Gems In Verse

&maing and Labor.

ith; and wealthy, wise and dutiful. rishing were having—what pleasure untold; a booteful of joy and purseful or

But wishes, ales, are but empty bubbles, Sad the longing heart may teem with troubles! fle wishing is vain, forsooth, As the endless search for the fountain of

But work that holds wealth may be had for the taking; Though it may not bring health, 'tis a balm for heartaching, And study makes wise, and love, people Gives the beauty that's truest, which

Then away with longing, and, ho, for la-And, ho, for love, each one for his neigh-For a life of labor and study and love
Is the life that fits for the joy above.

-Emma C. Dowd.

What Might Have Been.

"The hand that rocks the cradle"-but there is no such a hand. It is bad to rock the baby, they would have us understand. So the cradle's but a relic of the former

foolish days
When the mothers reared their children
in unscientific ways,
When they jounced them and they bounced
them, those poor dwarfs of long Washingtons and Jeffersons and Adamses, you know.

They warn us that the baby will possess muddled brain If we dandle him or rock him. We must carefully refrain. He must lie in one position, never swayed

and never swung,
Or his chance to grow to greatness will
be blasted while he's young.
Ah to think how they were ruined by
their mothers long ago—
The Franklins and the Putnems and the
Hamiltons, you know!

We must feed the baby only by the

schedule that is made And the food that he is given must be measured out and weighed. He may beliew to inform us that he isn't

satisfied, But he couldn't grow to greatness if his wants were all supplied. Think how foolish nursing stunted those poor weaklings long ago—
The Shakespeares and the Luthers and
the Bonapartes, you know.

We are given a great mission; we are here today on earth
To bring forth a race of giants and to
guard them from their birth,
To insist upon their freedom from the
rocking that was bad

For our parents and their parents, scram-bling all the brains they had! Ah, had they been fed by schedule, would they have been stunted so—
Websters and the Lincolns and the
Grants and Lees, you know?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE PART HEFTER.

In Actor's Success May Not Depend on the Number of His Lines.

An actor, known variously as "expedenced," "reliable" and "good all sound," one who has been said to "play with authority," and whose "scholarly reading of his lines" has been the subject of frequent eulogy, walked out of his manager's office with a roll of typewritten manuscript clutched tightly in his hand and a look of blended joy and elation irradiating his well seamed

"I've got my new part," he cried joysly to a friend whom he met on the sidewalk, "and it's great." "Indeed," said his friend. "What's

the character?" "Dunno," replied the Thesplan cheer.

fully, "but it's simply great. If you don't believe me just heft this." And his friend proceeded to "heft" the typewritten roll, remarking as he handed it back that it must weigh at least half If this good all round actor had po-

sessed any real knowledge of his craft he would have known that the failure he scored was due to the fact that his half pound part was one of those worthless ones which read well and "heft" well, but which afford the player no opportunity to do anything pleasing to the public.

When Mr. Palmer gave out the parts for the first production of "The Two Orphans" there was one roll of manuscript that was the lightest of all and weighed so little that the part befters in the company turned up their noses in scorn and turned pitying glances on the young actress to whom it was as signed. Yet that was the part of Louise, the blind girl, and Miss Kate Claxton's performance of it will remain in the popular memory long after every other character in the piece shall have been forgotten.-James L. Ford in Harper's Weekly.

MODERN CITY LIFE.

Its Saddest Aspect Is the Passing of the Home.

The passing of the home is the sad dest phenomenon of modern city life. The tenement house, which we seek to disguise under the name of "flat," is a most wretched substitute for the humblest of homes. That our people endure them is an indication of degeneracy, as it will unquestionably be the cause of a more rapid descent. It is morally certain that the vigor of the race can be maintained only by personal contact with the mother earth from which like two magpies, telling each other we sprang, which nourishes us to her bosom when we die. Why this is, perhaps no one knows, but it is within the knowledge of all that the vigor of the city is constantly recruited from country life. To deprive children of daily ontact with the soil is a sin.

