

THE SONGS.

I wonder in what distant place
Sweet "Annie Rooney" still is heard,
Where "Daisy Bell" has hid her face,
Where "Doris" tells of hope deferred?
If still some tender chord is stirred
By "Henrietta," blithe and gay,
Who never at a feast demurred?
Where are the songs of yesterday?

If in some dusky, moonlit space,
"O Promise Me" is gently purring
By some old tabby, whose embrace
Was never asked a heart to gird?
And, with barbaric accent slurred,
In some strange country, far away,
If "Tommy Atkins" cause is spurred?
Where are the songs of yesterday?

And where lives in its ancient grace,
"Love's Old Sweet Song," by Time
unblurred?
Where does "Ben Bolt" his thoughts re-
trace
To feed on sorrow's whey and curd?
Does "Only Me" still beg a word,
Has "Golden Hair" turned to gray,
Does "Nancy" mourn her vanished bird?
Where are the songs of yesterday?

ENVOY.

Princes, whose loyalty has erred
To those, who were in turn the bay—
The sad, the joyful, the absurd—
Where are the songs of yesterday?
Life.

"KIDDY."

YOU had better let me ride to
Marrville and take that money to
the bank; there are ugly rumors
abroad concerning "Lord Jim" and his
band. Three times within a fortnight
a lonely settler's shanty has been
"rushed" by these gentlemen, and the
third was at "Miner's Corner," not twenty
miles from here! Besides, you
ought not to expose your wife and
Kiddy to an invasion of that kind; the
fright would be enough to kill a nervous
girl like Lucy!

The speaker, Jack Hartley, was a
tall, sunburnt young man, brother to
the owner of "The Bungalow," a newly
erected, low-roofed house, to which
some four years back the latter had
brought his young bride.

After months of hard work and
many a disappointment, the grounds
surrounding the house had been re-
claimed from the bush by the young
fellow, who, like many another, having
found it impossible to make a decent
living in his native land, had decided,
on receipt of a small legacy from a
maiden aunt, to try his luck at cattle-
rearing and sheep-breeding in Australia.

For once fickle fortune, less blind
than usual, was in a generous mood,
and, after a few years of hard work
and ceaseless efforts, Ned Hartley
found himself sufficiently well off to
marry the "girl he had left behind
him," and to bring her to a home
which he had literally built for her
with his own hands. In the course of
the following year a son was born,
and "Kiddy," as he was called by relatives
and friends, soon became a very
important member of the small com-
munity. Jack Hartley, Ned's younger
brother and Kiddy's most devoted



"BEFORE THEM STOOD A MAN."

slave, had been a resident in "The Bun-
gallow" about six months.

"Nonsense, Jack! When you have
been a little longer among us you will
not be so ready to believe all the ru-
mors that are spread among the
"hands." And then, you see, I received
the six hundred pounds from Barton
only last night, and no one with the
exception of Lucy, you, and myself
can have the slightest notion that such
a sum of money is in my possession.
Lucy has been ailing lately, and I
promised to take her to Melbourne as
soon as I could spare the time and
money. Now the shearing is over, I
mean her to take the holiday with
Kiddy and myself. I know you will
look after things for me, old man. Now
don't wear such a worried look! It
doesn't suit your style of beauty half
as well as your elegant sombrero and
cloak, not to speak of that six-shooter
I see in your belt! Going for a ride?
Well, ta-ta, see you by-and-by!"

