

Rome now has a newspaper published entirely in Latin. It is safe to say few people write letters for its editor to print.

The last Congress wasted a lot of time to good purpose, it seems, after all. Of 18,463 bills introduced in both houses only 1457 became laws.

Japan is the only country whose foreign commerce has increased more rapidly than that of the United States. Ten years ago three nations—Great Britain, France and Germany—surpassed us in the volume of their export trade. Since then the United States has climbed from the fourth to the first place, and leads the world.

In science, as in everything else, Americans are forging their way to the front. In the discovery of satellites, as in nebulae and double stars, American astronomers are now leading their European brethren. Americans have discovered two satellites of Mars, the fifth satellite of Jupiter, two satellites of Saturn and more than 1000 new nebulae. Swift alone has discovered more than 1000, and, if his life be prolonged, the list may surpass that of Herschel, while the wonderful eyes of Barnham have separated hundreds of double stars.

The judge advocate-general of the navy has rendered an opinion which has been indorsed by the department, relative to the question of the staff officers of the navy having a title of rear-admiral while serving as chiefs of the navy bureau. He has decided that officers of the line, serving as chiefs of bureaus, must be addressed by their actual titles in the line, notwithstanding the fact that they have the rank of rear-admiral while holding an office as head of the bureau. Should a rear-admiral receive such an appointment, he would, of course, receive the full title of his position.

The state department has issued instructions to its diplomatic agents upon American citizenship. It says the government does not discriminate between the native and the naturalized citizen; but that a naturalized citizen who returns to the country of his origin and there resides, without any tangible manifestation of an intention to return to the United States, may therefore be generally assumed to have lost the right to receive the protection of the United States. This declaration is well calculated to stop the process of acquiring American citizenship for the ulterior purpose of fomenting trouble abroad.

They size up a man from all sides over in England, and seem to think it as important that he can play a good hand at whist or approach the putting green in proper form as that he can negotiate treaties. Or perhaps they believe the man that fozzles one kind of an enterprise will be likely to bungle another. A London paper summing up Secretary White of the American embassy, describes him as inheriting money, keen on golf, well known with the hounds, good at a story or a bird on the wing, fine looking, and so popular as to be generally known as Harry in England or as 'Arry to his American friends. Incidentally, it mentions his special fitness for his post; but it is as an all-round man that it primarily regards him.

In a recently published catalogue of the postage stamps of the world are some interesting statistics. The total number of all known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the governments of the world up to the present time is 13,811. Of this number 31 have been issued in Great Britain, and 3843 in the various British colonies and protectorates, leaving 9837 for the rest of the world. Or, dividing the totals among the continents, Europe issued 3359, Asia 2571, Africa 2320, America 4656, and Oceania 905. Taking the countries separately, the most prolific in stamps is the United States, which leads the list with 287, followed by (seriously enough) Spain with 278, Salvador 272, and Uruguay and Shanghai with 215 each. Las Bela (Beluchistan), Poland, Tierra del Fuego, and Wadhwan have each found a solitary specimen suitable for their postal needs, while Cordoba, Crete, Formosa, Jhalawar, and New Hebrides have each been content with a pair. Two of the British colonies have issued more varieties of stamps than the mother country—Victoria with 174 and Ceylon with 128. The rarest stamps, consequently the most expensive, are the two earliest stamps of Mauritius, worth \$5000 each, one of British Guiana of the same value, one of Hawaii appraised at \$4000, one of Rumania at \$1500, and several of the United States: at from \$500 to \$1250 each.

THE SONG OF THE PINES.

We are the masts of ships,
Nurtured for centuries;
Storm-wind and mountain-breeze
Taught us our harmonies,
Kissed us with mother lips.

See how the tender and stern
Heavens have hidden us rise,
Crying, "Behold the eyes
Of stars in the faithful skies—
Lift up your heads and learn!"

Hear how the Sun doth laugh,
"Climb ye thus, sons of mine?
Seek ye for things divine?
Yours is the sunlight wine—
Take of my warmth and quaff."

Cometh our bard, the Wind,
Bringing us songs, and saith:
"Nay, this is naught but breath;
Striving and love and death,
These I left, far behind!"

