BANDON RECORDER.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Do so well today that you need not long for tomorrow.

Some men only want your confidence to give it to others.

If a man were his own enemy, what stories he could tell on himself!

Don't judge a man by his first friendships in a town; judge him by his last.

Don't give your friends indigestion by trying to poke people you like down their throats.

When we think of the ease with which we deceive others we should think of the ease with which others may deceive us.

Good news travels; not so rapidly as bad news, of course, but it travels. Do a good thing, and people will hear of it in time.

Everybody understands that an old boiler must be treated with care, but very few understand that an old stomach is as dangerous as an old boiler.—Atchison Globe.

BITS FROM THE AUTHORS.

The generosity and forbearance of the poor are to me astonishing.—Mrs. Craigie.

I can conceive of no more degrading profession for a woman than the profession of husband hunting.—Jerome K. Jerome.

If only we could emancipate ourselves from the perpetual fear of the opinion of others how splendidly free life would become.—Robert Hichens.

There is no power without clothes. It is the power that governs the human race. A policeman in plain clothes is one man; in his uniform he is ten.—Mark Twain.

No one is ever bored unless he is comfortable. That's the great principle. There isn't time for it. You cannot be bored and something else at the same time.—E. F. Benson.

Very few girls in the present day require books with imagination. I wrote books for them which would have delighted me at their age, but nowadays the majority of girls read boys' books.—Katharine Tynan.

WILD MEN OF AUSTRALIA.

An Aboriginal Dwelling and a Sweet but Uninviting Dish.

An explorer in the wilds of northern Australia writes: "While at work one day Mr. Hingston found an aboriginal dwelling which revealed evidences of architectural design seldom displayed by Australian aborigines. It was evidently a main camping depot, oval in shape, about sixteen feet long and fourteen feet high. It was built of layers of straw intermixed with a good stiff clay. Small openings as windows were numerous all round the sides. The door was the only drawback. This was a mere burrow hole about one foot from the ground, and one was compelled to crawl in on all fours to enter this primitive type of mansion. When we cleared the river we anchored at Maria island. Seeing some of the blacks on the beach we went to interview them. They were apparently frightened, however, and abandoned the canoes on which they were at work and cleared into the bush. Care was taken not to interfere with their possessions, and pipes and tobacco were left where the natives could find them. Rambling about we came upon an open space of considerable extent marked out in large squares with stone, on which were planted, three to five feet high, five or six hollow posts, which were stuffed full of human bones. All the posts were painted red. We doubtless had stumbled upon a sacred spot. There were some nice skulls, but not a thing was interfered with.

"A few miles up the river we struck a big camp of natives, but they cleared into the bush as soon as they caught sight of us. We waited some time at the camp, and the blacks returned, satisfied that we did not intend mischief. The usual presents of tobacco and pipes were given, and they were received with the greatest satisfaction. Indeed, we became perfect friends for the time being. To seal the friendship, or, perchance, it may have been the native fashion of 'looking toward you,' a great buck came to me with a wooden vessel shaped like a canoe in his hand and full of honey. I noticed on the top a ball of grass. The chap held the honey to me, but I shook my head, so he took the ball of grass, whisked it about in the sirup and popped it into his mouth. After sucking it dry he put it back into the honey, and when nicely soaked offered it to me again. He evidently wished me to follow his example, but I passed. There was a fine iguana on the fire, just nicely cooked. This I did try, and it was really good—just like chicken."

SERPENT EATING SNAKE.

A Venomous Reptile That Will Attack Man or Beast.

The serpent eating snake, or king of serpents (Ophiophagus elaps) found in Burma, is among the most interesting of our venomous snakes and the only really aggressive member of the ophidians, readily attacking any man or animal that happens its way. The female is especially irritable during the season of modification, and an adult snake attains a length of from twelve to fifteen feet, is superlatively swift and active and possesses a poison fang three inches in length and charged with a very powerful venom. It will be admitted that Ophiophagus elaps, Naia bungarus or serpentivore, as it is also called, is a foe that had better be avoided.

