THE ONE WHO HAS A SONG.

The cloudmaker says it is going to storm,
And we're sure to have awful weather—
Just terribly wet, or cold, or warm,
Or, maybe, all three together;
But, while his spirit is overcast
With the gloom of his dull repining,
The one with a song comes smiling past,
And, lo! the sun is shining.
The cloudmaker tells us the world is wrong,
And is bound in an evil fetter,
But the blue-sky man comes bringing a song
Of hope that shall make it better;
And the toilers, hearing his voice, behold
The sign of a glad to-morrow,
Whose hands are heaped with the purest gold
Of which each heart may borrow.
—Nixon Waterman in Success.

A CONDITION.

WHEN I'm a grown-up man, as big as father, I shall marry you," announced Roger, with all the assurance of 12 years.

"Perhaps I shan't want to marry you," said Marcella, who, although two years younger than her would-be husband, saw no reason why she should not have some choice in the matter. "Perhaps I shall marry Dicky Blair," she added.

"O, Ella, you promised me;"

"I can change my mind if I like," retorted this true daughter of Eve; "and you must learn to do lots of things that Dicky can do if you want me to choose you instead of him."

"What sort of things?" asked Roger, anxiously.

"Well, whistle tunes, for one thing, for dolly and me to dance to, and cut faces out of corks, and—and—O, heaps of things."

"I can whistle," said the boy. "Listen!" and a faint piping came from his lips.

"Pooh!" snubbed Marcella, "that's nothing. Whistle proer tunes loudly,

PERHAPS I SHAN'T WANT TO MARRY YOU.

I mean; and, anyhow, even if you can whistle, I shall only marry some one who is awfully rich and who I love awfully, so there."

"Miss Marcella," called nurse, "come along quickly; we must take this turning. Now, say good-by to Master Roger at once."

But Roger turned away. He would not let his lady love see how much he minded having his matrimonial plans utterly disorganized, even if not altogether destroyed.

* * * * * * *

"It is tiresome that that young Falconer should be coming home just now," said Mrs. Estart, in an aggrieved tone.

"Why, my dear?" asked her husband. He was accustomed to his wife's grievances and rarely noticed them; but he did not understand why she should mind the son of his old friend and neighbor, Falconer, being on the way home.

"O, you men are so dense!" replied the lady, sharply. "Why? Because of Marcella, of course. Here she is, 25, not married, and evidently not wanting to be. Here is Mr. Penderton, rich, desirable in every way—rather old, perhaps, but that is no drawback—madly in love with her, and no other man near to try to supersede him.

"Now, we hear this young Falconer is coming back. He is about Marcella's age. I have heard he is good looking, and he is probably as poor as a mouse. Who knows what complications may arise, especially as Marcella has such extraordinary ideas? Of course, they haven't met for years—not since they were children, in fact—and I shall try to prevent their seeing much of each other, at any rate till Marcella's engagement to Penderton is un fait accompli."

"Do speak English, dear," was all Mr. Estart replied to his wife's speech, and she snapped her lips together and left him.

John Penderton was 57, but he was rich, and Mrs. Estart, into whose mind the question of love never entered, saw no reason why her daughter should not marry him.

"We are as poor as we can be, Marcella," she said, over and over again, "and as Mr. Penderton is so anxious to marry you, it is only your duty to consent."

But Marcella, with the optimism of youth, thought that there were other things than money worth considering, especially as she must take it with a padded, painted, bewigged wreck of what had once been a handsome, pleasure-loving man. Three times he had proposed to her and been refused, but, backed by Mrs. Estart and his $150,000 a year, he did not despair. He was their nearest—in fact, their only—acquaintance in the lonely country place where they lived, and Mrs. Estart viewed with dismay the advent of a younger and better, though poorer, possible rival.

* * * * * * *

Roger Falconer had been at home for three months, an I had seen, in spite of her mother's precautions, a great deal of Marcella Estart. He could not help remarking the anxiety of Mrs. Estart and John Penderton to attain their end, and it was only natural that with the childish friendship to fall back upon, and dislike at seeing a girl urged against her will to marry a man old enough to be her father, he should become what Mrs. Estart called "undesirably fwriendly" with Marcella.