"Gardens that feared my bias
Everywhere men, below;
Danger and toil and we,
Wonders ye may not know,
All these I saw and passed.

"Nay, but new melody
Bring I to greet your ears,
Ye, without doubts or fears,
Not all in vain are the years;
Lo, I behold the Sea!"

Long hath it called to us
Here on our mountain-side,
Patient we wait, we bide,
Dreaming of waves and tide
Do they not murmur thus?

Masts of the ship to be—
This is the trust we keep,
Hearing the unseen deep;
And we answer in our sleep,
We shall behold the Sea!

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in Youth's Companion.

THE TRAMP'S KISS.

A wet, boisterous night. Along a rain-soaked country road a man, with his hat brim pulled forward over his eyes, slowly plodded his way. He had left the city more than two hours before, and its lights had disappeared with the oncoming of the storm.

The weary pedestrian suddenly paused and leaned on the knobby stick in his hand. No! he was not mistaken; the light he had seen emanated from a cottage window—a cottage that stood just off the turnpike. Surely every heart did not beat unresponsive to the cry of hunger and curiety! Surely he was not doomed to die of starvation and fatigue in this, a Christian land!

The grimy fingers closed tightly about the stick, and the starving man approached the door of the little cottage. The sound of voices reached his ears as he stood for a moment irresolute. One was the deep, gruff voice of a man, and the other was that of a woman. He knocked gently upon the door. It was opened, and a stalwart yeoman appeared. The wayfarer's eyes wandered from the cozy fire to the repast on the table before it and from thence to the ruddy face above him.

"Well, what d'ye want?" snapped the cottager.

"A mouthful of food—I'm starving," replied the wayfarer.

"Food, eh! that's allays the cry," snarled the other. "Why don't yer work fer it, same as O'do? Get away, or O'll set the dog on yer!" and the door was shut violently in the supplicant's face.

A low moan escaped his lips, and he leaned heavily against the trellis work before the door. When at length he turned from the cottage and sought the open road a strange light had entered his sunken eyes—the light of desperation—madness! Wild, incoherent words fell from his lips; an exultant laugh gurgled in his throat. Hark! What was that? Something was approaching from behind.

Al! that something was a cyclist. He could see the small, trembling light of the lamp and could hear the sizzling sound of the tires on the wet road. The starving wretch stepped back beneath the shadow of a tree, and as the solitary cyclist drew near he placed himself directly in his path.

"Great Scott, my man! where the dickens have you sprung from?" ejaculated the rider, a young fellow, as he dropped lightly from his machine. "It's a good job I was going easy; if I hadn't either you or me, or both of us, would have been fitting subjects for surgical research by this!" and the speaker gave his broad shoulders a shake to dislodge the rain from his storm cape.

"I wanted you to stop," said the other, his words coming through his set teeth.

"Indeed, and for what reason?" interrogated the cyclist, trying to see the features of the last speaker.

"I—I want help," and the knobby stick was lifted, undiscerned by the cyclist, a few inches from the ground.

"Help, did you say? Then you're 'on the road' eh?"

"Call it that if you like, but—I'm starving!"

"Good heavens! Yes, now I see your face I don't doubt it! Here, old chap, for goodness sake go and get something to eat," and the young fellow planged his hand in his pocket. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him.

"But money would be no use to you," he said; "you want food, and you can't buy that any nearer than the town. Stay, I know. I am on my way to a house half a mile further up the road—the house is called 'The Hollies'—you can't mistake it; there are two turrets; besides, anyone will tell you which is Mr. Templeton's house. I will ride on—ah! I see you know Mr. Templeton; but you have no occasion to be afraid of him. He's a justice of the peace, I know, but he's got a soft heart—and if he hadn't, his daughter has."

"Well, I'll just spin along and see there's something ready for you to eat when you arrive."

The young fellow had placed his foot on the step of his bicycle to mount when he felt the tramp's touch on his shoulder.

"Well?—you understand me, didn't you?"

"Yes, I understood you, but—"

"But what?"

"Who is this Mr. Templeton whom you just spoke about—is it Robert Templeton, the celebrated architect?"

"Yes."

"And is he related to you?"

