

GREEN BUSHES.

The green bushes when first I loved you,
When we met and my heart approved
you,
Tossed the gold and the scarlet high,
Gold and scarlet went drifting by.
Ochone, the wind and the weather!
Days when you and I were together;
Much we heeded the leaf on the tree;
'Twas hearts' springtime to you and me.

The green bushes when we were married
White rose and red rose carried,
When you drew me your threshold o'er,
Rose and white for our wedding floor.
Ochone, the days that are over!
I beloved, and you my lover,
Little we cared what the world might
say.
You and I on our wedding day.

The green bushes grow thin and shiver,
You and I we are lovers ever;
Cheek to cheek and heart to heart,
Still true lovers that none can part.
Ochone, winter goes sighing,
Love in a world of care and dying;
Ah, forget that I made you sad,
Yet remember I made you glad.

The green bushes grow gay and vernal,
Spring comes back and Love is eternal;
In your arms come kiss, forgive me;
Had you ever the heart to grieve me,
Ochone?

A QUEER BLUNDER.

THE morning sun brightened the glit letters on the sign above the entrance to the stanch old warehouse, but its radiance was lost on the young man with keen, gray eyes who stood at the office door and hesitated before he turned the knob. In that brief moment he tried to recall the directions that Emily Quarles had given him.

"Father is peculiar," she had said. "You must know him before you can appreciate him." And Spencer Grant wondered how long it would be before this appreciative stage could be reached. He hadn't met this peculiar father, and here he was standing on the doormat of his office mustering up courage to go in and ask him for his daughter.

What else had Emily said? "Do not contradict father. Do just what he tells you to do. Let him have his own way. If he blusters and fumes, wait quietly. He will soon cool down. Father's gruff manner is largely assumed. If you have tact you will discover the way to handle him. Tell him truthfully, if you have a chance, how we met at Aunt Stanhope's, and that as soon as we were quite assured that we were all in all to each other, which, you must add, came to both of us as a complete surprise, I sent you directly to him. I will prepare him as far as I think judicious for your coming. Keep up a stout heart and guard your temper."

Spencer turned the knob and went in. There were several clerks writing in the outer office, but they did not look up as he passed along the narrow space before the high railing to the door marked "private." He knocked at this door, and a gruff voice bade him come in. Spencer summed up all his resolution and entered.

A sharp-featured old man with heavy eyebrows was seated at a desk, with his bushy gray head bent above a handful of papers.

"Sit down," he said, without looking up.

Spencer obeyed, and after a little the old man raised his head, glanced at the clock, and then gave the young man a long, searching glance. As he did so he drew a letter toward him and glanced at a page of it. Again he stared at Spencer.

"Well," he said abruptly, "you are exactly on time. You were to be here precisely at 10. This argues well for your early training. You have made a good impression on me to start with."

Spencer murmured his pleasure at this favorable comment, but the old man interrupted him.

"Your father says here that you resemble him. He writes that the resemblance is so strong that I couldn't help but know who you were if I chanced to meet you elsewhere. I don't agree with him, though there is a family resemblance. You are much better looking than he ever dreamed of being."

"Did my father say that?" inquired Spencer hastily. He knew the thing was quite impossible. Emily's father was laboring under some queer delusion. But he didn't mean to contradict him.

"Yes, he did," chuckled the old man, with a grim smile. "Fathers with but one child are apt to be asses." Then his tone changed. "What can you do? Can you write shorthand? Do you understand typewriting? Can you compose a good letter? Can you spell?"

"I think," said Spencer, quietly, "that I can best answer that by saying that I have a pretty thorough business training that was picked up in four years of practical work. I've been hard at it, in fact, ever since I left college."

"Your father doesn't make any such claim," said the old man, referring again to the letter. "All he says is 'Try him.' I will. I've made a place for you. I am going to indulge in the

CANAL TRAVEL IN CHINA.



Travel in China is principally by canal, the greatest of which is the Imperial or Grand canal, connecting Canton and Peking. Innumerable branches passing through countless cities, towns and villages connect the utmost limits of the empire with this main artery of waterways. To overcome the difference of level between two canals, a peculiar and ingeniously constructed device, sloping at an angle of 45 degrees, is used, and by means of a capstan or two the boat is drawn over until, having passed the point of equilibrium, it is launched into the lower canal. To prevent the boat shipping too much water, a screen of wickerwork is fixed at the bow. The rivers and canals are the real highways of China, and by these the hordes of Boxers from the inland provinces flock to the coast towns and foreign settlements. The illustration shows a band of Boxers on the way to fight the "foreign devils."

luxury of a private secretary. Ha, ha, ha! Here, take these letters. See what answers they need. Answer 'em. That's your little side room there. Leave the door open—I may want to call you."