While being neither an arboreal nor a water snake, the Ophiophagus elaps climbs trees with facility and takes to water readily, swimming with great ease and skill. Its poison is as deadly in its effect as that of the lesser hooded snake (the Ophiophagus elaps also carries a hood), the cobra, but it is believed that the action of the venom is not quite so rapid.

The shortest period within which it proved fatal to a fowl was fourteen minutes, while a dog expired in two hours and eighteen minutes. Nicholson relates an account of an elephant which succumbed to a bite in three hours.—Amrita Bazar Patrika.

POLLY LARKIN

All Finnish children must learn how to work, including not only the art of the cullinary department, but outside work as well, and they work for little or no wages. Their education is not neglected, however, for they learn to read and write in the Finnish languages. Usually their favorite book is the Bible and they are better versed in the lore of the sacred book than some—correctly speaking—than most of our boys and girls. A little Finnish girl who arrived from the old country only a year ago has mastered English so that she can speak the language sufficiently to make herself understood, and she also reads the daily newspapers and keeps posted on the current events of the day. She does not read rapidly, but plods along, spelling out the words and asking some one the meaning of those she does not understand. This little Finnish lassie, with the blue eyes and golden hair, sews beautifully and mends rapidly and nicely, showing her careful training in this line, but she says in her quaint little dialect, "all Finnish girls must learn how to sew." In the old country she used to rise at four o'clock in the morning and assist in the milking before she had breakfast. Then she went out into the fields to work, digging potatoes, planting or helping to harvest the crops. The child's work was never done, for on her return from the fields she had to assist in the milking. Then came supper, followed by the dish-washing, and then by the light of the candles, that cast but a dim, cathedral light over the little circle of toilers, she sewed. At eight o'clock everybody was expected to be asleep. Day in and day out, year in and year out, she had the same duties to perform. Here, if a mere child was kept at work to that extent, we would call it drudgery and making a slave of the child worker. Probably the parents or guardians of the child would find themselves under the ban of the law charged with breaking the rules of the child-labor law. What do you suppose this girl received as wages? Just twelve dollars per year, and she was satisfied with this and her board.

On landing in this country she had one pair of shoes, a meager supply of clothes, although those she had were neat and well-made, as far as the sewing went. She had little or no money, and was in debt to her brother for her traveling expenses to this country. The one treasure she carried was her Finnish Bible, and this she reads night and day during her leisure moments. First she got twelve dollars per month and she thought she was rich. The work in the place where she was engaged was so light that she called it "baby work" and laughed when anybody asked her if she was tired. For about six months she was contented, then the spirit of unrest seized her. She wasn't getting enough wages, for her Finnish friends who had been here longer than herself told her so. She wanted fifteen dollars, which was given her. As there were only two in the family she was working for, and they were gone from eight o'clock in the morning until seven and eight at night, she was satisfied to work for that amount for a time, but it was not long until she was again dissatisfied and wanted twenty dollars, and owing to a brother coming into the family, thus making a third party to put an extra cup and saucer on the table for, etc., she demanded twenty dollars, and again the lady of the house raised her wages because she had no time to hunt other help and break them in to her way of attending to the household duties. Still she is not satisfied, and this strong, healthy Finnish lassie, who was content to work from break of day until nine at night the year round for twelve dollars a year and her board, now wants twenty-five a month for cooking the modest and unpretentious two meals a day for three people, where she has nothing to do a greater part of the time except to visit friends who fan the spark of unrest and dissatisfaction into new life. Her sunny, bright face is losing its attractiveness, because she imagines that her services are so valuable that she is not being paid what she is worth. She is not alone in this, for every foreigner who lands in this country a pauper, or with little to call their own, and who would have been a plodder working for barely enough to keep body and soul together, and who would not have dared complain or demand more than they were getting—a mere pittance—the moment they land in the United States begin to demand what they term "their rights." The unskilled pauper foreigner, perhaps belonging to the criminal element, wants the same wages that Americans get who have been educated up to their business until they are valuable workers. It is hard on skilled workers, and it is passing strange that such a state of affairs should exist.