The evil of the tenement house was not realized until it passed from the like the twins you see in baby car- love you. slums, because few of us know how the other half lives. It is perhaps not so desperate a misfortune to those who live by manual labor, for they get their contact with earth in other ways, and their children, less vexed by the conventions of society, find access to the soil by some means and pass, while still young, to the occupations of their parents. The most terrible effect of the tenement house is in the families of the "salaried" class as distinguished from the "wage earners" and who flit from flat to flat, seldom remaining long enough anywhere for home associa tions to be formed. There can perhaps be no home associations worthy of the name which are not connected with a piece of open ground in the sole possession of the family. It would seem that in our larger cities this privilege can no lenger be enjoyed except by the very private-and I am going to help rich,-San Francisco Chronicle,

The Twin **Brothers**

By ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

Copyright, 1904, by Zoe Anderson Norris

Tanananananananananananananan May 25, After Supper. EAREST-I like this place you have sent me to. It is lovely, but it does seem a shame for me to be spending the summer in the country with the birds and dowers, with you there in New York working away so hard to support us. I know what you said. You would

anywhere else. But that was only your sweetness. I remember the joke you got off, too, when I said I believed one grew more contented with one's lot in the country, and you said you thought you would if

rather work in New York than idle

it were a lot in a cemetery. Then how you wrote it up and sold it for \$2.

We might make our expenses mightn't we, if only we could think up enough jokes? But the trouble with jokes is they are no good unless they are spontaneous-that is, not much. If you would only let me help you,

but you won't. I shall never forget the time I made the shirt waist for your that matches his brother's somewhere friend. It is the only thing I can do- about. A large, fine farm in New York sew. How you took her to the theater, to a supper afterward and gave her your prettiest piece of bric-a-brac, so that altogether it amounted to about four times as much as she paid me for making the waist. You hated so to be under obligations.

I can't help you in that way evidently. As a matter of fact, I have thought it all out and concluded that the only thing for me to do is to marry. That is plain, it seems to me, as the nose on your face.

The whippoorwills sing mighty mournfully sometimes in the country. They are singing now. Good night, dear. Your loving MABEL.

May 30, After Supper. Little Momsey-There is the dearest girl here you ever saw. She has been here all winter. I don't know why, but I think it is because she has no home. Her mother is dead.

I don't know what I should do if you were dead, momsey.

Guess what this little girl has done. Caught a beau. Yes, way out here in the country. A splendid farmer who owns a big farm not far from here.

She is sweet, but a plain little thing. She hasn't half the good looks that this know. No thanks for that. So maybe there is a chance yet for yours truly. MABEL.

May 30, Same Old Time. Dearest-They all go to bed at 8. read or write, so I write. The girl, Delia, has told me all about it. She is going to be married soon. She asked me to go to Middletown with her to buy her wedding dress. I went. It

was fun. Her sweetheart sent his run-



SHE TOLD ME ABOUT HER SWEETHEART. about for us. We rolled along the country road-it was awfully sweet, with flowers on either side-chirping

everything we knew.

She told me about her sweetheart. He has a twin brother. They are so alike, she says, you can't tell them apart. Funny, isn't it? And they have grown to be too large to wear blue and pink ribbons on their wrists. riages.

It was very interesting. One day, she said, Tom-that is the one she isn't engaged to-came to see her and las happened. I can hardly believe it sat with his arm around her waist the myself. longest time out on the veranda-you can do that in the country where nobody passes along-sat there until Dick -the one she is engaged to-came up the steps and stared at them and rousted his brother out and took his place. We had beautiful flowers, and the Wasn't that queer? She said she believed all the time Tom knew in his heart that he was Tom and not Dick. She wondered why he did it.

Well, anyway, we bought the prettist white silk mull dress you ever saw for her church wedding-it is to be her make it. Wouldn't you?

I think, dearest, if you have no objecon, I shall make a dead set to that



other twin, Tom. He has another farm state! Think of that! It's not to be sneezed at, is it? At least, that is the opinion of your devoted MABEL.

June 5. Momsey-A queer thing has happened. I was tired. We had been sewing all day on the wedding dress, Delia and I, and I had stretched myself out in the hammock on the veranda to rest.

I hadn't been there half an hour and had fallen asleep when I was awakened by a touch of something on my cheek. I started up and confronted Tom, who had been there watching me for I don't know how long. I wonder if I snore. Do I, dearest? He said, "I am sorry- I disturbed

you." But, looking at the long peacock feather with which he had touched my cheek. I was inclined to be slightly in credulous. "I don't believe you," I returned.

"What did you wake me for? I was having such a nice nap." "I wanted to talk to you," said he.

