

**TO A HEAD OF LORD BYRON.**

Some men their smiling faces end  
With power to please as soon as seen,  
With charm of hyacinthine brow,  
And symmetry of mien.  
Such power was thine. Each story told,  
With comment from thy burning eye,  
By lips of such a godlike mold,  
Claimed immortality.  
Strange, radiant sorcerer! Thy spell  
On man or maid had equal might  
To make all heaven look dark as hell,  
Or almost blinding bright.  
For us who, in a colder age,  
Aver thy lines want many a grace,  
'Tis well if o'er th' impassioned page  
We see thy proud young face.  
Then, gallant heart, to shipwreck tost  
By the world's madness and thine own,  
We hear once more thy accents lost,  
And thy resistless tone.  
—Theodore C. Williams in Harper's Weekly.

**ON THE SNAGS.**

A firm, quick step sounded behind her on the hard country road, and though she well knew whose step it was, and her heart throbbed and her breath came quicker, she only turned her head nonchalantly and said flippantly:  
"Oh! It is you?"  
"Yes, it is me. You knew it was me. Are you going to throw me over?" and the big fellow's voice shook and his fair face flushed with pain.  
"Throw you over! Gentlemen never use slang—to ladies!"  
"You know what I mean. Jean, are you aware that you refused to dance every dance with me today?"  
"I really forget; my memory, you know!"  
"One moment, if you please, and then I have done. Is it yes or no?"  
"Hunt, don't be stupid. You know I hate to be remarked on!"  
"And so do I, and I will not again be subjected to the remarks I heard today. Once more, is it yes or no?"  
"Well, no, then, if you press the point."  
"Be it so." And, with a grave bow, Hunt Ashley turned and was gone.  
Pretty Jean Inslow was stunned for a moment, then swallowed a gulp in her throat as pride battled to the front.

"Let him go. If a man is such a fool that he can't see—pshaw! nobody cares."  
And then, to prove that nobody did care, she sat down and cried until her pretty eyes looked like a stewed ferret's and her pretty little nose had the appearance of an apoplectic lobster.  
"There's one thing morally certain," she continued—"of all things in the wide world there's nothing I hate like men."  
This last remark was made out loud, and intended for the benefit of the trees, and the wide eyed purple violets; but, alas! it reached the ears of a tall fellow, with blond hair, who stood just on the other side of the blossoming hedge.  
He gave a slight whistle and compressed his lips a little firmer as he strode off under the low, drooping trees, without once looking behind.  
"Well, I have done it now. I'm glad he heard me say I hated him. No body cares. I'll go to the dance tonight with Phil, and flirt too."  
And Jean, with her head very high in the air, tried to persuade herself that she really didn't care.  
Hunt Ashley went on down the road through the shaded village street and stopped at the gate of a vine wreathed cottage. A black eyed, pleasant faced girl was tying up some of the vines on the lattice.

"Bess," he said, helping her twine up a golden lipped jasmine, "will you go to the dance with me tonight?"  
"What? Where's Jean?"  
"Quarrelled."  
"Ah! I see. I'm invited for cat's paw, eh?"  
"No. I asked you because I did not wish to go alone."  
"Well, all right, I'll go. The fact is, I've quarrelled with Phil, and—ah! I'd rather go with you than not."  
Jean and Bess were the two prettiest girls in the village, and the two best dancers besides, and that night when Jean and Phil appeared Bess and Hunt had just finished the first set.  
Each took in the situation at a glance. Bess and Jean called each other hard names under their breath and hated each other in a small minded, womanly way intensely. The men stood and eyed each other fiercely and pulled their mustaches, and looked as if it would give them the most exquisite pleasure to annihilate each other.  
"Phil," said Jean, "come out on the piazza with me."  
"The piazza? Oh, certainly! But where are they going?"  
"Following us, it seems."  
Close as their own shadows Hunt and Bess stuck to them, and, though there were a great many tender things uttered on both sides, there was certainly not very much scope for so called flirtation.

"Bess," presently called Jean, "are you going boating tomorrow?"  
"Yes, perhaps."  
"Miss Bess is going in my boat. Whose boat do you grace, Miss Jean? (Confound that gibbering idiot!)  
"Oh, Phil's, of course," leaning tenderly toward him. ("I hate Bess Miller! His boat, indeed!")  
And the next morning the gayly painted boats rocked over the heart of the pulsing river as the stalwart arms of the oarsmen rowed against the gurgling ripples; then, throwing down their oars, they lazily drifted back with the current.  
But the two boats Jean and Bess were in still shot up the stream.  
"Hunt, let us go back. We'll be on the snags presently!"  
And Bess' face was ashen pale.  
"Call Phil back; he must be mad!"  
And Jean, in the other boat, was saying:

