EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

JUST ONE YEAR OLD. Just one short year ago be came, A heaven-sent treasure he is ours, To care for and caress him, No matter if the days be drear, Our hearts be never fails to cheer.

When to my work I go away I stoop and softly kiss him; And through the long, long hours of day sadly, sadly miss him: Until at last, at set of sun I go to him when work is done.

With outstretched arms and winning

He coos a loving greeting: Tis hard to tell which one of us Is happiest at our meeting. This joyous trollesome young elf, His loving mamma, or myself.

His dimpled arms around my neck Cling close in soft caresses; While 'gainst my bronzed and bearded

cheek. His dewy lips he presses. Oh, little love! Oh, baby mine! You closely round my heart-strings twine

God grant that in the years to come He ne'er may know a sorrow; May peace and happiness be his, With every coming morrow, And may Thine everlasting arm. Protect and keep him safe from harm.

Oh, baby mine, when years have flown, And I am old and hoary, When you to man's estate have grown, And strong in manhood's glory, Oh, never may our hearts grow cold, Dear buby boy, just one year old.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

"Oh ! papa, pfui! how can you?" The old high bailiff of Krohn pushed away the pretty little hand that his eldest daughter sought to place over his mouth.

"No," he said, "I will not keep quiet, I repeat that the whole custom of sending New Year's cards is a d-n bad one, and it is time to put an end to it.

What are the results of such nonsense? "First, I get my mail bag later than usual, and, secondly, it is crammed so full with the stupid stuff that I can

hardly get it open!" At length the old gentleman's efforts were rewarded, the bag sprang open, and he emptied its contents with im patience on the breakfast table.

"ToFraulein Katharina von Krohn, he read. "My God! are they all for you, Kathinka?"

"Don't be so unbearable, papa, and please don't call me Kathinka." The old gentleman replied to his daughter's request with an unintelligi-

ble growl and went on drinking his cof-"Just look what a lot there are for me!" cried Katharina, piling the letters

upon the table in front of her and her face lighting up with pleasure. "Are they all for you?"

"Yes, all. Now you can see what it is to be known as a beauty." "And an heiress," added the father.

"Yes, and an heiress, she repeated. houghtfully. "But is there nothing there for my lit tle Lill?" asked her father.

Katharina shrugged her shapely shoulders impatiently. "Why, of course not. If a girl ex bects to be shown much attention she

must be a little more pushing and important." "And an heiress, too," was the fath

er's laconic addition to the sentence. "I really should be very grateful, father, if you would not allude so much

to my money," was the rather curt pro "I can't help it, Katharina, when I see my little Lill here, as beautiful as the flower that gave her the name, and-

well, she is not an heiress, do you on derstand? That's the whole thing." Katharina made no answer. was busily studying the handwriting on the envelopes. A young girl who had hitherto sat op

posite to her in silence left her seat, went up to the high bailiff, and putting her fair young arms round his neck, gave him a kiss, A world of love shone in his eyes as

he looked at her with pleasure and stroked her soft cheeks. "Never mind, Lill," he said, slowly

"I am glad that you don't get such a pile of letters. I'm grateful, too, that you're not an helress. Perhaps then no one will take you away from me. Tears came into the girl's eyes, for,

though she said no word, yet the thought that no one had remembered her or cared enough for her to send her a New Year's card made her sad. But she forced herself not to cry and tried to concenl the few tears that would not be kept back by kissing her father again lovingly on the eyes and lips.

The high bailiff of Krohn, the father of these two girls, had married twice. His first wife, a lovely, proud, but vain, woman, died soon after the birth of a little daughter, and left her the whole of a large fortune. His second wife, the daughter of a country clergyman, brought him no wealth but a sweet and beautiful disposition. When she, too, died after two years' married life he felt overwhelmed and had never since wholly recovered from the blow.

Katharina, the elder of the stepchilchildren, had just finished her twentieth year, and, as she was as proud, pretty, and just as valu as her mother. had already laughed at many proposals for her hand-and money. No one had so far been able to take her fancy.

Lill was in almost every respect the opposite of h r sister. Small of figure, quiet and retiring, it happened that she was often entirely overlooked. It certainly was not right of a father to love one daughter more than another.