A shade of annoyance crossed the young fellow's face, but only for an instant.

"Ah! I had forgotten; he has a daughter."

The knobby stick lay on the ground now, and its owner was trembling like a leaf. With an agile spring the cyclist seated himself in his saddle, and as his feet found the pedals he looked round over his shoulder.

"Don't forget," said he; "the house with the turrets. I will vouch there is a good, square meal awaiting you." And with that he rode away through the drenching rain.

Robert Templeton, the world-famed architect, sat in his study deep in thought. From some distant portion of the old house the sound of a girl's fresh, young voice, singing "Love's Old Sweet Song," reached his ears. Suddenly the song ceased, and Robert Templeton knew the dreaded moment had arrived—knew that Harold Franklin had called for his (Templeton's) answer.

He had promised to give it that very night—that very hour—and Franklin, anxious lover that he was, had braved the inclemency of that night to hear that which meant either life-long happiness for him or a dreary drag of "stale, flat and unprofitable" existence. Templeton rose from his chair and paced slowly about the room.

The story he had to tell Harold Franklin was inevitable. How would he receive that story? Would he, in his great love for Clarice, laugh the deception to scorn; or would he heap contumely upon the narrator's head and leave the girl who loved him forever? No, banish the latter thought! Harold Franklin was a true English gentleman—not one of the soulless creatures who sometimes pose as such—creatures of venner and vapidity—but a man with a heart as sound as one of the oaks of his native land; a man who valued his fellow-creatures for their true mind-worth and not solely on account of their wealth of the world's goods.

Half an hour passed, and Templeton was still pacing about his study, when a firm step approached, and a knock sounded upon the door. Templeton went across and threw it wide open. His visitor was Harold Franklin.

"And so you have come for my answer, Harold?" said the architect, after their formal greeting.

"Yes, sir," replied the young fellow, with a quick look in the other's face.

Templeton placed a chair for his visitor and sat down facing him.

"But where is Clarice? It is necessary she, too, should hear what I have to say," he said.

"Clarice is acting the good Samaritan to a poor fellow I met on the road," said Franklin. "He was faint with hunger, so I presumed to invite him to bite and sup beneath your roof, Mr. Templeton. I trust my presumption did not overstep the bounds of my acquaintanceship with yourself."

"You did perfectly right, Harold," interposed the elder man. "And Clarice, you say, is attending to the poor fellow with her own hands?"

"Yes, sir; she preferred to do so."

A few minutes later Clarice Templeton entered the room, and both its male occupants were surprised to see her eyes were tearful. "You have been weeping, child?" said her father, as she sank down on the hassock at his side.

"Yes," she said softly; "it was something that poor man did and said when he was bidding me good night and thanking me for the food I had placed before him."

Robert Templeton was too much engrossed with his own thoughts to reply to what Clarice was saying.

"My child," he said, after a short pause, "it is only right that you should hear what I am now about to say. It is only right that the man who desires to make you his wife, and who is here tonight for my answer, should know your history—and mine."

The young lovers gazed wonderingly upon the speaker, and their hands sought each other's instinctively.

"History, sir! I scarcely understand you," said Franklin. "I know already that you, the most illustrious architect of the time, were, in your younger days, far poorer than you now are. Have you not told me often that your early struggles were fraught with privation? Your history, sir, is one that redounds to your credit."

"I do not refer to the struggles of my youth, Harold; it is something else—something which concerns Clarice. It is this: Clarice is not my daughter!"

The words were spoken at last.

"Not your daughter?" whispered the girl, her face blanching deathly pale.

"Sit down again, my child, and listen to my story. It is an old story—a common theme for novelists, but true in my case:

"Two brothers fell in love with one girl. One of the brothers is studious

and aspiring; the other is wild and careless. The girl chooses the one who thought of tomorrow as a time of pleasure and hated the plodding life of industry. The brother who was studious guarded his secret well; none knew his heart was rent with unrequited love. He smiled and spoke commonplace words to the woman who had unconsciously broken his heart; but in the solitude of the night his thoughts would ever wander from his books to the dream that had been shattered.

