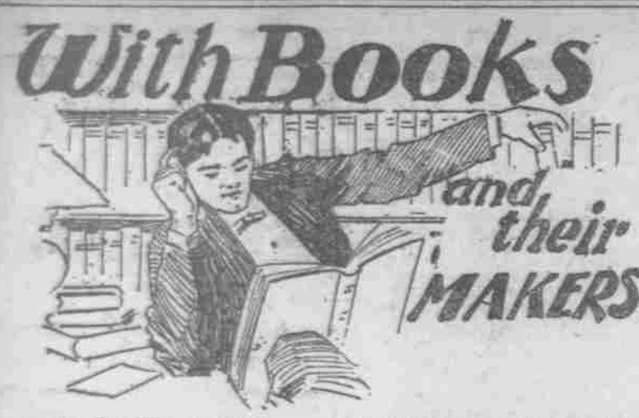


The Boy With the Book.

(Written after seeing an office boy at his desk.)

Oblivious to all earthly cares, he reads,
His brow contracted and his hair awry,
His eyes glued to a soiled and well-thumbed page,
His dirty collar slipping through his tie,
Who daubed his fingers with that yellow stain,
And closed his jaws upon that wad of gum?
Whose was the hand that glued him to that chair
And sealed his ears and made him deaf and dumb?

Is this the boy who guards the office door,
And answers messages upon the run—
Who bars the entrance of the beggar vile
And scares away the man who comes to dun?
Is this the lad who, one short week ago,
Seemed so demure and anxious for a "job"—
Who offered testimonials by the score,
Whose being seemed with love for work to throb?

What cares he for the scolding of the clerks,
The jangling bell, the summons, loud and cross?
Is he the boy whom fiction oft describes,
Who works his way from Office Boy to Boss?
Whence sprung that tangled growth upon his head?
Whence came those streaks of dirt upon his palms?
Whence came this flight, o'er which the angels weep
And utter anything but prideful psalms?

Where did he get those Feet so proudly sprawled
Before him, over which the passer trips?
Whose hand besmeared his boots with slimy mud
And spread molasses tally o'er his lips?
How different he, from the Ideal Child
Of whom J. Abbott wrote, the manly boy
Who toiled from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M.,
And counted labor an exquisite joy!

Who'll dare stir up this half-recumbent youth
Bending, preoccupied, above his book?
Who'll beard this little lion in his den
And stand unmoved before his awful look
When, goaded to slow madness by some man
Who rashly asks, "Is your Employer in?"
He deigns to raise his eyes from "Desperate Dick
The Demon Terror and His Deeds of Sin"?
What man so stout of heart, firm, unabashed,
As to remain serene, calm and unawed
When, in reply, the Awful Youth snorts forth
"What's that? He ain't In! What's Yer Name?"—
Oh, Lord!

—Ernest Atkinson in New York Sun.

LETTERS OF STEVENSON

Deep Humanity of a Favorite Author Revealed—Late Publications.

One day in the fall of 1888, in the island of Tahiti, Robert Louis Stevenson put into the hands of his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, a sealed paper with the request that it should be opened after his death. He recovered, as every one knows, and had strength enough to enjoy six years more of active life and work in the Pacific islands. When the end came, and the paper was opened, it was found to contain, among other things a request by Stevenson that Sidney Colvin should be asked to prepare for publication "a selection of his letters and a sketch of his life." The letters, with introductions and notes, are presented as a substantive work by themselves under the title "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to His Family and Friends." The biography is to be undertaken by Stevenson's cousin, Graham Balfour.

The author of "Treasure Island," "Across the Plains" and "Weir of Hermiston" did not love writing letters, and referred to himself as one "essentially and originally incapable of the art epistolary." His letters were often most informal, and he generally neglected to date them, but after his own whim and fashion he wrote a vast number. Events and facts, "sordid facts," as Stevenson called them, were not very often suffered to intrude into the correspondence. "I deny," he writes, "that letters should contain news (I mean mine; those of other people should). But mine should contain appropriate sentiments and humorous nonsense, or nonsense without the humor." Business letters, letters of information and letters of courtesy he had sometimes to write, but when he wrote best, says the editor of his letters, "he was under the influence of the affection or impression, or the mere whim or mood of the moment; 'pouring himself out in all manner of rhapsodical confessions and speculations, grave or gay, notes of observation and criticism, snatches of remembrance and autobiography, moralizings on matters uppermost for the hour in his mind, comments on his own work or other people's, or mere idle fun and foolery.'"

