

With Books and their MAKERS.

To Books.
Book lovers grateful tribute pay,
In prose or verse to write.
For well they know their magic power
To charm and cheer the darkness hour.
Like the sweet fragrance of a rose,
Their art, their benediction flows.
Like star-eyed daisy of the spring,
They have brought pleasure to our being.
While the choice wisdom they impart
Makes us wiser than we were at heart.
And the through books alone that we
Hold converse with antiquity—
With Homer and with Poesie's mind,
With history and with science's hand,
With philosophy and with art,
All to me cherished books impart.
Whether a field or volume be,
I welcome the volume—welcome,
I welcome the volume—welcome,
I welcome the volume—welcome,
I welcome the volume—welcome,
I welcome the volume—welcome.

MEN OF VICTORIAN ERA

Frederic Harrison's Estimates of
Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and
Other Authors.

Under the title of "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill and Other Literary Estimates," Frederic Harrison has collected a series of essays dealing with some of the most important and typical writers who have influenced thought in our field or another during the reign of Queen Victoria. Some of these "appreciations" have already appeared in the Nineteenth Century or elsewhere, but the piece on resistance of the volume, the long and elaborate essay on "Tennyson," is now published for the first time.

The conspicuous and surprising quality of Tennyson, according to Mr. Harrison, was his dainty felicity of phrase, his faultless chiseling and his imperishable refinement. Tennyson, though much of his work is no doubt destined to be shed in the course of time, as is so much of all writers, except the very greatest, has stamped his name forever on English literature as the poet, the most dominant poet of the long Victorian era, and as one of the chief lyrics in the whole of our poetic roll. He is destined to share with Milton the crown of consummate mastery of poetic diction. As a poet of nature, he stands beside Byron, Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. Byron is the poet of the mountains and oceans; Shelley of clouds and air; Keats of the perfume of the evening; Wordsworth, of the meaning and mysteries of the world; and Tennyson is the poet of flowers, trees and birds. Of flowers and trees he must be held to be the supreme master, above all who have written in English, perhaps all in any poetry. The meadow flower that blows does not inspire in Tennyson thoughts so deep as it did to Wordsworth; but Tennyson has painted them all—flowers, wild and cultivated, trees, herbs, woods, downs and moors—with the magic of a Turner. He speaks of trees and flowers, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall, with the same love and reverence that Wordsworth had for a daisy, so they seem to Tennyson, as they did to Turner, radiant with a faithful beauty which no man had seen before.

It is not only the supreme beauty of a poet of man's destinies, or as one of the creative masters of our literature, he has forever clothed the softer aspects of the world of man and nature with a garment of delicate fancy and of pure light.
Ruskin is treated more at length than any other author, and Mr. Harrison's judgment is timely in view of Ruskin's death. He holds that Ruskin has not been but high enough as a master of English. "I hold that, in certain qualities, in given ways, and in some rarer passages of his," says Mr. Harrison, "Ruskin not only surpasses all other writers in the English tongue, but more strangely beautiful and inspiring than any ever yet issued from that instrument. No writer of prose, before or since, has ever rolled forth such mighty fantasies, or reached such pathetic melodies in words, or composed long books in one sustained strain of inspired grandeur. If it were not for the trifling mechanical and prosaic habits which pervade Ruskin's writings, Ruskin would be 'the greatest master of English prose in our whole literature; but it is such mastery over language, such power as triumph over almost impossible conditions and difficulties, that compel us to regard him as one who could have become the noblest master of prose ever recorded, if he would only have set himself to curb his imagination, to subdue it, and to apply to it the same method that he applies to his thinking in his reader's capacity for pouring forth, as well as his own capacity for pouring forth, a torrent of glowing thoughts." (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Money and Banking.
Hercule White's Comprehensive
Treatment of Related Subjects.
Hercule White recalls attention to first principles in carrying out a course. He begins at the beginning of civilized life on this continent, and treats the related subjects historically. The science of money, he says, is much in need of something to revive it, and he has done so in a way that is attractive. It is the story of the struggles of our ancestors with the same problems that vex us. Indeed, a complete and correct theory of money and banking might be constructed from events and experiences that have taken place on the American continent, even if we had no other sources of knowledge. All the wisdom and all the folly of these subjects have been condensed into a slim volume within the space of less than 300 pages.
Mr. White divides his work into two parts, the first of which treats of money, the second, of representative money. Money, he says, is not only a commodity, but when representative, represents a commodity. It is true of gold as well as of base metals, tobacco, rapeseed, and banking. Under the title "Evolution of Money," the discussed money as a commodity, general monetary principles, coinage and legal tender. Money is held to be the product of evolution, a result of the struggle. The better has gradually crowded the worse out of existence. Our own history furnishes no exception to this rule, for although our colonial ancestors for a time went back to a system almost as rude as that of the Homeric period, they eventually abandoned it and resumed metallic money, which always served as a mental standard, even when it was not a legal one. The gold standard is next considered, and the experiences of England, the United States, Germany, France, Austria and India detailed, and the Brussels monetary conference reviewed. The gold standard, which has been adopted by the nations, one by one,

