

Uncle Seth on Browning.

I've been a reader 'Browning'—our schoolmarm
said he writ
The tallest kin' or poetry the world's disk
great yet
Now I like poetry better'n pie, or any kin' er
sassa,
An' hanker for't like winter cows a-hankerin'
for grass.
I took the book down to the brook, sez I, "I'll
hev it rich,
I'll soak myself in poetry an' sentiment, and
sich.
The brook'll kinder keep in tune, the bobolink
an' birds
Will sing their song, an' so keep time with this
great poet's words."
An' so I started in to read; 'twas just like
ridin' round
In a jig, bumpin', dingle cart right over new
plowed ground;
An' now an' then the ax 'ud break, an' down
you'd go keefer.
Then two or three more wheels 'ud bust, an'
then the boss 'ud stop.
An' then he'd start off on a rush, an' go
a whirlin' round—
Sometimes the cart 'uz sideways, an' some
times upside down;
An' then there'd come an awful jolt, a kinder
crash crash—
An' fust y'd kn' w' the dingle cart 'ud bust
an' go to smash.
I s'pose that's where the poem stopped—I
didn't read no more;
My bones wuz mazed, permiscu'-like, an' all
my joints wuz sore;
The bobolink flew up a tree, an' never raised a
yelp.
An' I went home, an' thirteen weeks wuz laid
up 'th the grip.
—S. W. Foss.

THROUGH FERN AND BUSH.

Graphic Description of Some of the Queen
Sights in Australia.

Once my friend suddenly drew rein,
writes William Sharp in *Harper's Magazine*,
in an article on the magic of the
bush, and motioned me to do likewise.
For a few seconds I heard nothing,
then sharp and clear through the
silence rang the crack of a long whip,
and I expected to see some stock-rider,
or perhaps some strayed packman,
issue from the scrub. With a quick
"Hush!" my companion whispered to
me that what I had heard was only the
"whip bird," and that what he wanted
me to see was a lyre bird, whose native
note he had heard a moment before
close at hand. Very shortly a some-
what low but sweet burst of melody,
though within a limited compass, came
from a glade to the left, the greater
part of which was shrouded from sight
by intricate fern-tree growths; with
rapid transitions the song thereafter
rose and fell, now imitating the joyous
freedom of the magpie, now the laugh-
ing gurgle of the jackass, now other
forest denizens. Again silence, and
then—right in the midst of the fern
glade—I saw for the first time a bird I
had often heard of and which I was
anxious to see. The lyre bird,
or mountain pheasant (*Menura superba*),
is extremely shy and though by no means
rare in certain districts is thus com-
paratively seldom seen. In size it
very closely resembles the common
pheasant, and is of an auburn-brown
color; but it would not be a specially
attractive bird were it not for the large
and delicate graceful tail-feathers,
which, when fully erected, exactly re-
semble the instrument after which the
bird is called. Like the shark, and
perhaps the cuckoo, the mountain
pheasant is generally accompanied by a
satellite, in this instance the latter
being a small, jerky little bird, popu-
larly called the "pheasant's mother"—
but none such was visible to our eyes
on this occasion. The whip bird, or
coach-whip bird, referred to is gener-
ally heard in the scrub proper and has
received its name from its habit of em-
itting its loud cry or note with an abrupt
crack like that produced by the long
lash of a stock-whip.

