OLD TIMES.

There are no days like the good old days—
The days when we were youthful;
When humankind were pure of mind
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slaves to the tyrant fashion.

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
A piecy all-supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made the likeliest courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sung to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the willowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace God gave us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.
—Eugene Field.

A LATIN LESSON.

IT was a year since he had left Chicago, and in all that time she had heard nothing from him. It seemed strange! they had been such friends—indeed, more than friends, for he had seemed to like her much, and had sought her society on every possible occasion. The day before he was to leave he had come by appointment to see her. She had noticed with concern that his manner was chill and constrained, but had had no opportunity to dissipate that chill by her own cordiality. Although it was not their regular reception day, the drawing-room was full of people, and her sister, who was apt upon occasion to monopolize his attention, never left them alone for

SHE HAD NOT BEEN MISTAKEN; HE HAD LOVED HER AFTER ALL.

a moment, although he prolonged his stay until after the last visitor had left.

"Surely he will write," she had said to herself, and for weeks the postman's ring had caused a quick fluttering of the heart which subsided into the dull ache of disappointment when the longed-for letter never came. She had heard of him often from common friends, of his success socially and financially in the distant city which he had made his home, and had slowly and unwillingly resigned herself to the conviction that their friendship had been but an episode. And now she held in her hand the announcement of his marriage to another woman. She felt glad that the family had regarded him as her sister's admirer.

Slowly she went upstairs to her room and unlocked her desk, taking from an inner drawer a small stock of treasures—a dozen notes, some dried violets, candy box, ribbons, and other souvenirs equally trifling. She must destroy them now, she was too old-fashioned to preserve such memorials of another woman's husband. Violets and ribbons were soon in ashes on the hearth, but each note in the packet was opened and read before being sacrificed. She was naturally methodical and they came in correct order. She smiled bitterly to herself to see how little there was really in them. Even Mrs. Bardell's lawyer would have been puzzled to find on those pages anything tender or committal. What a fool she had been! She finished the holocaust and turned to replace the empty drawer. It stuck and had to be pulled out again. Looking for the obstruction, she found another note—the last one—which she had mourned as lost. Now she remembered that she had put it away, after reading it hastily, for there were people waiting below. It announced that he was coming to see her that afternoon and requested that she would not fail to be in. Just above the signature was a sentence in Latin, rapidly and illegibly written—his handwriting at its best was difficult to decipher. She started as she remembered that in the hurry of that long-ago afternoon she had put off translating Latin. He knew that she had studied the language, for he had once asked her, seemingly apropos of nothing, but she had not told him that she had forgotten nearly all of it since leaving school. She rushed for the dictionary and read understandingly for the first time the neglected message, the gist, as it proved, of the whole:

"O love of mine; my bleeding heart lies at thy feet; deign to accept the offering of thy slave."

She had not been mistaken; he had loved her, after all, but why did he—how could he—trust a living story to a dead tongue? And why had she, however hurried, left a word of that letter unread?

The letter was clutched convulsively, the lexicon dropped to the floor, and her head went down on her arm in a passion of futile tears.—Philadelphia Item.

M. GALLIFET AND HIS FISH.

He Caught It in the Presence of Napoleon III. and It Made Trouble.

In the etats de service of Gen. Gallifet, the present War Minister of France, there is a curious note which should endear him to the hearts of all fishermen. After paying a just tribute to his abilities, the note reads:

"But, unfortunately, he selects extraordinary companions."

Thereby hangs a fish story. Long ago, in the days of the second empire, Gallifet was the aid-de-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear, and the surrounding scenery was beautiful; but the young lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning while seated at his window trying to drive away the blues with a cigar he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instincts of the angler, strong in Gallifet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart a-throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the Emperor. Consequently, for Gallifet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gallifet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast the line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

Here the lieutenant's fun ended and his trouble began. The fish landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water, and caromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smithereens.

The Emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Gallifet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window, and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold; so he tossed it into the bed and covered it up with the bed clothes. When the Emperor entered the room he noticed immediately the quivering bed clothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the floundering fish. His majesty's face assumed an almost jim-jamic expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, saluted, and left the future War Minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck.

Shaved Without Arms.

American men think it a very meritorious and remarkable accomplishment to be able to shave themselves. Yet Charles Francis Felu, the armless Belgian artist, who has just died in his seventieth year, performed this arduous office every morning for himself, and did not consider that he was doing anything unusual.

