

THE ROOTING SWINE.

Shouts to ground from their hour of birth,
See them dig as they go their way;
Mortals giving the high gods mirth;
Clods more coarse than the hillside clay,
Fit alone for the grave-dorm's prey.
Drunk with the fumes of a brutish wine,
These but the will of self obey,
Soulless hordes of the rooting swine.

Such is the average of earth,
Out from their muddy sides they stray,
Reek in dullness and wax in girth,
Buy and barter, and cheat and pay,
Ever among the muckheaps stay,
And still on husk and carrion dine,
Nuzzling down to the dirt for aye—
Soulless hordes of the rooting swine.

These, indeed, are of little worth,
Foot it and flamm it though they may;
Naught atones for the spirit's death—
Riches, vanity, nor display,
These shall pass in a slow decay,
As rotting mackerel stink and shine,
Forgotten, even on judgment day,
Soulless hordes of the rooting swine.

ENVOY.

Prince! 'Twas a minstrel old and gray,
He struck his harp and his eyes met mine;
He looked at the crowds and I heard him say,
"Soulless hordes of the rooting swine."
—Ernest McGaffey, in the St. Louis Mirror.

The Bachelor Cousin.

ANDY, he's coming again this year the same as before. About how many years has Cousin Jim been coming here to stay the summer?

"Twenty, counting the last stop—which was from May until November; really, that makes twenty and a half times your Cousin Jim has visited us. He began early and stayed late the last time, you know. What has Jim Fosdyke got to say this time, Silas?"

"Same old thing, Mandy; same old thing. Jim never changes his tune; works on my feelings and tells about how he longs to visit the old nooks and corners of the farm once more. Speaks in a fetching sort of way about the old swimming hole down under the willows; also grips me tighter than a burr about the fishing place below the mill dam, where he once yanked out a four-pound pike with a minnow hook. Jim's got the same old gift of drawing folks to him that he always had. Poor old boy! He has not changed a bit since he went to the city to build up a fortune. He's cut out for a bachelor, and will always go it alone to the end. If he was married and was going to bring along a haughty wife and a lot of fresh and saucy children I'd think different about his coming here year after year. The poor, lonesome old boy clings to the place if he has got barrels of money; I can't say as he throws his wealth around when he goes home."

"Only pays ordinary price for board, that's all and no more. I will say this about Cousin Jim—he never finds any fault with things; he never complains; warm meals or cold, they're all the same to him. He really seems to enjoy plain fare the best, and always tells me not to fuss with fancy dishes. He crawls up the narrow stairs to the little chamber without a murmur. Some rich old bachelors who live most of the year in high-toned hotels and fashionable boarding houses would find lots of fault. He don't; he's common like and easy to please; just likes to take off his coat and loaf around; hangs on the fence as though he was watching the grass grow; loves to sit on the stoop in the evening like any poor man listening to the tree toads and frogs. Silas, your Cousin Jim has never risen a peg above you if he has got barrels of money. Poor Jim, I saw he was ailing when he was here the last time. Perhaps that was the reason why he came so early and stayed so late."

"I don't like to write and tell him that crops look poor, and that we are a little pinched, and don't really care for company this year—"

"Don't you do it, Silas; don't you do it. Why, that would be cruel and wrong; and it would break the poor old bachelor's heart. You are the only one he has got left of the old stock in these parts; the rest are all gone to the city. Silas, Cousin Jim just pines for the sight of your face, and the old place where you and he were boys together. It is like a heaven with him to get back here with you and the dear old familiar things he loves so much. Now you sit right down and tell him we will be tickled to see him again. Tell him the apple trees are bumping up against the window of the little chamber; tell him that the grass is greener than ever, and that the snowball bush hangs heavy, and that the roses were never so sweet. You might tell him that my last churning was the best I ever turned out since we got the new cows. Mention a word about my raised biscuits and say a little something about the bees and the nice honey. It will come like a breath from the old sweet home when poor Cousin Jim reads all that. He will hardly be able to wait, poor boy!"

It was the same old home-coming, only Cousin Jim hunched over a little more in the buggy as Silas drove from the station through the shady lanes of maples leading to the little farmhouse ensconced among the apple trees at the further end.

During the short drive he said but little, and when Silas asked him a question he hesitated, faltered and rubbed his chin before replying. When Old Gray turned down the lane where the robins were singing and the squirrels chattering, a trace of the old light came back to the old bachelor's eyes and the faded, sunken cheeks glowed a little.