A little silver-haired lady said the other day, as she stood by the casket of a friend she loved, and listened to the words of praise that fell from the lips of the many friends who called to express their sympathy and pay the last sad tribute to the one who had gone, "I have listened all day to this, Polly. Every one has volumes to say in praise of the beautiful life and perfect character and the usefulness of this dear little woman whose earthly career has been cut short. They laud her memory with words of praise; they are bringing the choicest buds and blossoms in token of their love and respect, but, Polly, this all seems so heartless to me. How she would have appreciated all or one-half of the pleasant things that have been said to-day, but I doubt very much whether one of them ever let her know how they appreciated her noble qualities and her genuine worth as a friend who was ready at any and all times to respond to the demand for charity and the call of distress. Her heart went out to those in affliction and trouble, and although her time was taken up by her own home duties she always managed to help those who were in need. I have thought it all over as I stood here beside this little gray coffin containing the casket from which the pearl has been taken, and I have decided that I want all the kindness, all the praise of my good intentions, and all the flowers now. Don't wait until I am ready to be laid away. If you can't say any good of me now, please don't say it after I am gone."

Wouldn't it be a happy old world if people would just remember to say all the pleasant and encouraging things, and to give you the flowers now, when you need them most? Suppose we try it.

BRIEF REVIEW.

In the Good Old days.

Not until February of 1812 did the people of Kentucky know that Madison was elected President in the previous November, says Success.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at ten o'clock, if the weather is fair."

When Benjamin Franklin first thought of starting a newspaper in Philadelphia, many of his friends advised against it, because there was a paper published in Boston.

One hundred years ago the fastest land travel in the world was on the Great North road in England. There the York mail coach tore along at the rate of ninety miles a day, and many persons confidently predicted divine vengeance on such unseemly haste.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff, but at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later Col. Geo. Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagonloads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Eruption of Samoan Volcanos.

The eruption of a new volcano on the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, and the terror that it caused among the people in that part of the South seas, were witnessed by I. F. Brim, an elder of the Mormon church, who arrrived on the steamer Sierra from Pago-Pago. The volcano broke out on August 21st, the confined forces from the bowels of the earth using the little mountain standing back of Matautu as their means of escape. This comparatively small hill had stood for centuries with no sigh of having such great forces hidden beneath its cone. It was 3 o'clock on the morning of August 21st that Matautu opened up. The shock of the eruption was felt for a distance of thirty miles, and the force of the earthquake shock that followed shattered church buildings of the London Missionary Society ten miles away. But only one person lost his life. This was a high chief, who attempted to investigate the source of the explosion and temblor, and who mounted a cooled-off stream of lava on his way to the source of the trouble. The lava was flooded with a fresh outpouring while he walked along and he sank beneath its resistless body, litterally buried alive and cremated.

Death From Overexertion.

Three men died suddenly in New York recently, and, according to some physicians, death in every case was due to the mad rush of every-day life in New York. James B. M. Grosvenor, a millionaire residing on Fifth avenue, died on the "L" train from weak heart, and an ambulance surgeon said that the attack was in all probability due to over exertion. He had been running to catch the train. John G. Reinhard, an expert statistition, was the second victim of the day whose death was attributed to overexertion. He lived in Brooklyn. Count Luigi Capriani, of a wealthy Italian family, was the third victim of "the pace that kills." He was found dying in his apartments.

Sunburn's Miracle.

