

## BOB WHITE'S MESSAGE.

A meadow wind, and a bar of song—  
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"  
The more he sang the breezy call  
In the floating fringe of her vapor-shawl,  
And tassel tips wave it along—  
"O Bob White—Bob White!"

Blowing white clover is in the sound—  
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"  
Snatch of wild locust in dim wood-ways,  
Hint of the earliest haying days  
When honey-blooms grow ruddy and round—  
"O Bob White—Bob White!"

Yellow June apples are turning ripe—  
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"  
There's a still half-lost in a rose-vine's  
hold,  
And a moss-lipped spring that is deep and  
cold.  
You know it all when you hear the  
pipe—  
"O Bob White—Bob White!"

A missed refrain in the autumn chill—  
"O Bob White! O Bob White!"  
But dreams will lurk in the frosty fell,  
And echoes ring like a silver bell,  
When winter tiptoes over the hill—  
"O Bob White—Bob White!"  
—Youth's Companion.

## TED'S ROSE.

It was Ted's birthday; he was dressed in his best for the afternoon's outing in the park, and he was very particular not to soil his new shoes at the crossing, so he kept a look-out for dry spots, until some one called to him:

"Hello, Teddy!" said a friendly voice from the florist's window. "You look very fine this morning."  
"It's my birthday, and I'm seven years old to-day," Ted answered proudly.

"Well, well, you're quite a man, sure enough," Mr. Burke laughed. "Wait a moment, Ted; I have just the thing you want." He came out presently with three long-stemmed yellow tea-roses, their cups of gold fairly brimming with delicious fragrance.

"Been training them for this very occasion," he explained cheerily, "and they opened just in time. They'll keep a long while if you're real careful."

Ted was inordinately fond of flowers—yellow tea-roses by preference—he had them on birthdays, holidays, and as often between times as his mamma could afford; but there had been no roses of late; things had gone woefully wrong at the office, and Ted had to be contented with looking at the plants in the florist's windows. He thanked Mr. Burke, and walked away with the roses held protectively out of range of hurrying passers-by; and it was hard to say which was the lovelier, the roses or the cherub face above them.

The crowd blocked his progress at the street corner, and while he waited he heard a man say, in a low, distinct voice:

"Yonder's that miser, Northcutt, the poorest man in New York."  
"And the most unhappy," said his companion.

Ted had the curiosity to run ahead to look at the most unhappy man in New York. He was very tall and thin and sick-looking. Ted wondered how he came to be so well dressed, for even to his unpracticed eye he presented a good appearance. Somebody must have given him his old clothes, of course, just as papa always gave his clothes to poor people. Ted watched him with sympathetic interest, and even followed him to the door of a near-by restaurant, where he took a seat at a side table, and Ted could see his face very plainly. Yes, he certainly did look very unhappy, and no one seemed to care about him in the least; he would just slip in and give him a rose—that would please him.

Ted picked out the largest and handsomest rose and carried it carefully up the fast-filling aisle between the tables and laid it on the table before the poorest, unhappiest man in New York. He started, turned round, and eyed the little donor sharply.

"Hello, who are you?" he asked very brusquely.

"I'm Ted Winterburn," came the surprised answer.

The old man's lips moved and he seemed about to ask another question. He knew Ted's father very well indeed; he had him in a "corner," where he intended to keep him till his last dollar was gone. The thought of that triumph gave him a great deal of satisfaction when he remembered certain affairs of the past in which Winterburn had defeated his interests.

"Hum!" he muttered. "Roses in mid-winter! Such extravagance! He deserves his bad luck. I don't think you'd better give these away," he said aloud; "they don't belong to you."

"Why, yes, they do!" Ted answered indignantly. "Mr. Burke gave them to me for my birthday."

"Oh, he did? Well, that's different." He took the long-stemmed rose in his thin hand and sniffed at it gingerly. "Much obliged, I'm sure," he said, on second thought.

Ted looked over the meager fare pityingly. If there was anything in the world he disliked it was cambric tea and dry toast, such as he saw lying on the poor man's plate. He could not know that his friend's jaded appetite refused to take anything but the merest necessities. He sipped the cambric tea in silence until the waiter brought Ted a glass of milk on a silver salver.

"Take it," said the man authoritatively, and Ted found that he was really very thirsty.

"Now," said the poor man, when Ted put down the empty glass, "I'd like to know why you gave me that rose."

"Because I feel sorry for you," came the slow and truthful answer.

