenium will seat 5000 spectators. The house is so designed that box-holders can drive their carriages right up to the tier upon which their box is located. It has been suggested that a feasible and practicable counterpart of this scheme would be to revert to the antique form of theatre, and to excavate a huge hole in the ground so that while the stage would still be in the same relative position to the upper galleries, the "gods" would after all be only on the level of the street. But such theatres would not be very popular in the tropics.—Detroit Free Press.

Heart disease—that is, the fatal variety—is most common in England, and is almost unknown in Mexico.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Bermuda farms bear three successive crops in one year.
A house in Calhoun County, Ga., has been struck by lightning three times.

A fair article of molasses can be made from the stalks of the corn maize.

The Greeks had oats B. C. 200 used them only as food for horses.

The Russians make a soup of dines. It is said to be as rich as Rothschild's.

Jefferson McKenley, colored, Great Barrington, Mass., is 100 old and the oldest person in the State.

The "Ministry of Old Books" ply 30,000 garments and 2000 boots to the needy ones of London annually.

There are about 100,000 large and small, scattered over the oceans. America alone has around its coasts.

A Minnesota sheriff spent \$1000 traveling 5000 miles to capture a man who stole a \$10 wheel. He got the man and the wheel.

Wet-ground snuffs are allowed to ferment after grinding various perfumes and essences added to give the desired flavor.

From 1837 to 1881 Russia sent 600 persons to Siberia, fully relatives of prisoners having accompanied the exiles of their own sort.

Edible birds' nest, prepared are worth from \$1 to \$5 per according to quality. There is a constant demand in China for all that can be obtained.

Darius Hystaspes in 480 B. C. introduced a system of association taxation of land, and made his obnoxious by it that he was Darius the Trader.

The Towers of Silence in Persia stone structures provided with wings within on which bodies were to be devoured by the vultures that always infest the city.

Lemons are in season all the round, but March and April, spring, and September and October in the autumn, are the times crops are gathered in large quantities.

Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, brother of Alexander III., is an elaborately tattooed Prince. A huge Japanese dragon tattooed most from wrist to shoulder is his right arm.

In a hurricane at Bathing, a mass of timber weighing tons was detached from the ground pavilion and carried to the timber in the pavilion splintered like match-wood.

There is a timber chateau on Oregon Mountains 2028 feet where the logs come whirling the mountain into Columbia with a velocity of a cannon, make the distance, which is three-fifths of a mile, in ten seconds.

There are only 450,000 of the State of Washington. It was as closely settled as any it would have 12,000,000 in France, about 17,000,000 in about 25,000,000 in England, 40,000,000 and Belgium, 50,000,000.

W. E. Page, of Netarts, exhibiting out there some seal and sea lion leather, all the same material, made by says the seals and sea lion valuable for their hides and that they are easily processed leather is very tough and takes a fine finish.

English and American The difference in compensation between the postmen in London and the United States is remarkably the sum paid to a London postman is \$34 a month and the United States postman in the United States \$50. The pay of a London postman is only from eighteen to twenty shillings, or from \$1.50 to \$2.50 in our money. But he gets three good-cooked strips which entitles him to one twenty-five cents, a week first stripe is given for five full service, the second for third for fifteen. He is absent from duty when sick, is provided with medical attendance and pension when he is too disabled to work. He also has two winter and one summer suit of uniform. Thus a London postman even after fifteen years' service, a larger salary than while the pay of an American is \$800 at first, then \$1000.

The number of axillary "subs" in London is 20 age to earn from six to \$1 a week—that is, \$1—according to the city's pay.

Twelve deliveries a day to the downtown or business from six to eight in the morning. Postmen are employed hours a day, but their continuous. It is made up or sometimes four to two to four hours each.

A Two-Storey A Baltimore man has novel idea for a two-storey vehicle with a coffin in the upper and mourners are to ride were in a stage.—New tiser.