There are certain Arctic animals, dark coated in the short summer, that in winter turn pure white, thus matching the snow covered landscape and escaping notice and harm. This change of color, this protection, effected no one knows how, is wonderful, as wonderful as a miracle; and yet a kindred change of color, a kindred protection, happens among mankind every summer, and nobody notices it. When the pale city people go out in the summer sun at the seashore or the mountains the light attacks them fiercely, first reddening their skin, then swelling, blistering and scorching it. If they kept in the sun enough, and if no miracle occurred, the light would kill them finally, burning off the skin first and afterward attacking the raw flesh. But a miracle does occur. The skin changes from a pale color to a tan and on this tan the sun has no effect. The sun may beat on tan-colored skin for days and weeks, but such skin remains always sound unblistered whole.

There is no promise of pardon for confessing the sins of others.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Charming Negligee.

A charming negligee is here pictured in pink and white figured silk, trimmed with pink satin ribbon. Deep tucks are laid in front and back at the shoulders, thus giving extra fullness. A broad

MORNING JACKET.

sailor collar finishes the neck, which may be high or cut out in V shape. The full sleeves are left open at the lower edge, a bow of the ribbon giving a pretty finish. Several materials are adaptable to the mode, such as French flannel, cashmere, china silk, lawn and dimity. The medium size will require three yards of thirty-six inch material.

Winter Waists.

There are two entire novelties in waists for winter wear. The first is in pique elaborately decorated in eyelet work and heavy embroidery. The waists all button up the back and have sleeves puffed to the elbow and long, close fitting cuffs. The other waists for afternoon wear are of silk, peau de chine preferably. By an entirely new process exquisite flowers are painted by hand on the front panel of the blouse, on collars and cuffs. The material may be washed if necessary without losing one atom of the beauty of coloring.

Fashion Hints.

Green and prune will undoubtedly be the popular colors for autumn wear.

Materials will be lighter in weight than the stuffs usually worn in autumn. Light quality ladies' cloth broadcloth and new and heavier veilings will figure conspicuously.

Tailor made costumes, except those strictly for business use, are to be made with a demitrain.

There is no hint of crinoline in any of the new models sent from Paris, and that ever recurring scare is laid for another season at least.

Cameos Again In Vogue.

Cameos are coming back into vogue again, and the possessors of old treasures in these may get them out and consult the jeweler as to their remounting. Neck chains with pendants are among one of the most favored forms of utilizing these, and belts of cameos strung together with link chains are worn with thin and sheer lingerie frocks. Some bracelets, too, are shown, and the old fashioned earrings make up charmingly as buttons for one's favorite tailored blouse.

The New Skirts.

Skirts show a tendency to fit more closely around the hips, and the many bulky gathers of last year have gone with last season's fashions. There is still a great deal of fullness around the bottom of the skirt, but the lines are more artistic and more closely modeled to the figure.

A New French Model.

The smartest of the new imported models are very simply constructed while often appearing very elaborate. Tailor stitching is seen here in a very fetching result. The individual charm of this blouse is gained by the fanciful trimming straps, which may be omitted if preferred. These reach over the

STYLISH WAIST.

shoulders to the belt, front and back, and find their complement in the small straps of the sleeve. The shoulder straps resemble suspenders and broaden at the shoulder in very becoming lines. These may be finished with a narrow stitched fold of the material or with several rows of stitching. The shirt waist has two tucks on the shoulder and more in the lower part of the sleeve. The double box plait closing the front is stitched and pressed. Any of the popular washing stuffs may be used to develop this design, while mohair, serge, silk or a lightweight broadcloth would be very chic.

A Wooden Actor.

When Morris had the Haymarket theater Jerrold had occasion one day to find fault with the strength, or, rather, the want of strength, of the company. Morris expostulated and said: "Why, there is V. He was bred on these boards!" "He looks as though he had been cut out of them," replied Jerrold.