As we rode on the sun grew higher
and higher in the heavens, and a gradual
silence crept through the forest with
the ripening noon. The scrub which
had lately been so full of life appeared
to be deserted by its noisy denizens
and only at rare intervals the muffled
chuckle of the jackass broke the still-
ness. Ere long we came suddenly upon
a rare sight in an Australian forest,
and a few yards farther brought us
within the charmed circle, than which
I have seen nothing of the kind more
lovely. Immediately before us lay a
quiet pool, of an intense azure hue at
its center, but with wide margins re-
flecting the green fern-tree fronds and
all else flowery and beautiful that
grew near, so that its edges with
great quantities of a beautiful species
of iris; beyond, and forming a circular
wall, varying from five to eight or nine
feet in height, were thick magnolias in
magnificent full bloom and whose de-
licious fragrance made the air seem
heavy with sweetness; over these waved
the long, delicate green fronds of the
tree-ferns and shimmering acacia
sprays, while beyond a glimpse was
caught of the summits of the lofty
blue-gums darkly silhouetted against the
purple-blue sky. Not a breath of wind
stirred leaf or flower; not a sound was
heard save a faint, almost inaudible,
hum at regular intervals, or an
occasional subdued rustle—as of a
leaf falling to the ground or a bird
drowsily shifting its position in the
dense green shade. Hark! what
was that? Like a far-away village bell
a soft sound, rings of rarer swells,
and melodiously through the still air,
and now another—a silvery tolling, ex-
quisitely impressive and even solemn
in these hushed and lonely solitudes.
Wonderfully and at first startlingly
strange as the illusion was I had al-
ready fathomed that I was listening to
the bell of no forest sanctuary, when
my friend whispered to me: "The bell
bird!" The solemnity of the noon
seemed to deepen, and the promised
vigor of the day to subside into a
luxurious dream. Having dismounted
and tied our horses to a tree, we be-
took ourselves to an hour or two's mid-
day rest, and as we lay below a huge,<
spreading tree-fern lazily smoking, with
the scent of the magnolias in the warm
air, and the dreamy call of the distant
bell bird rising and falling at solemn
intervals, we became drowsy, and
doubtless each indulged in a good deal
of unspoken sentiment. If so, it cer-
tainly did us no harm. From our rest-
ing-place on a slope above the pool we
could just see the blue line of a distant
range rolling away northward, and be-
hind it some outlying summit of the
misty Bogongs.

Morning and evening the Australian
forest is awake; at noon it is asleep.
No greater contrast can be imagined
than between the morning hours and
those of midday in mid-summer. In
the former the very flowers seem to
possess an active existence. Myriads

of such, larger and more brilliant than
those we are accustomed to in our
northern latitudes, lead the air with
the sweetest scents. At sundown
again there is a revival of life, but not
of so cheerful a disposition. The
tree-locusts in myriads shriek their
deafening "p-r-r-r-r-r"; drowsy opos-
sums snarl in the gum-holes, and flocks
of cockatoos scream as some great gray
kangaroo bounds past them like a be-
lated ghost. If there is marshy ground
near, the deep boom of the bittern, the
wail of the curlew, the harsh cry of the
crane, mingling possibly with the
strident screams of a returning flock
of black swans, will add to the concert.
In a moment of silence one may be
startled by the mocking laughter of
the jackass or the prolonged howl of
the wandering dingo. The howl of
night is not so still as the universal
quiet of midsummer noon.

A Japanese Romance.

In an account which he gives of a
visit to Count Ito, one of the most
famous of modern Japanese statesmen,
Sir Edwin Arnold relates the following
incident in the history of the count:
At the time of the fierce strife which
arose between the partisans of the Shogun
and the loyalists, who were endeavoring
to establish the ancient regime, Count
Ito was paying his addresses to the
lady who is now his wife, and while he
was a fugitive from his enemies there
came a time when they had tracked
him to her house and had chosen a band
of soshis to assassinate him. The noise
of their dogs and the rattling of their
sabers was heard, and the count, trapped
like a royal stag in his mountain pleasure-
house, drew his Bizen blade and prepared to die as a Japanese
lord should, amid a circle of dead
foes. But while he murmured "Sayonara"
and knitted his fingers round the
shardskin hilt of his sword, the brave
lady whispered: "Do not die; there is
a hope still," upon which she removed
the hibachi or firebox, over which they
were sitting, and lifting up the matting
and the planks beneath, induced her
lover to conceal himself in the hollow
space which exists under the floor of
Japanese houses. The murderers
broke into the room—a ferocious band
—just as the firebox had been replaced
and the count had assumed a position
of nonchalance. They demanded their
victim, and when she protested against
their intrusion, and bade them search if
they wanted Ito, the wretches dragged her
about the apartment by her long, beautiful
black hair—now touched with silver—and
grievously maltreated her, but could
not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks
to this Count Ito, the hero of many an
other strange adventure, escaped from
the chief peril of his career, and has
lived to give his country a new con-
stitution and to be one of the foremost
and best reputed statesmen of modern
Japan.