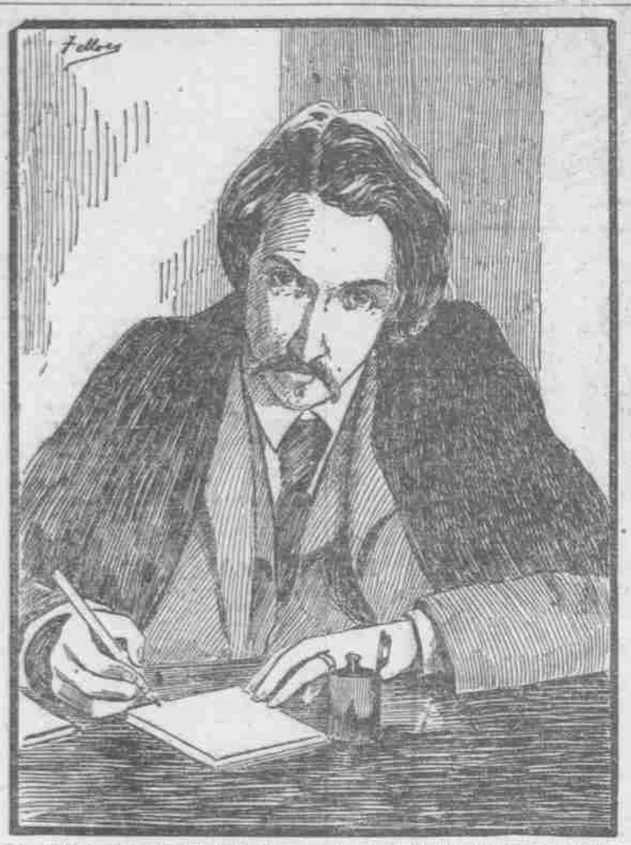
The letters do not represent Stevenson at all fully until about the 30th year of his age, the beginning of the settled and married period of his life. From then onwards they present a pretty full and complete autobiography, if not of his doings, at any rate of moods and feelings. Mr. Colvin has omitted many letters of Stevenson's boyish and student days as being too immature or too uninteresting, and many of the confidences and confessions of his later youth, whether as too intimate or as giving a disproportionate prominence to passing troubles. When he is found in these days writing in a melancholy or minor key, it must be remembered that at the same moment, in direct intercourse with any friend, his spirits would instantly rise, and he would be found the gayest of laughing companions. At one interesting period of his life, from about his 25th to his 28th year, he dropped the habit of letter-writing almost entirely. In choosing from among what remained, Mr. Colvin used his best discretion. Stevenson's feelings and relations throughout life were in almost all directions so warm and kindly that next to nothing had to be suppressed from fear of giving pain. It is, perhaps, better on the whole that the work should go on record without the least sting, but when we find some harmless criticism of the poems of Kipling, slightly veiled—that is, Kipling's name is not expressly given—it makes one smile at the caution.

The letters are an interesting and instructive study of mind and character of an exceptional order. No one can help being deeply touched by their sweet humanity. They bring into full view Stevenson the man, for it is not in books, but in letters written to those nearest and dearest, where there is no posing for the public, no strained conventionalities, no bar to free expression of mood, thought and feeling, that the real man comes out. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A NEW BISMARCK.

Headlam's Biography of the Great German Chancellor.

The story of Bismarck's life is so full of interest that in the hands of even a poor biographer, the book must of necessity be readable. When, however, coupled with the interest attaching to the subject there is the clearness of style, the sense of proportion, and the impartial judgment which characterize James Wycliffe Headlam's biography of the great chancellor, "Bismarck and the Foundation of the German Empire," the result is extremely satisfying. Mr. Headlam presents a vivid picture of the man and of his work, a work which is so closely interwoven with German history since 1848 that his impress is seen upon every great event. Bismarck's mother, Fraulein Mencken, was a clever and ambitious wo-



From "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson."—Copyright, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
PORTRAIT OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, AGED 35.

man. From her Bismarck inherited his intellect; from his father he derived geniality, kindliness and humor. "He was thus connected with the double foundation on which Prussia had been built. On his father's side he had sprung from the fighting nobles; on his mother's, from the scholars and officials. In later life we find that while his prejudices and affections were all enlisted on the side of the noble, the keen and critical intellect he had inherited from his mother enabled him to overcome the prejudices of his order."

