THE LAND OF POPPIES

Where, blue and silver in the sun,
The broad Pacific swells,
And, king among the forest trees,
The giant redwood dwells;
And frosty winter never smites
The smiling earth with gloom,
In all their gay and glowing pride
The languid poppies bloom.

The hills are rich with yellow ore,
And in the vales below
The luscious fruits and fragrant flowers
Of every climate grow;
And by the ruined mission's walls
And from the wayside sod
And all along the garden walks
The drowsy poppies nod.

Bright, crumpled blossom, silken pink,
Pure white and crimson deep,
And vivid scarlet, everywhere
They tell a tale of sleep,
When purple shadows long and cool
Among the vineyards lie,
And apples ripen into gold
Beneath a turquoise sky.

While Louisiana on her shield
The sweet magnolia shows,
And Maine displays the brown pine cone,
New York the queenly rose,
And Delaware prefers the peach
To garland her renown,
The Golden State elects to wear
A regal poppy crown.
—Leslie's Weekly.

A Daughter's Gift

YOU know, pa wouldn't consent to Del's marriage with Jim, wouldn't allow the wedding at the house or allow either Del or Jim to come here afterward. This was because Jim had been wild and hadn't settled down. It was hard on us all, for Del was my only child; she had always been her father's pet, and his treatment almost broke her heart.

The years went by, and pa, instead of softening, appeared to harden, though Jim made Del a splendid husband and grew rich. They had one child, a boy, the prettiest little chap you ever saw. One day an artist saw him in his bath and was so struck with his slender little form that he asked leave to copy him into a picture he was painting. The picture was a success and brought the artist a fine reputation, all on account, everybody said, of the little figure in the corner.

One day Del said to me: "Ma, I'm going to send pa a present."

"I'm afraid, my dear, he'll send it right back to you."

"Maybe he will, and maybe he won't. Anyway, I'm going to try it. I'm going to put it in the little dining-room so that he'll see it when he comes down the first thing in the morning. He's always in a better humor then than at any other time of day. Don't you remember how he used to toss me in the air every morning before breakfast?"

"How are you going to send it?"

"Jim and I are going to get up early and take it round. You are to let us in. We'll place it right where pa will see it the first thing when he comes into the breakfast room."

I didn't believe it would do any good, but I told Del I would help her in any way I could, so it was all arranged that they should bring their gift the next Sunday morning. On that day we breakfast at 9 o'clock and pa does not have to go downtown to business. When Sunday came, the sun was shining bright and beautiful, the birds were singing in the yard, and there was a delicious freshness in the air. I was thankful, thinking that if anything could put pa in a good humor it would be this beautiful morning. A little before 9 Jim and Del drove up to the side gate, which was hidden from the house by trees, though that wasn't necessary, for pa was shut up in his shaving room, where he couldn't see anything, and Jim carried an oblong box about three feet in length up to the side entrance. I let them in, and they went to the dining room, while I went upstairs to keep an eye on pa. He had finished shaving and was sitting by the front window, looking out, but instead of being happy, the bright morning seemed to make him all the more melancholy.

"What a pleasant day," I said, "for a family party to go for a drive in the country!"

"There's no family party except you and me," he said.

I knew that he was pining for Del, but I didn't say anything more for fear of making him ugly. I saw by the clock that it was five minutes to 9, and I went to the banister and coughed to give Jim and Del warning, then told pa that breakfast was ready. He got up with a sigh, and we went downstairs together.

We both stood mute, looking at what we saw in the bay window at the end of the dining room. The marble bust that always stood on the pedestal had been removed, and in its stead was the statue of a little boy about 5 years old. It was of white marble—that is, so far as we could judge—and held out a pair of little arms to us.

"Great guns!" pa exclaimed.

"Little darling!" said I. "What a pity it isn't alive!"

"How do, grandpa?" cried the statue, and, tearing off its white face, it displayed the rosy features of Del's little Jim. Jumping off the pedestal, all in his white tights he ran up to his grandpa, who bent down and took him in his arms.