And then one day, when things came to a point, when Penderton proposed for a fourth time and was refused, and Mrs. Estart emptied the vials of her wrath and disappointment on her daughter's head, Roger asked Marcella to marry him.

"I know I'm not as rich as that old fellow," he said, "but I've enough for two people, and I love you, Marcella. I'm almost afraid to tell you, for I've never forgotten, when we were children and played in the wood, how you snubbed me one day and said you wouldn't marry any one who couldn't whistle better than Dicky Blair. I can fulfill that condition, I think, but not the other of being 'awfully rich.'"

Marcella smiled.

"What a horribly avaricious child I must have been!" she said. "But the little girl in the wood had yet a third condition. Don't you remember? She said she would only marry some one she——"

The man looked at her eagerly.

"Loved awfully," she finished, and Roger knew that Mr. Penderton would never have another chance.—Chicago Tribune.

Naming the Child.

Now, necessarily, when the new girl baby arrived there was much discussion among the members of the family as to what her name should be.

"We will call her 'Geraldina,'" said the fond mother.

"Why not call her 'Esmeralda?'" asked the first grandmother. "I saw that name in a story once, and always wanted to try it on a baby."

"Oh," murmured the second grandmother, "that would never do. Let us call her 'Fanchon.'"

"But don't you think 'Eltessa' is a pretty name, and so odd, too?" put in one of the aunts.

"Excuse me, ladies," ventured the poor father, who sat near by, "but you seem to forget what we are trying to find a name for a human being, and not for a 5-cent cigar."—Baltimore American.

Making the Most of It.

"That diplomy is a big one," said the old man, "an' cost a sight o' hard-earned money; but, 'long as you've done got it, we might's well utilize it fer all it's wuth. Take it back to 'em, Bill, to the college, an' ax 'em to paint in the left-han' corner that I do blacksmithin' cheap fer cash, an' they ain't none kin beat me shoein' of a Georgy mule, ef I does say it myself."—Atlanta Constitution.

Truth Will Out.

"I suppose," said the physician, smiling and trying to appear witty, while feeling the pulse of a lady patient—"I suppose you consider me an old humbug?"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse!"

Metaphorical Heat.

"At this point she broke down and shed scalding tears."

"My goodness! She must have been fairly boiling over!"

A Plea for Good Work.

What the average amateur photographer needs is a higher aim, the determination to do, not good work but the best work of which he is capable with the materials at his command. In this as in other walks of life, the old saying is true: "If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well;" and, again, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." No happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss man will succeed in photography, and if the reader does not want to be one of that kind he should never be satisfied even with his best work; and should never rest if he makes a failure, till he finds out the cause. In a word, he should be his own severest critic. I have a friend who has done what others think excellent work, but who says he never made a picture yet that he did not think might have been better. This the first hint for doing really good work. Here are some more.

Never take many plates with you when going out for a stroll with your camera. Two or three pictures are full occupation for an afternoon's jaunt. Sometimes one will be ample, or even too much.

In landscape work never make an exposure on a view unless you have made up your mind that it is presented under the best possible conditions. Perhaps it would look better by morning light, or the sunshine may be too strong to give a correct lighting of the shodaws. Again, the distance is too clear, or the wind is moving the trees too much. Whatever may be the matter with an otherwise perfect picture, make an entry in your note book rather than expose a plate. Put down the locality, the time of day when it should be taken, and other memoranda that may be useful, and then you will have a treat in store. But perhaps you will not be able to go there again. Never mind, a pleasant memory is better than a makeshift picture any day.

When you have made your exposure, landscape, portrait, or what not, make entry against it of the lighting, time of day, amount of exposure, etc., and also, if you are an expert at developing, make a note of what kind of development you think will best suit the subject. Don't forget, too, to have your slides numbered, and make a note of the number as part of your entry. Then you won't be developing an ample exposure when you think you have a snapshot in the tray.

Don't make more negatives than you can finish up comfortably. If you have plenty on hand yet want a walk through the woods and fields go without your camera, but don't forget to take your note-book.

As to your prints, don't be satisfied with one kind of paper for all sorts of negatives. Some will look better printed on the despised blue-print paper. Others will look better in the rich brown tones of the glossy solio. I have a picture of roses and carnations. They look more alive and natural on this paper than on any other; yet as a rule I don't like P. O. P. Others, especially bold negatives, will give better results on Eastman's Sepia than on anything else; and so on. It is a good idea in many cases to keep in mind the paper you think will best suit the subject, at the time you are developing. You can then make the negative bold or soft, thin or dense as will best suit the circumstances.