Bismarck's mother designed him for the diplomatic service, but he did not take kindly to the work. "He was clearly deficient in that subservience and ready obedience to authority which was the best passport to promotion in the civil service; there was in his disposition already a certain truculence and impatience, and he therefore resigned his position and retired to his estate. In 1847, as a representative of the lower nobility, he was summoned to Berlin to attend the meeting of the estates general, and from this time the story of his life is interwoven with the history of his country. During the troublius period of the revolution of 1848, he was an ardent supporter of the king, and his services were rewarded by increasing favor, until he received the coveted appointment as president and foreign minister. His great services to Germany are well known, and while he was as undoubtedly unscrupulous and intolerant towards his political opponents, yet the reader cannot help sympathizing with him in his downfall. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Child Life in Colonial Days.

In her "Home Life in Colonial Days," Mrs. Alice Morse Earle touched a very fascinating phase of American history. As in that book she gave minute descriptions of the customs of our forefathers and mothers, so in "Child Life in Colonial Days," a companion volume, she has treated with the same skillful hand the child life of the same period. Mrs. Earle describes the way in which children were brought up, how they were educated, and how they amused themselves. About 150 illustrations complete the picture of Colonial childhood, and illustrate child's dress of the period and specimens of toys and furniture. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

Travels in China.

"The Yangtze Valley and Beyond," is an account of journeys in China, chiefly in the province of Sze Chuan and among the Man-Tze of Somo territory, by Mrs. J. F. Bishop. Few people are fully acquainted with the magnitude and resources of the great basin of the Yangtze, which, in the spring of 1898, was claimed as the British "sphere of influence." Mrs. Bishop writes that it was only at the end of eight months (out of 15 months in China) spent on the Yangtze river, its tributaries and the regions watered by them that she began to learn their magnificent capabilities, and the energy, resourcefulness, capacities and "backbone" of their enormous population. The area of the Yangtze valley is estimated at about 650,000 square miles, and its population, one of the most peaceable and industrious on earth, at from 170,000,000 to 180,000,000. The actual length of the river is not known, but it is believed not to exceed 3000 miles.

Although the great rapids in the Upper Yangtze make navigation dangerous, it is traversed annually by 7000 junks, employing a quarter of a million of men. So dangerous is it that on an average 500 junks are wrecked annually. Mrs. Bishop's thoroughness as a traveler is well known and her skill in recording what she sees is such that her readers seem to journey along with her. This latest journey through a land full of variety and contradictions proved to be most interesting. It was not without hardships and perils, but the author returned to Shanghai "truly thankful for the freedom from any serious accident which she had enjoyed, and for the deep and probably abiding interest in China and the Chinese which the journey had given her."

At the close of the second volume, Mrs. Bishop devotes a chapter to the opium poppy and its use, and draws a terrible picture of the hold the habit has upon the people, a habit which is rapidly increasing, and which threatenes to sap the hitherto remarkable energy of the Chinese. Following this is a thoughtful chapter on Protestant missions in China, in which the author gives some valuable practical hints. In conclusion, Mrs. Bishop discusses the future of China, which has now come to the dawn of a new era. Pressed on every side, and with the European nations thundering at her gates, China needs some such skilled and disinterested foreign advice as was given by Sir Harry Parkes to Japan when she embarked on her new career: "Whether the 20th century shall place her where she ought to be, in the van of Oriental nations, or whether it shall witness her disintegration and decay, depends very largely on the statesmanship and influence of Great Britain." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

Harper's Reviews the Present Condition of Science in Europe.

One thing is certain—the reduction in the price of Harper's Magazine to 25 cents has not affected its literary quality, unless it may be that it is better than ever. Dr. Henry Smith Williams presents in the February number the first of a series of articles descriptive of the present condition of science in Europe with a number of illustrations reproduced from the author's sketches. The commercial and political conditions in Central Africa and the Congo State today are outlined by Demetrius C. Boulger, and Archibald C. Colquhoun presents the first installment of a paper descriptive of Russian development in Central Asia. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart presents a paper on the commercial and industrial future of the Mississippi valley.