I never saw pa so overcome in my life. He hugged the boy so tight that I thought he would crush him. Then Del came from the pantry and put her arms around them both. Del was laughing and crying, and pa was trying to keep from doing both. Then he put little Jim down, and without noticing that his clothes were covered with the white powder that had made the boy's tights look like marble he folded Del in his arms.

Jim—big Jim, I mean—seeing through a crack in the pantry door that the plan had been a success, came into the room, and pa put out his hand.

That was the happiest breakfast party any of them ever sat down to. I had taken pains to have a nice breakfast, though I didn't believe Del's present to her father would break through his crustiness, but hoped it would and we would all take our Sunday morning meal together. After the breakfast we sat in the library and talked while pa and Jim smoked.

"Ma," said pa to me, "didn't you say something about a family party going for a drive? I reckon we'll have out the horses."

Pa and Jim went out to the stable while Del and I got up a lunch. Then we started for the country. There was room for Jim and Del on the back seat, while pa had little Jim with him in front. Jimmie hadn't ever ridden behind horses before and was wild with delight, talking to his grandpa and begging him to let him drive till pa consented.

Who got up the statue? Why, the artist who used little Jim for a model. After the reputation and money he made out of his picture he couldn't do enough for Jim and Del and exercised all his skill on the boy's make-up and in posing him.—Indianapolis Sun.

Do not print in strong sunlight except when using very dense negatives. Do not handle your paper any more than necessary, and do not wash gelatine prints all night, as it spoils them.

Should you ever be unfortunate enough to break a focusing screen, a fairly good substitute may be made by cleaning the gelatine from an old negative and substituting tissue paper. This is much preferable to using a fogged plate.

Yellow beeswax, the common every-day product, is a fine thing to have in the dark room. Before starting developing rub a piece around the edge of the plate. It will ado much to keep the film clear and unbroken in the solutions. Two drachms of the wax in an ounce of alcohol or benzole also makes an excellent waxing solution for prints, and corks dipped in it will not stick in bottles.

If you would like to possess a pedestal for portrait work and not care to go to the expense of buying one ready made, procure two soap boxes from your grocer and some marbled paper to cover them. Joint the ends of the boxes together and then paste your marbled paper neatly over them. Place a plant on top and you will have a first-class pedestal. It can be made with three cheese boxes instead of two soap boxes if desired.

A good flash lamp may be made by obtaining an old clay pipe, attaching a piece of rubber hose to the stem, and tie some cotton wool around the bowl. Soak the wool in alcohol and put the flash powder in the bowl. Light your cotton wool and by blowing down the rubber tube the powder will flash. This improvised lamp will be much handier if you make a stand for it of some pieces of wood nailed together, into which the stem and bowl will fit.

One cause, and it is an important one, of plates frilling in warm weather is the difference in temperature between the developing and fixing baths. If ice is used in the first it should be in the latter. If the developer is rather warm and the hypo bath cool, a plate will frill where it would not if the hypo was of the same temperature as the developer. Hypo, when a fresh bath is made, is very cooling. This is easily verified. When the fixing bath to be used has just been made, be sure the developer is cooled with ice to correspond.

FAMOUS NICKNAMES.

Those of Many Prominent Individuals in England.

It is fairly well known that King Edward has, since the death of Queen Victoria, been dubbed "the Master" by his own particular set or circle of friends. The name, too, is happily apropos. The Duke of Cambridge is called "George the Ranger," the joke, of course, being applied in connection with his connection with the royal parks. The Princess Charles of Denmark is called "Harry" by her family, and the Duke of Teck is always spoken of as "Dolly." His wife, who was the Lady Margaret Grosvenor, is sometimes termed "Peggy." Names of this description are particularly plentiful among the proud people of the house of Grosvenor. The present head, the young Duke of Westminster, is called "Bend Or," because at the time he was a pretty babe in a luxurious cradle his grandfather's horse, Bend Or, was the talk of every town, for did not the colt win the Derby, and did not some one object to the prize going to Eaton Hall because, as it was alleged, Bend Or was Tadcaster, and, as a foal, had been unsuspectingly changed in his box with the other horse named? The name, applied to the baby boy in 1880, has stuck ever since.