Still he did so, and it was plain to everybody that it was the soft, sweet, patient Lill who was his favorite. It made Katharina feel annoved to

see her father so gentle and affectionate toward her sister, for she said, with a sharp look at them both:

"What! kissing again! I cannot understand how you find pleasure in always lying round each other's necks." "You are out of sorts, Katharina." said her father. "One of the cards you expected has not come, perhaps. I paps."-From the German.

would almost wager that among all those letters there is none from Baron Horn! Eh?"

Katharina grew a shade paler at these words. "I certainly expected a card from Baron Horn," she replied, trying to conceal her annoyance. "He surely has sent me one! Are you sure you emptied the mail bag thoroughly?"

"Yes, I think so. But you ha better look yourself; it would not be the first time that a letter has remained stuck in one of the corners." "Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Kath-

arina, pulling a crumpled letter out of a deep corner of the bag.

She glanced quickly and sharply at the address, and then with an exclamation of vexation let the letter hurriedly

"Not from Baron Horn, after all?" asked her father, picking it up, "and yet -that is his writing. Heavens! why, it is for you, Lill; it's addressed to you." "Oh! impossible!" said Lill, quietly,

while a faint blush rose to her pretty cheeks. "It must be a mistake. "By no means," returned her father,

smilling. "Here, open it. Let us all see it. Oh, what a lovely card! Why, Katharina, where are you going?" But the father received no answer.

. . . The above-mentioned Baron Horn turned from Africa. It was well known the Von Krohn family, and under all manner of pretexts took every opportunity to be with them. Of course every one thought that the attraction was the rich and beautiful Katharina, and she herself took particular pains to

spread this view of the matter. Accustomed as she was to a large number of enthusiastic admirers, she had never for a moment imagined that the baron could interest himself in her in Christ, quiet little sister until she was reminded to-day in a rather unpleasant manner of the possibility of such a thing.

She rend her letters through and beame better humored.

"How stupid of me to get so cross." she said, as she smiled at her lovely face in the glass. "It is not possible that he favors Lill when he knows me." There came a gentle knock at the door, and the servant girl came in and

announced that the carriage was at the door. Katharina at once remembered that

Baron Horn had promised to go for a drive with her, and with this thought her face grew bright once again. A charitable bazaar was to be open-

ed in a neighboring town, and, as the father was not able to go, Baron Horn had offered his escort to the two young Indies. The baron was as punctual as most

lovers-that is to say, he came half an hour before the time, and found Katharina quite ready, to his great astonish ment, for as a rule she kept everybody waiting half an hour, at least.

Her purpose of frustrating a tete-atete between Lill and the baron was completely successful, for she did not move from his side until they all three were ready to get into the carriage. The father stood with beaming face

on the doorstep and waved a fond farewell after them.

"This Horn is a very sensible fellow, he thought to himself, "and I admire his choice. It will be very hard to lose Lill, but I would let him have her rather than any one else."

Although the bazaar was crowded the arrival of Baron Horn and his two levely companions caused considerable excitement, and they were speedily surrounded by acquaintances. Among these was a Capt. Linke, a

tall, blende fellow, and one of Katharina's most sincere and faithful admirers. "How glad I am to see you here," he

"Really? Why?"

"May I show you why? Please com with me. At the other end of the hall there is a fortune teller, and I want you to see what she will tell you. "May we join you?" asked the baron.

"Certainly. Come, we will all go together." The mysterious room that held the tune teller proved to be a little figure in

the middle of a disc. Round the disc were figures and numbers and slips of paper arranged. Anyone who wanted to see into the fu ture paid a mark, set the figure revolving, and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Now, my genaediges fraulein," said the captain, taking out his purse, "won't you try your luck?

But Katharina refused positively to be a party to such nonsense, and, inusmuch as Lill could not be persuaded either, the baron asked permission to inquire of the oracle himself.

He set the figure in motion and took the slip of paper opposite which it stop-

"Seek her hand and buy the ring. Thy

life will then be full of joy," ran the

The baron tried to catch a glance from Lili, but she appeared to be absorbed in the nature and character of the floor and would not raise her eyes. "Potz Blitz," cried the captain, turning to Katharina, "that is famous; you really must be persuaded to try it now.

Or, shall I do it for you?" "You may do it for me," she replied in such sharp tones that everyone look-

The captain turned the the figure and read the words: "Hast thou not often heard it said-" He hesitated; then tore the paper up and threw it on the floor. The conclusion of the sentence seemed to suit the many proposals that Katherina had received too well for him to read !"

"What was the rest, captain?" asked the baron, in all innocence. But the captain looked so displeased that the ques tion was not pressed.