"Sorry? And why?" he demanded.  
"Because you're the very poorest and sorriest man in New York."  
"The poorest man in New York?" he echoed, grimly. "Who told you that?"  
"I don't know his name. 'Twas a man on the street, and he told another man that."  
"Oh!" with a queer, mirthless smile.  
"And you feel sorry for a poor, friendless stranger?"  
"Yes, I do," said Ted, very gravely and sweetly.

There was a little embarrassed pause, during which the keen, hollow eyes looked into Ted's beautiful face as though searching for something, which they must have found presently, for the dark, old face relaxed into a smile, which utterly contradicted the hard, cruel lines about the thin lips.

"I thank you very much for the rose, my little friend," he said, "but most of all for the sweet thought that prompted your kindness. It's many a long day since I've had such a precious gift," he added, with a queer break in his voice.

He took from his pocket a memorandum and scribbled a few words across the face of a printed note.

"Ask your father to read that to you as soon as you go home," he said. "Don't lose it; it's your birthday present from the poorest man in New York."

It was lunch time when Ted reached home. Papa sat at the table stirring his tea absently and looking over a long row of figures in the latest paper.

"Gerry, do try to eat something," said mamma, anxiously, from her place at the head of the table.

Ted went over and laid the crumpled paper beside his plate, and his father leaned over and glanced at it unseeingly; but its contents caught and riveted his instant attention.

"To Gerald W. Winterburn, to hold in trust for his son Ted, 75 shares of the Union Traction stock, being the full value of the original cash deposit of said Gerald W. Winterburn in the company's securities."  
("Signed") ALEX. NORTHCUTT,  
"President Union Traction Co."

He read it over twice and three times in speechless wonder; then mamma took alarm at his changed, bewildered looks, and rose and looked over his shoulder at the bit of paper in his trembling hand.

"Alex, Northcutt! Gerry, what can it mean?" she asked, in breathless amazement.

"It means that a miracle has happened, and he has saved me from utter ruin at the eleventh hour. Alex, Northcutt, whom men call skin-flint and miser! What can have moved him to such a wondrous deed?"

"It was the rose," said Ted, confidently. "Which was really not all; but the parents guessed the rest.—Ledger Monthly."

## BESIEGED TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

Candia Held Out for That Length of Time Against the Turks.

One of the longest sieges in history was that of Candia (Crete). It lasted twenty-four years, and was begun by the Turks in June, 1645, when they landed a large army, variously estimated at from 74,000 to 150,000 men. On Sept. 3, 1669, the town capitulated, after a siege which is estimated to have cost the lives of 40,000 Christians and nearly 120,000 Turks.

Constantinople was besieged by either Persians or Turks from A. D. 626 to 675. From 668 to 675 the Turks repeated their attacks yearly.

The siege of Gibraltar, attacked by land and sea, lasted four years, from 1779-1783.

During the thirty years' war Olmutz was besieged from 1642-1648, and was still held by the Swedes in 1650, when they gave it up in accordance with agreement, not compulsion.

The siege of Lucknow furnishes the most famous example of a British garrison holding out against fearful odds. For eighty-seven days the slender garrison held out until relief came. This is now eclipsed by Ladysmith.

Herat, in Afghanistan, is one of the most frequently besieged cities, having been besieged fifty times. Constantinople has suffered from twenty-six sieges, and Paris from eleven.—Stray Stories.

## Senator Gear's Dishonest Hat.

When Senator Gear of Iowa came into the Senate chamber the other day he dropped his slouch hat on the floor in the aisle beside his desk. Senator Stewart came striding along, kicking the hat into the pit in front of the President's rostrum, and passed along, unconscious of the indignity to Senator Gear's cherished headpiece.

A page picked up the hat, brushed it off and brought it back to its place on the floor. Senator Gear growled savagely and shot a fierce glance after Senator Stewart.

Soon afterward Senator Gear started to go to his committee room. Just as he rose Senator Perkins, of California, got up and addressed the chair. Mr. Gear stood up to listen to what Mr. Perkins was saying. Then he thought of his hat. It wasn't on his head, nor was it in his hand. He summoned a page.

"Boy," he asked severely, "where's my hat?"

The page looked around and then edged away.

"Please, sir," he said in a frightened voice, "you're standing on it."—Washington Special.

## Ideal Realized.

The Rev. Mr. Joyner—And so you two are making life one grand, sweet song?