The realms of sport are naturally hotbeds for nicknames. If one took down a list of the members of the Jockey Club one could occupy a pleasant day brooding over the why and wherefore of pet names bestowed on the distinguished sportsmen. The Duke of Portland is called "Jumbo," an appellation that may be complimentary or the reverse. Prince Soltykoff is called "Solty by his Newmarket intimates; Prince Dhuleep Singh, "Tulip;" Lord Cholmondeley, "Rock," and the northern owner of race horses and collieries, Lord Londonderry, as "C." This name was given to his lordship when he was Lord Castlereagh; while the Cheshire lord was called "Rock" because of his earlier title, Rocksavage. Of other well-known "sports," Lord Coventry is popularly dubbed "Covey," Lord Lurgan "Billy," the hard-riding Lord Cowley as Toby," and Captain Machell as "El Capitano." That lucky sportsman, Alfred de Rothschild, will always pass as "Mr. A." Lord Buchan, who is a well-dressed, dapper man, is called "P. A.," no reference being made to the Press Association, but to the description once passed about him that he was the "Pocket Adonis."

The Duke of Athol was once termed "All Scotland," and the name has been associated with his lordship ever since. The young Duke of Manchester is called "Kim;" the Duke of Newcastle goes by the nickname of "Linnie," derived, again, from this noble earl's other title. Lord Spencer passes as the "red earl" on account of his color; Lord Warwick will answer to "Brookie," and Lord Yarmouth to "The Bloater," although in his case this name was bestowed upon his father in the latter's soldiering days. Lord Roberts, as everybody knows, is called "Bobs," but it would not be safe to call the great little man that name to his face.—Golden Penny.

"A Bird" of an Opportunity.

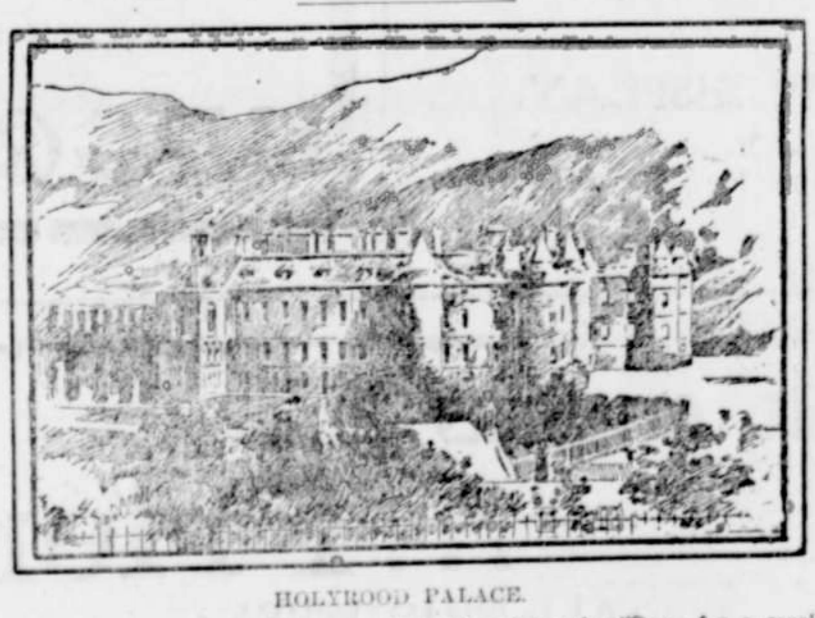
The great Beecher said that "opportunity is a bird which flies but once to the window of your chamber to lure you with its sweet song. If you fail to stretch out your hand to take it, it flies away and returns no more forever." When the eloquent Brooklyn preacher said this he did not have advertising in mind. Here the bird of opportunity comes every day, and wise is the man who takes it and cherishes it.—Printer's Ink.

A Hint.

"Ef politics, lak Satan, is a roarin' lion," said the colored campaigner, "I wish tew de Lawd he'd roar loud in de place whar I could find ten dollars!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The mother with her arms full of babies has as much right as a bride with American beauties.

HOLYROOD PALACE ONCE AGAIN TO BE USED AS A ROYAL SEAT



HOLYROOD PALACE.