With that he sat down by me in the hammock-I had sat straight up when he wakened me-and pushed it for me with his foot. We had grown to be rather friendly

in the past few days in between the making of the dress. I was laughing chicken has inherited from somebody I and talking with him and joking when Delia came up the walk with Dick. He was bending over her. "How fond they are of each other!"

said to Tom half jealously. Then I

looked up and found Tom's eves on me with an expression in them that made me blush. These country farmers are very sus ceptible. It doesn't take long. By now Della stood on the veranda directly in front of us. She was gaz

ing at Tom with a puzzled look. Then she turned to Dick. "I am getting all mixed up on the neckties," she said. "Did you change yours. Dick? I thought when you came you had on a blue one, and now it is

Dick laughed. "Silly!" he cried. "It was your lively

Do you know, I don't get lonely at

all now, dearest, when I hear the whip-

poorwills. I am beginning to love them. Isn't it strange how you get used to things in this strange old world? Good night, my little mater. MABEL. Your loving

June 10, at 10 o'Clock. Dearest-I am writing you the hour to show how we have improved in the matter of staying up. The twins have just gone. The wedding dress is finished. It is

beautiful. I shirred the yoke. Shirring is going to be so fashionable this summer, you know. Then I am very nimble with my needle when it comes to doing little fine things like that. It is a merciful thing that I am nimble at something, isn't it, love? I am not an adept at telling twins

apart, I can tell you that. I never rials." know Dick from Tom, though Tom is making violent love to me, and Dick is hovering over his bride elect with all the fervor that could possibly be expected of him.

Then Dick says he is Dick, and Ton says he is Tom, and you've got to take their word for it. That's all there is to ft. Except for that and, as I say, their manner toward us I could never tell t'other from which. At first we could tell by their neck-

ties, but they have taken to wearing the same color. So there you are! What do you think of marrying a man who is so exactly like another man? Not that he has asked me yetthat is, he hasn't asked me in so many words-but what do you think?

Answer at once, dear. Your affect tionate MABEL P. S .- I haven't told you for a long. long time how much I love you. I do

June 30, at 12. Dearest-You will never believe what

great eclat-that's what they call it in made her. I had on my dress you gave | ing being known.-Loadon Chronicle. me and looked pretty fair, considering.

twins were magnificent. You couldn't tell which was which, as usual, until Dick stood with Delia at the altar, then walked out with her to the tune of the wedding march. And that left Tom with me.

We drove, all four of us, to the home of the bride, and Tom and I concluded to walk back again through the hedges there may disagree with your offe. and byways, listening to the whippoor-

pantry night with so much melody. We were quiet awhile, thinking over he wedding, for weddings are solemn things, dearest. They are so uncertain. You never know whether they are to lossom into happiness or divorce. But

by and by Tone began to talk. . I had been listening to a bird that as singing somewhere in the wood, but at the first few words I forgot the hird and listened to him.

"I am not Tom," was what he said "I am Dick."

How would you have taken that, dearest? Wouldn't it have given you something of a jar? It did me.

"I thought I loved Delia," he went when I asked her to marry me. I fenseless and peace loving men. thought he'd never get over it. Then when you came and he saw how I began to care for you he begged me to



"I AM NOT TOM."

she thought I was you? Well, she shall think it is you till the end of time. She shall never know.'

"What could I do," he burst out, loving you, but to let him have her? had indicted him. Then he denounced Was it unfair to her? I think not; I am sure not. Not half so unfair as to marry her, loving you. What else could I do?"

Dearest, can you think of more than one answer to a question like this?

And I shall have a big fine house, with a room in it for my little momsey whenever she wants to come to visit

However, I think that after our marriage I shall have Dick tattooed just a little on the wrist with a bird or a flower so I can tell him from Tom, if I don't have it done before. MABEL.

DEEP SEA ANIMALS.

How Those Who Live Below All Vegetation Get Their Food.

"Naturally the fish of the deep portions of the ocean are carnivorous, no vegetable life being found below 200 fathoms," writes W. S. Harwood in Harper's Magazine. "In the Atlantic ocean the vast Sargasso sea, containing 3,000,000 square miles of surface-a great marine prairie as large as the whole of the United States exclusive of Alaska and dependent islands-affords vegetable food for uncountable animals, which in their due time die and are precipitated to the depths, their bodies in turn to be eaten by the animals which live far below all vegetation. So it is throughout the whole ocean; animal life is constantly falling from the surface waters for the support of the animal life of the abyss. A very large number of the deep sea anmais are exceedingly tenuous or translucent in form-so to put it-having no special organs of nutrition, but taking in their nourishment through the walls of their bodies, appropriating from the water the food which suits them. Some of them have a bony structure, a skele ton, which they form also from the water, silica and carbonate of lime being the chief skeleton forming mate-

ORIGIN OF A PHRASE.