"He left his native town and settled for a short time in Manchester. One day he received word that the brother who occupied the place he himself had often dreamed to fill had been arrested on a charge of forgery. The charge was well-founded, and eventually he was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude.

"This was two years after his marriage and one year after his child was born. His wife never recovered from the shock, and when the husband had served but one year of his imprisonment she was laid to rest. I reached her side a few hours before she died. She begged that I would take care of the golden-haired prattler she was leaving behind—take care of her until he had served his period of imprisonment. I promised, and when the earth closed over the body of her I had loved I took the child away—the child that resembled the mother so much. You were that child, Clarice."

A silence fell on the little group as Templeton finished speaking, and the golden head of Clarice had drooped forward until it found rest on the architect's knee.

"And what do you expect me to say, Mr. Templeton?" asked Franklin at length.

"I expect to hear you say what your heart prompts you to say."

"My heart prompts me to say that nothing you have told me tonight has altered my love for Clarice, and I repeat again—I love her dearly, and she loves me; we ask your consent to our marriage."

"And I give it, Harold," said Templeton, taking Franklin's hand and wringing it. The young fellow stooped and raised Clarice from her dejected attitude, kissed her streaming face, and they passed slowly, side by side, from the room.

An hour later the lovers stood at the end of the wooded drive bidding each other good night. The rain had ceased falling.

"And to think, Harold, that I, who have always felt proud of my parentage, should be so disillusioned; to think that I am the daughter of a felon!" and as the words fell from Clarice Templeton's lips she sought to check the sobs that filled her bosom. Franklin drew her throbbing form closer to his side.

"Nay, sweetheart, let not the news trouble you so. You are not to blame for what your father did, and he, perhaps, by this is sorrowing for his past cruelty and wickedness. However, let us try to forget him and the past and be happy in our mutual love and the golden days to come."

Engrossed as the lovers were, neither of them were cognizant of the proximity of a third person—a man, who crouched in the shadow of the trees.

"Yes, forget him and the past," murmured the latter; "it is only right that you should. As for him!—and the crouching figure stole softly away."

"But tell me, Clarice," said Franklin, "tell me the cause of the tears I saw in your eyes when you joined your father (I shall always call him such) and me in his study."

"It was the poor man—the tramp in Franklin."

"Frighten me, Harold! No, something quite different. He said I reminded him of one he loved—a daughter who is lost to him forever—and he asked me to—to kiss him, Harold."

"And you did?" queried Franklin, smilingly.

"Yes, I couldn't refuse. Besides, he was an old man, you know."

The following day there was found in a pool some miles away the dead body of an unknown man. It was the tramp.—Tit-Bits.

Bangkok, an Eastern Venice.

Bangkok, Siam, is variously called by those people who revel in comparisons, the "Venice of the East" and the "Constantinople of Asia;" in the first instance, because of the many canals that run through the city, and in the second, because of the hundreds of wretched and ownerless pariah dogs that roam its streets with impunity. There is much truth in both comparisons. Certainly, Bangkok is the home of the gaunt and ugly pariah dog, which spends its life foraging and getting just enough to keep life in its mangy carcass, multiplying meantime with the fecundity of cats and a tropical climate, because Buddhist doctrine forbids its killing. Outcast dogs are not the only pests whose multiplication in Bangkok may be charged to Buddhism; more noisy crows perch of an early morning on your window-casing and the tree immediately beyond it than in the space of a day hover near the Towers of Silence at Bombay awaiting the pleasure of the vultures that feed on the last earthly remains of those who have died in the faith of the Parsee.—Harper's Weekly.

Domestic Thrills.

"Have you ever experienced the excitement of being aroused from sleep in a house at night when it was on fire?"

"No, but I have several times gone through the excitement upon my wife's announcement of her belief that the baby had swallowed her thumb!"

—Chicago News.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

When Teddy Smith.
When Teddy Smith first put on pants
He felt so very grand
He wouldn't mind his mother,
Or he wouldn't hold her hand.

But on the street he walked ahead,
And tried to whistle some,
He thought perhaps he'd go to war,
And fire an awful gun.

He wouldn't ride his hobby-horse,
He called Jack Spratt "a fly"
He sat at meals in father's chair,
And scorned his gingham bib.