"The First Night of a Play," "Through the Slums With Mrs. Ballington Booth," "What It Means to Be a Librarian," by Herbert Putnam, librarian of congress, and "The Pew and the Man in It," by Ian Maclaren, are among the notable features of the February Ladies' Home Journal. An American Mother answers conclusively, "Have Women Robbed Men of Their Religion?" and there is an interesting article on Mlle. Chaminade, the famous composer and pianist.

The first article prepared with authority, upon the literary collection of the late Augustin Daly, appears in the February Book Buyer. It is concerned mainly with Mr. Daly's collection of early editions of Charles Lamb, but there are photographs showing the library and the basement "den," the remarkable Dutch portrait of Nell Gwyn, the Jonson and Shakespeare portraits, and other curiosities of the collection.

Among interesting articles which are being prepared for Leslie's Weekly are: "The Monroe Doctrine and Our Navy," by Captain A. T. Mahan; "Shall We Become a Maritime Power?" by Eugene T. Chamberlain, United States commissioner of navigation; "The New Century's Manly Woman," by Susan B. Anthony.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for February numbers among its literary contributors General Nelson A. Miles, Bret Harte, M. E. M. Davis, Edgerton Castle, Jeannette Walworth, Anna Randall Diehl, Jennie Betts Hartswick, Harold Bolce, Mabry De Zapp, and ex-Superintendent R. C. Jackson, of the railway mail service. All these writers are interesting in their respective lines, and the pictorial illustrations accompanying their articles and stories in this number are even more profuse and elegant than usual.

The Forum for February contains many articles of great merit, nearly all written by well-known authorities. Lieutenant-General Den Beer Poortugael, of the Holland privy council, contributes the leading article on "The Relation of England to the Transvaal"; an able paper is furnished on "The People's Party," by Senator Marion Butler, chairman of the people's party national executive committee. President Charles Dabney, of the university of Tennessee, writes a timely article on "Washington's University." David Wilcox throws new light on "The Futility of the Anti-Trust Issue," and William R. Thayer writes an unusually convincing paper on "Longevity and Degeneration."

The leading article in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for February is entitled "South Sea Bubbles in Science," and sounds a much-needed warning against the credulity of the general public toward anything labeled science, and their readiness to put money into enterprises depending on processes about which they knew nothing. It is written by Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard university. The mechanism of the trolley car is clearly described and pictured by William Baxter, jr., C. E. Professor Charles A. Briggs, who was recently expelled from the Presbyterian church and immediately admitted to the Episcopal ranks, contributes an interesting and very timely article under the title, "Is the Christian Religion Declining?" He believes not.

Invited Out to Tea.

Five pretty little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go—oh, do! for good we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—
Spoons in our right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;
We'll always say, 'Tea, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"
Then go, my darling children," said the happy mother cat.
The pretty little pussy-cats went out that night to tea;
Their heads were smooth and glossy black; their tails were swinging free;
They held the things as they had learned, and tried to be polite—
With spowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But ah! alas for manners good, and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk
They forgot their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups, and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughtily little kit set up a mew for more;
They knocked the teacups over quick, and scampered through the door.

—Our Dumb Animals.

THE STORK AND THE BABY

Dreadful Fate of Little Suschen, Who Was Dropped From the Sky by a Wicked Old Bird.

"Well, well!" said an old stork, as she stepped about the grass on her long legs. "Here's a baby; a real baby, to be sure! And left all alone here under the grape arbor, too! People who can't take care of a baby any better than this don't deserve to have one. I'll take her home with me. I know how to treat babies," and catching the white dress in her great strong beak, she flapped her huge wings and flew off—away and away, over the red roofs of the houses, out into the open country, never stopping till she came to her own nest and her three little ones on the roof of an old red barn.

Here she gently laid her burden down, and, standing on one foot to rest herself, she watched to see how her own children would take to this newcomer.

The three little storks had never before seen a baby, but they were delighted to have a new sister. They pecked at her dress and her white cap, while she stared at them out of her big blue eyes, for never before had she seen such strange creatures. She did not even put up her lips to cry, for she was not one of the whining, crying kind.

Pretty soon the good farmer came out to feed the cows, and, looking up at the storks' nest, he saw something that almost made his hair stand on end. Was it really a baby? Yes, sure enough! There was a white cap and part of a white dress. He could see it plainly. He called his good frau to come and see this strange sight, while he and the hired man got a ladder and attempted to mount to the top of the barn to rescue the stolen child.