"Si," he murmured, laying his thin

hand upon the other's knee, "let me drive Old Gray home through the lane."

The lines hung listlessly from his hands as the old mare slowly walked along the familiar place toward the house, where Mandy stood in the doorway with a glad smile of welcome overspreading her kindly face. Then, when the horse halted at the block, he said, handing over the lines:

"I think I have been driving right into Heaven, Si."

"Why, Cousin Jim, I am so glad to see you again. It seems so like old times to see you and Silas driving home through the lane," And the good woman came forward, with both hands outstretched. Her eyes grew moist when she saw how feeble the old bachelor cousin was. She and Silas had to almost lift him from the buggy, and her strong arms supported the frail form as he walked with dragging steps up the gravel walk and into the cool, flower-scented parlor. His eyes roved about the quiet place and he sighed:

"Heaven, Heaven at last!"

"You lie right down on the couch, Cousin Jim, and take a nap while I get supper. I'll call you in time to wash and freshen up. I'm going to have some raised biscuits and honey—you always liked that."

The fired man laid his head back and murmured:

"Dear Mandy! I am so glad to get back home again. I will rest for a few moments. I am so tired—and so—so happy to get home—home!" Mandy went out and closed the parlor door.

"This must be Heaven—at last. It is so still, so sweet, so nice. To-morrow I will go to the mill dam; I will go to the old swimming hole under the willows once more, where dear old Si and I used to swim. I will sit on the stoop in the cool of the evening, and I will be at home once more with the good and true and unselfish ones."

And thus he murmured as he drifted into the land of sweet dreams. At rest, finally, there in the cool, flower-scented parlor of the little farmhouse, afar from the noise and bustle of the city.

The bees buzzed among the lilacs, where the humming birds whirred; the apple blossoms hunted against the blinds and the fragrant petals fell upon the sleeper's face—but he did not stir. He was dreaming of the dear old days of boyhood, days filled with joy and delight and sweetness.

Then the good angel of the old man's dreams came in a chariot of silver, and his eyelids were touched with a magic wand. He roved in green pastures, where blue cloud-fleeced skies bent; and he wandered by crystal streams in the cool shady woodlands where birds made glad the fragrant breezes of the summer day of unending bliss.

And then—then it was no longer a dream. Oh, the glory of it all! It was a blessed reality.

"Jim!"

There came no response from the old man on the couch.

"Silas, come quick! All is not well with poor Jim."

They approached the couch and looked down upon the face. The fired look had disappeared. There was a smile instead. Cousin Jim was no longer ill—he was at rest, peacefully at rest. And all was well with him.

The city relatives waited when his will was read. The good and true ones who had loved him to the end, the kindly ones who lived in the little house at the end of the lane—Jim had given all to them.—New York Times.

Timely Hints on Giving.
We should not give people things they do not want.

We should avoid giving anybody the mumps or the chicken-pox if we can help it.

Do not give a friend the cold shoulder without baked beans and hot coffee to go with it.

A man should not give a lady a kiss unless he thinks she would enjoy it, except in the case of his wife and his mother-in-law.

Do not give red suspenders to a total stranger; he might prefer those of a pale blue shade instead.

Do not present a backing broncho to a tall, pale man of sedentary habits, as he would not likely live long to enjoy it.

When you give castor oil to a howling infant give it for its intrinsic worth and not merely as an evidence of your regard.—Lippincott's.

Radium in His Mouth.
William Hoffman, of Newark, is in New York undergoing treatment for cancer by radium. Mr. Hoffman has a cancerous growth in his upper jaw and was operated on last summer in Rochester. It was pronounced incurable. The treatment with radium is said to have already improved his condition, and his recovery is expected.

The radium used in his treatment cost \$300. It is sealed in a vial a quarter of an inch in diameter by one and three-quarter inches long, and the radium dust that is visible to the eye is equal in size to about half a pin head. When held in a dark room the vial gives out a lustrous white light. The vial is held in the mouth and against the diseased part of the jaw every other day for twelve minutes. The radium is supposed to destroy the cancer germs.—New York World.