"Phil, drive on the snags. You don't care, and I don't. Hunt knows the danger. He'll stop in time."  
It was a dangerous place, where the drifted logs from the mountain torrents lay imbedded in the mud and reared

their heads like gaunt, devouring alligators waiting for their prey.  
At high water the boats would have cleared them easily, but now they lurked a hidden death beneath the throbbing water.  
Suddenly Hunt Ashley's boat shot ahead, daring the warning snags.  
"Madman, what do you mean? If life is so cheap, you're welcome to the death you covet! Jean, come into my boat, I command you," and Hunt's voice had a ring in it Jean had never heard before.  
"Command, indeed!" shouted Phil hoarsely. "You are pretty richly freighted. What more would you have?"  
"Jean."  
Then the two bright glancing boats clashed, and over they turned, and with two tremendous cries, "Hunt!" "Phil!" down among the drifted wood the two couples went, but together—for Hunt had sprang to Jean and Phil to Bess—and both were battling for the vine covered banks.  
As each one deposited his dripping load safely under the low spreading trees, an embarrassed silence fell on the quarter.  
Hunt was the first to break it.  
"I say, Phil, there has been a confounded mistake somewhere. These girls have been playing us a nice game, truly."  
"No such thing. It wasn't us," and Bess' face rivaled the trumpet flowers over her head.  
"We'll get the boats righted now, and settle that question later," and with a wicked laugh in his eyes, Phil walked off to where his painted Bess was rolling, bottom upward, among the vines and creepers.  
It did not take twenty minutes to get the tiny shells afloat.  
With the airs of "conquering heroes," the young men stood by their respective crafts.  
"Choose your boats, young ladies!"  
Indignant chorus under the trees:  
"To say men don't take advantage. Oh, this is too much! To make us choose! How mean!"  
A whispered colloquy:  
"Bess, you choose first."  
"Oh, no! Jean, you choose."  
The young men stood regarding them with owlish gravity.  
"You will catch cold if you do not hasten," from the boats.  
"They might save our pride. I'm awfully chilly, Bess." (Sneeze.)  
"So am I, oh!" (Two—three sneezes.)  
Then Mr. Hunt Ashley, with horrible visions of cold and catarrh, walked up to Miss Jean Inslow and prising the two little hands in one of his, and encircling the drenched, trembling little figure, kissed her flower face aflame.  
"Now will you come?"  
"Yes, Hunt," and Meekness walked obediently to her cockle shell namesake.  
"I wouldn't have done it, Bess," murmured Phil, after he had performed the same operation, "if you had come yourself."

Miss Meekness Number Two followed the lead of Meekness Number One, but gave one last feminine claw.  
And tomorrow was come, and Bess tripped over to see Jean.  
"Marriages, what friends these two had become! There was never such a thing in the world as a cold—never!  
"Hunt! have you seen anybody today?"  
"No. Have you seen some one?"  
"No." (Intelligible very.) "Oh, there's yours at the gate!"  
"Oh, and yours up the road."  
"Phil and I have concluded on a double wedding tomorrow. We've waited as long as we intend to wait, and I've bespoken the parson for 12 tomorrow; so, Jean, put your hands in mine—you don't hate me now, do you?—and tell me my wife will make my tea tomorrow evening."  
And pretty, coquettish Jean said "Yes."  
"Coquettes make the most submissive wives, they say, and, moreover, she said a great many other foolish things to that big, enraptured fellow, who fell down, figuratively speaking, and kissed the prints of her tiny boots."  
And Phil and Bess under the amber lipped jasmine bower had their own little explanations.  
"You said you would never ask me again, Phil. You swore it."  
"And did I, sweetheart?"  
"No; but somehow I did, didn't I? Bless those deathly old snags—a sound which generally follows the meeting of four lips—'Did you know that Hunt and Jean are going to be married tomorrow?'  
"Impossible!"  
"But they are, for I heard them ask the parson; and, Bess, I asked the parson too, and the parson's wife heard us, and she's the veriest old gossip, you know, and it's all over the village by this time; and here's the ring, and I won't risk any more delays."  
And the ring fitted so nicely, and was so becoming to the little brown hand that Bess said well, if Jean did, she would. And Jean did, and so Bess did.—C. H. in New York News.

Male Mortality in New Orleans.  
There seems to be something pretty serious about the matter with the men of New Orleans. There are 15,000 more women than men there; nevertheless five men die to every four women. The trouble comes between the ages of twenty-one and fifty. Between the ages of thirty and fifty the ratio of mortality is nearly two men to one woman. Among whites and blacks the same curious state of things prevails. The doctors cannot explain why it happens so, but it is evident that there is going to be a corner in males in New Orleans unless some one finds out. The excess of women began after the war, and has been increasing ever since, and especially during the last twelve years.—Atlanta Constitution.