Wicked Mrs. Stork!

But Mrs. Stork, as if guessing his intention, snatched the child in her beak, rose from her nest, and right before their very eyes, flew away, sailing off into the deep blue sky, until she and her burden were lost to sight. The good, kind-hearted frau threw her apron over her head and burst into tears: "Oh, that sweet little baby!" she sobbed. "How its poor, dear mother, wherever she is, must be grieving for it!"

Now, when the children, who had taken the baby with them to the orchard came back from their chase after the rabbit, they saw no baby. Where could she be? They left her sitting under the grape arbor. She couldn't have gotten away by herself, for she wasn't a year old, and couldn't walk. Gerta went one way and Hilda another, and Franz still another, searching for the missing baby; but after a while they all came back again to the grape arbor without her.

They went to the house and told the mother. Oh, what a crying and sobbing time there was!

"Where, oh where, was good baby Suschen?" was the cry. "Baby Suschen, who never cried, but sat all day, smiling and happy. Where was she now?"

They inquired of all the neighbors, they searched everywhere, but no trace of her could they find. Never again in all their lives did they see or hear of the lost baby!

Late on the same afternoon a small sailing vessel, carrying a party of ladies and gentlemen, returning from a fishing trip, was making its way up the river, when suddenly one of the ladies cried:

"Oh! oh! look at that!"

"A stork with a baby!" cried another. "Oh! how dreadful!" and immediately the captain was begged to stop the boat. The stork was coming in their direction, and perhaps she might alight on the deck. Oh, if she only would, and they could save that precious child!

The good captain gave orders to reef sails and drop the anchor, and by the time the boat lay still on the water the stork was directly overhead.

The passengers stood watching, breathless, when suddenly the great bird let go her hold and the baby dropped to the deck, striking her head on the boards with a terrible thud that caused the watchers to turn sick with dread.

A gentleman sprang forward and tenderly clasped the little form in his arms. Turning its head, he burst into a roar of laughter. It was a big rag doll!

No wonder she didn't cry when left alone under the grape arbor, nor when carried to the nest on the old red barn.—Sabbath School Visitor.

THORN THAT BLOSSOMED.

Good Deed of an Arab Chief Rewarded in Paradise.

Once upon a time, away out on the desert, an Arab was traveling with a caravan and a large amount of valuable silks and rich goods. He knew that the portion of the desert through which they were passing was frequented by robbers, and he was anxious to reach the end of his journey before night.

The men and the camels were all weary, for they had come a long way across the dry country, but now they were looking more cheerful, for they would soon be at a place where they could rest and not fear.

The chief was leading the caravan and looking carefully in every direction, so as not to be surprised by the enemy. All at once he heard a cry of pain, and, peering around, saw a boy not far from the path.

"Are you sick?" asked the chief.

"I have a thorn in my foot," said the boy, "and I cannot walk. Then the chief got down from the back of the camel and went to the boy and gently drew the thorn from his foot. He even delayed to cleanse the sore and rub some ointment on the wound made by the thorn. He inquired about how far the boy had to go and if he had any money. Learning that the boy had but little, he gave him a piece of gold and then went on his journey.

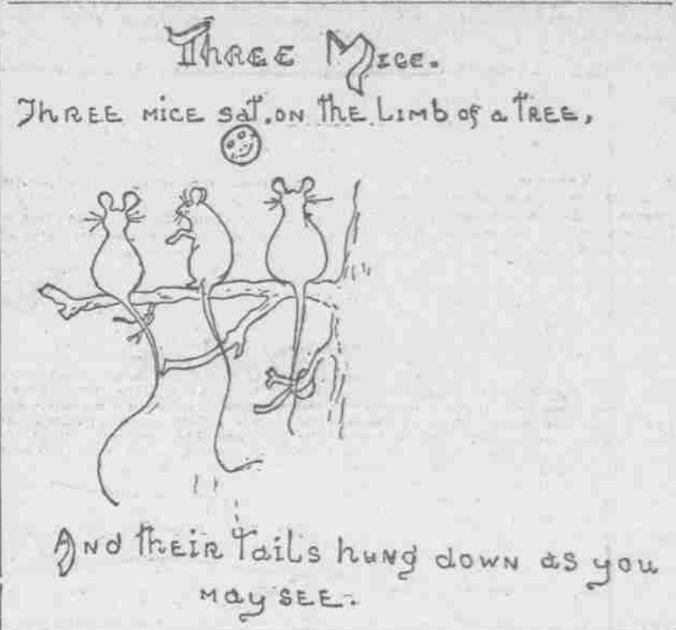
Many years after the chief died and went to paradise. What was his surprise to find himself at once in the midst of the most beautiful roses.