Jack did not seem much convinced
by his brother's arguments and ban-
tering manner. The "rumors" he had
heard were alarming; there was no
doubt that the desperado and ex-con-
vict known as "Lord Jim" had been
seen in the neighborhood and that dar-
ing attacks had been made on solitary
settlers. "Still," thought the young
man, "the results might have been ex-
aggerated, and after all Ned is not
likely to run any unnecessary risks.
However, I will ride as far as 'The
Copse,' and bring Sergeant Gilpin and
a couple of his men back with me. Ex-
tra precaution can do no harm."
As he was about to mount his horse
a shrill voice called out: "Uncle Jack,
Dadie Jack, take me with you! Kiddy

LIFE OF A TEACHER IN PHILIPPINES

A YOUNG lady who is teaching
school in the Philippines, writes
brightly and entertainingly of
some conditions there, in the following
paragraphs:

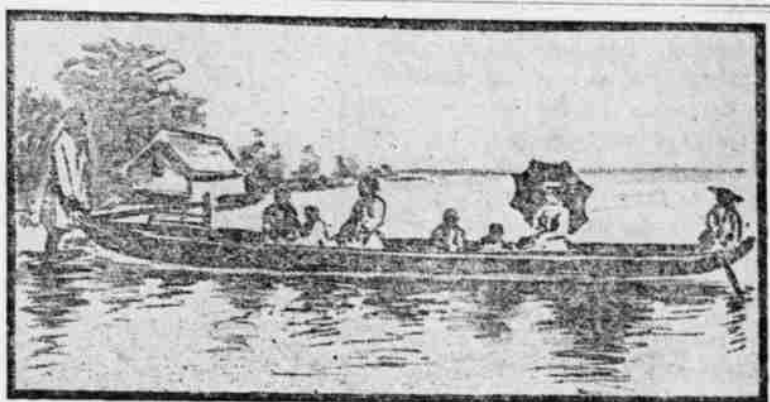
We have just moved the girl's school
in Dagupan into a new building, a pri-
vate native house, hired for the pur-
pose. But we chose the date of mov-
ing badly, for it is the beginning of
the fiesta, and the cock-fighting will
last two weeks. It will be impossible
during that time to get any one to do a
day's work for us. The benches are
too long for the rooms and we will not
be able to get a carpenter to saw them
off or any one to put the blackboards
in place. We are so near the cockpits
that the noise is deafening. School
has to be carried on largely by signs.
The cocks crow continually, the
swarming children shriek and cry and
the women are forever pounding rice.
In going to school we have to cross the
river in a banca. It is nothing more
than a log hollowed out, in which we
crouch at the bottom and are paddled
across by a small Filipino boy.

The islands swarm with insects of
all kinds. Ants are most plentiful and
most troublesome. As I am writing,
the "tickers," as the children call them,
or little lizards, dart across my writing
table and catch the bugs that fall
around the lamp. Several times lizards
have fallen from the ceiling on to
my neck. Now and then it is a centi-
pede that annoys. Cockroaches are



A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

some baby. They do not live long
after they are captured and sometimes
a baby will still be dragging a poor
little feathered thing about even after
it is dead. Once I had a present of
three of these little birds, but they
were all dead within twenty-four
hours. When I next received a like
present I walked to the school house
window and let it go. I also had
given to me three little parrots, beauti-
ful red and green birds about six inches
long, but these, too, after a few
days, I freed. The children bestow
flowers and fruit on their teachers.
Sometimes they make little baskets of
bamboo and wind them with red, white



GOING TO SCHOOL.

everywhere. One feels like standing
and holding one's umbrella and hat all
the time, that the cockroaches may not
riddle them before they are used again.
They will eat the stamps off letters if
they are not hurried into the mail
pouches.

Birds are the principal playthings of
the native children. There are several
kinds no larger than humming birds that
are often to be seen tied by a
thread to a stick or to the hand by

and blue worsteds and make tassels of
the yarn. These they fill on the out-
side with paper flowers and the inside
with real ones. The school children
will also buy and bring with great
eagerness any little cheap ornament to
their teachers.

Sometimes we take trips on horse-
back. There are no side saddles and we
ride astride. The horses are very
small and easy to mount. There is
only one fear—that our feet may drag.

wants a ride on your big horse! Wait
for me!"

But Master "Kiddy" found himself
suddenly seized from behind, and an
immediate stop put to his flight from
the nursery.

"Never mind, Kiddy," called out
Jack, "you can't come out with me to-
day, you know; it's your bed-time,
isn't it? Besides, people don't go for
rides in night-dress! There, don't cry;
you shall fire uncle's revolver all by
yourself, see?"