"Getting Into a Scrape" Comes From the Game of Golf. Not till quite recently has the true explanation of the phrase, "getting

into a scrape," been popularly known It has long puzzled dictionary maken, one suggesting that it is a corruption of escapade, another connecting it with a Swedish word skrap, to draw inte

Golf, the royal and ancient game at late become such a worldwide amuse is greatly interested in South Africa, ment that the mystery of this phrase has practically disappeared. In Scot land many of the golf courses are laid world. out on sandy downs bordering on the sea. These are the very places where rabbits abound.

One of the perpetual troubles of a golfer was that his ball constantly found a lodgment in these rabbit 'serapes," from which it was difficult to drive it with accuracy; hence special rules were framed at St. Anlrew's, the Mecca of golf, fixing what First, the wedding came off with was to be done when one got into a scrape. The phrase thus started from the papers, isn't it?-and Delia was a the golfers in the north and spread fream in her little white dress we had southward without its practical bear

> Can Always Tell. "There goes a total failure." "How do you know he is?" "He's always sneering at other men success."-Cleveland Leader.

Meekly-Ye, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Poctor-But the climate Meekly-It wouldn't dare!

wills and those other birds that fill the Names. Seen In the Day's News

RAND DUKE VLADIMIR of the engineer in Russia has proved himself a charge of the Pennvigorous opponent of the peo-sylvania railroad's ple in that country who are project by which working for a more liberal govern- railroad trains will Charles M. Jacobs. ment. It was under his orders that be run under the the St. Petersburg troops fired on the Hudson, under Manhattan Island and workingmen who sought audience with under the East river to that part of the czar at the Winter palace in order Greater New York known as Long Isto ask redress for their wrongs. He land City. The tunnels of this system is held directly responsible for the will meet in Manhattan Island at Thiron, "until I saw you. But Tom-he has brutality which resulted in the death ty-second street and Seventh avenue,

gan to care for you he begged me to owitz Alexis, the crown would have son river tunnel, and devices he emthim have Delia.

"She shall never know," he said.

passed to the Grand Duke Michael, ployed reduced the accidents and loss the czar's younger brother. The lat-You remember that time I sat on the ter's health is delicate, and his death tion of the tunnel to a minimum. He veranda with my arm around her and would have meant the succession to built a tunnel under the Thames in

uncle and is the

GRAND DUKE

Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwe- incident. rin, has many graces of character At another time he gave orders that which have won her popularity among all church bells of the capital be rung her adopted countrywomen.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., whose new novel, "The Clansman," has just been publold cathedral. But lished, is a picturesque figure in lit- this order was not erature. His life has been crowded obeyed, much to the with dramatic and exciting incidents, anger and chagrin While pastor of the People's church in of his royal high-New York he was once indicted on a ness. M. Joanniky, charge of criminal libel for his pulpit the metropolitan of attacks on city officials. When the Moscow, firmly dewarrant of arrest was served on him clined to allow the he set about looking up the records of mandate to be exethe members of the grand jury which cuted. When called

pulpit. The proceedings were dropped. "The Clansman" is his new story, like a preceding novel, "The Leopard's the race problem in

the south. Since he

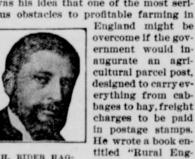
retired from the

THOMAS DIXON,

ministry to devote Dr. Dixon has lived fond of both. In concluding the story of one of his fishing excursions he once

"We landed them with rod and reel and made the score 105 bluefish. Tired, wet, with the bottom of our boat covered with blood, our clothes from head to foot covered with chum and fish scales and the boat literally piled with fish, we started homeward. What a glorious day we had had! As we looked into our boat ballasted with over a thousand pounds of fish for once I was con-The British colonial secretary recent-

ly appointed the famous novelist H. Rider Haggard, author of "She" and "The Brethren," a commissioner to inquire into the conditions of the agricultural and industrial land settlements sganized in America by the Salvation Army. It is said the trustees of the estate of Cecil Rhodes are paying the expense of the inquiry with the view of applying the scheme to South Africa. It may be news to many that Mr. Haggard is regarded as an expert on agricultural subjects. He was the advocate of a scheme to carry cabbages and other garden products by mail. It was his idea that one of the most serious obstacles to profitable farming in England might be overcome if the gov-



GARD.

titled "Rural Eng-H. RIDER HAGland," elaborating his ideas on the subject. The novelist has a farm of his one time peculiar to Scotland, has of own, consisting of some 400 acres. He some of his best known stories having their-seene of action in that part of the

The author is very gallant to the fair sex. Mrs. Haggard not long ago wanted to engage a "lady help"-a title given to gentlewomen who through necessity take positions as upper servants and generally oversee the affairs of the household. To this step Mr. Haggard was decidedly opposed.