"I wonder what it was?" Lill whis pered to the baron "We shall learn later, perhaps," he

card this morning?" "Yes," she answered softly, with a blush.

tune teller told me just now? If I buy the ring will you wear it?" He drew a deep sigh of relief as he saw his answer in her happy, blushing

She lowered her eyes and said: don't know. You must first speak to RAM'S HORN BLASTS.



T is always expen sive to be wrong. Closing the heart against men, keeps God out. The man who

morrow. Everything in a Sunday school should be bright. except the black-

board. would never sing if it had to learn how

from the guinea ben. The man who will not look ahend will have to stay behind.

The man works hard who spends his time looking for an easy place.

Whoever keeps the devil away a child gives to Christ an army. If grave stones were reliable, the

devil would always dress in black. Any one can do much for the Lord who is willing to begin low enough. The man who does not give as the

Bible tells us to does not give at all. It is of more profit to have a conwas a young nobleman who had just re- tented spirit than a fat bank account. Before God could speak to man, he that he took great pleasure in visiting had to make some symbols to do it with.

live in this world without making it better.

People who live only for themselves are always little, no matter how big they feel. Love in a parent or Sabbath school

teacher can no more fail than it could If we could see men's hearts as God sees them, it would not be so hard to

love them Are you doing anything for the Lord abroad to their homes. Hand-stamped that your best friends don't know anything about?

Win a child's heart and you will have something that will brighten two livesyours and his.

The truth may be buried, but this world is too small to make a grave deep enough to hold it.

MEXICO'S RACE OF PIGMIES.

Known Only by Tradition, Their Locality Is a Mystery. Somewhere hidden in the heart of

that land of marvels. Mexico, there is without doubt a nation of pigmies. Few they are, but fierce; short of stature, but long of life. Science, which in this latter day goes out into highways and hedges and compels all sorts of curiosities to come in, has not been able yet to put its positive finger on these people. But the Aztec traditions, to the horse ranches of Nevada, Idaho old before the beginning of history, have said that they existed.

There is echo of the story in the early histories of that land full of wonders. Field and Farm. Prescott only told of a small part of the strange things to be found in Mexi-

It was in the beltef that we had the clew to almost the precise location of these tiny folk that I started to journev into the wilds of Mexico. So definite was the information upon which the expedition was based that I thought we might go directly to the home of the

I-knew there were mountains to climb and rivers to cross, hundreds of hard miles to travel, untold hardships to face, but to find the pigmy Aztecs was a great enough accomplishment to tempt any scientific man to make all physical discomforts seem trivial.

I went. I invaded the remotest and most uncivilized districts of the great country to the south. Of the men and customs I have seen many, and studied them from the United States border to the 1sthmus. I have seen strange peoples and gathered relics of a bygone civilization, but the race of pigmies we could not find

I do not say that they do not exist, but merely that I did not find them. They may still be hidden somewheree among those mountains, where some fortune teller was reached. The for- day some lucky man will find them and

bring them to light. At any rate. I have come back to the haunts of every-day, modern people and the duties of every-day life, wiser and happier than when I started on my mission. The story of those wanderings in Mexico will be a wonder story to tell by and by and a rich memory for old age. Frederick Starr in San Francisco Examiner.

What Marco Polo Did. He was the first traveler to trace ; route across the whole length of Asia, says one of his blographers, "describing kingdom after kingdom that he had seen with his own eyes." He was the first traveler to explore the deserts and the flowering plains of Persia, to reveal China with its mighty rivers, its swarming population, and its buge cities and rich manufactures; the first to visit and bring back accounts of Tibet, Laos, Burmah, Slam, Cochin China, Japan, the Indian Archipelago, Ceylon, Farther India, and the Andaman Islands; the first to give any dis tinet account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia; the first to speak even vaguely of Zanzibar, Madagascar, and other regions in the mysterious South, and of Siberia and the Arctic Ocean in the terrible and much dreaded North. Although centuries have passed since young Marco Polo grew to man's estate while treading his dangerous way among these distant lands, we must still look back to his discoverles for much that we know about those countries; for we have learned nothing new of many of them since his time .-

A Worderful Flower.

