

SORROW IS BUT FOR A DAY.

Let us dream—let us sing by the way,
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
The world is rolling beneath the blue
With ever the sweetest of songs for you.
And answered shall be the prayers we
pray:
"Sorrow is but for a day!"

The rivers in music say,
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
The hills and the hills the song repeat
To the listening violets at your feet,
And the high stars sing on their heaven-
ly way:
"Sorrow is but for a day!"

It is but for a day—for a day;
It will fade—it will vanish away;
And over the darkest—the thorniest sod,
We shall reap in the beautiful lilies of
God,
And the wearisome winters shall blossom
like May,
"Sorrow is but for a day!"
—Frank L. Stanton.

A Thunder Shower.

THE sun was shining brightly
when Lucy Manning went down-
town, and it was oppressively
hot, but she looked dainty and cool in
her crisp ruffled lawn and white hat.
Having bought a few yards of ribbon,
a shirtwaist, "marked down to half,"
and an ice-cream soda, she started
home. The trolley car was almost
empty and she took a corner seat, near
the front.

Suddenly the sky grew dark, light-
ning flashed, thunder roared, and rain
came down in torrents. The conductor
struggled nobly with the curtains, but
before Lucy's were down she was wet
through. She looked at her gown sor-



"THERE'S THE GLOVE I LOST LAST WINTER."

rowfully; the color was running; it was
ruined. She minded the gown's plight
more than her own.

"What a pity," she said to herself; "I
was sure that it would wash."

Just then a tall, good-looking young
man appeared at her side.

"Good-morning, Miss Manning," he
said; "pardon me if I offer you my over-
coat. You will catch cold in that thin
gown. I am afraid."

Lucy drew herself up haughtily. "No,
thank you, I shall do very well as I
am."

"But I insist," and Lawrence Fulton
dexterously wrapped the coat around
her. Then he sat down on the same
seat, but so far away as to be almost in
a puddle. Lucy eyed him furtively.

"I don't care if he does get wet,"
thought she. "Mean thing. I wonder
how he happened to have his overcoat
with him this hot day."

Presently her conscience began to
trouble her. "Mr. Fulton," she said,
"why don't you sit farther over this
way? You are in the wet."

"I am perfectly comfortable, Miss
Manning, thank you."

"That's absurd," answered Lucy.
"You are almost in a puddle."

"It doesn't matter," said Lawrence.
"Nothing matters now," he added, half
under his breath. But Lucy heard him,
although she gave no sign.

The car sped three blocks, but neither
of the young people said another word.
At Superior street Lawrence arose,
bowed, and left the car.

"Goodness," exclaimed Lucy, almost
aloud, "he has left his overcoat!" But
the car was already at Chicago avenue.

When Lucy arrived at her getting-off
place the rain had ceased. She emerged
from the overcoat a much-bedraggled
object. "I feel like a freak," she said
to herself, impatiently, as she walked
two blocks in her wet and spoiled
finery, with the heavy overcoat on her
arm. The sun had come out again and
added to her misery.

Arrived at home, arrayed in dry gar-
ments, and, happily, feeling none the
worse for her wetting, she ruefully
surveyed the overcoat.

"I suppose I must send it back; he
will never come to it after last night."

She shook it out, preparatory to fold-
ing it, and a long white glove fell to the
floor.

"Why, there's the glove I lost last
winter at the McDonald's dance," Lucy
cried. "Stupid boy, to take it and car-
ry it around!" But her heart softened
a little. "That was the night after he
asked me to marry him. O, we had
such a good time at that dance."

"Lucy, have you heard the news?"
cried a younger sister, bursting into the
room. "Grace Anderson is engaged to
Mr. Worthy."

Lucy gasped. "Who told you, Molly?"
"Grace herself. She was here this
morning. I can't stay to talk now. I
want to tell Frances," and the impetu-
ous young lady whisked herself away.

"And to think—to think that I sent
Lawrence away because I thought that
he and Grace were—were too much
together. Sam Worthy is Lawrence's
best friend, and of course he was nice
to Grace. And he wouldn't tell Sam's
secret even to clear himself. O, dear,
dear!"

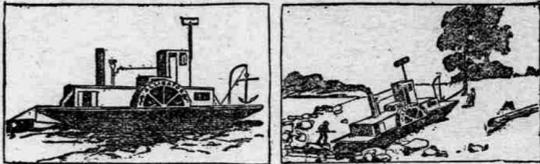
"Mr. Fulton, ma'am; come for his
coat," said a maid, at the open door.