"Why have I so many roses?" he asked of an angel near him. "There are many others who have done more good who have not as many beautiful roses."

The angel smiled and answered: "Years ago you drew a thorn from the foot of a boy who was crying in the desert. That thorn has grown to be a large rose tree and the roses you see around you are the blossoms from that tree."

"One good deed done here below," says the Brooklyn Eagle, which tells this story, "is returned sevenfold in paradise."

THREE MICE.



GIANTS OF YORE.

Big People Who Have Lived in Years Gone By.

Wonderful giants used to walk the earth, even as we read in the Bible of Goliath, who was slain by the youth David. According to a French scholar, Adam, the first man, was 123 feet 9 inches tall, and Eve was only five feet shorter. Noah was about 27 feet tall, and Abraham measured not more than 20. Moses reached only the poor height of 13 feet, and finally man had to be contented with feeble little frames from four to six feet in height.

Many huge human skeletons have been found. It is said that the skull of Chevalier Rincon, whose remains were discovered in 1509 at Rouen, would hold a bushel of wheat. The shin bone was four feet long, and other bones were in proportion.

One of the world's famous giants was Patrick Coter O'Brien, who was born at Kinsdale, in Ireland, in 1761. He was eight feet three inches tall, and was the greatest giant of his day. He died in 1804. In the museum of Trinity college, Dublin, is the skeleton of a giant named Magrath, who was seven feet eight inches high.

A story is told that the Empress of Austria, in the 17th century, had all the giants and dwarfs of the German empire assembled at Vienna. They were quartered together, and fear was expressed that the giants would terrify the dwarfs. The contrary proved to be the case. The dwarfs tormented and robbed the giants till, with tears in their eyes, the giants begged to be protected from them.

The usual circus and museum giants of today are rarely over seven feet in height, but they wear high-heeled boots and high hats that add a foot or more in height to their appearance.

GO TO THE BOTTOM.

Professor Dewar Makes Liquid Hydrogen, in Which Corks Sink.

It seems odd enough, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, to speak of a cork sinking, let alone actually seeing it sink. "Light as a cork" and "it bobbed up like a cork" are familiar expressions to denote lightness. Of course a cork will not sink in water, but a celebrated English scientist, Professor Dewar, of the royal institution of Great Britain, has recently made a wonderful liquid, in which a cork goes to the bottom like a stone.

Hydrogen is one of the lightest of gases; it is used for filling balloons so that they will go upward through the heavier air. Well, Professor Dewar, by the use of enormous pressure and great cold, forced hydrogen into liquid form, just as steam, when cooled, becomes water. The same scientist had already astonished the world by making a liquid of air.

Now, you cannot see the gas, hydrogen, any more than you can see the air; it is perfectly colorless. Similarly, the liquid made from hydrogen is colorless; it looks like clear, sparkling spring water, and it is by all odds the lightest liquid known. A cork dropped into it will instantly go to the bottom; even a feather will sink through it at once.

Although a liquid, it isn't wet, and it is so cold, being over 400 degrees below zero, that it actually causes the air above it to become liquid, and then it freezes this liquid air into ice, and the air-ice being heavier than the liquid hydrogen, it sinks at once to the bottom, where it can be seen—an icy white lump. It seems odd to have the ice at the bottom of a liquid, instead of on top. Of course, liquid hydrogen is very costly, because it requires such great pressure and such great cold to produce it, and it cannot be kept long, for it boils away rapidly, although it is kept in a vacuum tube covered with liquid air. And although as cold and a liquid as well, it will burn fiercely, exactly like hydrogen gas.

HOW THE 'GATOR GOT HIS MEAL.

The Ducks—Ah, here's a place to light on—this old log.

The 'Gator—Now, if I can keep from laughing for a second, I'll—

Get a good breakfast!—New York World.

HE GOT A BITE.

—New York World.

"IS THAT YOU, FRANK?"