The most wonderful flower in the world, as well as one of the very largest "blossoms" known, is a native of the Malay peninsula. It is simply a eplied, "But did you get my New Year's gigantic flower without either stem or leaves, and has more the appearance of a fungus than anything else. It is about three feet in diameter and has a "And do you remember what the for- globular central cup which has a ca pacity of nearly two gallons. This cup is always filled with a fetid liquor which attracts an immense swarm of flies and other insects. The pistils of this queer flower distill the liquid and It is believed that the rank odor attracts the flies in order that the flower may be fertilized.

AMERICAN SADDLES.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Some Gems of Art Turned Out in the

All over North America for many years Cheyenne saddles have been famous, and every equestrian outside of the United States cavalry and of the Northwest mounted police of Canada, has either had his horse tricked out does well to-day with Cheyenne leather, or has wished he had. The fancy work on saddles, holsters and stirrup hoods, that once made Mexican saddlery famous and expensive, long ago was copied by the Cheyenne makers, who kept up the fame and beauty of American horse trappings, but made them so cheap The goldfuch as to be within the means of most horsemen. In the old days when Western cattle ranged all over the plains and the cowboy was in his glory, that queer citizen would rather have a Cheyenne saddle than a best girl. In fact, to be without a Cheyenne saddle and a first-class revolver was to be no better than the sheep herders of that

When the writer was in Cheyenne the other day the first places he looked for were the saddle-makers' shops. He was surprised to find only one showy, first-class store of the kind, and, instead of there being a crowd in front of it, there was no sign of more business than was going on at the druggist's way. The goods displayed in the windows were beautiful and extraordinary. There were the glorious, heavy, hand-No one who loves as Christ loved can stamped saddles; there were the huge, cumbrous tapaderos; there were the lariats or ropes; the magnificent bits that looked like Moorish art outdone and there were mule skinners and the fanciful spurs, and, in short, the windows formed a museum of things that a cowboy would have pawned his soul for. The metal work was all such as a cavalryman once declared it, "the most elegant horse jewelry in creation."

Englishmen and Germans now buy the fanclest and best trappings to send saddles cost from \$13 to \$85, but \$35 buys as good one as a modest man who knows a good thing will care to use. Cowgirl saddles were on view-seven of them-with rigging for side seats and with stirrups made in slipper shapes. It is not that there are really half a dozen cowgirls in the world, or half a dozen women like the Colorado cattle queen, or the lady horse breeder girls who have to ride a great deal, and they have foud fathers and brothers, and still fonder lovers; hence the manufacture of magnificent side-saddles, all decked with hand-stamped patterns, and looking as rich as the rich est Bedouin ever dreamed a horsegear being made. There is still a good trade in cowboy outfits that are ordered from Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas, and similar goods go and Oregon. Moreover, as long as

Tranquil, But Severe.

"My boy," said the examiner, in the friendliest of tones, to a lad who had just finished a piece of Latin prose, and was about tremblingly to place the composition in the gentleman's hands, "my boy, I looked over your shoulder while you were writing; you have every reason to be satisfied with yourself, and with care, will get a scholarship easily, and a good class in 'Mods' as

well. The examiner whose kind manner reassured the nervous boy had been sent by the University of Oxford to test the classical attainments of the Bath scholthin, very tranquil, with that studied softness which seemed to conceal a severity that could be merciless. That side of his character showed itself a and the pensive and still more melo few hours later. Mr. Escott describes the exhibiton, in his book, "Platform, Press, Politics and Play."

It was winter; the Avon was frozen over, and examiner and examinees were skating over the surface, the former no less at home upon steel shod feet than in the teacher's chair hearing a recitation in Greek.

An overgrown lout, whose knorance in Greek grammar had been detected by the examiner, thought he would obstruct the examiner's progress and send him sprawling. Fancying that his act was not observed, he placed in the path such obstacles as happened to be at hand. Along swept the examiner. and as he came to the obstruction, lifted with a single stride his tall form across the barrier.

"My young friend," he called out in a voice heard by all, "the next time you want to play any of these monkey tricks, try them on one of your own height. And now, remember that you have in front of you for to-morrow the verbs in Mi, which may present difficulties to you, greater even than this truck and broomstick did to me."

The laugh was turned against the Ill-mannered lad, who, as his conquerer left the river, shouted, "Three cheers for the examiner!" The man was Mr. Percival, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and to-day Bishop of Here-

The Temple of Serpents. The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for a loathsome den called the Temple of Serpents. It is a long building dedicated to the priests and mystery men of the kingdom, and in it they keep thousands of snakes of all kinds and sizes. These slimy, crawling creatures literally own the village, as well as the temple, which has been erected for their special accommodation, and may be seen hanging from the rafters and door posts of any house in the town. In Werds to kill a serpent is a crime punishable by death. The serpents in the sacred temple are fed by a regular corps of hunters, who are paid for their services out of the public exchequer.

