

ME.

Through many, many summers I look, as through a glass, And see a world of showers and flowers...

A lass who watched the swallows skim just beyond her hand And where the flickers fled and sped...

In her warm bed she carried, Trudging o'er hills and dales, In tiny papers laid and weighed...

A little lass and wistful, Who gazed up the far sky, And reached for fairy things and wings...

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Collier's.

ALLAH AND AMERICA.

A Persian Legend About the Creator's Visit to Earth.

In Persia, on a morning after the virgin had been particularly vigorous, I said something caustic about getting back to God's country.

Well, this Armenian, rubbing his hands and with his head aked over on one side, said: "The Persians have a legend for everything. They have a legend for what you said just now. It is this:

"Allah—that is God—once said to his angel, 'I will see this world which I made.'"

"And so Allah and the angel descended invisible in a cloud to the earth, and the first place at which they arrived was France—that is, in Ferengistan.

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HE SLEPT IN SECURITY.

The Tonic a Small Boy Used For His Weak Feeling.

There is a 5-year-old boy in Massachusetts avenue who is of the blood of patriots. His grandfather was in both the Mexican and civil wars, and his father was also a soldier, consequently the little fellow has heard much "flag" talk in his short life and has exalted ideas of its protective qualities.

He was the baby of the family till very recently and occupied a crib bed in his mother's room. When the new baby came, Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother's, and as he had never slept alone before his small soul was filled with nameless fears which he was too proud to tell in full.

"It's mighty lonesome in here, mamma," he called the first night after he had been tucked in his little white bed.

"Just remember the angels are near you and caring for you," replied mamma from the other room.

"But, mamma," he objected, "I ain't acquainted with any angels, and I'd be scared of them if they came rustling round, same as I would of any other stranger."

"Now, Harold, you must go to sleep quietly. Nothing will hurt you."

"Can't I have the gas lighted in here?"

"No; mamma doesn't think it necessary, and it is not healthy."

There was silence for some time, and then the small voice piped up again. "Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"May I have grandpa's flag?"

"Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep."

"Please, mamma" and a small night-gowned figure appeared at the door.

"Just let me stick the flag up at the head of my bed, and then I'll go right to sleep, indeed I will! You know the other night grandpa said at the meeting that 'under the protecting folds of the flag the weakest would be safe, and I feel mighty weak, mamma.'"

He got the flag, and when his mother looked in on him an hour later he was fast asleep, with a fat little fist under his red cheek, holding fast the end of the "protecting" flag.—Washington Star.

"JES' COMMON OLE MISERY."

Why Rufus Suddenly Decided That He Didn't Have Paralysis.

The boy's name is Rufus, and he was busily engaged in polishing the doctor's shoes while he was being shaved. As was his custom, the doctor said, "How are you feeling, Rufus?"

"I ain't much. Kindly poohly, thank you, doctah," answered the boy.

"What's the matter?"

"Paralysis."

"What?"

"Paralysis."

Had the doctor not been so well acquainted with the negro race, he might have allowed himself to show astonishment. As it was, he determined to see what would result from further inquiries.

"Where's your paralysis?" he asked kindly.

Rufus was drawing a rag swiftly across the left shoe.

"In the right hip, doctah," he answered.

"It's probably rheumatism," suggested the physician.

"No, indeed. It's paralysis. I reckon I knows rheumatism and I knows paralysis. This is suttenly paralysis."

The doctor drew a good sized pin from the lapel of his coat.

"Well, Rufus," he said seriously, "there is only one way to tell. Come here. I'm going to jab this pin in your hip. If it hurts, then you have rheumatism. If you don't feel it, then you are right, and you have paralysis."

The boy did not rise, but drew the rag thoughtfully across the shoe. Finally he said:

"Doctah, I reckon you mus' know more about them things than I do. I know it ain't nothin but jes' common ole misery."—Kansas City Star.

What Forty Poles Make.

A good story is told about a certain professor whose business it was to lecture to a number of students on surveying. During one of the lectures, the professor said that in his opinion the pole was of little or no value.

To the astonishment of those present a Polish gentleman arose and, after accusing the professor of insulting his countrymen, demanded an apology.

The professor thereupon explained that the pole to which he referred was merely a term of measurement. The Polish gentleman, seeing his mistake, asked the professor to forgive his apparent rudeness. To this the professor smartly replied:

"You could not be rude, sir, even if you tried, for it takes 40 poles to make one rod!"

Quite Fit.

"Mr. Upner," said the prosecuting attorney, "this is an action in which the plaintiff seeks to recover damages for alleged injuries received at the hands of White Caps. Have you heard anything about the case?"

"No, sir," replied the salesman.

"We'll take him, your honor."

"Mr. Upner," asked the attorney for the defense, "do you know what a 'whitecap' is?"

"Yes, sir. It's a wave that's got foam on top of it."