is an obviously natural evolution in human affairs. Society consists of aggregations of individuals, who in their private business prefer one ounce of gold to 16 ounces of silver, or 32 ounces, as the case may be. The impossibility of keeping the two metals in circulation simultaneously at a fixed ratio having made the choice of one of them necessary, gold was chosen rather than silver, because it was 16 times easier to handle, as a labor-saving machine it stood at the ratio of 16 to 1. As this physical property cannot be altered, the preference of mankind for gold cannot be changed. It is this preference which paralyzes all the international monetary conferences. Even if the so-called bimetallics were attempted, if anything different from the market or commercial ratio between gold and silver were chosen, there would be an immediate grab for gold, and "bimetallics" would be dead before it was born.

Mr. White discusses fiat money and banks at great length and with thoroughness. He considers the Scotch bank system the best in the world, and believes that we might borrow from it with profit. Credit has been systematically in Scotland to the last degree, and is found to answer all purposes so long as the paper sovereign can be converted into the gold sovereign at some convenient commercial center, at the pleasure of the holder. (Ginn & Company, Boston.)

FREDERIC HARRISON.



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Them.
The contents of "Them" in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy are the substance of lectures delivered in New York University under the conditions of Charles E. Deems' lectureship. The author, James Iversch, begins his work with a scientific view of the world, drawing the conclusion that the power at work in the world is an intelligent power. He then takes up the inorganic world, which he treats as a preparation for life. His following chapters deal with "Life," "Rational Life and its Implications," "The Making of Man," the question whether a rational religion is possible, "Personalism," "Religion," "The Agnostic Philosophy," "The Idealistic Philosophy."
Mr. Iversch holds that religion is universal and belongs to man as man. All man's hopes and his dreams have rolled forth such mighty fantasies, or reached such pathetic melodies in words, or composed long books in one sustained strain of inspired grandeur. If it were not for the trifling mechanical and prosaic habits which pervade Ruskin's writings, Ruskin would be "the greatest master of English prose in our whole literature; but it is such mastery over language, such power as triumph over almost impossible conditions and difficulties, that compel us to regard him as one who could have become the noblest master of prose ever recorded, if he would only have set himself to curb his imagination, to subdue it, and to apply to it the same method that he applies to his thinking in his reader's capacity for pouring forth, as well as his own capacity for pouring forth, a torrent of glowing thoughts." (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.
Features of the Month's Publications—Literary Notes.
"The Library of Congress," by Herbert Putnam, the librarian, is the opening article in the February Atlantic. Mr. Putnam gives first an account of the inception and history of the library, compares its neglect by congress with the liberality of parliament toward the British museum, and shows of what various character is the library's strength and weakness, and what should be done for the library to make it truly national and representative, and worthy of the magnificent home in which it is enshrined.
"The opening Period of the Boer War" is brilliantly described in the February Scribner's by H. J. Wigham (who made his reputation as a correspondent in the Spanish war). He is accompanying the

