

THE BLUE HIGHWAY.

BY WALTER BIDDALL.

The cold beach cries behind us in the grip of the sea's unrest, We've done with stagnant harbors, we're decked out in our best, With a white band on the funnel instead of dirty gray, We're off to meet old friends upon the blue highway.

Wives and sweethearts call us, call to us of home, The red gleam of a tavern creeps out across the foam, But we head for the notched horizon where the great white breakers be, And all the stars are shining, a-shining on the sea.

Comrades' voices warn us of the road we take, The lips of the drowned keep crying, crying in our wake, But we head for the notched horizon where the great white breakers be, And Mother Carey feeds her chicks, feeds her chicks at sea.

The cold beach cries behind us in the grip of the sea's unrest, We've done with stagnant harbors, we're decked out in our best, With a white band on the funnel instead of dirty gray, We're off to meet old friends upon the blue highway.

A MODERN JOHN ALDEN

The Love Story of a Substitute.

"STUB" VAN ALAN'S round visage loomed through a cloud of tobacco smoke, for all the world like the sun lost in a fog. This was not an unusual phenomenon, certainly, but the fact that my generally irrepresible friend had been in my room ten minutes and had neither smiled nor attempted any of the atrocious puns for which he was justly infamous, was a hitherto unknown state of things.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" I queried. The cloud of smoke became denser, threatening total eclipses. "Nothing," came presently from the bluesness, "at least nothing you would care to hear about."

"I like that," I replied, a little touched at his manner. "Since when have I been in the habit of 'passing by on the other side,' like what's-his-name in the parable, and you in trouble?"

"Can't say you ever did," said Stub, removing his pipe, "but it isn't—ordinary trouble; I suppose I may as well tell you, though—I'm in love."

"In love?" I echoed, beginning to laugh. "Is that all? I imagined from your looks that you were about to be hanged. Was there ever a time when you were not in love—with some one? Who is it this time?"

"You needn't laugh," said Mr. Van Alan, indignantly. "This isn't a joke; I'm in dead earnest."

"Who is it?" I demanded, seriously.

"Helen Lorrington," said Stub, darting a queer glance at me. If he had suddenly hurled a chair at my head it would have dumfounded me less. I became interested all at once in looking out of the window. I wasn't anxious for Stub to see my face.

It was no joke, as he had said—to me, at all events. I had been in love with Miss Lorrington for two years, madly, hopelessly; fluttering about her beautiful, stately presence, as the proverbial moth about the candle flame and with about the same result. I have never been accused, even by my enemies, of lacking nerve; but somehow, under the spell of Miss Lorrington's gray eyes, I could never screw up my courage to the sticking point and put my fate to the touch. I had fancied at times that Helen was not altogether indifferent. There had been a memorable day on the links that she—however, at other times I was miserably certain that I had no chance.

"Of course,"—Stub was speaking—"I know she's much too good for me; she's better, nobler than—"

"Have you said anything to her?" I managed to say. I knew how perfect the lady of my heart was without Samuel Peyton Van Alan's telling me.

"No," he said, ruefully; "I—I can't. Whenever I'm with her I feel like an overgrown boy and nearly make an idiot of myself; she has a way of looking into a fellow's soul, with those big eyes of hers, that makes him think of his sins." I made no comment; I understood perfectly.

"Look here, Ken," said Stub, as if suddenly struck with a bright idea. "You and Hel—Miss Lorrington—are great friends, aren't you? I remember hearing her say once that Kenneth Sears was one of the nicest men she knew. Why can't you—er—er—sort of say a word for me? Tell her how it is with me, and that I am not really such a blockhead as I appear in her society. Tell her I—I love her—just as if it was yourself, you know; may be if she thought I cared for her she might—"

"Do you take me for a matrimonial agent?" I asked, sternly. "Do your own proposing. Do you suppose a girl like Helen Lorrington would think twice of a man who was lacking in courage?"

"I don't know," said Stub; "that's what you are going to find out."

"I'm not," said I.

"Don't be a chump," remarked my friend, in contemptuous tones. "Promise you'll speak to her to-night, if you get a chance, at Mrs. Applebee's dance."