"I'll see him, Nora."

Lucy gathered the great coat in her
arms and carried it to the drawing-
room.

"Miss Manning," said Lawrence, as
he came forward, "why didn't you send
it down by Nora? It is inexcusable
for me to leave it on your hands, but I
forgot it" about it."

BOAT THAT IS INDEED AMPHIBIOUS.



This is a peculiar boat called "a warping barge" that is in use on British Columbia rivers. Navigation on many of these streams is obstructed by falls and rapids over which it is impossible for a boat to pass. The Alligator crawls around these obstructions in the manner shown in the picture. It is a flat-bottomed craft with a strong winch and cable in the bow. When it is necessary for the boat to make a trip overland the cable is carried out ahead and hitched to a tree, the steam winch is started, and the winding in of the cable pulls the boat ahead.

"About me, too?" asked Lucy with a blush.
Lawrence started. "Lucy, what do you mean?"

"What I said. Did you forget me?"
"My every thought was of you, Lucy."

"Well, I forgive you, Lawrence. I don't like quarrels."

Lawrence was wise enough to accept "forgiveness," and to assume that it covered last night's offense as well as to-day's.

By and by Lucy asked curiously, "How did you happen to be carrying that heavy coat on this hot day?"

"O, that's easy enough, dear. I was bringing it home from the office for mother to pack away in camp for something. She asked me to do it way last April."

"Just like a man," commented his fiancée, sagaciously.—Chicago Tribune.

POSTOFFICES OF THE SEA.

How Mail Matter Is Taken Care of on the Big Ocean Liners.

A work with which but few persons are familiar is that performed by the men of the postal department of the big ocean liners. Twelve hours for each of six or seven days occupied in passage, they labor on a pitching, tossing vessel in a small space about fifteen feet square and three stories high. Electric lights gleam night and day in the compartment where the postal clerks work, for it is hard enough to decipher the addresses on the foreign mail matter, even in the light of years of experience. The sea postal service is now in its tenth year and is in operation on twelve trans-Atlantic vessels. It has proven such a success and is of so great an advantage in expediting the foreign mails that the government is considering the establishment of the service in other vessels.

The postal clerks are usually located in a small room below the berth deck with low ceilings and narrow berths. In this compartment the separation racks are placed. The compartment of the racks are labeled with the principal cities of the country towards which the vessel is bound, and it is the duty of the postal clerk to have all the mail delivered to the ship upon leaving port ready for distribution when its destination is reached. On one side of the room is a separation table on which registered packages are sorted and which holds a small pair of scales for weighing them and stamps for marking supplementary mail.

The effect of this registration is to make the union and all its members subject to the jurisdiction established by the act, and although the registration may be cancelled on the application of any union, this is done under due safeguards; and no cancellation is permitted during the progress of any conciliation or arbitration proceedings affecting the union which applies. Neither does such cancellation relieve any union or its members from obligations incurred in any previous award of the court. No workman may leave his work, or employer lock out his workmen during a dispute.

There is a celebrated cook in London about whom it is said that he makes an income of over ten thousand dollars a year. He is attached to no house, but in his own brougham sets out toward evening for the house of some rich man who is going to give a dinner, at which every dish must be above criticism. Here he alights, and, making for the kitchen, goes through the



INTERIOR VIEW OF A SEA POSTOFFICE.

One deck below, reached by a narrow companion way, are the newspaper racks—great iron gridions with big yawning sacks of canvas suspended beneath. Into these pouches the third and fourth class mail matter is thrown with marvelous precision and rapidity.

A trap door in the third floor leads to the cellar of the floating postoffice, one deck lower, and here the bags of mail are deposited when the ship leaves port. As fast as a dozen or so are emptied by the men at the separation table and distributed at the cases, another bunch is hauled up. Thus hour after hour, in fair weather and foul, toll the men who earn their livelihood by facilitating the exchange of news, of business matters and other expressions of the human emotions. It is no sinecure to hold the position of postal clerk and great experience is necessary to enable one to fill the place properly. The worth of good men is appreciated and the government pays well for service in this line.

A great deal is said about the notorious lack of moral courage in men. The women are nearly as bad; when a woman is carrying a package of dry goods, and goes into a rival store, she nearly always hides it.