Modder river column and describes the movement of troops from Cape Town to the front. His own photographs give a realistic picture of the actual conditions encountered by the troops.
"Out of the Past," by Eleanor Hooper Corryell, is a study of the far-reaching and unforeseen working of the evil of illegitimacy. (Street & Smith, New York.)
An excellent illustration than St. Nicholas itself is pictured in the frontpiece of the February number of the only American magazine for young folks—to wit, the Sphinx; and picturesque facts about that prehistoric Egyptian creature—facts which which all children should be, but are not, familiar—are set forth by Emma J. Arnold, with illustrations by Harry Penn and Malcolm Fraser. The "Thruoutcast Colony" to which Elizabeth S. Brooks introduces his little group of historical travelers was New Albion.

The last of the "body" articles in the February Century is the one that will doubtless attract the most attention. This is the first installment of hitherto unpublished extracts from the private diary of Dr. B. E. O'Meara, Napoleon Bonaparte's physician at St. Helena. The original manuscript of this journal, in 13 little volumes, has come into the possession of the Century company, and is found to afford a surprisingly large amount of new material in the way of conversations with the exiled emperor. These "Talks With Napoleon" will form an important feature of the Century during the year 1900.

With the Ledger Monthly for February



West Through to China.
There was a man so very tall
(You'll see his height was great)
By an accident that happened
When he went out to skate.
He fell heading west through the ice,
And never stopped, 'til the sea,
Till nothing but his monstrous shoes
And a staked were left in view;
And every person present said
He'd die for want of air,
But his head went through to China,
And he did his breaking there.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

NEW YEAR IN CHINATOWN

Disappointment of a Little Chinese Maiden, Who Went Calling With Her Mother the Other Day.

It is safe to say there are American boys and girls in Portland who, during Chinese New Year, were made distinctly conscious of their own lack of anything special in the way of enjoyment, when they came in contact with the gaily-dressed little Mongolians who appeared upon the streets, not aimlessly, or searching for amusement, but in charge of their elders, and with faces aglow with happiness.

If a glimpse of their contentment aroused a feeling of envy among American children, the feelings of a little Chinese girl who was excluded from participation in the gayeties, because of her Americanization, may be imagined. Yet this is what Pearl Lee—who isn't her right name, by the way; she mightn't like that mentioned—had to bear, and she feels now that while it is all right to be an American girl Christmas and Fourth of July, being one Chinese New Year's is an entirely different thing.

"Don't play out too long, Pearl," her mother said, one day, about a week ago. "I want to take you to see Quilene and Choy Eng and Mae White this afternoon, and I'll have to get you ready."

Pearl was so pleased that she decided not to go out doors at all, but to stay in the house, so as to have the minute her mamma was ready to begin dressing her. She likes to go to Chinatown, where Mrs. Lee had spoken of taking her, although never before this particular afternoon, during New Year's week, had she come away feeling dissatisfied with her own pretty home, which is on the East Side, and surrounded by green fields, instead of being cooped up in a Chinese tenement.

Thought It Fourth of July.
"Mamma, are it Fourth of July?" Pearl questioned, as they walked down Second street, and just off from a balcony overhead, there went a big bunch of fire-crackers. The burnt ends of red, green and yellow fire-crackers, lying in the gutter at the edge of the sidewalk, together with the swinging lanterns and waving banners, helped make her think this.

"No, dear, it's New Year's," her mother answered. "Are there going to be a party?" she questioned, upon noticing that the children

been taught Chinese even more carefully than English.