Stub and I had been friends since college. I would do more for him than any man alive, and— Well I arrived at Mrs. Applebee's that night with a heart like lead, bound to plead my friend's cause with the girl I loved myself.

"What did you wish to tell me, Mr. Sears?" Miss Lorrington asked, after I found her a seat under a tall palm in

the deserted conservatory. I swallowed a lump that had suddenly risen in my throat, and began.

"And who is this fair lady that your friend loves so devotedly?" she inquired, when I had finished.

"You!" I said, turning away my eyes lest they betray my own secret.

"Me?" she said, incredulously. "Sammy Van Alan in love with me? Impossible!"

"Why impossible?" I cried, impulsively. "How can he be otherwise? How can any man? But you are so far above other women—so unapproachably adorable—that all a fellow can do is to worship—in silence!" I had forgotten Samuel Peyton Van Alan.

Miss Lorrington made no reply. She was looking intently under a bunch of potted geraniums, a little, far-away smile on her lips. I followed her gaze, and as I discovered its object, hot prickly waves began to chase up my spine to the roots of my hair. It was only an empty wooden box at which she was looking, but pasted on one end of it was a highly colored lithograph, advertising Priscilla nasturtium seeds—and the picture was of Joan Alden pleading the cause of Miles Standish. Something in the droop of Miss Lorrington's regal head gave me sudden courage. I bent down until my eyes met hers, and in them I read, as plainly as love could say it, the immortal rebuke of Priscilla to her faint-hearted lover: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

And Stub? Well, I may as well confess it. I had been made the victim of a diabolical ruse. Mr. Van Alan had discovered the state of my feelings—got the idea from a chance remark of Helen's that it was only my cowardice that stood in the way of making me the happiest man alive, and forthwith essayed the role of match-maker.

He was my best man six months later.—Leslie's Weekly.

It Looked Quite Canning.

A three-year-old girl, fair of hair and sunny face, was attracting attention in an Erie ferryboat the other afternoon, when a little woman somewhat past middle age came tripping in with a mining gait, in a very short rainy-day skirt, a bright red waist showing under a Monte Carlo coat, and a girlish hat topping the whole. The obvious attempt to appear youthful would have been pathetic had it not been for the smirking expression on the woman's face.

"See, mamma! See!" exclaimed the child, pointing to the woman.

"Hush, Gladys," said the young mother, trying to divert the child's attention.

"See! See!" persisted the child, and as the woman who would appear youthful smiled at the child, Gladys's raised her voice and clapped her little hands, exclaiming:

"Isn't it cunning?"

Amid the ill-concealed mirth of the passengers the woman who had provoked this apt though innocent sally hurried into the forward cabin.—New York Times.

Traffic Held Up For a Child.

When traffic on Broadway was most congested the other day, a feeble old woman, in tattered garments made her way to the corner of Dey street, with a little girl clutching nervously at her skirts. The stalwart policeman at the crossing approached them and gently taking the woman by the arm, started to guide her through the lane separating trucks and cars. Half way across the street, the little girl dropped a package, and a few cents' worth of peanuts were scattered on the tracks. She looked up at her big guardian with a stare, and asked:

"Can I get them back?"

By this time the truck drivers were pulling impatiently on their reins, for the progress of the trio had been slow.

"Certainly, little one," replied the policeman, as he put up his hand and held the Broadway traffic in check while the child gathered them all into a newspaper.

The drivers fumed, but pedestrians who saw the little incident, smiled as they moved on.—New York Mail and Express.

Effect of Newspapers on Fiction.

There is a story told of a newspaper correspondent who telegraphed his editor as follows: "Have column story on so-and-so. Shall I send it?" The editor, mindful of the value of space, wired back: "Send six hundred words."

In a few hours he received another message from the anxious correspondent, reading: "Can't be told in less than twelve hundred." The editor promptly telegraphed back: "Story of creation of the world told in six hundred. Try it." And in due time the correspondent sent in his story written within the prescribed limits. The condensation of language in the newspapers of our time has undoubtedly had a reactionary effect on our literature. Our novelists no longer indulge in the elegant efforescence of two chapters in a book where one can take its place, and even the leisurely introductory pages of Scott, fine as they are, would not be read in a novelist of to-day, unless, indeed, another Scott should arise.