Rattles—Yes, doctor, a reg'lar opera; with frantic calls for the author when baby cries.—Brooklyn Life.

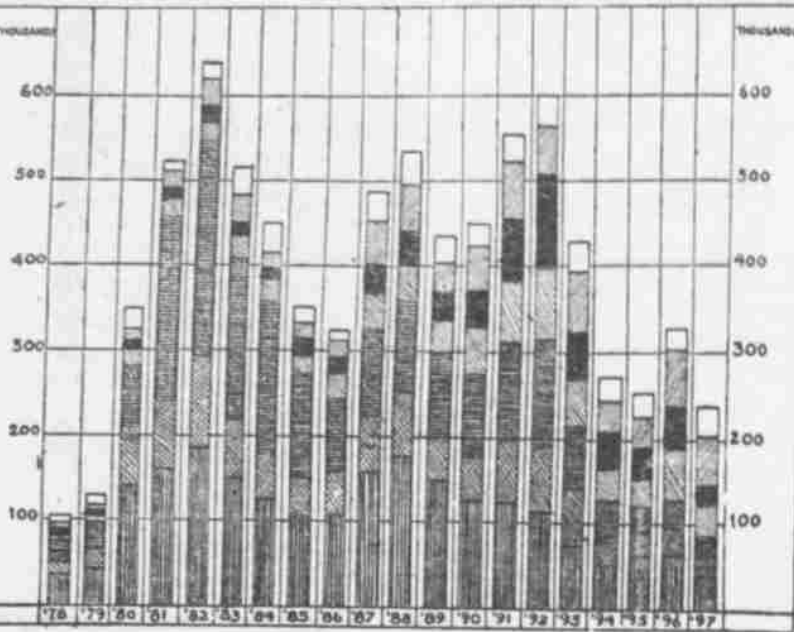
Love is a thing of four letters—but a good many additional letters are apt to turn up in a breach of promise suit.

## TIDE OF IMMIGRATION

### Its Ebbs and Flows Have Left Nearly 20,000,000 Foreigners on Our Shores.

NOT only does immigration into the United States exceed that into any other country in the world, but it is of a character which makes the subject one of the greatest interest and well worth the study of historian and political economist. In ancient times whole nations emigrated and sought new homes, driven from their former ones by oppression and force, or lured from them by the attractions of more fertile fields and more

From the time when the tide of immigration really began to set toward these shores until now, New York has been the great receiving and distributing point for the seekers of new homes. Of the entire number of immigrants who arrived in the United States from Oct. 1, 1819, to June 30, 1898, nearly 69 per cent. debarked at the port of New York. This has had much to do with keeping New York a cosmopolitan community. Governor Roosevelt, in writ-



genial climates of other regions. One of the greatest of these early migrations was the passage of 2,500,000 Israelites out of Egypt into Palestine. But, as is pointed out in the report of the State Board of Labor Statistics, "not since the confusion of tongues at Babel, which led to the scattering of the people abroad upon the face of the earth, has there been anything of such a cosmopolitan nature as that which forms the phenomenal immigration to the American States."

From the treaty of peace with England in 1783 to June 30, 1898, according to a careful collation of the figures of accepted authorities, there arrived in the States 19,068,556 immigrants, drawn from every nation under the sun. Statistics of immigration were not kept until 1819, "but it is conceded by statistical experts that the number of immigrants arriving in the twenty-six years preceding was 250,000, exclusive of negroes." In the early periods of immigration a whole year did not bring to these shores as many immigrants as land now at the port of New York in a single week. "In 1718 the landing at Boston of five vessels, having on board 750 Irish immigrants, and

ing of New York in 1775, says: "New York's population was composed of various races, differing widely in blood, religion and conditions of life. In fact, this diversity has always been the dominant note of New York. No sooner has one set of varying elements been fused together than another stream has been poured into the crucible."

A glance at the chart published here-



## THE TRANSPORTATION AGENT.

stated that during the 30 years of his own experience consumption had increased in the Bergen district 80 per cent. In the year 1868, 54.5 per cent. of all deaths between 15 and 30 years of age were caused by tuberculosis, and statistics show that about 7,000 of the inhabitants of Norway die every year of this disease. In England, he continued, they have succeeded during the last 50 years in reducing one-half the number of tuberculous cases, and physicians attribute this to the increasing cleanliness in English home life and the erection of consumptive hospitals. The foremost endeavors in fighting tuberculosis should be to agitate for greater cleanliness in general; particularly should efforts be directed against the habit of expectorating.