"Now, I warn you, if you get any lady help' in this house I'll give her my seat and wait on her myself." The Haggards have no "lady help."

New York city, with its subways and subaqueous tunnels, finished, under way and projected, is the scene of a vast underground activity requiring the exercise of high engineering skill. Much of the success thus far met with in the tunneling of the Hudson and East rivers is due to the skill and inventive genius of Charles M. Jacobs. who stands in the front rank of the engineers of his time.

Mr. Jacobs is chief engineer of the New York and Jersoy Rallroad company, which recently completed the Youth's Companion.

first tunnel under the Hudson, a tube

passenger traffic from street car lines in New Jersey will find an outlet to New York without use of ferryboats. He is also

always loved Delia. It broke his heart of women and children as well as de- where there will be a great central sta-

the throne of the London, and it was in the English cap-Grand Duke Vladi- ital that the late Austin Corbin of the mir. He is the Long Island railroad discovered him. present emperor's Mr. Corbin engaged him to plan imuncle and is the provements the Long Island road had eldest brother of then in contemplation. Mr. Jacobs, who the late czar, Alex- is now on the shady side of sixty, is still ander III. He is a in full vigor, and his soldierly bearing personage of great and firm mouth give the impression of importance, as in a man of much strength, addition to being

commander general Grand Duke Sergius, uncle of the of the military dis- czar of Russia, who has left his palace trict of St. Peters- in Moscow and taken refuge in the burg he is the em- kremlin, where he hopes to be out of peror's confidant reach of the revolutionists, has had a and one of his most trusted advisers. career full of troubles. He has always Though his recent action has won him possessed the capacity of getting himthe enmity of the working people, the self disliked. When he was governor Grand Duke Vladimir has been more general of Moscow he once gave an orpopular with the Russians than most der that the horse races should not beof the "ducal ring." for he is a man of in until he and his party arrived. He integrity, is a brave soldier and has happened on a certain occasion to be an steadfastly shunned the vices which hour and a half late, and the delay thus have made the careers of some Rus- caused came near resulting in his besian grand dukes disgraceful. His ing removed from office by the czar, wife, who before her marriage was the so great was the storm made over the

when he or the grand duchess went to prayers in the

GRAND DUKE

upon for explanations, he said that the the jury from his bells of Moscow were only to be rung when the consecrated heads of the church proceeded to their devotions. The author of The action, declaration and refusal of wandering life among all sorts of peothe metropolitan angered the grand ple as a boy and young man and thus southerner, and duke, but he was powerless to force the saw a great deal of the misery prevametropolitan to obey his instructions. lent among the Russian lower classes. It is also said that the grand duke called upon M. Joanniky to remove a priest Spots," deals with who was particularly obnoxious to the Pyeshkoff. His birth occurred in 1868 imperial prince's eyes, but that the at Nijni Novgorod, and his father, bidding

The Grand Duchess Sergius was very for himself, he was bootblack, scullion himself to literature beautiful as a young woman. She is a and baker's apprentice. He was so niece of King Edward VII. and, it is discouraged at one time that he at on a large estate in Virginia. There is said, came within an ace of being emplenty of good hunting and fishing in press of Germany. The story is that the vicinity, and the author is very but for Bismarck's machinations the kaiser would have married her.

ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

Imposing St. Petersburg Edifice Near

Scene of Recent Massacres Not far from the Winter palace in St. Petersburg and near the scene of the revolutionary activities which have excited the attention of the world stands the most imposing and beautiful of the churches of the Russian capital. St. Isaac's cathedral. This splendid house of prayer was begun in 1819 and finished in 1855. Its style of architecture is simple, but the grandeur of is built makes it exceedingly impressive.



portico are monoliths of polished gran-

ite sixty feet in height. Over the cen-

ter of the cathedral rises a great dome

covered with copper overlaid with gold.

pillars of polished granite. The sanctu-

ary of the cathedral is a work of great

Demidoff, owner of the malachite

mines of Siberia. The cost was \$1,-

000,000. The steps are of porphyry.

Not Encouraging.