Spencer smilingly took up the letters and without a trace of hesitation went into the little room assigned him. He found the conveniences he needed, and with his amused smile deepening he went at his task.

Presently he heard the outer door of the office open and shut, and a moment later the following dialogue came to him through the half-closed door:

"So you have come," growled the old man.

"Yes, sir," said a mild voice with a little quaver in it.

"Well," said the old man, with a dangerous rising inflection, "I want to tell you that it can never be!"

"Do you mean that I won't do?" inquired the mild voice.

"That's just what I mean," snarled the old man. "Your comprehension does you credit."

"But how can you tell till you've tried me?" protested the mild voice.

"Tried you!" roared the old man. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir," said the mild voice hurriedly, "that I hardly think it's fair to condemn me unheard and untried. I was led to think you would show me more consideration."

"Oh, you were, were you?" snapped the old man. "Well, sir, you have been falsely led. I know my daughter much better than you do, sir?"

"Your daughter, sir?"

"Yes, my daughter. And don't you dare to mention her name."

"I—I had no intention of doing so, sir."

"Eh? Coming to your senses, are you? That's right. She's only a foolish, headstrong girl. In a month she'll forget your existence."

"But I don't see what your daughter has to do with it. She is nothing to me, sir."

"Spoken like a sensible youth. I thought I'd convince you. There, there, let the whole thing drop."

"And you positively refuse to give me a trial?"

"Confound you, there you go again! Do you take me for an idiot?"

"I—I wouldn't go as far as that, sir. You don't seem to understand that I was led to believe you would give me an opportunity to show my worth. I am greatly disappointed, sir."

"Heavens, man, are we going over all that again?"

"Try me for a month, sir."

"Not for a minute!"

"For a week."

"Leave the room, sir! Go, sir! Go to the idiot asylum and marry somebody in your own mental class."

"I'm going, sir. My father will be greatly surprised at your unreasonable treatment."

"Your father! Who cares for your father? Why doesn't he keep his weak-minded children at home?"

"Good day, sir."

The door closed with a sharp bang, and there was a brief silence.

"I wonder what the deuce he meant by saying he'd tell his father?" Spencer heard the old man mutter. "Who's his father? Well, whoever he is, his son shall never marry my daughter. What in the world could she have seen in such an unbalanced fellow?"

His heavy step sounded on the floor, and when Spencer looked up the old man was gazing down at him from the doorway. His face was very red and his white hair still bristled with indignation.

"Well, Mr. Secretary," he said, "how are we coming on?"

"Very well, sir," replied Spencer. "I'll lay these replies upon your desk in a few moments."

"Good," said the old man.

"By the way," said Spencer, "what do you want me to say to Van Anson

& Co.? They make an offer for your stock of cochineal, you know."

"Accept it and tell them we'll ship the stuff to-morrow."

"I wouldn't do that," said the secretary.

"Eh?" cried the astonished old man.

"You don't seem to know that there is a corner forming in dyestuffs," said Spencer, with a slight smile. "Wait a minute, and I will telephone for the latest quotations."

He arose as he spoke and stepped into the outer office and entered the telephone box.

"It is just as I supposed," he said as he rejoined the old man. "Cochineal jumped 34 per cent at the opening of the market this morning."

The old man turned and went back to his desk without a word. A moment later he looked in again.

"That means \$2,735 to the good," he said. "Guess you'll earn your salary all right." Then he slowly added: "And I guess I'm getting old."

The sound of an opening door drew his attention. A radiant vision appeared in the doorway. It was Emily. "Well, papa?" she cried, as she stepped forward.

The old man's lips tightened. "I sent him packing," he said rapidly. "A most reprehensible young fellow. You didn't know him, my dear."

Before she could indignantly reply an astonishing apparition appeared in the doorway of the inner room. It was Spencer—it was Spencer, bare-headed, with a pen in one hand and a bundle of letters in the other. As he caught her eye he put his finger to his lips, shook his head at her over the old man's shoulder, and drew back.

"Oh, father," was all Emily could say.

"Don't fret, my child," said the old man, with a little tenderness in his tone. "You will soon forget him." He lowered his voice. "I've got a young fellow inside here—he jerked his thumb toward the inner door—who is just the man for you. Smart, splendid family, good-looking, bright as a new dollar. Saved me \$2,735 this very morning! Hadn't been at work twenty minutes. Wait a little, and I'll introduce him."