And, having assured himself that the
revolver was unloaded, Jack proceed-
ed to instruct the child in the art of
aiming, pulling the trigger, etc., and a
wild romp succeeded, in which imagina-
ry wild beasts were "killed dead," the
said wild beasts being represented by
himself, running on all fours, and
Tom, the retriever, who, entering fully
into the spirit of the game, would
stand quite still while Kiddy, labori-
ously aiming the harmless weapon at
him, called out in his clear treble voice,
"Shoot! Bang! Fire!" This was the
signal for the "wild beast" to fall
down.

Kiddy's delight at this new game was
boundless; and when at last Jack,
breathless with the exertion of his re-
peated "death struggles," declared that
it was time for him to be off and re-
took possession of his revolver, the
child sobbed.

"Kiddy wants the gun! Kiddy wants
to shoot everybody! Nasty, unkind un-
cle! Give me the gun! Give me—the-
gun-u-u-u!" he cried.

By this time his uncle had mounted
his horse, and, with a wave of the
hand, rode away, while Master Kiddy
was recaptured by his mother, a gen-
tle, delicate-looking girl, and after a
prolonged struggle, was finally dis-
posed of in his little bed.

Two hours later Ned Hartley and his
wife were sitting out on the verandah,
he smoking a short pipe, Lucy slowly
rocking herself to and fro and now and
then applying herself to some needle-
work.

They had been discussing their plans
for the long-talked-of and often-defer-
red trip to Melbourne, and there was
an unwonted look of animation in the
young woman's face.

"And you really think we shall be
able to go this time?" she said. "Oh,
Ned, how I do long to get among peo-
ple, to see houses, streets, carriages,
anything and everything—to get away
from this eternal, monotonous bush!"
from this eternal, monotonous bush!"
And with a sigh she hid her face on
her husband's shoulder.

"Nothing will prevent us this time,
dear; unless—with a short laugh—
Jack's croakings should take definite
shape—unless, in short, we should be
"rushed" and the money taken. Then
there would be no trip for us this
year, at any rate!"

"Don't!" she exclaimed, looking fear-

fully around her. "It could not hap-
pen! I cannot think that—"

The sentence was unfinished. Before
them stood a man who had seemingly
dropped from nowhere. Ned threw
himself in front of his wife.

The stranger was attired in shabby
corduroy breeches and a tattered wool-
len shirt, the color of which might have
been once blue; tall cowhide boots en-
cased his feet and legs; in one hand
he held with mock politeness an ap-
ology for a hat, in the other, pointed
straight at Ned's head, was a murder-
ous-looking six-shooter.

"Sorry to interrupt the billing and
cooling, but might I trouble you to
hand over to me that six hundred
pounds you received last night from
Barton's? Stop! No humbug—hands
up!"—the drawing voice changed into
a sharp growl. "Never mind your
wife; I'll look after her." Poor Lucy
had fainted and was lying in a heap
on the floor of the verandah. "You
walk in front of me and show me
where you put the swag; make an at-
tempt to get at your 'iron' or to call for
help and I'll shoot you like a dog!"

There was no help for it. Ned, his
face contracted with rage and hopeless
misery, led the ruffian into his room,
where, in a little cot, Kiddy, fast
asleep, was smiling in his dreams.

In a small cupboard which Ned had
built into the wall by the side of the
bed lay the result of two years' hard
work and privations—the money that
was to have brought back health and
happiness to Lucy.

In silence he handed the bag and
notes to the ruffian, who, still keeping
Ned covered with his weapon, forced
him back to the verandah.

"Now, mate, having called upon you
just about supper-time, it would not be
manners for me to depart before I've
had the pleasure of sharing the family
n. n." Lord Jim remarked in pitiless,
mocking tones. "Ladies' company is
always pleasant, even when they are
in a faint! How long does this young
lady generally stay in hers?"—with a
grim chuckle. "Not having the felicity
of being married myself, I am not ac-
quainted with the means of restoring
young and sensitive females to their
senses! Perhaps a kiss might do it!"