A long, slow friendship is the best, a long, slow enmity the deadliest.—Merriam.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

The demand for fresh, new, clean money of small denominations is so large that the treasury is receiving an average of $2,000,000 a day of wornout currency of all kinds, about 40 per cent the currency of national banks. United States Treasurer Treat said recently that the printing and engraving power of the United States government is not equal to the task of furnishing new currency as fast as desired. Realizing what would have to be contended with in this direction, Treasurer Treat some time ago wrote to the various subtreasuries calling their attention to the fact that probably 50 per cent of the money sent in for redemption was perfectly good enough to remain in circulation for many months longer and directing them to refuse to receive that which should not be taken out of circulation. The national banks of the country are so anxious for new, clean, crisp money that they bundle up loads of partly used money and turn it into the subtreasuries for redemption, supposing that the United States has nothing to do but keep the people of the country supplied with pretty, freshly printed bills. Mr. Treat says the treasury is willing to do all that is necessary, but that there is a limit to which the bureau of engraving and printing can go in obliging the banks.

Wireless Telegraphy Extension.

The navy department is erecting a wireless telegraph tower 200 feet high at the Washington navy yard in an effort to communicate with the wireless station at the Brooklyn navy yard. Heretofore messages between the two places have been sent by relay. The distance is not as great as that between other stations on the coast where messages have been exchanged, but in this case the aim is to have the means of communication highly perfected.

President's New Aids.

At the suggestion of the president Captain Fitz-Hugh Lee, Seventh cavalry, has been ordered to this city for special duty at the White House as an aid to the president and assistant to Colonel Charles S. Bromwell, the engineer officer in charge of public buildings and grounds. Captain Lee is a son of the late General Fitz-Hugh Lee of Virginia and a grandnephew of General Robert Lee of the Confederate army. By a singular coincidence he will have as an associate in his new duties at the White House Second Lieutenant U. S. Grant 3d, corps of engineers, grandson of General U. S. Grant, the great hero of the civil war.

Gymnasium For Soldiers.

Ground is now being prepared at Fort Washington, the heavy artillery station on the Potomac, about twelve miles below this city, for the erection of a new "gymnasium and post exchange building," the contract for which was awarded to a local firm about three weeks ago.

For several years past the men at the army posts throughout the country have been encouraged to go in for athletic sports, the officers believing that the sports benefited the men both physically and morally and added much to the esprit de corps of the commands.

Public Documents.

Public libraries and the libraries of schools and colleges will soon have an opportunity to complete their sets of public documents, Congressional Globes and Records. Mr. L. C. Ferrell, superintendent of public documents, is now preparing a list of the surplus copies of these publications on hand, there being from one to several hundred of four-fifths of the public documents issued since 1817 and complete sets of the Globe from 1833 to 1873 and practically all the Congressional Records to date. Previous to 1817 public documents were known as "American state papers," the burning of the capitol and the library of congress by the British destroying what was probably the only complete set in existence.

Decoration of Books.

The amount of gold leaf used in the big government printing office has been steadily increasing, nearly $34,000 worth of the prepared article having been purchased last year, the "waste" leaf reducing that amount by $6,000, however. The stamping room, located in the old building annex, employs forty young ladies to apply the leaf to the "cases" or book covers before passing them to the thirteen power presses. This is said to be the largest stamping room in the world, 25,000 cases being considered a fair day's work.

Model Police Force.

The police force of Washington is regarded as the model department of its kind in the United States. The men are looked upon as proficient and exceptionally intelligent. The present high standing of the metropolitan police is apparently due to the civil service system employed in their appointment.

President Roosevelt when civil service commissioner was instrumental in inaugurating the system which prevails, and Major Sylvester, superintendent of police, is responsible for its introduction into the regulations of the force.

The Weather Bureau.

The weather bureau has grown year by year, and its popularity has been thoroughly established. It is claimed that in order to make the work of the bureau effective the printing presses must be worked overtime, and the more printing the better the results of the service. It is asserted that the information of the weather bureau is valuable only as it can be distributed and that, although a large part of that distribution is made through the newspapers, yet still more can only be secured through the printing of maps by the government itself. It is said that as the years go by there will be more and more printing demanded.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

Unanswered.

"Papa!" little Johnny began.

"Now what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now."

"Will my hair fall off when it's ripe, like yours?"

His Busy Day.