"Let me have a look at him!" cried Emily, and she darted to the door.

"Good morning," she said to Spencer.

"Good morning," answered that smiling youth, with an eloquent grimace. Emily turned to her astonished parent.

"He'll do," she said. "Come out here, sir," and they came forward hand in hand.

"Bless my soul!" cried the paralyzed father.

"You are quite right, papa," said Emily. "He is just the man for me. In fact, I've thought so for some time, and yet I don't believe you really know who he is. You are getting reckless, daddy. Tell him who you are, Spencer?"

The young man gravely straightened his face.

"I am Spencer Grant, of Spencer Grant & Co., importers of dyestuffs and druggists' supplies, and entirely at Mr. Richard Quarles' service."

"Spencer Grant & Co.," gasped the old man, as a look of horror came over his face. "Then who was the other fellow?"

"I'm afraid," said Spencer gently, "that it was the highly recommended son of your old friend."

"Awful!" groaned the old man. "I was right when I said fathers with one child are asses. How can I explain?"

"Suppose you leave the explanation to your new secretary," said Emily.

"Let me suggest," said Spencer, with a happy smile, "that you leave it to the junior member of the new firm of Quarles & Grant."

And then the grim old man chuckled. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Science AND Invention

The greatest height ever reached in a balloon was 26,100 feet. Two of the three aeronauts who made this ascent were suffocated.

The giraffe has such powers of mimicry that, although its size might be supposed to make it a conspicuous object to its enemies, the most practiced eye has been deceived by the animal's resemblance to one of the dead and blasted tree trunks which abound in its haunts.

In Florence the ninth volume of "Le Opere di Galileo Galilei" was recently published, and shows that he had an excellent appreciation for Italian literature. The six volumes include an address which he made on the topography and configuration of "Inferno." This was delivered before the Florentine Academy of Sciences.

Du Bounier, a French physician, recently described before the Paris Academy of Medicine a new method of testing for deafness, namely, by applying a tuning fork to the knee or some other part of the bony structure. He said that a sound ear could not hear the note of the fork, but an ear in which disease had already made inroads could perceive it distinctly.

A corporation has applied to Congress for permission to lay underground pipes in the streets of Washington, D. C., for the purpose of distributing cool air through the business buildings and residences of the city. The scheme provides for the erection of a refrigerating plant at some central point, from which cold air will be pumped for distribution through the system of pipes. The flow of cold air will be regulated in a manner somewhat similar to the measurement of gas, and can be turned on the same as hot air is turned on from a furnace.

An interesting discovery, showing another link between the living forms of the Old and the New Worlds in former ages, was announced at a recent meeting of the Cordilleran Section of the Geological Society of America. Some bones discovered at Glen Eyrie at the foot of Pike's Peak proved to be the remains of a goat-antelope, unlike any animal of the kind now inhabiting America, but closely resembling the antelope of the Himalayan region in Asia. Other bones found in the same place belonged to a slender-limbed species of horse now extinct.

A popular color for canary birds in England at present is a reddish yellow, or deep orange. This color, it is said, can be produced artificially by dieting the birds on a number of different substances, the chief of which is cayenne pepper mixed with molasses. Dealers are able to produce particularly desirable shades by varying the quantity of pepper and by adding occasionally a little turmeric or madder. Each dealer has his own formula, which he keeps secret. The plumage of the birds thus treated is apt to fade, and they are kept as much as possible out of the light.

Near Ayutthia, formerly the capital of Siam, is a curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive. The labyrinth is formed by a double row of immense tree-trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing. Where it begins, at the edge of the forest, the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile broad, but as it approaches Ayutthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around. Tame elephants are employed to lure wild ones into the trap. Having reached the inner end of the labyrinth, the tame elephants are allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives. The sport is a dangerous one, as the enraged elephants sometimes crush their would-be captors under their feet.

BABY RAN A LOCOMOTIVE.

Wee Frank Evans Plays Startling Prank on an Engine.

"I can run an engine like papa," said little 3-year-old Fred Evans as he was lifted down from the locomotive of the St. Johns motor line at Albina. He had mounted the engine at St. Johns, pulled open the throttle and remained on the seat alone on a mad ride of seven miles. The young engineer is the son of W. B. Evans, of St. Johns, an engineer on the motor line. He had often been on the engine, and his father had explained to him how the lever is pulled and the wheels started moving.