There are lots of hints along the same lines that might be given, but they must be kept for another time. But whatever you do in photography do the best that lies in you or throw your camera on the scrap heap and start on something else.

Get some good wood and nail the pieces together, making a tray the size you wish. Then take some oil table cloth, and fasten to the tops and sides by means of tacks. This kind of tray fully answers the purpose of the more expensive trays for washing, ironing and fixing prints.

REVERE'S HOUSE FALLING INTO DECAY.

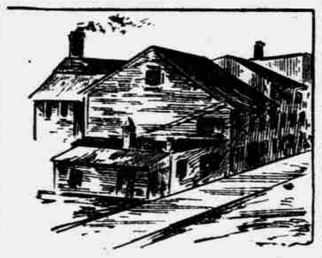
Paul Revere's house in Boston, Mass., is sadly in ned of repair. The ravages of time are visible to even the most casual observer, and unless something is done speedily to preserve it those who value it as a relic of Revolutionary times will soon see the last of it.

The house was probably 100 years old when Revere purchased it, some years prior to the Revolution, and was in its palmy days one of the very best of its class.

Just now the ancient house is unoccupied, save for a store upon the ground floor, but its interior has recently undergone quite a remarkable transformation with a view to rendering it attractive for light housekeeping among the Italians, who are most likely to reoccupy it. The little stuffy store in which Paul Revere could never recognize to-day his once cozy parlor is now devoted to the sale of Italian groceries, a stock of edibles, strange to the eye of an American, occupying about all the space save what would allow three or four persons to turn around in. One might visit the place every day for a month and never hear a word of English spoken, either by the proprietor or his patrons.

The ancient kitchen in the rear of the store was long since subdivided into various apartments, one of which is a bedroom; another, containing the old fireplace, being now merely a depository for barrels of rubbish. Nobody now knows anything about it, but it is probable that the second and third floors bear little resemblance to-day to what they did in Revere's time, for he moved away about 1795, and since then the house has been devoted to a variety of uses.

The earliest changes were probably made half a century ago, when the house was a popular boarding place for Cape Cod sea captains, and no doubt had a good, substantial, if plain, table, in order to satisfy the appetites of such a respectable and healthy set of patrons.



REVERE HOUSE AS IT WAS.

On the second floor front are two rooms, evidently once the best chambers. In the rear are three more rooms, one of which contained a small closed fireplace. Unless the house originally had more chimneys than at present the front chambers must have been without means of heating.

Opening into the best front chamber is quite a remarkable old-fashioned door, apparently the only one in the house that has survived from Revere's day. It is nearly two inches in thickness and is heavily paneled with quite elaborate molding. Although broken, the original old wrought iron hinges still remain.

There was one occasion when Revere's house was the sensation of the town, and that was on the night of March 5, 1771, the first anniversary of the Boston massacre, when Revere gave a sort of memorial illumination quite characteristic of him. The importance with which it was regarded by the public is shown by the publication of a detailed description of it in the local papers, an extraordinary thing in those days of provincial journalism.

SPOKEN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Many Different Languages in Use Among the Islands.

Here are the languages they speak in the Philippines: Ilocano, Igorote, Pangasinan, Pampangan, Tagal, Biscol, Bicol, Visayan, while in the northern part of Luzon there is still another tongue, and the Iolo tribes speak still another, making ten languages for the 10,000,000 people. The dialects and languages of the "non-Christian tribes," as Governor Taft designates a large proportion of this 10,000,000, are beyond comprehension. In answer to a question when he was before the House Committee on Insular Affairs a few weeks ago, Governor Taft gave the following idea of the linguistic qualities of the inhabitants of the Philippine archipelago:

"Beginning at the north of Luzon there is a language in Cagayan and Isabala that is different from any other in the island. On the west side of the northern end of the island of Luzon is the Ilocano. In Bengeut they speak an Igorote language, and also Ilocano, to some extent. Coming down the map there are the Pangasinanian and the Ilocano. In Pangasinan both are spoken. Pampangan is spoken in Tarlac, in the southern part, and Pangasinanian is spoken in the northern part. In Bulacan, Cavite, Batangas and Tayabas Tagal is spoken, and in the northern part of Ambos Camerines. In Albay and Sorsogon and the southern part of Ambos Camerines the Bicol is spoken. In Masbate, where the three tribes meet, the Bicol, the Visayan and the Tagal are all spoken. In Samar Leyte, Cebu, Bohol and Negros Visayan is spoken, and also Romblon. In Mindoro the Tagal is spoken. Where the Visayan language is spoken they have two dialects, the northern and Cebuyan. The Jolo tribes speak a language of their own."—Washington Star.

Looting the Summer Palace.

While China is occupying so much attention, it seems opportune to republish an incident of the first looting of the great Summer Palace and the treasures it contained.

The writer of the volume from which the extract is made was a French officer:

"One of our spies," he says, "my orderly, Mohammed, was extremely attached to me, both through affection and by interest.

"'Are you the friend of the General?' he often said to me. 'You put words into his mouth; you must get me a medal.'

"When he returned from the Summer Palace he brought a double-handful of pearls.

"'These are for you,' he said to me simply.

"And thus it happened that I, to please the General and secure the Cross of Honor, had seized nothing, while my spy, to give me pleasure and to secure a medal, had plundered on my behalf—the same motive had inspired both of us to quite contrary acts.

"'Thanks, my lad,' I said to him. 'Keep all that yourself; it is probably worth a great deal.'

"'What will you take for your pearls?' said one of my comrades who stood by.

"'Give me a bottle of brandy.'

"'Agreed'—and Mohammed gave him his pearls.

"A bottle of brandy in the camp at Yuen-Ming-Yuen was sold to us by the cutlers for one hundred francs. After the expedition to China was over the pearls were sold for thirty-five thousand francs."

Chinese Fables.

Chinese literature, almost unknown to Western peoples, is rich in parables and fables. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, in his book, "The Lore of Cathay," gives several which may not be as good as Aesop's, but are greatly superior to those of some of his modern imitators. Here are two examples:

A tiger captured a monkey. The monkey begged to be released on the score of his insignificance and promised to show the tiger where he might find a more valuable prey. The tiger complied, and the monkey conducted him to a hillside where an ass was feeding—an animal which the tiger had never before seen.

"My good brother," said the ass to the monkey, "hitherto you have always brought me two tigers. How is it that you have brought me only one to-day?"

The tiger fled for his life. Thus a ready wit wards off danger.

The principle of the next fable the Chinese always apply to their European instructors in the art of war.

A tiger, finding a cat very prolific in devices for catching game, placed himself under her instruction. At length he was told there was nothing more to be learned.

"Have you taught me all your tricks?"

"Yes," replied the cat.

"Then," said the tiger, "you are of no further use, and so I shall eat you."

The cat, however, sprang lightly into the branches of a tree and smiled at the tiger's disappointment. She had not taught the tiger all her tricks.

A Funereal Joke.

At the funeral of a lawyer of State reputation, who lived and practiced in a town not far from Philadelphia, and who was known among his friends thereabouts as an unbeliever, an eminent gentleman from Philadelphia reached the house after the minister had begun the sermon. Not knowing how far the services had progressed, he accosted a well-known Quaker of the town, who was a friend of the deceased, and who was noted for his great sense of humor, and, leaning over his shoulder, asked in a whisper:

"What part of the services have they reached?"

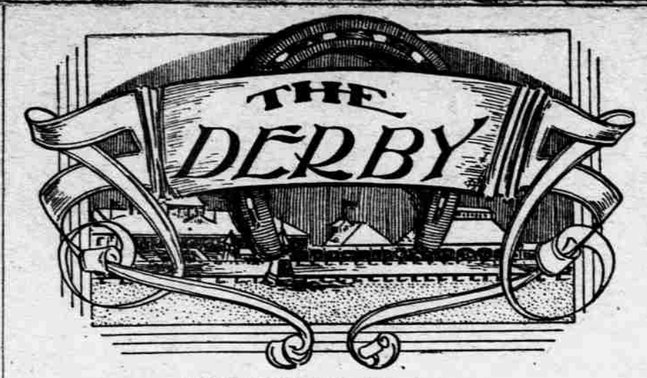
To which the Quaker, without a smile, replied:

"Just opened for the defense."—Philadelphia Times.