How One Man Proposed.

I was very much amused at the
article published a few days ago on
"How Girls Are Proposed To." I
think the way I proposed was just as
unique, and the time and method a
little more novel than the methods the
fellows in that article adopted.
It was a case of love at first sight,
but the girl didn't know how I felt,
neither was I sure that she cared a
continental for me. She was a modest,
retiring, bashful little thing, and while
I wanted to tell her how much I loved
her I was afraid to. One Sunday
night, the fourth time I had called, I
made up my mind fully that I wanted
her. But she was so shy I thought it
would frighten her away if I spoke.
About 10 o'clock I proposed a game of
cards, and, in a joke, suggested that
we play for a wager, and that she put
up herself against me. She modestly
consented.

I thought I was going to lose, and I
knew if I did it was a last chance, even
if it was a joke. Well, I won, and
told her with a laugh that she be-
longed to me. After sitting and look-
ing at each other a few moments I took
her hand and said she must always pay
her losses, and that the hand I held
was mine. She looked at me with a
smile and said quietly:

"Well, if you want it you can have
it."

I won that girl by a game of cards
on Sunday, but we neither have
greeted the violating of the fourth com-
mandment. Perhaps my method may
help some other bashful couple.

—Globe-Democrat.

Oriental Ideas of Punctuality.

The indifference to time characteris-
tic of orientals was illustrated in many
amusing ways when first a railway
was opened in a new part of India.
Nothing but bitter experience could
convince the natives that a train, un-
like the bullock wagons they had been
accustomed to, would not wait an
indefinite time to pick up passengers.
The deputy commissioner had on one
occasion, shortly after the opening of a
new line, sent his servant with his of-
ficial letter-bag to meet the train, and
was much annoyed at seeing the man
presently returning with it, having
missed the train.

"You had not a half a mile to go,
and you know that the train left the
station at 3 o'clock."

"Yes, truly, your majesty," replied
the man in an aggrieved tone, "but
when it strikes three the train goes
from there."

That was sharp practice of which he
had no previous experience, and it was
evident that he did not think it very
creditable to the company.—*Temple Bar*.

The North Pole.

Norwegian navigators still cling to
the idea of discovering the North Pole.
Their hopes are based upon the fact
that various articles from the Pacific
are occasionally found stranded on the
coast of Greenland, having been car-
ried there by some current. A notable
instance of this is the finding there of a
pair of oilskin trousers, marked with
the name of one of the crew of a vessel
that had been wrecked on the Pacific
side of Behring's Straits. It is argued
that where a pair of trousers can go a
properly-constructed vessel ought to be
able to follow by virtue of a supposed
current between the two oceans via the
Arctic Pole.

MAKING PLAYING CARDS.

Processes by Which the King, Queen, Jack
and the Rest of Them Are Produced.

It is surprising the great number of
playing cards that are used. One
factory alone, in Ohio, turns out an
average of 30,000 packs a day. The
owner attributes the present great de-
mand principally to the progressive
enclave craze, and says that the Amer-
icans are the greatest people on the
globe for amusements at cards. A re-
porter of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*,
who visited the establishment, was told
in answer to numerous queries about
the ways of manufacturing the cards:
"Much of the process is a secret with
us, but still I can tell and show you a
great deal. The Bristol cardboard for
making the cards consists of two sheets
glued together by being passed between
two immense rollers. The cardboard
must then be dried, pressed, glazed and
prepared for further work. The card-
board is prepared in sheets large
enough to contain a whole pack of play-
ing cards."

"What's this?" asked the newspaper
man, as he saw a large revolving ma-
chine turning out endless—or seem-
ingly so—rolls of white paper, with one
side printed the color of variously fig-
ured calico.

"It's the process of printing the
paper which is to be pasted on the back
of cheap playing cards. It's printed
on the sheets of cardboard? Well, it is
now ready for printing. The printing
is a fine art, too, as so many colors are
often put on at one impression. After
being printed the sheets are dried and
then sent to the cutting machines to be
cut into strips as wide as a playing
card is long. These strips are care-
fully assorted, measured and then
passed to the 'punchers,' or machines
which 'punch' or cut out the separate
cards, every one of which must be
punched separately, great care being
necessary in order that the punching is
done accurately, otherwise the margin
of the cards will not be true and they
will present an ugly appearance. The
punching is a wonderful process and
the machines which do it are almost
human-like in their motion and dexter-
ity."