The engine lies over an hour at St. Johns, just by the water tank, and during this time, while Mr. Evans was at home at lunch, little Fred walked down to the engine, mounted the seat and opened the throttle wide, says the Portland Oregonian. The machine was full of coal and water, and was ready for the road. Several people saw the boy start, but no one was near enough to catch the engine. The news was at once told to Mr. Evans, and he reached the track just in time to see the locomotive, with his boy on board, disappearing around a curve. The father was

wild with grief and fear, and the boy's mother was almost prostrated.

The news spread like wildfire, and the whole town turned out. Excitement was intense, women and children cried, and men offered suggestions. Master Mechanic Michael F. Brady was at that end of the line, and at once began to telephone to stations along the line. Portsmouth and Peninsular were notified, and men at these points tried to board the engine as it dashed by, but its speed was too great. Mr. Brady also notified the office at Albina, and a party of men ran out the line northward to meet the wild engine. In coming up the long grade toward Albina the steam had died down a little, but the register still showed eighty pounds. John Woods, a motorman on the City and Suburban Railway, was the first man to meet the engine. He caught the handrail and swung up, but in doing so he was dragged sixty or seventy-five feet. He at once turned off the steam, and the engine slowed down and stopped. It was then young Fred made the remark concerning his ability as an engine driver.

The boy was not scared at all, but seemed rather proud of his feat. When the engine first dashed out of St. Johns he was frightened, and as he went through Portsmouth like a shot out of a gun he was yelling lustily for "mama." After going several miles, however, he again became brave and held his position on the seat with composure, with his hand on the lever like a veteran.

THE CHINESE DRAGON.

It Enters Into Every Phase of a Mandarin's Life.

Not only does the dragon symbolize to the Chinese all that is imposing and powerful, but the mass of the people firmly believe in its actual existence and its power to do harm. Therefore a good deal of their time and money is wasted in paying it propitiatory attentions.

A live dragon would certainly be an alarming animal to meet on a lonely road, for a Chinese writer describes it as having a camel's head, a deer's horn, a rabbit's eyes, a cow's ears, a snake's neck, a frog's stomach, a carp's scales, and an eagle's wings and claws. About the mouth grow whiskers and a beard. In the middle of the latter hangs a large pearl. It can change its breath at will from fire to water, and its voice sounds like the jingling of metals.

If a Chinaman wishes for happiness and peace in this world and the next, he feels obliged to consult the dragon as to where his house shall be built and his grave be made. Through the earth, so say the Chinese, flow two currents, the Dragon and the Tiger. Now, for a man to have good fortune in life, his house must be put in a certain position in reference to these currents. If he is to rest quietly in his grave, that also must be properly placed. So-called "wise men" make a business of choosing favorable sites for homes and graves, professing by means of a wand and incantations, and other kinds of tomfoolery, to be able to detect the presence of the dragon and the tiger, and to tell in what direction they flow.

All mandarins of high rank have a dragon embroidered in gold thread or colored silk on the front and back of their coats, distinguished, however, from the imperial dragon by having but four claws. The dragon also often appears on expensive porcelain, but poor people do not venture to use bowls and cups decorated by his likeness.

For kites the same design of a dragon is a favorite. The kites are flown by people of all ages, and are managed with extraordinary skill. These contests are popular with the higher class of the people and with the lower. The strings sometimes have powdered glass glued on them, and the object sought in aerial contests is to cut the enemy's string.

A London Crush.

An excellent description of a London evening party in the season was sent by Ruskin to his mother in 1850. What is more surprising than the scorn of punctuation which the letter reveals is its style, which is that of Alfred Jingle—the last in the world, one would say, for the scholarly Ruskin to fall into.

Horrible party last night—stiff—large—dull—fidgety—strange—run against everybody—know-nobody sort of party.

Naval people. Young lady claims acquaintance with me—know as much of her as of Queen Pomare—Talk: get away as soon as I can—ask who she is—Lady (—); as wise as I was before.

Introduced to black man with chin in collar. Black man converses—I abuse different things to black man; chiefly House of Lords. Black man says he lives in it—asks where I live—don't want to tell him—obliged—go away and ask who he is—(—); as wise as I was before.

Introduced to a young lady—young lady asks if I like drawing—go away and ask who she is—Lady (—). Keep away, with back to wall and look at watch. Got away at last. Very sulky this morning.

There is a period in every girl's life when she thinks that the most vulgar thing in the world is a boy's healthy appetite.

Being a dunce is the most expensive habit you can possibly have