Many Good Things.
The first thing that attracted her eyes was a red-covered table that looked just like those of which she had caught glimpses while coming through the hall. Upon it were piled oranges, citrons and many other things. A plate of candy—Chinese candy, of course—stood in the center, while near by was a saucer of preserved watermelon seeds; here and there were small bowls filled with rice, or with oil, upon which floated tiny flames or lighted wicks. In addition to these wicks, were candles, each having its wax of three different colors—red, green and yellow, interwoven, so as to form a very curious pattern. Further back on the table, and leaning against the wall, were tall ornaments, made of red and green and white paper, to represent camels, honey-suckles, white buds and green leaves.

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.



The family was too poor to afford a rocking cradle for the baby, so—
The inventive mind of the head of the house supplied the deficiency very nicely.

There were also paper birds and peacock feathers, with gold tinsel mounting, to be seen. Quilene's mother made tea for her guests, and gave them cakes, and lichee nuts, as well. Quilene wasn't home, so there was nothing for Pearl to do but wait patiently and listen to her mother and Quilene's mother talk. Now, "little pitchers have big ears," as well among Chinese as among Americans, and Pearl found out that "New Year's" isn't so much for children, after all, but more for grown people, although children are dressed in their best and taken to call upon their elders, which pleasure Quilene was having now.

"I'll show you, Quilene's presents," the hostess said, in Chinese, for she can't speak a word of English. She brought a little apron, queerly made of purple and yellow calico, and with a big pocket right in the middle of the front, which is convenient for popcorn, nuts or candy; a fan, a puzzle, and most important of all, the daintiest, prettiest little pair of slippers you ever did see. They were yellow. The lower parts were of soft white kid, stretched over wood, and the uppers of pale green satin, embroidered, or traced with birds and flowers.

Pearl was given the puzzle to amuse herself with, but she preferred listening to the conversation, which was not so easily at her and then chased her with it, while all the others, even Choy Eng, laughed at what they considered the fun. Pearl sought refuge with the grown people and took no further interest in the party, even refusing cake and lichee nuts when they were passed. She sat there, quiet as a mouse, an unhappy little soul, and finally concluded to get up, and go off to herself, until her mother noticed and said: "I see my little girl is getting tired; I must take her home."

FORSAKEN AND ALONE.



Johnny, the Elephant—I wonder why nobody wants to state near me! I'm just as sociable as any one!

Johnny, the Elephant—I wonder why nobody wants to state near me! I'm just as sociable as any one!

Johnny, the Elephant—I wonder why nobody wants to state near me! I'm just as sociable as any one!

Johnny, the Elephant—I wonder why nobody wants to state near me! I'm just as sociable as any one!

MISCHIEVOUS WILLIE AT IT AGAIN.



GRANDPA MAKES A REMARKABLE CAROL.

every woman as "auntie," so Pearl said to Quilene's mother, "Chow ah sun," which means "Good-bye, auntie," and they started for Mae White's. Miss White teaches a school where only Chinese children attend.

Pearl and her mother found Miss White at her school, and Pearl enjoyed herself better than she had at Quilene's. As the first place, there was a cunning little red rooster for her to sit in, which was ever so much more comfortable than the black hen she had just been occupying; then she wasn't so strongly reminded that Chinese New Year's isn't for Americanized little girls, although she did have to look at all the presents the children had brought their teacher—a crepe shawl, fans, handkerchiefs and fancy boxes were among them. Pearl had a dollar which, had she only known what was going on, she could have spent with her pleasure, who was very kind, and gave her pleasure to look at. No sooner, however, was she comfortably settled than her mother said: "Well, we must make a short call today, so we'll occupy that."

"Oh, no, mamma; let's stay right here. I don't want to see Choy Eng," commenced Pearl, but Mrs. Lee said: "Now, don't begin to tease," so, rather than be teased before Mrs. White, she went along, without making any trouble.