Feminine Firs Department. The little town of Nasso, in Sweden, has a feminine department, 150 strong, in its fire brigade. The water works of the village consist simply of four great tubs, and it is the duty of the women "fremen" to keep these full in case of fire. They stand in two continuous lines from the tubs to the lake about three blocks away, one line passing the full buckets and the other send-

It is dangerous for people to understand each other too well.



The Coal Supply. According to the estimates of the President of the Reading Railroad, Mr. Harris, the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania originally contained 14. 453,400,000 tons of coal, of which 2,532,-000,000 tons have already been mined. leaving 11,921,000,000 tons yet untouched. At the rate of 45,000,000 tons a year this would last 265 years, but as about half of the remaining supply would probably be unavailable for mining. the fields may be practically exhausted in 130 years. Mr. William Griffith estimates that the coal supply in the Wyoming district of Pennsylvania will last for fifty-two years longer.

The War on Moths, According to the Scientific American near by, or the stationer's over the the only effective way to protect furs and clothing against the ravages of moths is by keeping the moth-millers from laying their eggs in the goods, Moths dislike the smell of camphor, cedar, tobacco, etc., "but If the eggs are really laid the grub will pursue its destructive work without paying any attention to the odors, and would do so were the smell many times more pungent." It is said that furriers have no other secret for keeping furs than this, viz.: they wrap the furs tight in paper, and carefully paste the ends so that no openings remain for insects to get through; and once a month, at least, they examine the goods, beat and air them, and then carefully reseal them in paper.

The Delineascope. Lient, Col. P. Neville has invented an instrument for military and topographical surveying called the delineascope. This consists of a small portable camera having a lens with a fixed focus: The lens is directed downward and has beneath it a mirror inclined of Wyoming, but there are Western at an angle of 45 degrees to the axes of the lens. This throws a picture of the landscape with right and left reversed on the tracing paper on a horizontal object glass. By using a focusing glass the main features of the landscape are traced on the paper, which is then reversed on a card ruled in squares similar to those in the notebook into which the sketch is to be copied and recorded. The details can then be added by eye and the more exact numerical data entered on the margin of the page. The bearing of the men ride horses there will be a trade center line of the picture, taken with a in fancy outfits for them.-Denver prismatic compass, furnishes a base line from which the bearing of other line scan be scaled.

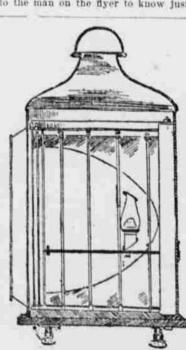
Bird Music.

In Mr. Nehrling's treatise on North American birds, now being published in successive parts, he calls attention to a singular arrangement of bird songs, a kind of daily musical program, which nature seems to have fixed. The robin, he says, opens the music from the earliest daybreak, singing in a serious and solemn strain but the bob link, with its cheerful and rollicking notes, does not begin until sunrise when the robin has almost ceased. The morning program thus proceeds from grave to gay. In the evening, according to Mr. Nebrling, this order is reversed, "and after the comedy is concluded nature lulls us to repose by the mellow notes of the vesper sparrow dious strains of the solitary thrush.

A Headlight Signal.

A new idea in headlight signating has been brought out by H. J. Davis, of Pueblo, Col. Instead of using the simple curtain to darken the light when the train is in siding to clear, he employs a shade that shows a red headlight when the train is on siding, but not in to clear, and a blue headlight when they are in to clear.

In these days of fast time on single track roads it would be a great relief to the man on the flyer to know just



NEW READLIGHT SIGNAL.

how things are fixed at the station he is approaching-if there is a train there now with a clear headlight he is not sure whether they are in siding, with the rear end hanging out, or on the

Mr. Davis uses shutter slides made up of panels of red and blue glass. These slides are carried in the right side of the headlight case, and are shoved ahead and over the front by rods running back to the cab. These shutter frames are made of metal and hinged, sliding in grooves top and bottom of the case, so plainly shown in the engraving.-Locomtive Engineering.

Great Expectations.