As the brute approached his wife
with the intention of fulfilling his vile
threat, Ned, with a yell of fury, re-
gardless of consequences, unarmed as
he was, threw himself upon the ruf-
fian. Surprised by the sudden and
unexpected onslaught, "Lord Jim"
dropped his weapon, which rolled a
few feet away from the two combat-
ants. Each then endeavored with all
his might and main to throw down his
adversary and take possession of it.

Physically the men were well match-
ed, but slowly "Lord Jim" was getting
the upper hand. Ned's breath came in
short gasps. He knew that now it was
no longer for his money alone, but for
his very life that he was wrestling!

Could he keep up? The perspiration
was pouring down his face. Another
minute would see the end of the con-
flict! "Lord Jim's" sinewy arm was
gradually squeezing the life out of the
young man's body, when a burst of
childish laughter startled the two com-
batants.

There, his white nightshirt gathered
up in his chubby hands, his curls still
moist, his cheeks flushed from his first
sleep, and his little naked feet stamp-
ing the ground in wild excitement,
stood Kiddy!

The noise had disturbed him, and
the sight of his father and the "con-
querman" playing at wrestling, like he and
Uncle Jack so often did, caused him
the liveliest satisfaction; he clapped
his little hands as he caught sight of
the revolver, for the possession of
which each of these two men would
have given anything.

"Daddy big lion, gempelman tiger,"
he shouted. "Kiddy shoot big lion!"—
and he grabbed the revolver eagerly.

Ned saw that the child held the
means of deliverance or death in his
hands, and he rallied his waning
strength.

"Shoot the tiger first, Kiddy," he
cried.

"No, lion first!" shouted the child,
the spirit of contradiction awakening
within him.

"No, no, the tiger first, darling," Ned
repeated, "and daddy will buy you a
gun—all to yourself!"

Something in his father's manner ap-
pealed to the child. Fearlessly he
crept near the men, and deliberately
putting the muzzle of the shooter to
the head of "Lord Jim," whom Ned in
a supreme effort was holding down,
the child said:

"Shoot! Bang! Fire!"

A sharp report, a scream from the
surprised child, and "Lord Jim" had
gone to his account.

Ned and his wife and Kiddy had
their holiday at Melbourne after all.—
Family Herald.

MUSIC HALL SONGS.

They Brought to America the Gifted
Artist, John G. Brown.

It was a peculiar circumstance
which brought to America the popular
painter of street life, John G. Brown.

He had gone from
his home in Dur-
ham, England,
where he was born
71 years ago, and
there supported
himself as a young
man by drawing
for painting on
glass. While there
some music hall
songs about Ameri-
ca turned his
thoughts toward
the new world and
he at once took his
departure for New
York. Making his
home in Brooklyn,
he went to work
for a glassmaker and
then took to
painting scenes of
street life. He made
a specialty of news-
boys and boot-
blacks, a class of
subjects which have
made him the most
popular of Ameri-
can painters. Of
equal merit are the
canvases on which
he has depicted
rustic and humble
life, in which men
and women are the
chief and only
figures. One critic
has said that every
human being, no
matter from what
part of the earth
they might come,
forget for the time
the vanities of life,
while looking at
his picture of "The
Passing Show." Some
of his most notable
pictures he positively
refuses to sell.



JOHN G. BROWN.

THE LATE EX-GOV. HOADLEY.

He Was Once Thought to Be a Man of
Destiny.

George Hoadley, whose death has
taken place, was at one time be-
lieved to be a man of destiny.
His election as
Governor of Ohio
in 1883, when he
defeated the pres-
ent Senator Foraker,
brought him into
great prominence,
and his name be-
gan to be con-
spicuously men-
tioned in connec-
tion with the Dem-
ocratic nomination
for the presidency
in 1884. He was
sidetracked by the
Cleveland boom.