There are now about 40,000 miners at work in the gold mines of Siberia. The grains of Siberian gold are said to be on an average larger than those of any other part of the world.

The difference between the cow and the milkman, said the gentleman with a rare memory for jests, "is that the cow gives pure milk."

"There is another difference," retorted the milkman. "The cow doesn't give credit."—Indianapolis Press.

Nothing Doing.
Biggs—Hello, Boggs! Just the man I wanted to see! I'm just back from the Paris Exposition, and—
Boggs—Sorry, old man, but I haven't got a cent!

As to Popularity.
Summer Boarder—Your charges are exorbitant.
Landlord—Yes, so.
"But you advertised popular prices."
"Yes, they seem to be popular. The house is full right along."—New York Weekly.

Her Preference.
Jack—Don't you think that woman, as a rule, prefers a man who is her master?
Ethel—Not at all. She prefers one who thinks he is.—The Smart Set.

Sad Fate of Ancestors.
"I tell you, golf is going to be the salvation of the nation. It is going to make athletic men and women out of our puny offsprings and lengthen our days by decades."
"But our ancestors didn't go in for golf."
"And where are they now? Dead! All dead!"—Boston Journal.

STYLISH HATS FOR FALL.



OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are old, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

Old Lawyer—How'd I get my start? Well, shortly after I was called to the bar a rich uncle died and I came into possession of a cool hundred thousand.
Young Lawyer (in surprise)—But I never knew you had a rich uncle.
Old Lawyer—I didn't say I did; it was a client's rich uncle who died.—Pack.

Ideal Happiness.
She—What was the happiest moment of your life?
He—Well, I think it was one evening last week when I entered the parlor of my boarding house and saw a strange sign on the piano.
She—Indeed! And the sign?
He—"Closed for Repairs."

What Can You Expect?
Mrs. Dinks—Isn't Colonel De Fite a very broad-minded man?
Mrs. Links—I supposed he must be; the jokes he gets off are always so extremely broad.—Detroit Free Press.

A Tip Excusively for Married Men.
Mrs. Henpeck—I have no control over my husband at all any more.
Mrs. Wunder—What's wrong?
Mrs. Henpeck—He secured a certified copy of the census enumerator's record, showing that I had given his name as the head of the family.—Baltimore American.

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"Mamma, I heard somebody to-day say that matches were made in heaven; how about that?"
"Well, what in thunder do they want matches there for if there's going to be no night there?"—Yonkers Statesman.

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"There are so many barks on the sea," remarked the girl who was leaning over the rail.
"Perhaps they come from the ocean greyhounds," ventured her tall companion.—Philadelphia Record.

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Thingumbob—Yes, he has; to be was left out of his rich uncle's.—Philadelphia Press.

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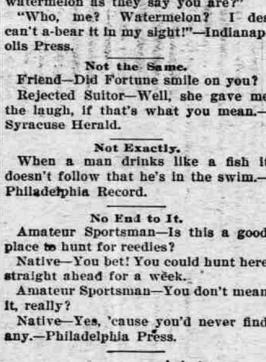
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Pawnbroker's Man—I was at first until I recognized the weapon as one I had sold the day before. Then I sailed in and knocked the stuffing out of him.

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"Oh, Edgar, it was the meanest moving-in I ever saw. Everything was boxed and barreled up so I couldn't see a thing they have."

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Oysters Must Have Salt.
Oysters cannot live in the Baltic Sea. The reason is that it is not salty enough. They can only live in water that contains at least thirty-seven parts of salt in every 1,000 parts of water.
Little girls and boys don't know what trouble is. Why, you can pull their teeth with a thread!



Melancholy Mudd—And I can't hold more than half of it!
Falled to Turn It Down.
Tess—I never saw anyone so slow as Mr. Timrus.
Jess—He is slow, isn't he?
Tess—Awfully. We were sitting in the parlor last night, and he suddenly said:
"If you could only see how much I love you I'm sure you'd let me kiss you." I told him "I couldn't see it in that light," and he just sat there like a stick.—Philadelphia Press.

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OF LONGING.

"Darling, you ought not to be seasick yet. We are not nearly out of sight of land. Look and see!"
"I see it, mamma. . . . That's what makes me want to die!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Idea of Institutions.
The Orator—My friends, the trusts are engaged in a dastardly attempt to destroy our institutions!
Weary Watkins—Well, I hope they'll stop at tar'n' down the penitentiaries an' leave the porchouses alone.

