

ANGLERS' SONG.

Away, away, to the brookside green,
In the morning's earliest flush,
To the purring brook where the alders
lean
Gracefully o'er the water's rush,
And the golden sun, with its many-hued
sheen,
Makes the tinted wavelets blush.

The lancewood rod, with its supple tip,
Is sound and strong as a pine;
But, arching, it bends with a dainty dip
When the brook trout strains the line,
And the spray flies high when the fish's
lip
Is pierced by the hook's sharp tine.

The tackle's strong and the water's right,
So there's chance for luck to-day;
With the wind in the south and the sun
not bright,
Our creels will surely weigh,
Ere with weary feet, by the gloaming's
light,
Homeward, we wend our way.

And where the mossy bank is sprayed
By the water's roaring fall,
'Neath the slender birches' flickering
shade,
We'll rest and thankful recall
That, of sports the Fates for men have
made,
Angling's the best of all.
—National Sportsman.

A WORKING GIRL

THE sentiments you have been expressing, my dear Roy," observed Albert Lestrangle with the patronizing manner justified by his seven years' seniority, "would be excellent in a novel, or might even be suitable for a city clerk, but they are quite inapplicable to us."

"Why so?" inquired the younger brother.

"Because rank and wealth have duties as well as privileges," replied Albert. "And foremost among them is that of making a suitable matrimonial alliance, and not—"

"That's all both, Bertie!" interrupted Roy. "A suitable matrimonial alliance! Poof! the sound of it makes one feel ill."

"You are young, my dear Roy," said his brother, pityingly. "Wait until you are my age and you will look differently at things."

"I shall never agree with you on that point, that's certain," answered the younger man, "for it's my opinion and always will be that a man who marries a woman that he doesn't love ought to be kicked."

"There is displayed the rashness of youth," remarked Albert, sententiously. "And believe me, my dear Roy—"

What he was about to add will never be known now, for at that moment a loud cry for help was heard from a meadow on the other side of the hedge that skirted the line down which the brothers were walking.

"Come along, Bertie," cried Roy, "there's a stifle a few yards higher up." In two minutes the young men had jumped the rails and were on the scene of action, where a couple of tramps were standing on either side of a well-dressed young lady.

"You take the little one, Roy," exclaimed Albert, "I'll tackle the other." The taller tramp lifted the stick he was carrying, but before he could use it Albert's fist caught him under the chin, and he found himself sitting in the hedge, while a moment later Roy knocked his companion into a bed of nettles close by.

"How can I thank you?" observed the girl, whom the young men had had time to notice as uncommonly pretty. "I had no idea that tramps were so dangerous."

"Pray don't mention it," replied Albert as he wiped his knuckles, "it was really nothing."

"It was a great deal to me I can assure you," said the girl with a merry, rippling laugh, "for unfortunately I was carrying all my worldly wealth with me."

"Are you returning to Tormouth?" inquired Albert, without noticing the latter part of her speech. "Can we have the pleasure of seeing you home?"

"I shall be grateful indeed if you will accompany me as far as the Anchor Hotel," was the reply, and then as they walked across the fields she further explained that she had been ordered down to the little seaside town by her doctor for the recovery of her health; "not that there's much the matter with me, only overwork, you know."

During the three-mile walk Albert became more and more reticent, while Roy, who at first had been quite overcome by the unexpected vision of beauty, gradually thawed out under the influence of her smiles until when they parted outside the hotel he had made an appointment for the following morning to show her the famous Smuggler's Cave.

For a few minutes Albert was silent, and then he observed gravely, "If you take my advice, Roy, you will not see that young person again. I do not consider that she is a desirable acquaintance."

"Why not?" asked Roy, astonished. "She is evidently a lady."

"That she has been well educated I will not deny," answered Albert, "but she works for her living, Roy. Did you not hear her say that she was overworked, and that she carried all her worldly wealth in her pocket?"

"She is a charming girl," retorted Roy, "and I am going to see her tomorrow in spite of you or any other old woman."