At Choy Eng's.
"New Year's" at Choy Eng's seemed just like "New Year's" at Quilene's, except that there was a party in progress at Choy Eng's. Nine or ten children, gloriously in all the tints of the rainbow, were present. For the first time, Pearl felt ashamed of her own dark blue accordion, platted shoes, and even of her red shoes and stockings, which she had helped choose, and of which she had felt so proud. But she started bravely to join in the same, and might have been able to play it without making any mistakes. It was very much like "button, button, who's got the bottom?"—had not a horrid war, with three different colors, leaped into his cue, pointed a lit lighted "punk" at her and then chased her with it, while all the others, even Choy Eng, laughed at what they considered the fun.

Pearl sought refuge with the grown people and took no further interest in the party, even refusing cake and lichee nuts when they were passed. She sat there, quiet as a mouse, an unhappy little soul, and finally concluded to get up, and go off to herself, until her mother noticed and said: "I see my little girl is getting tired; I must take her home."

Pearl cried even on the street, and when she went home, she was discovered to be so deathly sick, and the room was full of gas. The turkey was soon discovered and driven off, but it took quite a while for the sick to recover.

Benedictions.
Benedict to renew order and leave to unite.
Benedict penetrating and leave clove.
Benedict names of a tree and leave part of a crucifix.
Benedict an animal and leave earth.
Benedict a black mineral and have a drine ceremony.
Benedict to grasp and leave mallow.
Benedict to frequent and leave a relative.
Benedictions spell the name of one of our war ships.

Charades.
My first is in earth, but not in base.
My second is in earth, but not in mine.
My third is in base, but not in mine.
My fourth is in base, but not in mine.
My fifth is in base, but not in mine.
My sixth is in base, but not in mine.
My white is an animal, or a hero we all should know.

DOLLY WAS AFRAID.
The Joy Couldn't Help It, Though Baby Guarded Her.

Helen, 5 years old, was sent to bed alone on the third floor, Louise being sick and kept down in her mother's room. It was the first time Helen had thus taken on the grown person's burden, and she was so good about it that presently her elder sister crept up into the room to see how she was getting along, and to tell her a story. She found her with hands clenched around her doll and with her eyes and mouth screwed up tightly. Helen opened her eyes with a start and gasped: "Oh, sister!"

"Why, what's the matter, Helen?" "Well—you see, this doll is afraid, and I have to hold her hand. She is 'fraid of foxes and—figgers."

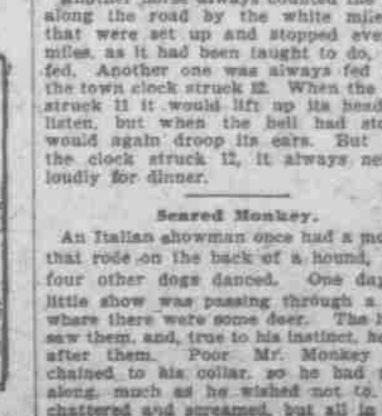
"Nonsense, dearie," the sister said. "Oh, but she's afraid of more than that—robbers and—burglars!"

"Well, why didn't you tell her that mamma and sister were right downstairs?" "Well, 'at is 'a funny part of it. I kept saying just as fast as I could: 'My mossaer is right down stairs, 'my sister is right down stairs, 'my mossaer is down stairs if I call—but 'at doll kept right on being 'fraid!'" —New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Toy Tiger's Wall.
I'm a little toy tiger for twenty-nine cents.
I have lost my sweet smile, and I rattle with
Gena,
And my soul overflows with this horrible
beast!
I've been here many moons and I'll never be
bought,
Full of wit to the brim, with myself I com-
mune,
And my diaphragm whistle is all out of time;
And I'm epured by the patron, and and
and and!
Who in preference buys a giraffe or a yak,
Oh, 'tis right from my nose to the tip of my
tail
That I argue with a dodelful, tempestuous wall;
While I yearn, all in vain, till I'm weary and
ore.
In the sunshine to play on such nursery food.
Oh, the joy I'll never know that a toy tiger feels
When by Tommy he's dragged all around on
his wheels.
And I never will dream with the horse and the
sheep.
In the pretty brass crib where he smiles in his
sleep.
Yet although from this counter I never maj-
wring,
I will try to look calm, and I'll proudly file
one.
To the fate that frowns grimly and seldom re-
lents,
I'm a little toy tiger for twenty-nine cents!
R. R. Muskatritz in Harper's Bazar.