He Was a Humorist.

Occasionally a humorist is found among the toilers, and he is a ray of sunshine not to be ignored. Such a one was acting as guard on an "L" train Saturday. Humanity was struggling to get aboard; every third passenger was asking, "What is this train?" and there was a general feeling of impatience. It was all dissipated in a moment, however, at the next station, as the guard opened the gates, for he sang out in a cheerful voice: "Sardine express; all stops; take your time!" And the people hurried aboard with a smile on their faces that lasted for several minutes.—New York Mail and Express.



UNSETTLED.

This world is so extensive That there seems but little hope That peace can ever be maintained Throughout its mighty scope.

For when one country's quiet And running smooth and right Another gets uneasy and Prepares to start a fight. —Washington Star.

AND SHE KNOWS.

"Is he a well-informed man?" "I should say so. Why, his wife tells him everything."—Louisville Post.



ASSURANCE.

Young Lady (who has just had her picture taken)—"I hope that the pictures will be handsome."

Photographer—"Yes, indeed; you will hardly recognize yourself."—New York World.

WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS.

"Mark you, if we honest men do not organize the politicians will ignore us."

"Ay! But if the organization amounts to anything the politicians will capture it."—Puck.

RUBBING IT IN.

Wife—"Did you ever notice that a loud talker is usually an ignorant person?"

Husband—"Well, you needn't talk so loud; I'm not deaf."—Chicago News.

EXTREMELY RARE.

Tommy—"Pop, what is meant by the sense of humor?"

Father—"The sense of humor, my son, consists largely of knowing when not to be funny."—Philadelphia Record.

SUPERIOR TO THEM.

Once my little brother wished to ride with papa. Papa said, "No, not under the circumstances."

My little brother replied: "Oh, I can ride on the circumstances, papa."—Philadelphia Record.

A DURBAR ECHO.

"I see that the finest elephants at the durbar were introduced by the Sikhs."

"That's strange."

"What's strange?"

"Strange that they were not a Sikhly lot."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

THAT SETTLES IT.

"I see that some one is advocating the project of a newspaper printed in a compact tabloid form like a book," said Mr. Torque.

"The very idea!" cried Mrs. Torque; "it's simply ridiculous."

"In what way?"

"Why, such a paper would be simply useless to put under a carpet."—Baltimore Herald.



EXCLUSIVE.

"Why did you not accept Manufacturer Schultz at your club? He belongs to a good family and is very rich!"

"Oh, that's all right, but he made his own money."—Flegende Blaetter.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Black and White recalls a story of a highwayman who was outwitted by a nobleman whom he waylaid.

"Your money or your life!" said the hero of the road, presenting a cocked pistol at the window of a carriage on Hounslow Heath.

"I would not yield to one man," responded the occupant of the vehicle, "but as there are two of you I must."

The robber, taken aback, looked round to see where the second man was, and at that moment received a bullet through the heart from his intended victim.

FOUR MINUTES A LONG TIME.

How a Lawyer Impressed the Fact on a Jury and Won His Case.

Bert Norton, of Macon, won a lawsuit in the Federal court at Hannibal a few days ago in a way unusual among lawyers—by silence. Mrs. Martha B. Phipps, of Macon, sued the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company for \$15,000. She claimed that a spark from one of its engines caused the burning of her deceased husband's business property at Ethel. The testimony showed that the Santa Fe train stopped at Ethel four minutes the night of the fire, but that also the fire was well under way before the train pulled out, and the road's attorneys argued that it was ridiculous to maintain that a fire could be started by a spark and get well under way in such a short time. Mr. Norton devoted practically his entire argument to this point.

"He said," says the Macon Republican, "if a young fellow was sitting on a sofa playing hands with his girl, time traveled like an express train; but if you dumped a lot of engine sparks on the pine roof of a dry building in summer time, four minutes were ample to settle the fate of the structure in spite of all efforts to save it. There were some incredulous smiles at this. The attorney took out his watch and handed it to Jurymen L. S. Harlan, a banker of Clinton Hill, Randolph County, and requested him to signal when four minutes had passed. The jurymen leaned over and looked down at the watch. Then they got tired and settled back in their seats. Mr. Harlan lowered his hand and rested it on his knee. The attorney saffted his feet a few times, and sat down in a chair. Judge Adams looked at the clock and then out of the window.