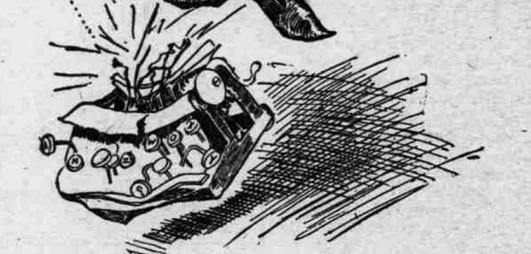
This reply hurt Albert's feelings and caused a coolness between the brothers, but Roy kept his word, and every day for three weeks he accompanied Miss Lefroy to one or other of the many natural beauties of the neighborhood.

At length came the fatal day of her departure, and after seeing her off Roy returned home more depressed than his brother had ever seen him.

"So your fair friend has gone away at last," said Albert at dinner time. "Thank heaven that she did not entangle you in a matrimonial alliance."

"It wasn't her fault, I can assure you," replied Roy. "She wouldn't have me."

TURKEY BANISHES THE TYPEWRITER.



The customs authorities have prohibited the entry of typewriters into Turkey, and 200 machines in the custom house have been ordered returned to the consignor. The authorities have taken up the peculiar characteristic attitude that there is no distinct feature about typewriting by which the authorship could be recognized or a person using a machine be traced, and that, consequently, anyone is able to put in type seditious writings without fear of compromising himself. Hektographic paste and fluid also are prohibited for similar reasons. The embassies are making representations on the subject with the view of inducing the Turkish government to take up a more reasonable attitude.

got her address in London and permission to call on her the first week in October.

The hours dragged themselves away, and on the first day of pleasant shooting, in spite of his brother's remonstrances, Roy left home for the great metropolis.

Two days later Albert followed him to town. It was but a forlorn hope, but it occurred to him that he might persuade the girl—for a consideration of course—to be merciful and release his brother from any foolish promises he may have made.

As Albert did not know much about London, he determined to seek the assistance and advice of his uncle, Lord Torchester, but on his arrival at Torchester House he found that a garden party was in full swing.

Lady Torchester greeted him with a few kind words of welcome and he passed on to his uncle.

"Hello!" exclaimed the latter, "what has brought you up to town?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Roy has been inveigled by some typewriting girl, and I've come up to see if I can get him out of the mess, and as I thought you would be able to help me, I—"

"Certainly, certainly," interrupted his uncle; "but here comes Miss Garrick, the famous actress; shall I introduce you?"

"Nothing I should like better, I have read so much of her that— What! Miss Lefroy!"

"The same, Mr. Lestrangle," answered the smiling girl. "And perhaps you will permit me to present my future husband, Mr. Roy Lestrangle! By the way, will you be best man?"—Ally Sloper.

HAD BAD LUCK WITH TEETH.

Misfortunes of a Woman Who Required the Services of a Dentist.

A dentist enjoying an extensive practice among the fashionable people of the South Side relates this peculiar experience of one of his patrons: "She was a rather pretty young married woman," he says, "but her upper front teeth were so badly discolored and defective as to greatly mar her appearance. Her husband after much persuasion induced her to have two of the worst replaced with artificial teeth, made such a neat job of it that she was delighted. The two teeth were on a plate, and she wore them to bed the first night she had them. During the night they fell from her mouth to the floor, and when she got up in the morning she trod on them and broke the plate all to pieces. I reset the teeth on another plate and she went home again with them. That night she put them in a glass of water on the mantel. Her husband got up in the



AMERICAN HALL OF FAME IN NEW YORK.

The American Hall of Fame was dedicated in New York recently in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of representative citizens from many parts of the country.

The idea of the Hall of Fame was conceived by Chancellor MacCracken, to whom it was suggested by the need of a building which would round out the beauty of the university quadrangle. This space the chancellor proposed to devote to an institution similar to Westminster Abbey, the Pantheon in Paris and the "Ruhmes Halle," Munich. Twenty-nine tablets were decided upon by a plan of selection, designed with every regard to fairness, by a jury of eminent Americans. This number of names will be added to every five years throughout the twentieth century, when five new tablets will be unveiled in the Hall provided the electors, under the rules, can agree on so many. The dimensions of the building are as follows: Total exterior length of the colonnade, 304 feet; height, 20 feet; breadth, 16 feet; length of museum, exclusive of entrance corridors, 200 feet; breadth, 40 feet; height, 16 feet.

SHARED HIS LEAP TO DEATH.

White Elk Forced to Obey Judgment of the Shoshone Indians.