Arithmetical Equires.
A Russian investigator has found that horses can count more numbers than any other animal. He established that a party can count four, a cat six, a dog eight, and some few dogs 20. But he found horses that could count more than this. One would plow across a field 23 times and would then stop and rest, but it never would again "drop" a cat's tail. But when the clock struck 12, it always neighed loudly for dinner.

Scared Monkey.
An Italian showman once had a monkey that rode on the back of a hound, while four other dogs danced. One day the little show was passing through a park where there were some deer. The hound saw them, and true to his instinct, he tore after them. Poor Mr. Monkey was chained to his collar, so he had to go on his own, and he whined and whined, he chattered and screamed, but all in vain.



It's gone. After looking a fellow of that size they're ready for all customers.—Denver Post.

The hound kept up the chase until the showman finally succeeded in stopping him and took the frightened monkey of his back. No roaring or threatening could ever induce the monkey to get on that dog's back again.

To a Dog.
Oh every-day I see your trace;
Your water-trousers and your apron,
Your empty collar in its place,
Providence the happy dog.
And you were here two days ago,
There's a little change, I see,
The sun is just as bright, but oh!
The difference is in me!

The very spot of your small pad
Is on the window-pane, as if you were,
When, for what was, or said or said,
Do you care on Alpha?

Oh, little face, an merry and wise,
Strike back and eager bark!
The house is 'magnificent for your eyes,
My spirit is somewhat dark.

Now, small, invisible friend, your love
Has saved me from a worse fate,
No more your wandering feet will ever
Beyond your own house-door.

The one that saved, your hearts are high,
The dog that saved will pass you by,
Long, long we'll be together,
With all your jowls and eyes.

It's so funny, you who has sent
His arrow all too true,
Would that his evil days were spent
Ere he took aim at you!

Your heart, dear, your welcome ways
Hound me, dear little dog,
Oh everywhere I see your face,
Oh, well beloved and true.
—Fall Mail Gazette.

Blue Jays as Tree-Planters.
An old-timer Arizona woodchopper says the blue jays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He declares that these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent pinon trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow.

He was walking through the pines with an Eastern gentleman, a short time ago, when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill in the earth and quickly flew away. When told what had happened, the Eastern man was skeptical; but the two went to the spot, and with a knife blade dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. That it will be seen that nature has plans of her own for forest perpetuation.

Shot Off the Draft.
Along in the night a large turkey climbed from the ridge of the roof on Ole Peterson's house to the top of the chimney and sat down, so as to get the benefit of the heat from the fire below, save the Swiss City (Pa.) Herald. Early in the morning, Mrs. Peterson and two children, sleeping in the room where the hard-coal stove was located, were discovered to be deathly sick, and the room was full of gas. The turkey was soon discovered and driven off, but it took quite a while for the sick to recover.

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beast!
I've been here many moons and I'll never be
bought,
Full of wit to the brim, with myself I com-
mune,
And my diaphragm whistle is all out of time;
And I'm epured by the patron, and and
and and!
Who in preference buys a giraffe or a yak,
Oh, 'tis right from my nose to the tip of my
tail
That I argue with a dodelful, tempestuous wall;
While I yearn, all in vain, till I'm weary and
ore.
In the sunshine to play on such nursery food.
Oh, the joy I'll never know that a toy tiger feels
When by Tommy he's dragged all around on
his wheels.
And I never will dream with the horse and the
sheep.
In the pretty brass crib where he smiles in his
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Yet although from this counter I never maj-
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