Famine Follows Death of Trees.

The famines in the interior of Russia are coincident with a decline in the humidity, due in great measure to the destruction of forests.

No woman should ever use a swear word stronger than the law allows to her preacher.



Chicago correspondence:

So long as the American Derby exists as the feature of Western turf sport, breeding and racing interests in this country, representing millions of dollars in investments, will be certain of popular support. There are other Derbies, but they lose in comparison with the great June event in Chicago, which rises far above the everyday possibilities of the ordinary horse-race to the dignity of the two great events abroad—the Grand Prix of Paris and the English Derby of Epsom Downs, which it so closely resembles.

The American Derby is a race for glory. The course at Washington Park, made famous by the speed contests of American and imported thoroughbreds, is that upon which resound the hoof-beats of the very best from noted sires and dams. Here the horses that may have run and won elsewhere come to show that they are of real Derby caliber. It is the best horse to win, and naught could tempt owner, trainer or jockey from the strictest line of honesty. Even royalty has been represented among owners who prize a Derby winner above any other. Multimillionaires from all sections of the country, who willingly pay fabulous prices for horses with which to win this event, have seen their favorites beaten by horses of owners who needed the stake money to pay feed bills.

IN THE INFIELD.

Derby day has a greater significance to Western people than mere horse-racing. It is the Vanity Fair of the summer season, for the wealth and fashion of the great Western metropolis would have it so; and it is thoroughly democratic as well, for the thousands from the great middle classes are interested.

Michigan avenue, the fashionable Chicago boulevard, with all its tributary resident streets of the aristocracy, presents a scene on Derby day unrivaled in America. Like a gorgeous braid of color, the vehicles loaded with those who have all that money can buy and art bestow, move out over these streets to join the boulevard procession, as the pageant, with music of horn and bugle, moves on to the racing scene at the course. Then the boulevard closely resembles Rotten Row or the Champs Elysees when royalty is abroad for the day. All is bright and beautiful, and the spirit of the occasion is as thoroughly enjoyed by those in chaises as the others who tread 'mid the daisies.

Merchants and trades people of Chicago have also fostered the spirit of the day, for to them it means a stimulus in all lines of business. Thousands in new gowns and all that goes to adorn man and womankind, new equipages, bought or hired for the day; dinners and luncheons at fashionable resorts and taken to the course; theater parties and evening entertainments; the great influx at the hotels of country visitors, and their later purchases; track supplies; in fact the butcher, baker and candlestickmaker, all get their share of the half-million of dollars which Derby day puts into circulation. The head of one large house recently stated that the profits of his firm from the sale of fans alone was over $2,000. According to Secretary Howard, the crowd at the last two Derbies exceeded 40,000.

It is the kaleidoscopic vision of flashing colors that makes Derby day a success. The bright and fashionable equipages drawn by prancing horses, whose coats are groomed to a silken sheen, and with gold and silver trappings flashing in the sun; the coachmen and footmen in bright blue coats, white doeskins, and patent leathers with tan tops; the autos, which now play a very important part; the color effects of the stylish dresses, sunshades and millinery, all combine to make it seem as though the boulevard had caught the end of a rainbow and rolled it out along the road; and as this symphony of colors is carried through the track gates and onto the infield, as carefully kept as any lawn, the scene from the clubhouse and the double-decked grand stand, seating 35,000 people, makes Derby day just different from the ordinary hoss-race.

The races lose nothing of sportive interest by the social features. Paterfamilias, who could not afford a private box in the grand stand, has arrived early with his family and watched the infield and stand fill since morning, being provided against hunger and thirst by the big picnic basket filled with good things. Scattered over the inclosure are State, county and city officials, men prominent in all walks of life, actors, and even clergymen, leading horse-owners from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada and Minnesota to the blue grass country.

Two preliminary races give the crowd an opportunity to size itself up and whets the appetite for the real thing. The crowd watches the "warming up" of the Derby horses, sees the starter cross the field to the half-mile post, and finally hears the bugle call for saddling. Then comes the parade past the grand stand and the canter to the starting post. Every vantage spot is now taken. There are the usual false breaks, the recalls and the scolding and pleading by the starter with tricky and overanxious jockeys for a fair start.