White Elk, the son of Standing Bear, the Shoshone chieftain, sat stolidly in the grim circle of Indians that sat around the council fire. He sat unmoved as each Indian in turn thrust his hand forward with the fingers outspread and the thumb pointing downward. The last Indian in the circle had made the sign. Standing Bear arose and stood stiff and stern in the red lights of the burning embers. Every eye was upon him. White Elk sat looking stolidly at him through half-closed eyelids. Standing Bear thrust his arm out at full length and slowly spread his fingers apart and turned his thumb toward the earth. A scream came from a group of women standing near the chief's lodge. Then two old squaws led away a young Indian woman who still sobbed in spite of the storied stoicism of her race. The sentence of death had been passed on White Elk. He slowly rose as his father turned toward him and extended a piece of black wampum. He took it and tucked it in his girdle, bowed slowly to the council, and strode away to his own tepee, where he sat calmly puffing at his pipe long after the council had broken up and its members had gone quietly to their lodges. White Elk sat alone in the silence of the night listening to the rushing waters of the Popoagie. It was the voice of his executioner. Three days more and he was to be cast from a high rock into the "Place of Punishment," the deep hole in the mountains which swallowed up the rushing Popoagie and carried it somewhere deep down into the bowels of the earth.

Into this place White Elk was to be thrown because the Shoshones believed that the person who disappeared into the depths along with the roaring waters of the Popoagie died a death more dreadful than any other that could be



WHITE ELK'S LEAP TO DEATH.

meted out to him. Because the Popoagie drew its victims so deeply down into the dark regions under the earth that the soul could never escape and find its way to the happy hunting ground of the tribe. White Elk was not afraid to die. He had met death face to face a dozen times, and had not trembled. He had fought with the Blackfeet and the Sioux, and led his warriors to victory on many a hard fought field. He had fought hand to hand with the murderous Apaches, and never knew what it was to be afraid. But in spite of his seeming indifference he shivered as he heard the hoarse roar of the Popoagie leaping riotously over the rocks and leaping down the precipice to disappear in the dark depths below. He pictured his soul fighting with the angry water to regain the upper air that it might ascend to the happy hunting ground in the clouds. But he knew the Popoagie would triumph. He was certain that no soul could defeat the malevolent spirit of the Popoagie. White Elk could regard death with equanimity, but he could not bear the thought of an eternity spent battling with the spirit of the waters while Laughing Eyes waited for him in vain in the happy hunting ground.

White Elk's head dropped forward and he groaned. He heard a sound behind him and sprang to his feet. Laughing Eyes stood beside him in the moonlight. She motioned him with her hand and he followed her out to the cliff overlooking the deep crevice, down which the Popoagie lost itself. On the cliff the two sat in the moonlight. "You must not give yourself to the spirit of the Popoagie," said the girl. "You can go away. I will go with you. The Blackfeet have been your enemies, but they love you, for you are a mighty warrior. To them you can go and they will make you a chief, and I will go with you." White Elk sat silent. Then he spoke: "I must die because I did not put to death Nazalla, the Blackfoot chief. I had my spear at his throat. I might have killed him. But years ago Nazalla spared my life when as a boy I was hunting alone in the forest. He gave me food and water and showed me the way back to my own people. I could not kill him as he lay wounded. But the Shoshones fear Nazalla. They think that with him dead the Blackfeet would never more triumph in battle. I would rather die and disappear into the under darkness forever." The girl fell on her knees and entreated him. White Elk softly stroked her hair. But he only shook his head in reply to her entreaties. Long the two sat there. Then they arose and walked back to the village, and White Elk left Laughing Eyes at the door of her father's lodge. Three days passed away, and the next morning just before sunrise all the Shoshones were gathered in view of the great rock that lifted itself above the deep sink hole of the Popoagie. The medicine men of the tribe swaying their bodies chanted a death hymn.

As the first rays of the sun shone down the valley and rested redly upon the little group on the rock White Elk stepped forward with a strong young Indian on either side. He turned and looked keenly back at the group of women who stood about Laughing Eyes. He gave a sign and the two young Indians rested their hands on

his shoulder. White Elk stood with his face lifted up for a moment to the clouds. He cast his eyes around and took a last look at the woods and at his people standing grim and silent in the clefts of the rocks. Then he sprang forward and shot straight downward from the top of the cliff. His body turned half over in the air. Then it struck with a splash in the roaring water and was drawn downward and disappeared forever in the cavernous depths of the "place of punishment." The Indians stood looking downward where the form of the young chief had disappeared. Then there was a cry and all looked again toward the top of the rock just as they saw Laughing Eyes hurl herself headlong downward toward the rushing water. She sank from sight and her body, too, was drawn downward to the depths. White Elk's soul would not have to escape the spirit of Popoagie to meet that of Laughing Eyes.