International Boat Racing.  
It is possible that there will be an international rowing match arranged before the close of the rowing season of 1892. For some time past an informal correspondence has been carried on between the president of the Oxford University Boatclub and the rowing men of both Harvard and Yale colleges in the United States. The medium of communication was Mr. Chase Mellin, an old Brasenose oar, who is at present residing in the states. The idea was to bring Oxford against the winners of the Harvard-Yale match. Harvard has always expressed a willingness to ratify an international match if such a thing was possible, and the only hitch likely to occur were the locale and the time. In an interview with R. C. Lehmann, the coach of the Oxford crew, that gentleman says:  
"The Oxford University Boatclub is very anxious to arrange a match with the winner of the Yale-Harvard match this year. Informal communications have, I believe, come from the other side of the Atlantic, and have been answered by Mr. Fletcher, who is now president of the O. U. B. C."  
Mr. Lehmann thought that a race might be arranged on the river Thames, between Putney and Mortlake, in the month of September, and that Mr. Fletcher and his companions expect to get a favorable reply to an open secret. It is a well known fact that a joint committee of Harvard and Yale has favored this project for some years, and it was the intention of the Americans to invite a representative crew of English college rowers to Chicago next season to take part in the national regatta there. It is more than probable that the winners of the Harvard-Yale race will meet the English rowers on the river Thames this year, and then ask for a return contest next year at Chicago.—London Sporting Life.

Worth Twenty Thousand Dollars to Him.  
I. N. Locke, of Wayne county, Ind., was formerly an active trader. In May, 1873, he was in Chicago and bought a lot for a small sum. He put the deed in an envelope and placed it in his pocket with other papers. A few days afterward he lost the envelope and all its contents. He advertised for it, but really cared only for the notes, thinking the lot of little value. John Ritchey, a victim of softening of the brain, was wandering aimlessly on the street the day Locke lost his papers. He found them and laid them away, and even after his death no notice was taken of the supposed worthless papers. A short time ago John Ritchey found the package and gave it to Mr. Locke, and through his attorney his claim has been established. Had the deed remained concealed a few days longer the twenty years would have expired and no claim allowable. It is a lot in the boulevard addition, and the parties occupying it have given Mr. Locke \$20,000 for a quit claim.—Chicago Letter.

Money in Trust for a Cat.  
In Paris there is a cat whose future welfare has become quite a question of public interest. The animal belonged to a Mme. Dubrai, and his mistress was so fond of him that she left a sum of money in trust to the mayor of the third arrondissement, in which she resided, for the use of the scholastic fund (Caisse des Ecoles) on condition that a certain amount shall go toward pussy's maintenance. A trusty person is to be nominated by the mayor, who will undertake to house the lucky cat and give him three meals a day, consisting of such delicacies as lights, liver and heart. It is estimated that after this charge has been met there will only be about \$300 francs a year left for the fund, and the question now agitating public functionaries is whether that sum is worth the responsibility to be incurred.—Paris Letter.

Queer Antics of Clouds.  
Tuesday afternoon, during the rain and hailstorm, a cloud was observed a few miles south of this place that acted very strangely, to say the least. It was quite near the ground and seemed to be violently agitated. Suddenly the cloud seemed to burst asunder, one part going to the northwest and only forty or fifty feet from the earth. One of the sections passed over or through the tops of some tall poplar trees and shaved them off as if a gigantic mowing machine had passed that way. A heavy hailstorm also passed over a narrow strip of country near there, and at Sand Slough there were piles of them still remaining in spots late Wednesday morning. Very little hail fell here, and it was so small as to be scarcely noticeable.—Lemoore (Cal.) Leader.

A Church Shed for Bicycles.  
The Central church committee is going to set aside one of the horse sheds as a bicycle shed. Not a few persons who attend the Sunday and week night meetings ride to and from the church on bicycles. Now they have to leave their bicycles outside, where the small boys tamper with them and where, in case of a sudden shower, the machines would be injured. The shed will be inclosed and conveniently arranged for the storage of bicycles. So far as we can learn the Central church is the first in the country to provide a bicycle shed.—Manchester (Conn.) Herald.

Trouble in the St. Clair Tunnel.  
Great trouble is being experienced in ventilating the St. Clair tunnel, which was opened last year. Owing to the steep grades very heavy engines are used for working the tunnel section, and such quantities of smoke come from these engines that it is difficult to get men who are willing to run them. It is now proposed fitting smoke consumers to the engines with a view of mitigating the nuisance.—New York Times.