When a baby Felu related how he used to sit in the garden with his mother during the long summer days while she taught him to pluck with his little toes the bright colored flowers with which their garden abounded. Fortified by this practice his baby feet became daily more flexible and useful to their little master, and when he had reached the age of 6 he could do almost as much with them as his little companions and playmates could do with their hands.

In later years, when he commenced the study and pursuit of his favorite art, painting, it was a wonderfully interesting sight to watch the gifted boy at work.

He always held his palette with the great toe of his left foot and manipulated the different brushes, crayons and pencils with the toes of his right foot. Always when at table he skillfully managed his knife and fork.

Held Reformer to His Word.

When a beggar asked a Philadelphia stationer the other day for help the latter offered him two lead pencils, saying: "With half the effort required in begging you can easily sell these for 5 cents apiece." The beggar gazed at the pencils scornfully. "Who'd give me 5 cents for them?" he demanded. "Why, anybody," said the stationer. "Go out and try it." "Would you?" asked the beggar. "Why, certainly," was the reply. A smile of triumph spread over the grimy features of the mendicant. "Here you are, then," he said. "Gimme the 10 cents. You can't go back on your own word." It took the stationer several minutes to recover his breath, but he finally entered into the deal, and hereafter he will adopt other tactics.—Hartford Times.

It's unwise to judge a man by the umbrella he carries until you find out who owns it.

HER "SECOND SIGHT."

MYSTERY CLEARED UP BY A TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

She Locates a Dead Body in the Bottom of the Illinois River—Claims that, in a Vision, She Saw the Woman Drown.

When the sullen waters of the Illinois River gave up their dead in the person of Mrs. Lucy Sommers some time ago there was not only cleared up one of the deepest mysteries that has ever occurred in Peoria, but at the same time there was evidence established corroboratory of a most extraordinary case of second sight.

One night early in January Mrs. Lucy Sommers, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. R. B. Craig at 822 Fayette street in Peoria, suddenly disappeared. She had been ill and suffering at times from

GRACE HOLMES.

slight attacks of dementia, though it was not supposed that they were of a serious nature. But on the night mentioned she arose from her bed, and announcing to her mother, who was watching with her, that she was going to get a drink she left the room and was never after seen alive. When she did not return her mother gave the alarm and the inmates of the house turned out to hunt for her, supposing, of course, that in a fit of temporary aberration she had wandered to the house of one of the neighbors. But the most diligent inquiry failed to reveal her whereabouts and then the family became genuinely alarmed. A searching party was organized and they set out to find her. The ground was not frozen and they soon came upon footprints in the mud and going from the house.

These were followed as far as they could be in the darkness, when the party returned home to await the coming of day before renewing the search. When the morning broke, however, the earth was frozen hard and the trail abandoned the night before was hard to follow. New parties were added, and a reward offered for the discovery of the woman dead or alive. The country was scoured for miles in either direction, but always without result.

Sometimes they fancied they had discovered the broken trail, but these fragmentary discoveries led to nothing tangible. At last, in despair, the relatives invoked the aid of bloodhounds. The trail they followed was a devious and winding one, running from the Craig home, on Fayette street, north by northeast to Glen Oak Park, thence in a westerly direction to Bradley Park, outside the city's limits and on its western border. Here the trail grew faint and it was only with difficulty that it was continued to the Easton farm, where it was lost, and the dogs stopped and never after did they get any further.

At this juncture little Grace Holmes appeared on the scene. She is a child about ten years old and especially bright for her age. Her parents are uneducated people and not in the best of circumstances. She declared that while lying in her bed at home more than a mile from the Craig house she had seen the unfortunate woman come out of the house, climb over the fence and make her way stealthily to the river, where she had plunged into an opening left by the icemen the day before.

This statement was borne out by the parents, who asserted that she had told the story identically as repeated on coming downstairs in the morning, and that this was long before she could possibly have had an opportunity of learning the facts in the case from any source whatsoever. The child was questioned closely, but she stuck to her story with a persistence that began to disarm suspicion. She described the garments worn by Mrs. Sommers at the time of her departure, and to the surprise of her listeners her description proved to be entirely correct.

At length in response to her earnest solicitations she was allowed to go out and point out the resting place of the woman she insisted was in the river. She started from the house accompanied by her father and others and followed the streets she claimed to have seen Mrs. Sommers follow until she came to the foot of Spring street.

From there she pointed out the exact spot at which Mrs. Sommers had gone down. She said that she walked calmly into the water and went down, down, down, until finally she disappeared altogether. The next night she saw the body again. It rose slowly from the bottom of the river, being caught in an eddy, and after whirling around several times moved away slowly down the stream, sometimes floating and sometimes rolling along the river bed. Once, according to her story, it stood erect in the water, but did not rise to the surface.