HAS VOLCANOES TO BURN.

Uncle Sam Has a Choice Assortment in the Philippine Islands.

The United States Geological Survey will publish before long some facts about the volcanoes of the Philippines, which appear to be very interesting. One of them is the most symmetrically beautiful volcanic cone in the world, being even more perfect than the famous Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. It is little less than 9,000 feet high, and the name of it is Albay. Albay was an exceedingly active volcano during the last century, having burst into eruption at least twenty-five times since the year 1800. It broke out only last year with renewed plutonic activity, and back in 1814 no fewer than 1,200 lives were lost in consequence of one of its bad spells, a village four miles from the crater being under lava and ashes to such a depth that the ridgepoles of the houses were hidden.

Between Albay and Laguna de Bay

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I wonder where the entrance to the subway is," said a lady standing on Tremont street on her first visit to Boston.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the lady who was with her, "but let's go over here. Here's a door with a sign 'exit' over it."—Somerville Journal.

A Guilty Conscience.

"Yes, sir," said the patient salesman, "I've shown you our entire stock of gold and silver watch-chains."

"Well, they ain't the kind I want," replied the cranky customer. "I don't propose to buy what I don't want."

"Certainly not, sir. Perhaps you want a steel one."

"What's that? Jest you come out here, an' I'll show you if I want to steal one!"—Catholic Standard.

Wise Old Merchant.

Old Merchant—Where is your reference?

Tommy Tucker (who wants a job as office boy)—Here's one from my Sunday school teacher, sir.

Old Merchant—We don't want you to work on Sundays. Get me a reference from some one who knows you on week days.

Merely to Be Pitted.

"What do you think of the Chicago professor who says he never kissed a pretty girl?" said one young woman.

"Oh, I don't stop to think," answered the other. "I have no time to listen to other people's troubles."—Washington Star.

For All Causes.

Man loves to kick with might and main; Sad sounds best fit his mouth. He'll first complain about the rain And then about the drouth.

An Explanation.

Mrs. Brown—My husband never says anything to me about the way his mother used to cook.

Mrs. Green—That's something unusual. I wonder why he doesn't?

Mrs. Brown—She used to keep a boarding house.—Chicago News.

Unfortunate.

"Education may be a good thing," said the man with the stubby mustache, "but if my parents had not installed in my mind so great a reverence for grammar I am almost sure I could have been a poet."—Indianapolis Press.

His Imagination.

Percolium—What are you working at so feverishly?

Spacer—I've got an assignment to write an article on "How to Be Happy Though Moving."—Chicago Tribune.

Typical Fire Escapes.

Guest—What precautions have you here in case of fire?

Hotel Clerk—We have fire escapes from every floor. All you have to do is to make your way to one of them and fall off.—New York Weekly.

The Law's Delay.

Peasant—After you've let the case drag along now for three years, you've lost it for me!

Lawyer—Hm! That's what I get for my good nature—I might have let it drag along for three years more!—Hetterer Welt.

Meant Just What He Said.

Pupil—Where is Athens?

Teacher—You mean Athens, Johnnie. It is in Greece.

Pupil—No, I don't mean Athens. I mean Atoms, the place people get blown to in boiler explosions.—Baltimore World.

Too Noisy.

Biffer—My wife is subject to nervous headaches; can't stand a bit of noise.

Buffer—Too bad!

Biffer—Yes; why, I even had to sell my new golf suit.—Ohio State Journal.

His Grounds.

"And on what ground do you base your application for divorce?" asked the lawyer of his new client.

"Exertion, sah."

"You mean desertion, I suppose. Your wife has left you, doubtless."

"No, sah, she hasn't left me, sah."

"Then you can't ask for a divorce on the ground of desertion."

"I said exertion, sah. Dat's de ground perackly. She done exert herself continually to make me mizzable, sah. Put it on de ground ob exertion, sah."