Our Indian Pupils.
Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools, reports that the enrollment of pupils last year was nearly 29,000, and the employees in Indian school work have increased from 221 in 1877 to almost 3000. The Indians have under cultivation twenty-five per cent more land than in 1890. Those wearing citizens' dress have increased in the same time from 118,196 to 143,974; the number that can speak English from 27,822 to 32,616, and the number of dwelling houses from 19,104 to 26,629.

Crying Down One's Victuals

By Kate Thorn



I suppose you have all visited at some place where the lady of the house was in the habit, at every meal, of crying down her victuals?

She never wants company unless she knows they are coming. Because, as everybody knows, she wants a day or two in which to prepare for them. She does not suppose anybody thinks this is the reason she wants to know; she thinks that they imagine it is because she shall be away from home.

And the mistaken soul, after fretting, and sweating, and stewing over the cooking stove for a day or two, and ransacking her brains and her larder to provide something new under the sun in the eatable line, is ready when her guests come and seat themselves at her groaning tea table—groaning beneath the weight of good things—she is ready to cry down her victuals, and wish, in a melancholy tone, and with a lugubrious expression of countenance, that she had something fit to eat!

She had such bad luck with her cookery. The mixing milk was too sour, and the yeast wasn't good, and the grocer must have cheated her when he sold her the eggs for newly-laid. She'll wager anything they have been laid for a month, for she never knew her recipe for sponge cake to fail, if the eggs were only good.

Of course, her guests hasten to assure her that there never could be any sponge cake any better than hers; and she smiles sadly, and tells them they ought to eat the sponge cake she can make when the eggs are fresh.

She is sorry the cream pie is burned—but her stove is getting so thin at the back of the oven that no dependence can be put in it. She must have a new stove. If there is anything that aggravates her beyond measure, it is to have a pie burned. And a cream pie above all others! It is so much work and expense to make cream pies.

Nobody has noticed that the pie was burned, and everybody hastens to tell her so, and to add that they thought it was perfectly delicious.

Then the poor woman begins on the doughnuts. She used to be a good hand at making doughnuts, she says; but somehow or other she seems to have lost her luck, lately. Or else it is in the yeast. She can't tell which. Something is at fault. It is so provoking to have bad luck with doughnuts. It is such a hot, uncomfortable job to fry doughnuts in a warm kitchen. She would as lief take a licking any time. And it scents the house up so, too. Smells like a fat-boiling establishment for a week.

And then all the guests feel mean and uncomfortable, somehow; as if they were to blame about something, and as if the sin of making their hostess' house smell like a fat-boiling establishment rested on their individual shoulders.

Now, this woman who cries down her victuals knows that everything on her table is just as good as it can be made, and she has formed this habit of decrying it because she likes to have her cookery praised.

Praise is sweet to us all, and almost every woman—perhaps every woman—likes to hear her victuals well spoken of.

But the "proof of the pudding lies in the eating," and when guests "feed" well, then the lady of the house may be sure that her cooking is perfect.

And we don't want to go to tea very often at the house where the mistress tells us, on sitting down at the table, "that she does wish she had something fit to eat," and adds, when we arise therefrom, "I fear you didn't make much of a supper. Well, I don't blame you! I s'pose you didn't like my victuals?"—New York Weekly.

In Defense of Gravy

By Charles Petty, of South Carolina



WITH great patience and the stolid silence of an Indian I have listened to the foolish utterances of the people who have made suggestions as to health foods, and who tell us what we should eat and what we should not eat. I have meekly submitted to all their vagaries, and have gone so far as to experiment with some of the health giving and youth restoring preparations. I have been told time and again that there were dyspepsia and ultimate death in hot biscuits, crisp and melting. Then it was declared that the use of salt was most injurious, and that water for drinking purposes should be distilled or boiled. Coffee, tea, pure spring or well water, hot food of all sorts, white flour, hog meat, lard, the dear, delicious pies, waffles, butter cakes, hot muffins, puddings, chicken pie, pig's head and cabbage were all said to cause dire diseases and to work havoc in the human stomach. With Job-like patience I have endured all this and continued to thrive on the forbidden foods.

But a point has been reached when the line has to be drawn. Submission is no longer a virtue, but a sign of weakness and cowardice.