Finally there is a swish of the flag and the great crowd takes up the cry, "They're off." The horses come thundering down the stretch on the first turn past the grand stand, horses and jockeys seemingly equally intent to win the check for $20,000 which the presiding judge will place in trembling hands within the fractional part of three minutes.

Cheered by franitc cries from 50,000 throats, each for its particular favorite, horses and riders round the quarter-mile post, and from this point the race is really won. Glasses are now in the hands of eager spectators, who see only flashes of color along the backstretch. They swing again into the homestretch, and now the hoofbeats keep time with the heartbeats, as the race is nearly done. There is a brief interval, and then, as the number of the winner goes up on the judges' stand a tremendous burst of applause breaks from the crowd. Men swarm out upon the track, the immense floral horseshoe is brought out, and into it the successful jockey is placed, to be carried in triumph past the grand stand and into the paddock to the jockey room, to be again cheered by his comrades.

A CLOSE FINISH.

And in its enthusiasm the crowd would carry off the real winner—the equine hero of the day.

THE GREAT DOUBLE-DECKED GRAND STAND.

"MY GOOD MAN."

Sightseer Called Senator Hawley, Offering Him a Quarter.

Senator Hawley was stopped by three women in one of the Capitol corridors to-day. Two of the women were young and pretty. The third was a stately dame, who surveyed the Senator through her lorgnette and said patronizingly:

"My good man, are you familiar with the Capitol?"

"Reasonably so," replied Senator Hawley, "I have been here many years."

"Well, we understand there is a beautifully decorated room at this end of the building. Can you direct us to it?"

"I presume you mean the President's room," replied Senator Hawley. "If you will come with me I shall be very glad to show it to you."

The Senator led the party into the President's room, explained the decorations and then said:

"The room of the Committee on Military Affairs is very beautiful also. Would you like to see that?"

They did want to see it and the Senator took them there. After he had exhibited the room he said:

"I think this is the handsomest room in the Capitol. I am chairman of this committee."

The three women nudged one another. When they reached the corridor again the stately dame handed the Senator a quarter and said:

"You have done very nicely. Thank you very much."

"But, madam," expostulated Senator Hawley, "I'm a Senator! Surely you do not intend to offer me money!"

"That's all right," said the woman; "that's all right. We understand these little vanities on the part of the doorkeepers and other attaches. You are perfectly welcome to the money."

"Oh, perfectly!" re-echoed the pretty young women. They swept away down the corridor, and Senator Hawley came into the restaurant holding the quarter gingerly between a thumb and finger, not knowing whether to swear or laugh.—Washington Correspondence New York World.

Got a Stylish Hat Cheap.

A Philadelphia woman moving in good society has been cured of a mania for attending rummage sales, but it took a heroic treatment to effect the cure. The other day she went to a sale of the description named in aid of a worthy charity in which she is interested, and came away minus a $25 hat. It happened this way: A feature of the sale was a counter filled with untrimmed hats, advertised "Your choice for 50 cents." Now the North Thirty-third street woman didn't really want an untrimmed hat at 50 cents, but there was one that caught her fancy by reason of its odd shape, and she simply couldn't resist the temptation to try it on. So she took off the handsome hat she was wearing, placed it on the counter and picked up the untrimmed one. Then she looked around for a mirror. There was only one, and that was away at the other end of the long room. She pushed her way through the crowd, and in the meantime a fat colored woman's eyes were glued to the hat she had left behind, on the pile marked: "Your choice for 50 cents." It was a golden opportunity not to be missed. Counting out 50 cents in dimes, nickels nd pennies, she shoved them at the innocent young attendant, and made good her escape with the fashionable woman's hat.

No Respecter of Persons.

The late Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who, it may be well to explain, was the chief of a Scotch clan, was once on a visit to London. During his stay, says the Candid Friend, he got into a dispute with his cab-driver over the fare.

"Perhaps you do not know who I am," he said, at last, when all other arguments had failed. "I am the Mackintosh."

"I don't care if you're the humberella, too," returned the unimpressed cabby. "The fare is one and six, and that's what I wants."

It is easy to have too much of a good thing: two sweethearts at one time, for example.

If possible, do not associate with those who anger you.