"Good evening," said Borem when

she came down to him. "I really must

apologize for coming so late, but the

mind late comers. It's the late stayers

Your Lap.

the floor of variegated marble,

lapis lazuli.

cars"

The Reassuring Message He Received After an Accident.

the

During the time he acted as United States consul in Glasgow Bret Harte occasionally indulged in a day's sport with the gun, and it was during one of his shooting excursions that the famous American author met with an accident which might have disfigured him for the remainder of his life, his face be-This dome is supported by thirty giant ing badly cut through the recoil of an overloaded gun. Fortunately the doctor's skill prevented him from being

Writing about the occurrence to his friend, T. Edgar Pemberton (who quotes the letter in his "Tribute to Bret Harte"), the novelist concludes his letdome of malachite and the walls of ter by telling of an amusing effort which was made to console him on account of the accident,

> together," he wrote, "the son of the house, a boy of twelve, came timidly to the door of my room:

"Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right," "Oh," she interrupted coldly, "I don't he said. 'He killed the hare.'

There is no animal that exerts less energy in the course of a year than the woodchuck. He feeds upon the best in awaken till spring.-St. Nicholas.

AUTHOR AND REFORMER.

haracter and Career of the Brilliant Russian, Maxim Gorky. The Grand Duke Vladimir would lke to hang Maxim Gorky, the Russian eformer, novelist and poet. It is reported that Gorky has been arrested because of his activity in the revoludonary events now in progress in the lomain of the czar. He is one of the sommittee of eighty which has been formed to act as a provisional government in case of the success of the revoutionary movement and was by the side of the priests, Fathers Gopon and Sergius, when they led the workingmen

> boy at his side fell mortally wounded, and men were slain all around him. Three years ago Gorky was spirited away by the secret police while going from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The aniversity students of that city had aranged a reception for him at the railway station, but the police quietly unoupled the carriage at an intermediate station and sent it off, with the novelist inside, to another place.

toward the Winter palace on the day

of the first massacre by the troops. A

Gorky spent several months in prison in 1903, but such confinement did not lessen his opposition to Russian despotism. He has become wealthy through the large sale of his books and has a well appointed but simply furnished home at Nijni Novgorod, where he lives-when the police allow him to do



so-with his beautiful and gifted wife, who was Katerina Paulowna Pieschkowa, daughter of a Russian officer of noble birth. They have several children. Though much attached to home and family, Gorky is known as "the tramp novelist." That is because he was a waif and an outcast and lived a

Maxim Gorky is his pen name, his real name being Alexei Maximovitch metropolitan again declined to do his who was very poor, died when his boy was five years old. Being left to shift tempted suicide. But he was a great reader and began to write, his first story seeing the light about fifteen years ago. Tolstoi once called him "the second free man in Russia." the first being Tolstoi himself.

THE NAME AMERICA.

When It Was First Proposed For the Newly Found Continent.

The name of America for the newly discovered continent was first proposed in the little volume put forth at St. Die, in the Vosges, in the year 1507 by Waldzeemuller, better known by the Hellenized form of his name, Hylacomylus. Three or four editions of this treatise were published at St. Die bethe proportions upon which the church fore 1507, and a few years afterward an edition without date was printed at There are four great entrances, and Lyons by Jean de la Place. All these the photograph reproduced herewith editions are of extreme rarity, and shows one of these. The pillars of the probably that printed at Lyons is the rarest of all, though the library of the British museum possesses two copies of it. It has never been suggested that any maps were engraved to accompany either of the editions, but it has always been supposed that the earliest map with the word "America" marked on the new found world was the "Typus Orbis," engraved on wood for the "Enarrationes Joannis Camertis in C. Julii Solini Polyistora," printed at Vienna in 1520 for Joannes Singrenius. In this map the new world is represented as a long island, on which is the inscription: "Anno d. 1497 haec terra cum adjacentibus insulis inventa est per Columbum Ianuensem ex mandato regis Castelle. America provincia."

BRET HARTE AS A HUNTER.

beauty and was presented by Prince permanently marked.

"When the surgeon was stitching me

that bother me."-Philadelphia Ledger. Children are notoriously eager to ac- the meadow and occasionally in the garquire facts. The following question den, being very fond of the juicy peas was asked by a lad of seven after he and beans and tender lettuce. Then as had ridden upon his uncle's knee: winter comes on he forgets all care and "Say, Uncle Will, what becomes of worry, crawls into his burrow and, your lap when you stand up?"- like the bear, falls asleep, not to