Ancient Feet.

A noticeable thing about the statues
found in our museums of art, supposed
to represent the perfect figures of
ancient men and women, is the ap-
parently disproportionate size of their
feet. We moderns are apt to pro-
nounce them too large, particularly
those of the females. It will be found,
however, that for symmetrical perfec-
tion these feet could not be better. A
Greek sculptor would not think of such
a thing as putting a nine-inch foot on
a five-and-one-half-foot woman. Their
types for these classical marble figures
were taken from the most perfect
forms of living persons. Unquestion-
ably the human foot, as represented by
these old sculptors, was larger than
the modern one, and in fact, the primi-
tive foot of all people of whom we
have any record, either in printing or
statuary, was considerably larger than
the restricted foot of modern times.
The masculine foot, forming an ap-
proximate average of four different
countries, was about twelve inches
long. This would require at least a
No. 12 or 13 1-2 shoe to cover it com-
fortably. The average masculine foot
to-day is easily fitted with a No. 8 1-2
shoe, and is therefore not above ten
and seven-sixteenths of an inch. Now,
by the old sculptural rule of propor-
tion, a man five feet nine inches in
height should have a foot eleven and
one-half inches long, or one-sixth his
height. It was of no great conse-
quence what size sandal he wore, but
he would have required a modern shoe
of at least a No. 11 for real comfort.
For women, allowing for the difference
in the relative size of the two sexes,
which was about the same then as
now, a woman of five feet, three inches
in height would have had a foot ten
inches long, requiring a modern shoe
—it ought to be spoken only in a whis-
per—No. 6 as the most comfortable for
that foot or a No. 5 1-2 as the limit of
torture. The reason for the difference
between the old classical foot and the
modern one is obvious. Restriction is
what has done it.

Beautiful Ecuador Women.

The females of Ecuador are proverb-
ially for beauty, those among the aris-
tocracy being said to have the fairest
complexions of any in South America,
while all possess large, soft and ex-
pressive dark eyes, the blackest and
most abundant hair, the whitest teeth,
well-rounded figures and small hands
and feet. Like all women in the
tropics, they mature early and fade
quickly, but perhaps their average span
of forty years includes more heart-
happiness than comes to women of
colder climes in three score years and
ten, for these are harassed by no
"carking cares" or high ambitions.
Indolence, religious superstition, and
faithfulness unto death are their most
prominent characteristics; their passion-
ate natures are completely satisfied in
the love of home, husband and children,
and for them the whole universe lies
within the limits of vision. What
higher praise could be bestowed upon
the women of any country? To be
sure, they are notoriously untidy in
dress and habits, but the manta or
paueloni, like the mantle of charity,
covers a multitude of sins. As the
paucho, for men, is the universal and
most useful garment for the middle and
lower classes, answering for a coat by
day, a coverlet by night, an umbrella
when it rains and a basket when there
is anything to carry, the female manta
is worn by all classes and is equally in-
dispensable, since it hides unkempt
hair and all defects of toilet.—*Ecuador
Letter*.

A Canton paper estimates that 75,000
people die every year in China by fire
and flood.

Worse Than Leprosy

Is Catarrh and there is but one prepa-
ration that does cure that disease, and that is
the California Positive and Negative Elec-
tric Liniment, sold by The Pharmacy. It
also cures neuralgia, rheumatism, headache,
sprains, burns and all pains. Try it and
tell your friends where to get it. Sold by
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and we take pleasure in telling the public
what it is. Such a medicine we found
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, last winter,
when la grippe was prevailing. We are sat-
isfied that we would ward off several attacks
that were threatening by the use of this
syrup, and we have since relieved, in a few
hours, severe colds, and in the course of two
or three days, entirely broken them up by
its use, as have several of our friends to
whom we have recommended it. It is all
that it is represented to be by the manu-
facturers. If you have a cough and want to
stop it Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will do
the work. Sold by T. Graham.

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