"A deputy marshal put his head in at the door to see what was the matter and waited the result of the curious scene. Nearly every man in the room that had a watch was studying its face. The speaker was sacrificing four minutes of his allotted time, but he felt that it was well invested. At last Juror Harlan announced the four minutes had expired and handed the watch back to Mr. Norton. Only four minutes, and yet to every man in the room it had seemed, under the suppressed tension, to have been twice as long. The court remarked after the case had been decided that it appeared fully fifteen minutes. The wearisome suspense was an effective object lesson to the jury and a startling exposition of what might transpire in that time. The jury found that the defendant's engine had ample time in four minutes to fire the restaurant building, and they brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$14,198.28—the exact sum her proof showed her loss to be."

The case had been pending in the courts ten years.—Kansas City Journal.

He Would Outwit Fate.

The man's bump of eloquent entreaty was highly developed. Thus did he acquire a railroad pass.

The man's bump of caution stood way out on his head.

"I have heard," said he, "that passengers traveling on a pass always get into an accident, and cannot recover damages from the railroad by reason of the fact that they were traveling on a pass. Therefore," said he, "I will outwit fate and get insured in an accident company."

From the fact that he assumed to outwit fate it will be deduced that his bump of conceit was also highly developed. True, the man's bump of conceit was a regular knuckle.

As a matter of fact, there was a railroad accident. The man was in it. He didn't even receive a scratch. Other passengers who had paid \$1.65 for a ticket managed to receive black eyes, bruised elbows, and things, and averaged something like \$5000 apiece damages from the soulless and grasping railroad company.

To outwit fate! Oh, the fatuity of man!—New York Sun.

Bell That Called Columbus.

There is a bell at Washington whose history dates back to the very beginning of civilization on this continent. It is a trifling affair as regards size, its dimensions being only eight by six and one-half inches; yet its notes sounded to call the great discoverer, Columbus, to prayer and sacred worship. It was brought from Spain in December, 1493, and set up in a church at San Domingo. It was the special gift of King Ferdinand, and bears the initials of his name ("F.") in old Gothic characters upon its surface. When La Vega, the new city of the plains, was founded church and bell were bodily removed to it. There its notes smote upon the air to summon the tardy Spaniards to mass, and served, how frequently none can tell, to recall to the minds of the venturesome explorers memories of their sunny home-lands and utterly barbaric. It re-land located far away across the sea.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Artistic Toy-Making.

Sonneberg and Nuremberg are the home of the wooden toy and doll-making industry, which has found so ready a market in London this week. Years ago the toys turned out at Sonneberg were of the roughest description, made entirely of wood, with unpainted faces. But the workmen have become more artistic, and the industry has been organized. No one factory make the entire doll. The making of bisque heads is entirely different from that of papier mache heads, wooden heads and china heads. The labor of toy and doll-making is divided to a remarkable degree. For example, a toy turtle with a clock in its chest has to pass through the hands of three men and thirty-seven girls before it is ready to be put on the market.—The Draper.



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

BOBBIE'S QUESTION.

The scholars were standing in two little rows; The sun through the windows shone bright, While soft little airs on the tips of their noses. Came tripping with April delight, And Bobby looked up as they gently went by.

They told him a tale of the spring, And talked of the clouds in the happy blue sky, And all that summer would bring.

He heard not the voice of the teacher at all; His thoughts had gone out with the sun, He stood with the others, his back to the wall.

Absorbed till the lesson was done, "Now ask me some questions," the teacher had cried, "Just any that chance to occur." Bob's fingers went up, and he solemnly sighed: "How long till the holidays, sir?" —Cassell's Little Folks.

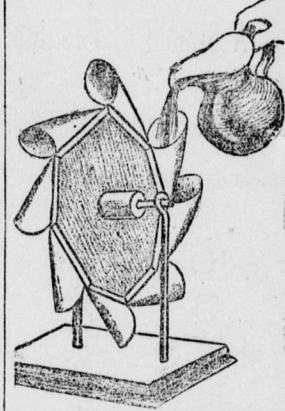
BRIDGING A CHASM.