Cassidy—Hello! How's things wid you? Casey—Busy, very busy indade. Cassidy—Is it so? Casey—Aye! Shure, every time I'm at laysure I hov some thin' to do.—Philadelphia Press.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Why the Tenor Was Fined.

The late Judge ("Biff") Hall of Chicago took great delight in telling the following story of "Punch" Wheeler:

Wheeler, at that time the advance agent of a minstrel company, had returned to New York before the close of the theatrical season, and a friend, meeting him on Broadway, asked him how he had found business.

"Very bad," said "Punch;" "so bad that the only way we could pay the members of the troupe was to fine them. It worked splendidly, too, and by the time we reached Texas the manager had squared up with the whole company excepting the first tenor, who was such a proper chap that there was no chance to find fault with his actions. At Galveston Mr. Tenor sang for his solo 'The Lighthouse by the Sea' and for an encore responded with 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse.' That gave the boss the opportunity he was looking for, and he levied on the songster's salary for the entire amount—first, for telling the business we were playing to, and, second, for giving away the route of the show."—Judge.

Hit It Right.

Here is a curious bit of reasoning on the part of a little girl in a north country board school. The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people, and he led up to it by asking who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return.

For some time there was silence, but at last the little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experiences, exclaimed with a good deal of confidence, "Please, sir, it's the baby!"—London Tit-Bits.

And He Didn't Look It.

"George said he went to a Turkish bath last night and that's what kept him out late," remarked Mrs. Newlywed.

"I don't believe there is such a thing as a Turkish bath," replied her mother.

"You don't? Why?"

"Because I saw a Turk once."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Her Refusal.

Mr. Ardent—Darling, when you first refused me I felt like a drowning man.

Miss Chic—Yes. I noticed you came up three times.

How It Happened.

Tom—Do you see that pretty girl in the hammock?

Jack—Yes. What of her?

Tom—I saved her life last summer.

Jack—Indeed! At the seashore?

Tom—No, on the front porch. I proposed to her and she said she'd die if she had to marry me, so I excused her.—Detroit Tribune.

Beyond His Limit.

Percy—What did she say when you popped the question last night?

Harry—Why, she said for two pins she would marry me.

Percy—Why don't you give her two pins?

Harry—Because she meant diamond studded hatpins.—Columbus Dispatch.

Choir Chatter.

"Give us a tune," urged the music rack in the choir loft. "Be obliging. Even the bells play when they're tolled."

"No," growled the organ, in its deepest tones, "I'll be blowed if I do."—Baltimore News.

Making Payment.

"All I have in the world I owe to my wife," murmured the millionaire, who was about to fail, "and I guess I better square up with her right now."

And he proceeded to put all his possessions in his wife's name.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Life Course.

"Marriage," remarked the old gentleman, "is a great educator."

"Yes," replied the young wife. "Since my marriage I have taken two degrees—one as a cook and the other as a trained nurse."—Boston Transcript.

An Insinuation.

"Do you believe that man is made of dust, Mrs. Hasherly?" asked the frivolous boarder.

"Not all of them, Mr. Slowpay," replied the landlady. "Dust settles promptly."—Chicago News.

Not Equal.

"Do you think time is money?" said Biffson.

"Can't be!" replied Bangs. "They say there's no end to time—and I'm broke!"—Detroit Free Press.

Regarding Phyllis.

She hath a dimple in her chin,
All hedged about with kisses,
And Cupid lies intrenched therein,
A wee sharpshooting manikin
Who very seldom misses.
—Philadelphia Press.

Done In Advance.

Artist—I sold a picture yesterday. Friend—Ah! What are you going to do with the money? Artist—It's already done with. My landlady bought it for half the board bill I owed her.

Breaking Her Word.

She—Would you believe it? When the bride came to the word "obey" in the wedding service she stuttered terribly. He—Well, she might just as well break her word one time as another.—Yonkers Statesman.

Gems In Verse

The Original Dixie.