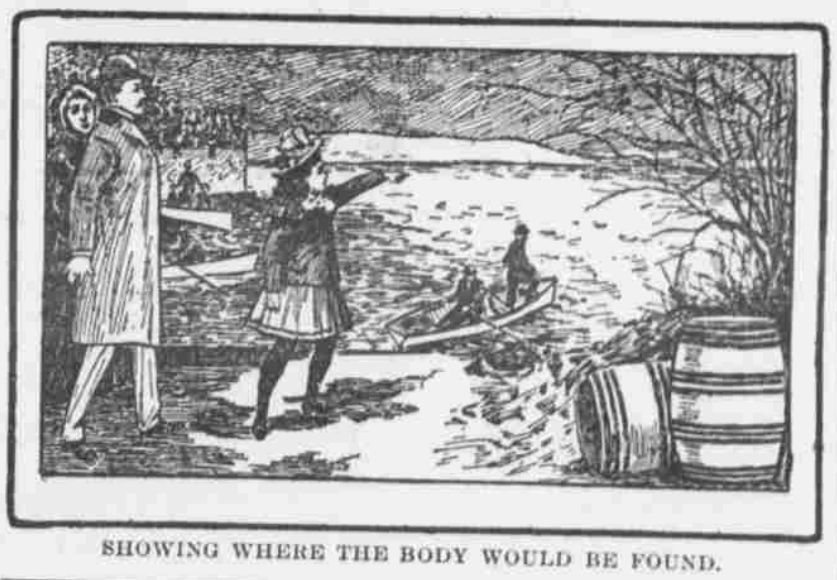
At her request she was then taken to a point at the foot of Fayette street. By this time the news of the child's attempt had became noised abroad and the river bank was lined with thousands of spectators eager and anxious to see what the outcome would be. After sitting quietly in her place for a few moments she rose quickly and with a hurried gesture pointed to a spot a few hundred feet from the shore, exclaiming as she did so: "She lies there."

The multitude broke up and a dragging party was at once put to work searching the hidden depths to wrest from them their secret. The hour passed, the afternoon and the day, but nothing was brought from the lake. In strict justice it must be said that the dragging process was not carried on according to her directions. She now declares that the net never touched the body reposing on the bottom of the lake.

When it was known that the dragging had been unproductive those who had based their faith on the child's judgment began to waver and she was denounced as a fraud of the most pronounced type. Then a severe cold spell set in and the lake was locked in ice and the matter began to fade from the public mind. Not so the little girl. It was useless to tell her that she must be mistaken.

She declared that the body was still in the water, that she could see it and persisted in going to the river at intervals. During these visits she made the acquaintance of Captain Hefele, of the steamer Gazelle. She went to the captain and solemnly asserted that the body was fast to a snag in the bottom of the river. The captain paid no attention to the child, regarding the whole thing as one of her hallucinations. Again and again she went to him, begging him to go and release the body. Nothing would put her off. She declared that she could see the body and would not rest until it was released

At length there came a day when the waters of the staid Illinois were far above their banks. The wind was blowing a hurricane and when the occupants of a cabin boat on the Tazewell side of the stream looked out of the window they saw what looked like a bag of some kind floating in the water among the willows in which their boat was fastened. A hasty examination convinced them that it was a human body, and upon rowing to its side it proved to be the body of the long-lost Mrs. Sommers. When the body was taken from the water the condition of the dress garments confirmed even to the smallest detail the statements of the child.



SHOWING WHERE THE BODY WOULD BE FOUND.

His Baby's Future Quite Apparent.

"Augh waugh!"

It was the baby. He had repeated this remark sixty times in the last hour.

Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end.

"Gwow ahmb wowbdgow alwaugh!" added the baby, while people across the street got up and closed their windows.

Mr. Newleigh ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in his pillow, "that I should grow up to become the father of a railway porter!"—London Tit-Bits.

There are some women who begin dressing for an evening party at 2 in the afternoon, and who do not look particularly well, either.

Every young man overestimates his popularity in the community in which he lives.

STORY OF THE FLOOD.

COMPLETE CONFIRMATION OF THE MOSAIC ACCOUNT.

Fragment Discovered by Pere Scheil Is a Babylonian Version of the Deluge, Which Antedates Moses by Fully Seven Hundred Years.