Polly Scares Burglars Away From Her Owner's House.

A Philadelphia daily relates the story of a parrot that protected her owner's home from burglars, who had entered through one of the front parlor windows. They crept through the hallroom past the bird and began jimmying open the sideboard in the dining-room, where the silver was kept. One of the other men gathered up the costly Turkish rugs on the floors, and another was taking down the curtains, when Polly spoke up.

"Is that you, Frank?" she queried.

The burglars stopped as if they had been shot. Polly repeated the question in a louder and more imperative key. The noise of the parrot awakened her master. He grasped a revolver, which he had bought only a few days before and kept under his pillow, and made for the head of the stairs. He pressed an electric button on the wall and lit the lights in the hallroom, when he saw three men struggling to open the front door. It's promptly opened fire, but they succeeded in getting away. Mr. Fistar then went down stairs, where he found the parrot in her cage under the piano. The cage was upset, but the bird uninjured. The owner placed her right side up upon the piano, when she lifted her frightened head from under her wing and asked:

"Is that you, Frank?"

Seagulls Visit London.

A very interesting example in wild bird life is attracting attention just now in London. Several years ago a couple of seagulls, during some very cold weather, found their way to the lake in St. James' Park, and discovered that people liked them and would feed them. That couple must have said things to their pals. Every winter since some have returned to the park; and each year it has been noticed that the number increased.

This year, however, they have come in huge flocks. They now form the chief attraction in St. James' Park, and they are so numerous and so daring that they beat off the ducks from all the feeding given by the crowd. Some will feed from the hand, and all will catch food that is thrown to them.

A Little Housewife's Dream.

I'd like to sail away in a boat,
And never come back at all,
To go drifting along upon the waves;
The waves that are placid and small.

Or else I'd like all day to ride
In a carriage open and easy,
Over downs and meadows just sunny enough,
And o'er hills that were gently breezy.

Or, failing both these, I'd like to lie
In a hammock and swing and swing,
With a beautiful cherry tree over my head,
And two little birds to sing.

When I was hungry, the cherries should fall,
And when I wanted to slumber,
The two little birds should change their tune,
And sing lullabies without number.

Or, better than all, I should like to repose
On a couch in a splendid saloon,
Arrayed, of course, in beautiful clothes,
And thinking about the moon.

While a pretty youth should play the guitar,
A second should tell me a tale
And a third should stand by with a plate of
ice cream,
And some iced lemonade in a pail.

But instead of all this I've got cooking to do;
Washing and baking and mending;
And as for the rest—well, it's just the truth,
Woman's work is never ending.

—S. K. Simons in Brooklyn Eagle.

Youthful Precocity.

A little girl who had just entered school lately jubilantly announced to her father, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, that she did better than all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and went to the top.

"That was smart of you," said he, encouragingly. "How was it?"

"Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the top how much was 7 and 5, and she didn't know, and said 12; then the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next one 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go up top. Course it was 13."

"That was nice," said the father. "I didn't know you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?"

"Why, I guessed it! Nobody said 13."

Cows With "Specs."

Cattle with spectacles are to be seen on the Russian steppes. The steppes are covered with snow more than six months of the year. The cows subsist on the tufts of grass which crop above the snow, and the rays of the sun on the snow are so dazzling as to cause blindness. To obviate this calamity, it occurred to a kind-hearted man to protect the cows' eyes in the same way as those of human beings, and he manufactured smoke-colored spectacles which could be safely worn by cattle. These spectacles were a great success, and are now worn by upward of 40,000 head of cattle, which no longer suffer from the snow blindness which once caused such suffering among them.

An Enigma.

My first is in shout, but not in bellow,
My second in hurry, but 'tis not in slow,
My third is in ocean, but not in the river,
My fourth is in alms, but never in giver,
My fifth's not in Hell Gate, you'll find it in harbor,
My sixth in the cool, shady depths of the arbor,
In the old cat my seventh, but not in the kitty,
My last in New York, that up-to-date city,
My whole a green mat o'er a lovely isle spreads,
To make this out quickly won't puzzle your heads.

He Had Fa, That Time.

"Papa," asked Tommie, "is it cowardly to strike something littler than you, that can't defend itself?"

"It is, indeed," replied the father.

"Well, I don't know," reflected Tommie; "I don't see how we could light the gas without striking a match."—Brooklyn Eagle.