His mother mustn't spread his bread,
Nor cut thimbles on his plate;
She mustn't say, "No more, my dear!"
No matter what he ate.

She mustn't kiss him when he fell
And bumped him on the stones,
And she must say, "Dear sir," just as
She did to Mr. Jones!

So hard to please this gentleman
His loving mother tried,
It quite enlarged his dignity,
And sweetened his lofty pride.

And all was brave, and all was well,
Until that mother said,
At eight o'clock, "Of course, dear sir,
You'll go alone to bed!"

Ah, would you have me say what then
Betwixt the great big man?
For if you undertake to guess—
I hardly think you can.

He turned the corners of his mouth
Most fearfully awry,
He rubbed his grown-up flat awails
Across his grow-up eye.

Then burying in his mother's lap
Both pride and manly joy,
He said in his blithest voice,
"I guess I'm just a boy!"

—Catherine Young Glen, in Youth's Companion.

One Boy's Success.

Wise men tell us that one of the secrets of success is determination of character that will not be daunted by repeated rebuffs and opposition. At least one young man in Chicago has learned by experience that persistence pays. Only a few years ago he was a messenger boy in one of the largest wholesale dry goods establishments in the world, and certainly the largest in Chicago. The boy determined that his \$3 a week salary was not enough, so he complained to the head messenger.

"Why, I can't raise your wages; I don't have anything to do with that," explained the head messenger.

"Well, who shall I go to?" asked the boy.

"Try the head floor-man," was the reply.

The boy went to the head floor-man and made his wants known. The head floor-man didn't care to be bothered with the boy's affairs, so he remarked, off-hand, "Oh, I guess you would better see Mr. So-and-So," naming the proprietor of the vast establishment.

But the boy was not daunted by the knowledge that he was the least of thousands of employes whose names even were probably not known to the proprietor. The first time he saw that gentleman walking down the great centre aisle of the main floor of the building he stopped him and asked for a raise in salary.

"How much are you making, my boy?" asked the great man, kindly.

"Three dollars a week, sir," replied the boy.

"How old are you?" was the next question from the proprietor.

"Fourteen years," responded the messenger.

"My son," said the great man, very gravely, "when I was your age I didn't make that much."

"Well, sir, perhaps you weren't worth it then," replied the boy with great earnestness.

The proprietor laughed in spite of himself and the boy was given a better position and more pay. Today he is at the head of one of the departments in the great store, and the story was told by one who knows him well.—Chicago Record.

Oddities of Shoemakers' Wax.

One of the most apt illustrations ever made by Lord Kelvin was his likening the luminiferous ether to a mass of shoemakers' wax. What Lord Kelvin said of shoemakers' wax may be tested by any boy in a manner that will astonish his playmates. First, let it be said that the ether penetrates all space. It is as rigid as steel, and yet so flexible that it does not retard the passage of planets through space in the least. It is an invisible substance which travels in waves through all things. Now, to illustrate the nature of such a paradoxical material Lord Kelvin searched everywhere, and at last concluded that shoemakers' wax represented it best. He made tests, and this is what he found:

He melted some wax in a common glass tumbler. After it had hardened he tried to thrust a lead pencil through it. It would not go. Then he placed a coin on the surface of the wax and left it for several days. When he again visited it the coin had sunk to the bottom of the glass. The wax had closed over it, and by lifting the glass and looking through the bottom he could see the coin lying there. Had the wax been as deep as a well the coin would have gone on sinking until it reached the bottom. This proved that the wax would conform only to slow movements. If he had tried to push it too fast it would have resisted him.

An idea struck the scientist. If the wax acted like this toward the coin, how would it treat an object which floated? He accordingly placed a cork in a tumbler and poured hot shoemakers' wax upon it. The wax hardened, with the cork at the bottom. When Lord Kelvin looked at the bottom of the glass in a day or two he found the cork had disappeared. It was somewhere in the mass of wax, and probably rising very slowly, but surely, toward the top. Sure enough, after a given period of time the cork

peeped above the surface of the hard wax, and finally it rose to a point where it remained half-embedded in the wax, just as it would have done in a glass of water. It rose no higher than this, however, and a corkerewer probably would not have pulled it from the wax. Yet its own buoyancy had raised it up from the bottom through what seemed an impenetrable mass of wax.