Everybody Wants It.

"Well, the Northern Pacific corner didn't last long. That shows how hard it is to get a corner in railroads."

"Yes, and if you've noticed, it's next to impossible," replied the end next hog, "to get a corner in street cars."—Philadelphia Press.

His Future Field.

"John says he'll have his graduation papers purty soon."

"What's he been a-lar-rin' of?"

"Greek, an' Latin, an' French, an' German, an' so forth."

"An' what's he goin' to do after he comes clear?"

"Well, ef he don't go to splittin' rails, or farmin', I reckon he'll spend the rest of his days a-writin' of dialect!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Aftercrop.

Husband—Thank heaven, housecleaning is over.

Wife—Yes, dear, but the pictures are yet to be hung.—Ohio State Journal.

The Dramatic Craze.

Mr. Fijit—Our friend Epicure has gotten out a new cook book.

Mrs. Fijit—That's nice; is it going to be dramatized?—Ohio State Journal.

Not Complimentary.

"Briggs says his daughter looks like him. Did you ever see her?"

"No, and I never want to see her if she looks like Briggs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The First Question.

"I see that an Indiana court has decided that a passenger traveling on a pass can recover damages for injuries due to carelessness of the train employes."

"Yes, but ha wdo you get the pass?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More A'raid of Losing the Girl.

"Aren't you afraid to keep such a pretty girl in your kitchen? You may lose your husband."

"I guess you don't know that the present ratio is something like fifty husbands to one competent girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bright Boy.

Son (at his studies)—Papa, I wish I had been born in the time of Charlemagne.

Father—Why?

Son—Then I wouldn't have had to learn everything that has happened since.—Flegende Blaetter.

His Mistake.

Ethel—He telegraphed his proposal to her.

Maude—And did she accept him?

Ethel—No; she said that she had no use for a man who would waste his money on telegraph tolls instead of spending it for caramels.—Somerville Journal.

Misguided Young Man.

Ned—Does Arthur play golf on Sunday?

Tom—Well, he thinks he does.—Somerville Journal.

A Very Long Fermon.

Bobby—Say, pop, how much did you put in the collection plate?

His Papa—Sh! A dime, Bobby.

Bobby—That preacher is certainly giving you an awful lot for your money.

He puz Him.

Mr. Backward—Well-er-yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller.

Miss Coy—To find out when you will marry, eh?

Mr. Backward—Why-er-yes. I—

Miss Coy—Why not ask me and save the fortune-teller's fee toward the price of the ring?—Philadelphia Press.

An Inversion.

"Does Mr. Billionson play golf?"

"No. He works at golf. When he wants a little real diversion he goes into the stock market."—Washington Star.

Her Logic.

Mr. Moore—Will nothing induce you to marry?

Miss Witting—On the contrary. It is the nothing you have which induces me, not to marry.

Her Misapprehension.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, I see that Englishman has got his Gainsborough back, after twenty years.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I shouldn't think his wife would care for it now; it's out of style.

"Out nothing; a picture as valuable as that is never out of style."

"Oh, is it a picture? I thought all along that the Gainsborough was a hat!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Too Rich for Him.

Jinks (meeting Winks in light lunch cafe)—Hello! What are you doing here?

Winks—Getting my lunch, of course.

Jinks—But I thought you were keeping a swell restaurant down town.

Winks—So I am, but I wouldn't keep it long if I ate there. It's too expensive.—Philadelphia Press.

Eggs of Insects.

The collection, preservation and examination of the eggs of insects will afford interesting recreation. Curtains, carpets, floor-crevices, cushions, furs and woolen garments will serve as a prolific hunting ground indoors; while out of doors the surface waters of ponds and water-butts, the corpses of birds, the skins of cattle, and the leaves and branches of the shrubberies give an abundance of material.

Among those insects whose eggs make the most interesting microscopical mounts may be noted the common house-fly, the wasp, the tortoise-shell and cabbage butterflies, the mottled umber and the puss moths, the dragon-fly, and most of the parasites. The eggs of these are all shapes, hexagonal, conical, oval, spherical, and are most richly and harmoniously colored; while the elaborately sculptured surfaces are hardly excelled in the beauty of their designs by the symmetry of the ciliated, winged and fringed ornamentations with which they are surrounded.

Polish usually exaggerates the sections of a fool.