He was born in New Haven, Conn.,
July 31, 1825, but the family went west
when he was a child and he was edu-
cated at Western Reserve College. In
1847 he was admitted to the bar and in
1851 became a judge in Cincinnati. He
declined positions on the Supreme
Court bench of Ohio, but was a judge
of the Superior Court up to the time
of his election as Governor. After serv-
ing his term he went to New York
and was the head of a big law firm.

THE WIT OF GENERAL GRANT.

In a recently published life of General
Grant the author gives several anec-
dotes connected with his "subject,"
these two being refreshingly smart:

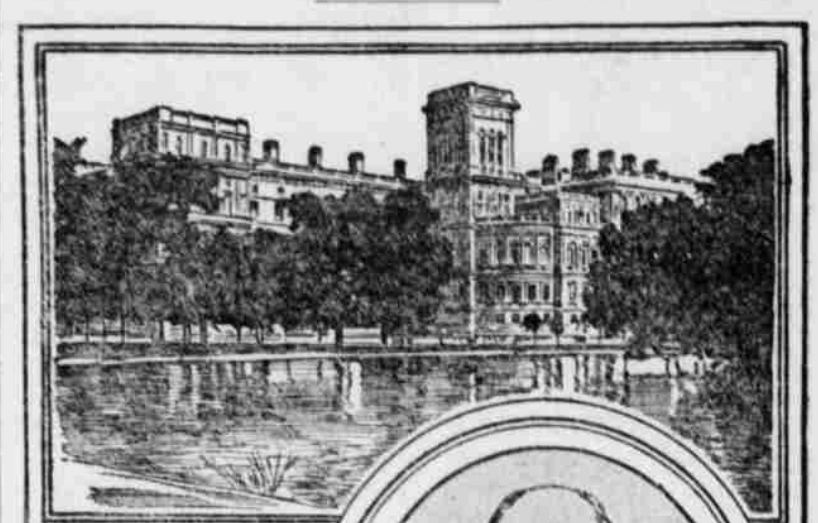
The General was not an admirer of
Mr. Sumner, and when some one said,
"Mr. Sumner does not believe in the
Bible," Grant said, "No, I suppose not;
he didn't write it."

Attracted by a horse driven by a
butcher, he purchased the animal at a
cost of five hundred dollars, and invit-
ed Senator Conkling to a drive behind
it. The Senator criticized the animal,
and said, "I think I should prefer the
mule to the horse." "That is what the
butcher thought," said General Grant.

TEMPTED BY THE DESSERT.

Little Mabel (who has been allowed
to join the diners at dessert, providing
she keeps very quiet)—Mamma, will
that dessert hurt me, or is there enough
to go 'round?—New York Times.

THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE WORLD.



THE FOREIGN OFFICE.



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

HERE is one man in
England whom all the
world watches, for it is
he who can keep still or let
slip the dogs of war. He
controls more than any other
individual the foreign re-
lations of one-quarter of the
globe. This prominent and
powerful individual, who
plays such an important part
in the great game of Eng-
lish politics, is known as
"the Foreign Secretary." By virtue of his
office he is the most powerful man in
England, "the lay king of the British Empire." He has, indeed, no throne—only
a leather chair and a mahogany table in Downing street, but he has the best
organized and equipped kingdom in the world. His legions are found in every
quarter of the habitable globe.

No department of the British government is burdened with so much mechan-
ical work as the Foreign Office. The birth of a prince, the marriage of a
princess, the death of a monarch, the fall of a government, the outbreak of a
revolution, the overthrow of a president, anything and everything important
among royal personages or governments, occasions work at the Foreign Office.

Even the giving of a medal for saving life at sea comes under its notice,
and the Foreign Secretary must deal with all the complaints of harsh and unfair
treatment of British subjects in foreign countries, and issue passports when re-
quired for travel by those owing allegiance to the throne. It is his duty to
nominate all ambassadors and consuls and control the countless changes in. He
is in touch more or less with 5,000 people.