The announcement of Pere Scheil, the French Assyriologist, who has given so much time to study of the collections in the museum at Constantinople, that he had discovered a Babylonian account of the deluge much older than Moses, was so interesting to the biblical student that we asked the discoverer for an account of it. He kindly consented, and his account, the first thus far published in America, and, we think, in Europe, will be of no little interest.

Every biblical scholar knows that the Hebrew account of the deluge, found in Genesis, has been paralleled by two Babylonian accounts, one that of Berosus, a Babylonian historian, whose narrative has been handed down to us by early Greek Christian writers, and the other that found on Assyrian tablets by George Smith. Both resemble, and yet both differ, from the Genesis story. Biblical critics have differed as to the age of the biblical story, the more conservative holding that being written by Moses, it is older than his time, and was incorporated by him into the Book of Genesis, while the newer school of critics was, until the discovery of the Tel-el-Amerna tablets, inclined to believe that the story was borrowed from Nineveh or Babylon at the time of the captivity, or not long before it, at which time the Book of Genesis was written.

The discovery by George Smith of a full poetical account of the deluge, on tablets in King Assurbanipal's library at Nineveh, was of immense interest, but it did not assure us of the age of the deluge story among the inhabitants of the Euphrates Valley, for it was on tablets written in Assurbanipal's reign, that is scarce 600 years before Christ. To be sure, these were said to be copied from tablets in Babylonian libraries, but we did not know how old these original tablets were. Besides, the deluge story was on the eleventh tablet in a long poem, compiled in twelve books, one for each month, in a quite artificial way, and might belong to a comparatively late period of religious and literary syncretism. The original Babylonian tablets, from which the Assyrian copies were made, were much desired.

Now Pere Scheil has made the discovery. To be sure the record on the tablet does not amount to much, it is such a fragmentary bit, but it is large enough to make it sure that the tablet contained the story of the deluge, and, most fortunately, the most important part of all is preserved, the colophon, with the date. It is dated in the reign of Ammi-zaduga, King of Babylon, and we know that he reigned about 2140 B. C. That is, we have here a precious bit of clay on which was written a poetical story of the deluge, seven centuries before Moses and about the time of Isaac or Jacob. That is enough to make the discovery memorable. We learn positively that the story of the deluge was familiar to the common people of Babylonia, and therefore of all the east from Syria to Persia.

Prof. Sayce has lately stated, misapprehending Pere Scheil's oral announcement, that the new text verbally agrees with that discovered by George Smith, showing the care and accuracy with which the document was preserved from generation to generation, with "no change even in the form, of a single word." This is not the fact. Pere Scheil suggests that different cities would have their different poetical editions of the story. This fragment belongs to the story current at Sippara, where the fragment was found; and we may suppose that the account given by Berosus was also from the Sippara edition, for Berosus tells us that Xisuthrus (Noah), before the flood, buried in Sippara the records of the world's antediluvian history. The cuneiform account discovered by George Smith seems to have originated in the city of Surippak; at any rate, the Noah of that story came from the Surippak. There are in that account no such passages as we have in this new fragment, which shows that we have to do with another version, we do not know how old, for it is itself a copy from a partly effaced original.

This text is in poetry. It proves that the poetic construction was fixed more than two thousand years before Christ. Each line is divided into two hemistichs, as in Hebrew poetry. Literary form was no unfamiliar thing in the time of Abraham.

We learn nothing more from this fragment than we knew before as to the origin of the deluge story. The history neither of Egypt nor of Babylon finds any place for an historical deluge. The fragment is large enough to show that it is a poem full of polytheistic and mythical details, of which the Genesis version has been thoroughly purged, giving us a tale purely monotheistic, absolutely ethical and fit to give religious instruction to an unscientific people in the infancy of civilization.—New York Independent.

RICH YIELD OF THE PACIFIC.

Everything, from Wheat to Pepper, Found in the Orient Islands.

Considered from the point of view of what grows in them—which is, after all, the point of view of most people of to-day—says a writer in Ainslee's Magazine, the islands of the Pacific present everything from the wheat of Argentina to the pepper of Guiana, and a host of things found neither in the tropics of South America, nor in the hot heart of Africa, nor elsewhere within their own absurdities. Beginning with the wheat stock and the ordinary utilities grown in Australia and New Zealand, there is a duplication of strange and products as the zone of [illegible] north and west. The Dutch dies are like the northern [illegible] South America, putting forth coffees from Java that the [illegible] affords, the nutmeg which men's milk punches and baked apples, the campher [illegible] wives' headaches, the pepper [illegible] ger that brings tears to the [illegible] small boy and balm to his [illegible] midriff. From the same [illegible] also the valuable teak [illegible] and, upon which much of [illegible] merchant marine of the [illegible] is likely to depend. From [illegible] Sumatra, up to the Philippines [illegible] mosa, is the chief source of [illegible] supply of straw for hats [illegible] wherewith criminals are [illegible] sails set, of mattings for [illegible] of carpets.