Recently Senator Pettus, of Alabama, who is old enough to know better, has placed gravy on the list of interdicted foods. He has certainly been beguiled into trying some of the so-called gravy found in Washington restaurants. The memory of his boyhood days has been shadowed. Can he not call to mind when in the dim and misty past he mingled red ham gravy with his rice or hominy? Did he never spread cream ham gravy on his hot biscuits, when taste and delicious odor united to delight his palate? When we say ham gravy, we mean gravy from a ham—not a ball of grease sent out from Chicago under the name of ham—but a ham proper from the hog that grew up in the woods in a half wild condition. In the fall of the year he is penned and fed on corn a few weeks. When the hams are properly salted and smoked with a combination of corncobs and hickory wood the product is a ham.

Has the Senator forgotten all that? Did the Senator ever taste the juices of a tender broiled steak with which there was a liberal allowance of fresh yellow butter? Or while waiting for his seniors when company came to his home, did he ever go to the kitchen and "sop out" the skillet in which the chicken was fried? Or, perchance, did he ever from the bottom of the pot in which a chicken pie was cooked scoop out that delicious mixture of crust, gravy and butter which had been commingled in the cooking until it was a morsel such as the Olympian gods never tasted?

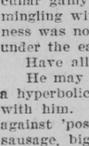
In his youthful days the Senator must have enjoyed at divers times a bowl of turkey gravy. For hours the turkey, perhaps a wild one with a peculiar gamy taste, was roasting and the juices were distilling from it, and mingling with the aroma of sage, pepper and other condiments until its likeness was not to be tasted on earth or in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth.

Have all these delights vanished from the venerable Senator's memory. He may fly off on any political tangent he pleases, or he may rush out on a hyperbolic curve and never return to his original path, and we will bear with him. He may even place eggnog under ban and declare positively against "possum and yam, potatoes, and he may set home-made Southern sausage, big hominy and hog jowl and turnip salad aside as unsavory and unpalatable, but when he rules gravy, such as the old-time Southern cooks know how to make, out of the category of delightful foods he flies in the face of our traditions and does violence to our fondest recollections.

The Sultan's Iron Hand

Incidents That Show How the Turkish Ruler Mysteriously Disposes of His Enemies

By Henry Thompson



HINGS get done in the Sultan's realm—things like the massacres of 1895 in Asiatic Turkey and 1903 in Macedonia—which come home to the consciousness of every thinking Turk.

Take the case of the Koordish Sheikh Obeidullah, who was a guest of the Sultan for a time in 1883 and was afterwards sent to Mecca in order that pious occupations might keep him out of mischief. He died very soon after his arrival, of cholera, it was officially announced, although he was the only sufferer from cholera in Mecca that year.

Take the case of Mithad Pasha, the liberal Prime Minister and the champion of Parliamentary government. He was tried for treason in adding to dethrone Sultan Abdul Aziz, and was sent to Taif, near Mecca. After a time he died rather suddenly. By and by a man who had been a soldier in Arabia appeared in Constantinople babbling a tale that ended with, "I did not know that it was Mithad Pasha or I would not have put the soaped cord about his neck." Of course the police saw that the man was crazy and put him where he was safe from harm.

Take the case of Said Pasha, ex-Grand Vizier, who fled to the British Embassy in Constantinople seven or eight years ago, declaring that he would be killed unless allowed asylum, and who could not be induced to leave the building until the Ambassador brought him a formal promise of safety sealed with the Sultan's own seal.

Meditation upon this class of mysteries makes people shake in their shoes every time that they see one of the great army of paid informers who know about everything. Men do not say that the Sultan does the things which cause this trepidation, but that "the palace" does them. They speak of the "palace" as though it were a sentient but invisible organism; and when they speak of it they look behind them and take out their handkerchiefs and wipe a clammy sweat from their faces.—World's Work.



OUR GIRLS AND BOYS

WHEN.

When cherries grow on apple trees,
And kittens wear lace caps,
And boys their sisters never tease,
And bears wear woolen wraps;
When all the nursery dolls and toys
Begin to dance and play,
Then little girls and little boys
May lie in bed all day.

When donkeys learn to sing and dance,
When pigs talk politics;
When London is a town in France,
When two and two make six;
When drops of rain are real pearls,
When coal is clear and white,
Then little boys and little girls
May sit up late at night.
—G. Clifton Bingham.

THE FAIRY LAMPS.

There was once a bare-legged, brown-limbed boy who spent all his time in the woods. He loved the woods and all that was in them. He used to look, not at the flowers, but down deep into them, and not at the singing bird, but into its eyes, to its little heart; and so he got an insight better than most others, and he quite gave up collecting birds' eggs.