I wish I was in de land o' cotton;
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land, where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Ole missus marry "Will de weaber;"
William was a gay deceaber,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But when he put his arms eround her
He look fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greabe her,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Ole missus acted the foolish part
And died for the man that broke her heart,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Now, here's a health to de next ole missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive away sorrow
Come and hear dis nig tomorrow,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar buckwheat cakes and Ingen batter,
Makes you fat and a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

The Immigrant.

A foolish little immigrant
Has crossed the unknown sea
And landed on the shore of life
A citizen to be.

He did not bring a single cent,
No baggage was revealed;
Upon what scenes he turned his back
His lips are ever sealed.

He may be homesick—who can tell?
The tears are in his eyes.
No doubt he finds this foreign shore
A land of strange surprise.

Ah, foolish little immigrant!
What tales were told to you?
Did you believe that work was light
And gold on bushes grew?

Good luck to you while you are here,
And long the time you roam;
You cannot take a dollar back
When you go sailing home.
—McLandburgh Wilson.

The Gypsy's Warning.

Trust him not, oh, gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet;
Heed not him who kneels before thee
Softly pleading at thy feet!
Now thy life is in its morning;
Cloud not this thy happy lot.
Listen to the gypsy's warning—
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden
Young and pure and, like thee, fair,
Yet he wooed, he wooed, and won her,
Thrilled her gentle heart with care.
Then he heeded not her weeping;
He cared not her life to save!
Soon she perished—now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Lady, turn not from me so coldly,
For I have only told the truth.
From a stern and withering sorrow,
Lady, I would shield thy youth.
I would shield thee from all danger,
Shield thee from the tempter's snare.
Lady, shun the dark eyed stranger.
I have warned thee—now beware.

Take your gold; I do not want it.
Lady, I have prayed for this,
For the hour that I might foil him,
Rob him of expected bliss.
Aye, I see thou art filled with wonder
At my look so fierce and wild.
Lady, in the churchyard yonder
Sleeps the gypsy's only child.
—Author Unknown.

Just a Few Things.

Just a few tears sprinkled in with our laughter,
Just a few clouds in the blue of the sky.
Showers make brighter the shine that comes after;
Smiles are the sweeter that follow a sigh.

Just a few griefs in the midst of our gladness;
Only for toil there could never be rest.
Songs we love most hold a shadow of sadness;
Joys that are touched with a sorrow are best.

Just a few graves in the land of the living,
Just a few moans in the midst of our mirth,
Just a few wrongs and the bliss of forgiving,
Bring the heart glimpses of heaven on earth.
—Nixon Waterman.

VIXI.

I have lived, and I have loved;
I have waked, and I have slept;
I have sung, and I have danced;
I have smiled, and I have wept;
I have won and wasted treasure;
I have had my fill of pleasure,
And all these things were weariness,
And some of them were dreariness.
And all these things but two things
Were emptiness and pain.
And love it was the best of them,
And sleep worth all the rest of them.
—L. S.

Peace.

The flower unsummoned seeks the summer day;
So peace comes—it is on the way.
Straight is its flight—the wild bird's to her tree.
Lay down thy head; peace flies to thee.
—John Vance Cheney.

Playthings.

The streets are full of human toys
Wound up for threescore years;
Their springs are hungers, hopes and joys
And jealousies and fears.

They move their eyes, their lips, their hands;
They are marvelously dressed,
And here my body stirs or stands,
A plaything like the rest.

The toys are played with till they fail,
Worn out, and thrown away.
Why were they ever made at all?
Who sits to watch the play?
—Edmund Gosse.

It Pays to Advertise.

An Oklahoma girl advertised for a husband and got him. The total expense for advertising, wedding outfit, etc., was $11. He died within a year, leaving her an insurance policy of $10,000. And yet some people claim that it doesn't pay to advertise.—Sparks (Okla.) Review.

Knows the Notes.

"I hear the cashier of your bank is very musical."

"Try working off a false note on him, and you'll think so."—Judge.