Eastward from the coast [illegible] of the cocoanut and pineapple [illegible] bread fruit, which does not [illegible] porting, to say nothing of the [illegible] banana. Along the shores [illegible] ther islands the natives [illegible] nese, who from time immemorial [illegible] been invaders, gather pearls [illegible] the long, slimy snails, called [illegible] mer, one of the most popular [illegible] on the tables of the well-to-do [illegible] In choice spots among all these [illegible] spots becoming constantly [illegible] erable, the Oriental food [illegible] the delicate birds' nest, for [illegible] darins and financial potentates [illegible] Mongolian kingdom pay $25 [illegible] that their cooks may make [illegible] from it. There are mineral [illegible] timber resources as yet little [illegible] ploited than those in the [illegible] There are possibilities of [illegible] cultivation, which have not [illegible] ed save in the southern islands [illegible] John Bull has put the aborigines [illegible] his solid foot and ventured [illegible] form the semi-tropic region [illegible] likeness of his home country [illegible] is growing richly in most of the [illegible] islands, and cotton has been [illegible] such success that the South [illegible] product is a considerable factor [illegible] cotton market; price lists [illegible] guine prophets look to a time [illegible] cotton crop of the Pacific will [illegible] ous competitor with the [illegible] States.

A Wonderful Toy.

John Curzon, a Polish [illegible] was presented with a gold [illegible] his inventions, performed a [illegible] ordinary thing when he [illegible] manufacturing a complete [illegible] space of eight hours, and [illegible] ials on which another [illegible] would have looked with [illegible]

It appears that the Czar [illegible] hearing of the marvelous [illegible] genius of Curzon, determined [illegible] him to the test, and forwarded [illegible] box containing a few copper [illegible] wood chippings, a piece of [illegible] an old cracked china cup [illegible] and a few cribbage board [illegible] request that he should transform [illegible] into a timepiece.

Nothing daunted, and [illegible] golden opportunity of winning [illegible] the court, Curzon set [illegible] with enthusiasm, and in the [illegible] credibly short space of eight [illegible] despatched a wonderfully [illegible] watch to the Czar, who was [illegible] prised and delighted at the [illegible] he sent for the maker, conferred [illegible] him several distinctions, and [illegible] him a pension.

The case of the watch was [illegible] china, while the works were [illegible] composed of the odds and ends [illegible] panying the old cup. Not [illegible] keep good time, but only requiring once every three or four [illegible] remarkable watch is believed [illegible] in the possession of the Russian [illegible]

Work Only When They [illegible]

Observers of industrial [illegible] Mexico assert that, as far as [illegible] noted, there is no more [illegible] person in the world than the [illegible] laborer. Especially is this [illegible] peon of the tropics. It would [illegible] he works for Americans who [illegible] plantations to develop more [illegible] ter of accommodation than [illegible] sity. He demands a snug [illegible] vance, too, on which to [illegible] time at the fiestas before [illegible] down to several months of [illegible] No native Indian has to work [illegible] men in the tropics in order [illegible] livelihood. His wants are so [illegible] bition is limited to a desire [illegible] to eat, a thatched hut and a [illegible] cloth. The hut he can make [illegible] self. There are fish in the [illegible] game in the forest. There is [illegible] unoccupied land upon which [illegible] raise a few cereals to trade [illegible] things he cannot produce [illegible] There is no winter to provide [illegible] and, though the rainy days [illegible] in summer, they only mean [illegible]

Strictly Professional.

A characteristic story is [illegible] rounds at the expense of one [illegible] delphia's most prosperous [illegible] ers. In common with a great [illegible] his fellow townsmen he has [illegible] fering from the grip, and last [illegible] felt very badly indeed. He [illegible] place of business one morning [illegible] plaining that every bone in [illegible] ached, and despondent in spirit [illegible] afraid it's all up with me," he [illegible] to his assistant. "Nonsense," [illegible] sured that young man; "you'll [illegible] many years yet." "I'm not so [illegible] that," said the pawnbroker, [illegible] that I'm afraid to die, but the [illegible] being put in a hole in the ground [illegible] horror for me. Now, if I [illegible] wrapped up and laid on a shelf [illegible] tag on me it wouldn't be so [illegible] Philadelphia Record.