Statistics of consumptive sanitariums in Germany show that 93.13 per cent. of the inmates were able to work the first year after the cure, 60 per cent. after two years, 45 per cent. after three, and 35 per cent. after four years. On an average, it is estimated that 50 per cent. of the patients in sanitariums

In 1729 the arrival at Philadelphia in one week of several small ships containing passengers from Ireland excited much comment; while even toward the close of that century the entry into New York harbor in one day of two vessels laden with Germans created a

with will show how immigration ebbs and flows from time to time. The Commissioner, in his report, says: "The figures in the table of annual arrivals indicate that immigration, like ocean tides, recedes for a while, then rises again. Aside from the civil war period



## IMMIGRANTS IN THE RAILWAY STATION.

sensation. During the era of Dutch rule in New Netherlands a couple of ships annually conveyed all the reinforcements to the colony, and in that whole time the immigration consisted of only a few thousand.

and that part of the present decade ending June 30, 1898, the incoming wave of each decennial term rose higher than the one immediately preceding it. Germany has furnished the largest

have their ability to work lengthened by one year. The advantages of public sanitariums for consumptives are so great that the German Invalid Insurance companies erect these institutions simply for reasons of economy.

## RAM'S HORN BLAST.

Warning Notes Calling the World to Repentance.



The devil is the father of every sin. A quiet note is better than a loud one. Patience will cure more ills than physic.

The seed of prayer always grows into praise.

The devil has a mortgage on every boy who smokes.

Love that enriches not enriches itself.

The less you value the world the more it is worth to you.

A man may have a good deal of religion and yet not have Christ.

A minute with God in the day will mean God with you all the day.

Heavenly-mindedness is for the poor and sore as well as for the rich.

To be contented with what is about the same as to own the world.

There is no case on record in which God ever blessed a man against his will.

In speaking with God remember that he is speaking with men.

People do not grow much while they are having their eyes closed.

A warm-hearted preacher will find a way to warm up a church.

The devil would rather start a fire any time than to sell a barrel of whisky.

One of the biggest fools in the world is the man who thinks the devil can make him fat.

One of the hardest things to do has ever tried to do is to put a lie on a happy Christ.

When the devil was cast out of him he stole an angel's robe with which to hide his cloven hoof.

## MAKING A VAST PORTRAIT.

Painting a Face Seventy Feet High, on Broadway.

The Broadway thoroughfare, between the corner of Broadway and the corner of the sidewalk, is frequently the scene of a most extraordinary sight. The side wall of a building, on New York Mall and Express, stand upon the swinging legs of a man, and down them with a creak as if they were made of flagstones beneath. But what the spectators there take to be the nature of their work, the painting of a colossal portrait of a man, the oval in which the head is contained is five feet high and about three feet wide, about 70 feet high and 45 feet wide.

The resemblance to the man is intended to represent in striking accuracy with which the drawing is remarkable when the picture and the proximity of the scaffolding is considered. The scaffolding is, of course, against the wall, and there are "stepping back" to see the effect of work, but every line is as the plummet, and to a drawing "drawing" would be considered faultless.

The men work from a small graph, held in the left hand and put in the lines with the right. The artist at first began to make a portrait, only about two stories high, and had finished up a third of it for some reason a change in the work was determined upon, and the smaller sketch as it was, was larger over it, giving it a rather effect.

## Found the End.

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was bound for the coast of Ireland. He could find him work on the ship. "Well," said the captain, at the time handing the Irishman a rope, "if you can find three ends of rope you shall have some work."

The Irishman got hold of the rope, and, showing it to the captain, said, "That's one end, your honor." He took hold of the other end, and showing it to the captain, said, "And that's two ends, your honor." Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overboard, saying, "And, faith, there's another end, your honor."

He was immediately engaged as don King.

## Conjugating a Verb.

A United States consul returned here gives the following account of how English is taught in the schools: "Jenn, you will stand up the master to his brightest pupil the occasion of the consul's visit. Conjugate the verb 'I have a mine.' " "I have a gold mine," responded the bright pupil, with an accent, "Thou hast a gold mine, has a gold hosen, we have a gold you have a gold you, they have a gold thern."

## Posterity of an English Sparrow.

A statistician of small things has it out that the posterity of one English sparrow amounts in ten years to something like 278,000,000,000 birds.

It is terribly easy to get a person engaged in wondering if perhaps he is throwing himself away.