Mummy Paint.  
Mummies taken from the Egyptian tombs, beaten into a fine powder and mixed with oil for paint is one of the latest industries of Cairo. The color of this human dust paint is a rich brown of lively tone.—St. Louis Republic.

English and American Land Owners.  
There is a constant feud between the suburban residents and the Sunday excursionists. The suburban resident goes to New York in the morning and goes back in the afternoon, except on Sunday, when he stays at home. It would suit him if the Sunday train service were almost entirely stopped, except one morning train out into the country and one evening train back to let his personal friends go out and spend the day with him. The Sunday excursionist represents to him a concentration of the destructive forces of mankind, so he goes to Tuxedo or Wave Crest or some reservation where excursionists are not permitted to go, and when he gets rich enough he builds a place in the midst of grounds wide enough to hide him from the road, and puts out watchmen to prevent people he does not want from coming in and tramping on the grass.  
This is more an American than an English feeling. In England almost all of the show country places are open to visitors under restrictions which are generally observed. It would be regarded as an improper and unsocial thing for an Englishman with a fine country place to drive people off the grounds. Instead of that he welcomes visitors and provides guides to take them around and look after them.—New York Sun.

Big Prices for Old Toys.  
Old toys so very seldom survive the rough work which their possessors give them that if by any chance they do weather the storm they become extremely valuable. A collection of old playthings, many of which belonged to royal children, has just been sold at the Hotel Dromot, and some of the articles fetched prices which even their artistic merit and their strange survival of the vicissitudes would hardly have seemed to merit. For instance, a little doll, rather less than a foot high, but clad in a panoply of steel, "armed at all points except cap-a-pie," but perfectly modeled, and made at the time when Louis XIII sat on the throne of France, sold for 615 francs; and even this price was eclipsed by that given for a tiny set of carriages carved in wood and accompanied by little wooden soldiers, made not console platoon, but when Napoleon was first consul, which brought in nearly 1,000 francs. A miniature kitchen, interesting as being an exact model of that used in the household apartment, tempo Louis XVI, and a little jointed doll, sixteen inches high, dressed in a broche silk Watteau dress, fetched 840 francs and 110 francs respectively. Many other toys belonging to bygone epochs sold at almost fancy prices.—Galignani Messenger.

Rat Exterminators.  
An old trapper has been bringing from the mountains for two weeks a number of peculiar little animals that have puzzled a good many people to tell what they were. They are about the size of a common cat and have large bushy tails like that of the raccoon. Their bodies are long and slender and well protected with a thick growth of brownish colored hair. Their eyes are black and sparkling and when tensed they grow and spit like a cat, showing a row of teeth as sharp as canalic needles. The name of these little animals is the Bassaris, and they are a species of the civit cat, ranking between the fox and the weasel. They are better than all the pussies in creation as rat exterminators, and about twenty of them have been turned loose in different warehouses and livery stables in this city.—San Francisco Call.

Racing on Wooden Legs.  
A race on wooden legs from Bordeaux to Biarritz and back, a distance of 303 miles, was begun yesterday. Eighty-one still runners entered, for this race left the Hotel de la Gironda at 5 o'clock yesterday morning, being "played off" by a brass band. They were accompanied by a party of bicyclists, whose duty was to see that fair play was observed. Among the racers was the Archangel baker, Silvain Dornon, who traveled on stilts, or claimed to have done so, from Paris to Moscow.  
A quarter of an hour after the still racers had set out from Bordeaux a party of eighteen women and young girls, also mounted on stilts, left Bordeaux for Cerans, having undertaken to run there and back, a distance of fifty miles, in the day.—London News.

Hydrophobia and the Dog Catchers.  
A great deal of rot about hydrophobia is being printed in the newspapers just now. It is done, we suppose, in order not so much to scare people into having their pet dogs licensed and muzzled as to give the dog catchers the sort of moral support they certainly need in the pursuit of their infamous business. So yarns about mad dogs and their deprecations are invented and published, a great many sensitive people are terrified and the dog catcher drives a profit-able trade. There is no truth in these blood curdling tales. There has not been a case of hydrophobia in Chicago this year, and it is a question whether there actually ever has been any.—Chicago News.

Recueing Old Straw Hats.  
"Don't throw away your straw hat because it is discolored by rain," said a hatter this morning. "Scrub it with wet cornmeal, and then hang it up for a few minutes in sulphur smoke. It will come out as white as a brand new one."  
—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Blau dye is the name given to the new material made of Trinidad asphalt and waste rubber. It resists the heat of high pressure steam and lasts well in the presence of oil and grease.  
The harbor works in Lisbon are about to be abandoned, as far as improvements are concerned, as the contractor finds himself unable to carry on the work.  
A street in Germany, like a portion of an Edinburgh street, has been paved with india rubber. The result is said to be most satisfactory.

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