Too Many Cooks.
Aunt Malindy laid down her rolling-pin, set her hands on her hips and delivered herself of this proud bit of wisdom:
"Great trouble in dis world is, dey is too many people who don't know enough to be fust cook an' knows too much to be second!"—Indianapolis Press.

Took After Papa.
Sister-in-law—How like his father the baby is!
Mother—He's certainly like him in some ways. He generally keeps me up half the night.—Punch.

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STROUK EDUCATED CHINAMAN.

The Mistake of a Green Reporter in Getting an Interview.
Numberless are the tricks which newspaper reporters play upon one another to relieve the slobber "grind" of their calling. Two young men employed on a morning paper in a large city were detailed one day to call upon the resident Chinaman and "interview" them respecting some immigration measure then pending in Congress. One of the two reporters was a beginner and the other, an experienced man, naturally assumed the management of the assignment.

"Billings," he said, after they had invaded several laundries without any important result, "here is a tea store. I wish you would go in and talk with the proprietor. I want to know what he thinks about Chinamen voting. I'll go and pull off an interview with the man who runs this cigar shop next door. Remember to use the very simplest English at your command."

The young reporter went inside the tea store, took out his notebook and thus addressed the proprietor, who happened to be alone at the moment:
"John, how? Me-me—Telegraph, John! Newspaper—savvy, John? Newspaper—print things. Un'stan? Me want know what John think about Chinamen vote, see? What John think—China man vote—all same Melican man? Savvy, John? Vote? What think?"

The Chinaman listened to him with profound gravity until he had finished, and replied:
"The question of granting the right of suffrage to Chinese citizens who have come to the United States with the avowed intention of making this country their permanent home is one that has occupied the attention of thoughtful men of all parties for years, and it may become in time one of paramount importance. At present, however, it seems to me there is no exigency requiring an expression of opinion from me upon this subject. You will please excuse me."

The young reporter went outside and leaned against a lamp post to rest and recover from a sudden faintness that had taken possession of him. His comrade had purposely "steered him against" one of the best educated Chinamen in the United States.—Youth's Companion.

Bird Music.
In his "Recollections of an Old Musician," Mr. Thomas Ryan tells of the effect produced by a violinist on a family party of Indians who occupied the front seats at a concert in Topeka, Kan.

I was told there was a father with six sons in the party, all very large, broad-shouldered men. They filed quietly into their seats, preceded by a local guide, in whose hands they seemed like good, docile children.

One can never know what they thought of us, but one can do something in the way of inference. They sat quite unmoved in their seats, with their ox-like eyes fixed on our party while we played serious music. No shadow of emotion could be seen on their countenances.

The fifth number of the program was a violin solo by Mr. Schultz, and for an encore he gave a little caprice, entitled "The Bird in the Tree." The moment Mr. Schultz began this piece the Indians were all alive, their eyes sparkled with pleasure, and they nudged each other with the elbows; and when the little bird-melody and imitations of bird-singing began they looked all around the ceiling and the walls, doubtless expecting to see singing birds flitting about.

Not seeing any, they looked at the violinist and began to understand that he was the magician. The surprise, and almost incredulity, depicted on the faces of these children of nature was a rare show in itself. At its conclusion they jumped up and down, just as little children do when something unusual pleases them.

Opportunities in Samoa.
Somewhere in that mysterious part of the South Pacific Ocean, where one day merges into another to keep mankind straight and to keep mankind from trouble in marking the flight of years, lie the Samoan Islands, three in number, of which the smallest, Tutuila, is the property of the United States. The recent division of the islands, which are connected with the United States and with Australia and New Zealand by regular mail steamers, has assured their future. Tutuila, which is as large as the State of Rhode Island, contains many acres of the richest soil, and would make a fruitful dwelling place for 100,000 ambitious men.

It could be converted into vast plantations of coffee, vanilla, tobacco, coconuts and dozens of other tree products, while a thriving town could be made to flourish beneath the flower-clad trees on the beach.

Apia, in Samoa, is one of the most prosperous towns in the south seas, and its future is assured. It was in the hills north of this place that Robert Louis Stevenson, after roaming the earth for a paradise, found one. It was there he died.—Success.