"We'll take him, your honor."—Chicago Tribune.

Hard Luck.

Dashaway—Miss Pinkerly told me the other day that her doctor had put her on a meager diet, and I thought it would be just the time to ask her out to luncheon.

Cleverton—And did she accept?

"Did she? Well, I should say so. She informed me that there was one day in the week that he allowed her to eat anything she pleased."—Detroit Free Press.

THE ACT OF A HERO.

He Snatched a Life Out of a Pool of Molten Metal.

Three men came up carrying a long iron shaft, which had been cut in two, so that an iron ring could be inserted between the two halves. An empty crucible a foot wide and deep hung in the ring. The forward end of the pole held a crossbar, making it, as it were, a huge T. Two men held the T part of the pole; the third grasped the rear end. The crucible hung between. The remainder of the molten metal from the cildron was tipped into one crucible, and the men trotted off with it, the two in front with strained faces, the man behind driving them complacently, the oddest team in the world. He steered them through a doorway, and they emptied their crucible into a small mold. As they went they kept step in an unusual manner. Instead of stepping out right foot with right foot the left man's right leg and the right man's left leg went forward together, knee with knee, foot with foot. We asked why.

"That," said our guide, "is to prevent them from tripping. If they should fall, you know, that metal would pour over them."

"Of course such a thing never happened?"

"Yes, it did once. One of the men went down. The other jumped clear, but the fellow on the floor swam in it."

"Horrible! Of course he died instantly, poor man?"

"No; the foreman of the carrying gang, taking in the situation, made several terrific leaps for him, jumped right into the middle of it, picked him up and threw him out of it bodily. Then he jumped clear himself, with the stuff dropping from his shoes. They both went to the hospital, but they are all right now. Heroic, wasn't it? By the way, that's him, the foreman, Jim H., over there now. He is still looking after those fellows."

We looked over to where a big muscular fellow was directing a gang of men manipulating molten metal. He was not disfigured, and he did not look like a hero, but thereafter the grime that covered him seemed noble indeed, and he would not say a word of his feat when we sought to talk with him about it. But Jim H. will probably never want for a job as long as Baldwin's Locomotive Works in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

ONLY AN OLD SONG.

But It Illustrated the Curiosity of a New York Crowd.

It was only a song, and an old one at that, but it came near causing a block on the Broadway surface line the other day. The singer was as black as the coal in the cart he was driving, but that fact cast no shadow on his exuberant spirits. As he swung his chariot from Broadway into Cortlandt street he raised his voice. Then the trouble began.

When the notes of "Old Black Joe" rang out high and clear above the din of traffic, expressions of blank amazement overpread the faces of the hurrying pedestrians who thronged the sidewalks. Necks were craned in a vain search for the location of some newly patented phonograph. Crowds collected and gazed vacantly upon the air, as if they expected to locate the sound in some office window; teams were drawn up until a long line of trucks extended up Cortlandt street to Broadway, barring access to the street, that their drivers might ascertain the cause of the crowd's curiosity. Suddenly a newsboy cried:

"Ah, rubber! Don'tcher see it's only de nigger a-singin?"

The crowd laughed. The darky, now lustily holding forth on "The Suwannee River," turned sharply into Church street, totally oblivious to the excitement he had caused. The crowd then dispersed, and the long line of wagons began to move once more.

"Well," exclaimed a Jerseyman on his way to the ferry, "New Yorkers call country people curious, but"—He shrugged his shoulders and passed on.—New York Mail and Express.

Treasures of the White House.

There are doubtless in every large city in the country larger and more valuable collections of bric-a-brac and art furniture than that to be found in the private apartments of the executive mansion, but it is a question whether there is in the length and breadth of the land any other half so interesting. Rarity is, of course, a universal characteristic of the artistic gems scattered through the home of the presidents, but better than that is the fact that almost every piece is fraught with memories and associations that make it a prized possession. Of the whole number probably half are the gifts of kings and rulers, tokens of appreciation from friendly nations, and the remainder, having been fashioned especially for the White House, have no duplicates anywhere else in the world.—Woman's Home Companion.

Very Like a Scandal.

"This dollar that I hold in my hand," he said, "reminds me of a deep, dark, scandalous secret."

"Oh, George!" his wife exclaimed, dropping her hands in her lap and bending forward eagerly, "tell me about it."

"Yes," he went on, "it reminds me of a secret of that kind, because it's so hard to keep."

And then she refused to speak to him for three hours.—Chicago Times-Herald.

It's Withholding That Costs.

Diner—Come, tell me straight. Is it any real advantage to a man who gives you a tip?

Truthful Walter—Honestly, I can't say that it is, but it is apt to go hard with the gentleman that doesn't tip me.—Boston Transcript.

THE EXPERT'S THEORY.

It Was Too Inclusive and Weakened Him as a Witness.