But the woods were full of mysteries. He used to hear little bursts of song, and when he came to the place he could find no bird there. Noises and movements would just escape him. In the woods he saw strange tracks, and one day, at length, he saw a wonderful bird making these tracks. He had never seen the bird before, and would have thought it a great rarity, had he not seen its tracks everywhere. So he learned that the woods were full of beautiful creatures that were quick and skillful to avoid him.

One day as he passed by a spot that he had been to a hundred times he

way again shone the soft light. It grew brighter, till in the middle of it he saw the little brown lady—the Fairy of the Woods. But she was not smiling now. Her face was stern and sad as she said: "I fear I set you overhigh. I thought you better than the rest. Keep this in mind:

"Who reverence not the lamp of life can never see its light."
Then she faded from his view.—Ernest Thompson Seton, in the Century.

HOW AN ANT GOES TO BED.

Of course ants go to bed, and if you watch them you may see them do it. An ant hill is made of tiny pebbles, which are piled about an entrance hole. At night the ants take these pebbles in their mouths and, carrying them to the hole, pile them one upon the other, as men build a wall.

After the hole is filled up, except one tiny place at the top, the last ant crawls in, and with her head pushes sand up against the hole from the inside, thus stopping it up entirely. Then all night not an ant will be seen, but about 8 o'clock the next morning, if one looks very closely, one may see a pair of tiny feelers thrust out through the clefts between the stones. Then an ant pushes its way out and begins to carry the pebbles away. Just behind the first comes another, and another until the whole family comes journeying out.

But an ant does not sleep through the whole night; she takes a nap two or three hours long. She does not have to undress, but whenever she gets tired she lies down on the ground, curls her six legs close up to her body

PICTURE PUZZLE.



THE DOVE AND THE ANT.

A dove went to a cool and shady brook to drink, and seeing an ant struggling in the water vainly striving to reach the bank, she threw down a blade of grass upon which the ant scrambled, and, clinging to it, drifted ashore. Just then two scampish hunters slyly creeping by came upon the dove, and as one of them was about to shoot, the ant bit him on the heel. The angry rascal turned his head and the dove flew away. Where is the other hunter?
—From Brooklyn Eagle.

found a bird's nest. It must have been there all the time, and yet he had not seen it; and so he learned how blind he was and exclaimed: "Oh, if only I could see, then I might understand these things! If only I knew! If I could see but for once how many there are and how near! If only every bird would wear over its nest this evening a little lamp to show me!"

The sun was down now; but all at once there was a soft light on the path, and in the middle of it the brown boy saw a little brown lady in a long robe and in her hand a rod.

She smiled pleasantly and said: "Little boy, I am the Fairy of the Woods. I have been watching you for long. I like you. You seem to be different from other boys. Your request shall be granted."

Then she faded away. But at once the whole landscape twinkled ever with wonderful little lamps—long lamps, short lamps, red, blue and green, high and low, doubles, singles and groups; wherever he looked were lamps—twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, here and everywhere, until the forest shone like a starry night. He ran to the nearest, and there, sure enough, was a bird's nest. He ran to the next; yes, another nest. And here and there each kind of lamp stood for another kind of nest. A beautiful purple blaze in a low tangle caught his eye. He ran there and found a nest he had never seen before. It was full of purple eggs, and there was the rare bird he had seen but once. It was chanting the weird song he had often heard, but never traced. But the eggs were the marvelous things. His old egg-collecting instinct broke out. He rushed forth to clutch the wonderful prize, and—in an instant all the lights went out. There was nothing but the black woods about him. Then on the path-

SCHOOLBOY ANSWERS.

Here are some of the schoolboy answers to examination papers collated by University Correspondence in England:

"John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo, and by degrees rose to be the Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the poets' corner at Westminster Abbey."

Asked to name six animals peculiar to the Arctic region, a boy replied: "Three bears and three seals."

"The Sublime Porte is a very fine old wine."

"The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you."

"The plural of penny is twopenny."

"In the sentence, 'I saw the goat but the man,' 'but' is a conjunction, because it shows the connection between the goat and the man."

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas."

"The difference between water and air is that the air can be made wetter, but water cannot."

In Indian Territory there are 13,864 Indian scholars enrolled in the public schools. Of these 5383 are in the Cherokee Nation, 2754 in the Creek, 4783 in the Choctaw and 939 in the Chickasaw.