Little as there is to be said for the system of "lips" in general, it is at least a comfort to know, as one does this country, where the practice of common, there seems to be absolutely nothing, except the size of one's pocket- fortably off his own land."

book, by which to regulate such expen-

ditures. A Chicago physician dropped into a restaurant on his way home from a "case" not long ago, and ordered a modest luncheon. When he had finished eating, he called to the girl who had been waiting upon him, and asked for his check. She handed him one for co cents, and he gave her a dollar,

Five minutes passed, and the waitress did not appear with the change, The Doctor was in a hurry and grew a little impatient. Another five minutes and still no change. Five minutes more, and his time being money, the Doctor concluded to give up the change and go.

At the door of the restaurant he was stopped by the proprietor.

"Excuse me-but you have not paid your check. "I have paid it."

"Excuse me- I am sure you have "I paid that girl," said the indignant

physician, "and after wasting fifteen Thou hast the storm a welcome room minutes waiting for my change I am going away without lt." The proprietor summoned the wait-

"Didn't I pay you a dollar for my 60cent check, and don't you owe me 40

cents?" demanded the Doctor. The waitress opened her eyes. "My!" she said, "you pay for your check at the desk! I supposed that dol-

lar was a tip." PRETTY COIFFURES.

Gr-ceful and Becoming Modes Dressing the Hair. It has finally come to pass that in the matter of the coiffure few intelligent cultivated women follow any universal mode or iron rule in the arrangement of their hair to suit the features of their friends or neighbors, but in accordance with their own particular cast of countenance and their individual fancy. As a result one notices at any fashionable evening gathering a medley of graceful and becoming styles of colffure that not infrequently are quite

an artistic study.

The compact lustrons braided coil at the back of the head is popular with many, especially women who elect for the trim princesse or the open-back poke bonnets. There are high-rolled coiffures in pompadour, Josephine and Medici styles, with or without the full puffs above the roll; bow-knots on the sides, or at the top of the head in the back, with glittering diamond or paste pins thrust in here and there; low, broad Russian colffures with hair in deep waves over the brow and sides of the head; Greek knots with classic fillets of narrow gold or silver set with tiny gems, to bind down the ripples of hair-a very special style seldom to be ventured upon; braids a la chatelaine caught up with a large Alsatian bow or hair ornament; the Clyde style, with a few short, airy curls bound with a soft braid of hair in the center of the head or in the nape of the neck, as proves most becoming. There is, likewise, the Naomi confure, in which a length of abundant bair is lightly braid ed and colled round and round the crown of the head like a fluffy aureole. and fixed with tiny, gem-set pins.

There are other arrangements, combluing tresses knotted, braided and waves, giving the effect of a great wealth of woman's crowning glory, or severe colffures adjusted with plain, rich tortolse-shell pins, Spanish styles, olan with the inevitable blob comb as a finishing touch, and colffures in unique modes of the ultra-English order, the hair parted in the center, and minus puff, wave or ornament; and lastly, the short-cut style, curling all over the head, and parted on the left, with little side-combs to hold the rings of hair in place above the temples, New York Evening Post.

Knew His Master's Terms.

A well-known English actor is passionately fond of dogs and delights in making them his constant companions. Seldom is he seen unless accompanied by one or more of his pets. A manager about to produce a new piece required the services of this actor for a special part, and so dispatched his acting manager to make the engagement. In due course the latter arrived at the house of the histrion, which is in the country, and found him resting, after a long walk, in a large, comfortable arm chair. After a few civilities the acting manager proceeded to business. Was the actor at liberty? He was. Could he accept a part of such and such a nature? He could. And now about the salary. Well, the acting manager And snapped the strings I loved to reli thought they could give him so and so. "What?" roared the impulsive actor, starting to his feet. "What?" At the same mement from under a chair a huge bulldog thrust its head between its master's legs and growled and showed its teeth in the most ferocions manner. The startled visitor made for the door, exclaiming as he did so: "All

right; name your own terms?" Some time after another manager asked the acting manager for our actor's address. The acting manager gave it. "Do you want him?" he asked. "Yes," said the manager. "Then, for goodness sake," was the reply, sure to offer him enough, for he has a dog in the house that knows his terms.

Lowell's Americanism.