Dr. Alexander McKenzie in one of his sermons tells a pretty anecdote of the early life of Louis Agassiz, the great scientist. As a child, Agassiz lived in Switzerland, on the border of a lake. He had a younger brother, and one day the two lads started to cross the lake. It was frozen, and the ice looked safe enough, but their mother watched them.

The boys got on very well till they came to a crack in the ice, perhaps a foot wide. The mother could not call to them, although her heart failed her as she thought, "Louis will get over well enough, but his little brother will try to step over and will fall in."

As she watched she saw Louis get down on the ice, his feet on one side of the crack, his hands on the other side, making a bridge of his body, and the

thin wooden wheel, which we have to prepare first. Take the top of a cigar box and draw a circle with the help of a compass. Take a rule and draw a line through the centre of the circle from side to side; cross it with another line perpendicular to it. Divide the four right angles and draw the



lines through the centre of the circle. Connect the points with straight lines and the octagon is ready to be cut out with the bow-saw. Cut a round opening through the centre of the octagon, and insert a cork through which you have stuck a knitting needle as axle. Two erect pieces of wire are inserted in a block of wood and provided with a

PUZZLE OF MISSING DASCHUNDS.

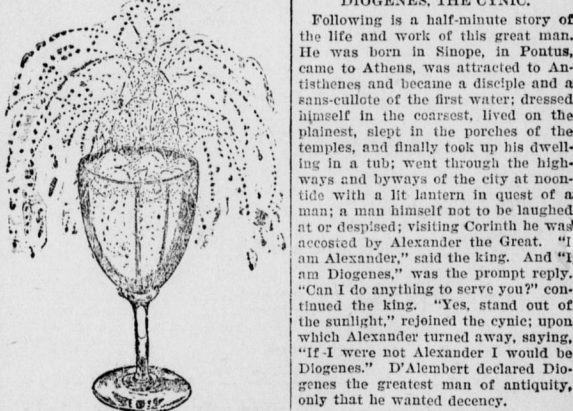


Find the three Daschunds that are tracking the fox.

little brother crept over him to the other side. Then Louis got up and they went on their way.

THE MUSICAL FOUNTAIN.

The musical fountain is one of the most interesting experiments, and is very simple to manage. Remember, you must use a goblet for the purpose, not a tumbler, as the latter will not work well, the form making the difference. Choose a goblet of very thin glass, fill it almost full of water, and with the end of the finger you have



loop at their ends to hold the axle of the wheel. Fasten with the help of little tacks on each side of the eight sides of the wooden wheel a cornucopia made of cardboard, with their openings all to one side, as shown in our illustration. The wheel is set in motion with the help of water, which we either pour down upon the cornucopia out of a glass or pitcher, or if we want a constant motion, by connecting a rubber tube with the kitchen water faucet and fastening the tube somehow over one of the cornucopias.—New York World.

DIOGENES, THE CYNIC.

Following is a half-minute story of the life and work of this great man. He was born in Sinope, in Pontus, came to Athens, was attracted to Antisthenes and became a disciple and a sans-culotte of the first water; dressed himself in the coarsest, lived on the plainest, slept in the porches of the temples, and finally took up his dwelling in a tub; went through the highways and byways of the city at noon with a lit lantern in quest of a man; a man himself not to be laughed at or despised; visiting Corinth he was accosted by Alexander the Great. "I am Diogenes," said the king. And "I am Alexander," was the prompt reply. "Can I do anything to serve you?" continued the king. "Yes, stand out of the sunlight," rejoined the cynic; upon which Alexander turned away, saying, "If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes." D'Alembert declared Diogenes the greatest man of antiquity, only that he wanted decency.

An Old Barber Talks.

"In my experience, which covers many years," said an old barber in a downtown shop, "I have noticed that a man with a heavy growth of beard grows bald on top of his head sooner than the man whose beard does not grow so heavily. With the heavy beard I find also that the hair on the sides and back of the head is thick and grows quickly, while the man with little or no beard will, nineteen times out of twenty, have an abundance of hair on the top of his head. How do I account for it? It's beyond me. I noticed it first many years ago, and following it up closely, have learned that the rule does not vary." —New York Mail and Express.