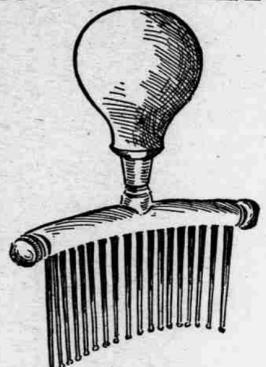
Russians Praised.
A writer in the Contemporary Review passes this strong eulogy on the character of the Russians: "I found that the Russians by temperament were without exception the gentlest, most easy-going and humane nation in Europe, and I have seen them all. Their defects are many, but the leading feature in the Russian character, high and low, which stands above faults of what they have their full share, is an enthusiastic generous humanity, easily moved to sadness and tears; full of expansive gratitude for kindness; free from meanness, pettiness, and cunning greed. In short, it struck me, the more I contemplated the Russian character, that they were the only people in Europe who possessed several of the better characteristics of ourselves. The Russians are not so fond of fair play, not so truthful, not so energetic, not so manly as we are; but on the other hand, they are less hypocritical, more truly modest, gentler, more tender, more truly religious, more humane, and less brutal and violent in every way."

A boarding house keeper who buys the best butter, never gets credit for anything but butterine.

Experience is the pay a man gets for making a fool of himself.

COMB TO APPLY CURATIVES.

English Device for Treating the Scalp with Liquids.
With the use of the appliance here illustrated curative essences of solutions can be applied to the scalp without moistening the hair above the roots. The back of the comb consists of a curved metal tube closed at both ends by screw stoppers, which can be removed to facilitate cleaning. The teeth are so many tapering tubes, screwed or soldered into holes in one side of the back, and from the center



ENGLISH DEVICE FOR TREATING THE SCALP OF THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE TUBE EXTENDS A SCREW SOCKET, TO WHICH A NOZZLE CARRYING A FLEXIBLE BALL CAN BE ATTACHED. THE EXTREMITIES OF THE TUBES FORMING THE TEETH ARE PREFERABLY SLIGHTLY FUSED, SO AS TO FORM AROUND THEM SMALL THICKENED RINGS TO PREVENT THEIR SCRATCHING THE SCALP. THE NOZZLE IS OF SUCH A LENGTH THAT IT CAN BE HELD FIRMLY BETWEEN THE THUMB AND FOREFINGER, WHILE THE BULB CAN BE PLACED IN THE PALM OF THE HAND AND SQUEEZED WITH THE OTHER FINGERS TO FORCE THE LIQUID THROUGH THE TUBES TO THE SCALP. THE INVENTOR OF THIS APPLIANCE IS HENRI P. DE VOGEL, OF SURBITON, ENGLAND.

Laurence Hutton is preparing a volume of papers to be called "A Group of Players and Other Sketches."
Hervy White, author of "Differences," has two new books ready for publication—"Quicksands," a novel, and a volume of short stories.
Gelett Burgess is to call his new collection of verse, consisting largely of lyrics from that defunct eccentricity, "The Lark," by the title of "A Gage of Youth." Some hitherto unpublished verses are included in the volume.
Like forensic eloquence, judicial humor is something peculiar to itself. Recently Justice Day, of London, electrified the court by asking, "Who is Sherlock Holmes?" It is a kind of tradition with her Majesty's Judges to know nothing of popular literature, or of affairs that are known of everybody. Who knows not Sherlock Holmes? Well, Justice Day does not, and there is the humor of it. The counsel who replied to the question explained that "Sherlock Holmes" was the name of a book, which it is not. It looks as if the counsel was determined to be in the humor, and not show more knowledge than the judge. That Dr. Conan Doyle's hero who solved so many mysteries should become a mystery himself is a pleasant circumstance.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS.

In August expired the copyright in Balzac's work and whatever may be the views of his fellow-authors as to the iniquity of robbing the dead author of his copyright the natural man will welcome with some not unnatural satisfaction the prospect of a varied choice of new editions. Till recently the only choice lay between the rather bulky octavo edition and the cheap and handy, but exceedingly ill-printed and ill-looking little yellow volumes. Latterly, however, his publishers have vouchsafed a rather better-looking cheap edition in 16mo form, which, moreover, has the additional advantage of containing at the end of each volume a table showing in what other novels of the "Comedie Humaine" the characters of that volume reappeared. Only those who have tried to trace for themselves through that mighty maze the complete history of Balzac's various heroes and heroines