Writing of the essay on Democracy which Mr. Lowell delivered in England, Mr. G. W. Smalley says: "It probably reached the English mind as no other ever did, and laid before them once for all the American idea of government by the people and for the people, of which Lincoln's lumortal statement was but the text. Lowell's was the sermon." In another part of his article, published in Harper's, Mr. Smalley quotes from a letter written by Mr. Lowell, while visiting Southboro, Mass., the home of his daughter. The extract displays the pure, genuine Americanism of this man of letters.

What has interested me most has seen the town and its people; a pure democracy just as it came from the Cape a hundred and forty-three years ago. I often thought how hard it would be to make an Englishman understand it at all-much more, think

life tolerable under such conditions, "Everybody is as good as everybody else, but no better, and neither wishes nor pretends to be. I found it delightin Europe, how much is expected. In ful, and could ask no higher praise for our institutions than that they have from the branch of a tree near the place "tipping" is becoming more and more wrought such a result as this. Everybody is poor, and everybody lives com-



Lone dweller by the lonely lake Remote among our northern hills Round wooded shores thy loud cres me The sleeping echoes, rudely break The singing of the rills.

At thy home by the water's elg. The waves may plash about thy brug May, playful, lift and rock thy set Built on the reedy sedge.

Thou art a ruler in good right, Strong master of all winds that his Thy wings outstrip the storm-cle Thy swimming is the swallow's flight Seen in the depths below.

Thou sittest with a sovereign grate The broken waters of the pond. And, quicker than the eye can tran Hast shifted to another place A good half-mile beyond, Ah! said those loud, demoniac cris Borne on the startled listening at,

As if from nether world did rise

In agony to earth and skies An outburst of despair, Proud is thy mate, as side by side Ye cleave the air with whiming wing. Your brood that patiently abide At home, rejoice, your forms descried Those wild notes heard to ring

Which Are You? There are two kinds of people as are Just two kinds of people, no more lar

Home Journal.

Isnac Bassett Choate, in New You

little span, Who puts on vain alrs is not counted mun. the happy and sad, for the ma

Bring each man his laughter, and ma

Not the humble and proud for is

flying years

man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on early menn, the people who lift and the peop who lean.

Wherever you go, you will fed in

world's masses always divided in just these m classes. And, oddly enough, you will find mil

There is only one lifter to twenty the In which class are you? Are you man the load

Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the road? Or are you a leaner, who lets other lets -Your portion of labor and worming and -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

To My Harp. Thy sweet, clear notes are hard mum

And hushed the strains I loved as well Companion of my lonely hours, Thy silvery chords have hid farent Still fond remembrance clings to the And thought flies back to happier day When near to thee were those dear fres Who loved to list to thy sweet lays.

A valued relic of the past,

I oft' times sit and view thee still. And think of those who taught me in Thy soft, melodious notes to fill A grateful messenger of love, Friendship's off'ring, ever dear, Thou still recallest that glad bour That I remember with a tear.

gentle hand, too, joined my own

Alas! that gentle hand no more

Like some acolian melody.

To rob thee of some merry strain.

Will strike those joyous chords again Far, far away my native home, Where dwelt the cherished of my but Sweet lyre, thou bring'st them back to be From thee affection ne'er can part Methinks at night when all things and Thy music wafts my dreams on bith Entrancing every sense with joy

Thy requiem floats upon the breeze Thy silvery chords hath bid farewell -C. A. Carval.

At the Door, thought myself indeed secure. So fast the door, so firm the lock: But, lo! he toddling comes to lar My parent ear with timorous knock My heart were stone could it withstand The sweetness of my baby's plea-That timorous, baby knocking and

I threw aside the unfinished book. Regardless of its tempting charms, And, opening wide the door, I took My laughing darling in my arms. Who knows but in Eternity.

"Please let me in-it's only me."

I, like a truant child, shall walt. The glories of a life to be, Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate! And will that Heavenly Father heed The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door 1 plead,
"Tis I, O Father! only 1;"

Eugene Field. A Valuable Find. A dispatch from Constantinople safe that an ancient and beautiful mans script copy of the gospel, dating but to the sixth century, was recently found in Asia Minor. It is written on the finest and thinnest of veilum, which a dyed purple. The letters are silvet. except for the abbreviations and s cred names, which are gold. Report

sentatives of English and America

universities have unsuccessfully sough

to obtain possession of the precion

MSS, it having been secured by Bo What a Boa Constrictor Can Do The boa constrictor is capable swallowing deer, calves or men whole It first catches its prey by hanging where the animals are accustomed in

go to water, and since it has no polses ous fange it kills its prey by present