This, in fact, is the peculiarity of shoemakers' wax—that it resists all sudden or quick movements, but is highly susceptible to very slow and prolonged pressure. If you pressed a flatiron hard down on a lump of wax on a table it is probable you would make no impression on it, but if you left that iron resting on the wax for a day or two you would find the lump flattened out under the iron. So curious is this property of the wax that tuning forks have been cast from pieces of it. These forks were capable of vibration, giving a musical note and being set going by vibration from another tuning fork, yet when one of them was laid across the open mouth of a jar it slowly collapsed and fell into the jar in a shapeless, sticky mass.

Any boy may perform these experiments, and the lesson in physics to be got therefrom is no less valuable than the amusement which the performance affords.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mozart's Fight for Life.

After his travels and artistic triumphs as a child, the great composer Mozart returned to Germany, and at the age of twenty-three began his real work. His struggles with poverty have never been half told.

Always pursued by the spectre of want, not always able to get medicines for his sick wife, generous with what he had to all in need, allowing himself no indulgence or extravagance, he worked day and night, pouring out symphonies, operas and sonatas at an almost incredible rate. Presents of watches, snuff boxes, and rings were showered upon him, which he often had to pawn for a dinner. His audience often carried him home on their shoulders, when a good supper would have been more welcome.

The score of the "Magic Flute," the first German opera of great merit, was composed at the request of a Viennese manager who paid a trifle for it, though it enabled him to build a fine opera house and lay the foundation of a great fortune. At the time of Mozart's death, when his half-crazed wife could not pay for a coffin, this manager rushed about Vienna with sentimental tears for the loss to music, but would not give her one krentzer for funeral expenses.

Mozart's cheerfulness only deserted him in his last few months. His wife had been enabled by friends to go to Baden for the waters. He was alone, when one night a mysterious stranger, all in gray, came with an order for a requiem to be composed within a month. Mozart felt that this was a visitor from the other world, and that the requiem would be his own. His wife returned to find him working with intense absorption over this funeral mass, sitting over it till he swooned in his chair. The mysterious visitor afterward proved to be a nobleman who had lost his wife.

Now the musical world rang with the fame of Mozart's last opera. The dying man was offered the rich appointment of organist in St. Stephen's cathedral. Flattering proposals from many managers flowed in—too late.

At his funeral, in St. Stephen's, only five musicians were present, besides the priest and the pallbearers. In the rain and sleet, the little group of mourners shivered under umbrellas as the hearse left the church door. Evening was fast closing in when it reached the graveyard of St. Marx, where, among the "third class" Mozart was laid to rest. The weather was too much for the mourners, who dropped off one by one, till only the driver accompanied the body. The grave digger and one old woman—the official mendicant of the place—received him. Being told there were no mourners, and this was only a "band-master," she said, "Then I've no more money to look for today. Musicians are a poor lot. Better luck to-morrow." Then the coffin was dismounted, and shoved into the top of a grave already occupied by two paupers—for this was the third pauper funeral of that day. So lived and fought and died a child of genius.—The New Voice.

A Clever Thief.

Budapest, or one of its suburbs, has one thief of whom the baffled police force but for professional scruples would be really proud. A real estate agent, unable to rent for the winter the suburban cottage which he had occupied during the summer, locked the gates and doors and moved back to Budapest. One day not long ago the city architect approached him with reference to the sale of his property, which was desired as a site for a public building. The agent named his price.

"But," said the architect, "is not that a little high for vacant property?"

"Vacant property! Bless you man! it isn't vacant. There's a brick cottage on it, and a good one."

"Really," returned the other, "you are mistaken. I was there but yesterday, and there is no sign of a house on your land." The owner investigated, and found that he was, in fact, no longer a householder. During the fall a gang of bricklayers had appeared, demolished the house—a task that consumed about a week—loaded it into carts and departed.—Correspondence of Chicago Record.

The Exception.

"Any man can become rich by persevering, persistent effort."

"I don't know; I've never yet run across a millionaire book agent."—Chicago Record.