One of the older members of the Baltimore bar tells this anecdote of the late Severn Teackle Wallis as illustrating the cleverness and sarcasm of Mr. Wallis:

Mr. Wallis was defending the wife of a wealthy testator, and, as the lawyers say, when the estate is large a lawyer "will wrestle with a will with a will." A prominent physician was called to testify for those contesting the will. The doctor became restless under the lengthy and exhaustive cross examination of Mr. Wallis, and finally he petulantly exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Wallis, I believe the testator was insane!"

Mr. Wallis kept his temper and said quietly: "Doctor, you are the first person who has ever intimated in or out of court that the testator was insane. Why do you say he was insane?"

"I believe," the doctor replied, "that every man is more or less insane on some one subject."

"Is it your deliberate professional opinion," Mr. Wallis then asked, "expressed here in court under oath, that every man is more or less insane on some subject?"

"Yes," the doctor replied, "I will say here under oath that from my reading, knowledge and experience I believe that every man is more or less insane on some one subject."

Then Mr. Wallis said in that fine tone of sarcasm for which he was noted, "Doctor, has it ever occurred to you that you are insane on the subject of insanity?"

Immediately the doctor fired up and exclaimed, "But, Mr. Wallis, I am not insane!"

Mr. Wallis arose and said: "Doctor, according to your own sworn theory, you must be insane on some subject. I pronounce you insane on the subject of insanity."

OLD DUTCH WERE CHOLERIC

They Called Each Other "Snappertjes," and Even Worse.

What a contentious crowd the inhabitants of the village, then known as Breukelen, now part of Brooklyn, was!

The early records are filled with reports of inquiries into the cause of rioting and disturbances of the peace. The early court records consist largely of actions brought for slander and assault. It is recorded that a man was arrested for calling an official a "snappertje," another was put in jail, charged with having called his neighbor a "dick beeste" and still another was clipped into jail for having called a certain official a "bloodsucker." Some of the old Dutch records make interesting reading.

And the court meted out justice in all these cases with a regard for common sense and a disregard for statute law that one cannot help but admire. One instance of curious adjustment of penalties may be cited:

The village tavern keeper and a contentious woman both appeared before the court, asking justice. They had quarreled. The woman had accused the keeper of watering his brandy, and he in turn had applied an opprobrious epithet to the woman. The court after hearing the evidence adjudged both to be guilty. With rare discrimination in making the punishment fit the crime the man was fined 6 gulden and the woman, who had impugned the quality of the brandy, was fined 20 gulden.

With hundreds of times the population today, the courts of Brooklyn do not have one-tenth the slander or assault cases that they had some 200 years ago, and, as for a riot, there has not been one of any magnitude even threatened in more than a score of years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Case Lincoln Would Not Take.

All clients knew that, with "Old Abe" as their lawyer, they would win their case—if it was fair; if not, that it was a waste of time to take it to him. After listening some time one day to a would be client's statement, with his eyes on the ceiling, he swung suddenly round in his chair and exclaimed:

"Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time, while standing talking to that jury, I'd be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar, and I believe I should forgive myself and say it out loud.'—Success.

Too Commonplace.

Little Jack—Oh, mother, I do love cake! It's awful nice.

Mother (reprovingly)—You should not say you "love" cake—say "like." Do not say "awful"—say "very." Do not say "nice"—say "good." And, by the way, the word "oh" should be omitted. Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly.

Jack—I like cake. It's very good.

Mother—That's better. Jack (with an air of disgust)—It sounds as if I was only talking 'bout bread.—London Tit-Bits.

A Change.

"Do you think people in the next world will follow the same occupations they do here?" asked the gossiping lady.

"No," said the churchman; "everybody will attend to his own business there."—Syracuse Standard.

To have a perfect stomach a man or a woman must dine well and breakfast and sup simply.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Instead of buying an article you do not need of an agent, pay what you owe.—Atchison Globe.

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The Lieutenant's Brother.

It may not be generally known that it is considered a serious offense for a German soldier, no matter what may be his rank, to appear in public except in uniform, even though he be on furlough. The army regulations strictly enforce that he must always wear his uniform.

A certain Lieutenant Schmidt, who was engaged in some lively adventure or other, dressed up as a civilian and was having altogether an enjoyable time until, on turning a corner, he unexpectedly met his colonel.

The lieutenant did not, however, lose his presence of mind. He pretended that he had never seen his colonel before and in a changed voice asked:

"Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Schmidt lives? I am his brother from the country and am paying him a little visit, but I happen just now to have lost my way."

The colonel quietly gave the desired information, and Lieutenant Schmidt, congratulating himself on his lucky escape, hurried home and put on his uniform with all possible speed.

He thought, of course, that he had taken in his superior officer, but such an idea was rudely dispelled when on the next day he met his colonel, and the latter said:

"Lieutenant Schmidt, if your brother from the country pays you another visit I'll have him placed in close confinement for 30 days."

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