The Foreign Secretaries from 1830 to the present time number twelve, and
are as follows: Viscount Palmerston, the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Granville, the
Earl of Malmesbury, Lord John Russell, the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of
Derby, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Iddesleigh,
the Earl of Kimberley, the Marquis of Lansdowne.

The present occupant of the office has a slight, dapper figure, and is always
neatly and carefully groomed. Always serene, always suave, with a rare, but
very pleasing, smile, he is the embodiment of repose and self-possession.

He is not weak, but, on the contrary, very tenacious of an opinion. Entirely
indifferent to popular influence, he can be at times cruelly polite, and is
an excellent example of "the iron hand in the velvet glove."

PEAT FOR FUEL.

Resumption of Work in the Long-
Abandoned Bogs of New Jersey.

When one thinks of peat, as a natural
consequence one turns to Ireland. In
the Emerald Isle, peat fuel is staple,
and "bog trotting" is an industry
which flourishes extensively. In Amer-
ica, however, where there has not been
need of peat, and where latterly it is
almost entirely unknown, it must of
course be ranked as a novelty. It will
be news to many that peat bogs are
worked in New Jersey, where opera-
tions have been especially active since
the scarcity of coal and its consequent
high price. It is not, however, being
as yet cut for market. Those who
own peat bogs are cutting the fuel for
their own use and will be entirely in-
dependent of coal, either for heating
or manufacturing purposes.

Peat is practically coal in embryo.
It is composed of decayed vegetable
matter which has become packed in a

and as long as is desired. The peat
in the Columbia meadows at Morris-
town is six feet in depth, and under
it is a layer of blue clay. Three "lev-
els," as they would be called in coal
mining, are worked. That is, the turf-
spade can be sunk down for three
times its length before the peat is ex-
hausted.

As fast as the oblong blocks of turf
are taken out they are piled on a board
and a horse draws them from the bog
to high land, where they are laid in
rows to dry. When partially dry the
blocks are stacked up, so that the sun
and wind may get at all sides and
drive out the moisture more quickly.
It takes about three weeks to dry the
peat properly.

It is measured by the cord instead
of by weight, as coal is. The blocks
become much broken before they are
finally dried, but the peat burns,
whether in large or small chunks.

Peat is found in a number of States,
and whenever discovered at a consid-



DIGGING IN THE PEAT BOG.

close mass of its own weight, aided by
the weight of soil on top of it. It lies
in restricted areas, in bogs, and when
taken out holds much moisture. If left
for centuries peat becomes coal. In
appearance it is black, with now and
then a streak of red, caused by the
bark of some tree which has not en-
tirely decayed. When dried in the
sun, peat becomes as hard as wood and
much heavier. It ignites much more
quickly than coal, burns freely and
leaves little ash.

To cut peat properly requires a knack
few possess. It must be got out in
long, narrow sections, in removing
which a peculiar implement, called a
slain, is necessary. The slain, or turf-
spade, is made of two steel plates fas-
tened together at right angles, the
edges being sharp for cutting. Each
plate is five inches broad and sixteen
inches long, so that when used a sec-
tion of peat five inches square and
about sixteen inches long is taken out.

In beginning the operation, the top
layer of dirt is removed from the peat,
then the digging is started. It is done
in sections about three feet in width

erable distance from the coal fields is
used somewhat extensively. Peat is
cut extensively in Holland, North Ger-
many, Scotland and Ireland, where, in
many localities it forms the people's
only fuel.

Princess Takes to Fishing.

Princess Victoria Louise, the Ger-
man Emperor's only daughter, who is
in her tenth year, has taken to fishing
during her holidays at Codrinen. Her
brother, Prince Joachim, who is eleven
and a half, was allowed to go out duck-
shooting, and managed to secure a
very fair bag from a boat among the
reeds that fringe the banks of the so-
called "duck pond" on the estate.

Express agents say that they never
delivered a collect package without
the receiver saying that the charges
should have been paid at the other end.

What has become of the old-fashion-
ed woman who exclaimed, when she
heard an acquaintance had gone crazy,
"Well, he didn't have far to go!"

Man proposes—or the girl gets left.