Holyrood Palace, at Edinburgh, which King Edward will use for a royal residence, has not been put to that substantial use for upward of 200 years. It was built as an abbey in 1128 by King David I. of Scotland, and is so interwoven with the history of that country as to be the most interesting place in all Caledonia, next to Edinburgh Castle itself. In 1295 James Baliol held a parliament within its walls. James II. was born in it, crowned in it, married in it and buried in it. The nuptials of Princess Margaret of England were celebrated there in 1503. From that time forward the abbey, which had been reconstructed into a palace, became the principal seat of the Scottish sovereigns. Queen Mary lived there upon her return from France in 1561. There, in 1566, Rizzio was torn from her side and stabbed to death on the steps leading from the throne room. Her son, King James VI., dwelt much in the palace before his accession to the English throne in 1603. He revisited the place in 1617. It was garrisoned by Cromwell's troops after the battle of Dunbar. In 1745 it was occupied by Prince Charles Edward, and from 1795 to 1799 it sheltered the Count d'Artois, afterward King Charles X. of France. For years the old palace has been merely a show place, visited by pilgrims from the four ends of the earth, and reverently loved by the Scotch who see in it the glories of a great and brilliant national history. It occupies a pleasant site and has been kept in splendid repair as the years have flown by and the face of the land has changed.

FRONTIER RIDERS.

THEY PUT DOWN SMUGGLING AND SMUGGLERS.

Pursuit of Lawbreakers Often Attended with Great Danger—Mexico and the United States Unite to Punish Smugglers and Cattle Thieves.

Opportunity has much to do with smuggling. There is no doubt that thousands of people who would ordinarily resent with deepest indignation the insinuation that they are thieves, are nothing more nor less when it comes to dealings with Uncle Sam. It has been said that the traveler returning from Europe who declares every-thing dutiable which he has in his possession, either in his trunks or on his person, is the exception rather than the rule. There seems to be a sort of fascination in smuggling which tempts people when everything else fails. It has just enough of danger about it to lend it zest and, if it is successful, to give the occasional smuggler something to boast about among his friends for many moons. Yet the smuggler is no less a swindler than the person who forges the name of another, and is no less a thief than the man who breaks into your house at night. The United States statutes defines smuggling as intent to defraud, and fixes severe penalties. The smuggler may be assessed a fine of $5,000, or imprisoned not more than two years, or both; the goods he tries to enter may be confiscated; the vessel they are brought in, if they come by water, may be seized and sold, if it can be proven that the owner or captain knows of or is party to the offense; any conveyance in which goods are fraudulently brought in by land may be seized, unless it is a common carrier and it can be proven that its owner or operator knew nothing of the offense; the masters or owners of vessels may be fined if they hinder or obstruct the customs officers in any way in the search for suspected goods.

MEXICAN CHURCH AT TIA JUANA.

ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER.

BORDER CUSTOM HOUSE.

Customs officers are clothed with very large powers. They may board and search without warrant any vessel lying in port, and may search all trunks, boxes, baggage, papers, envelopes, all conveyances and means of transport, stores, warehouses and other buildings in which there is any reason to believe dutiable property is stored. They may even inspect the books and accounts of merchants who are under suspicion of receiving smuggled goods. The proceeds of the property discovered, condemned and sold, go part to the government and part to the principal customs officers of the district, and part to the informer, if he happens to be a person outside the government service.

The southwestern and northwestern borders of the United States are good fields for the professional smuggler. From the north Chinamen are helped into the United States, in addition to many articles of Canadian manufacture, besides large amounts of opium. From the south many Mexican products are smuggled in, with such jewels as opals and pearls. It is to the men who, with the rustlers, that run huge droves of cattle across the border, infest the Mexican frontier, that this article relates.

A Double Patrol.

Along the boundary line between the United States California and the California of Mexico rides day and night a double patrol, the one in the employ of the United States and the other in the pay of the Mexican government.

These riders are picturesque, individually and severally, hardy, skilled in horsemanship, marvelous in the accuracy of their marksmanship, experts with the lasso, inured to hardship and danger, fearless and often reckless in their daring, a class unto themselves—a class interesting to meet and study.

The duties of these riders are to protect their respective governments from imposition at the hands of that class of unscrupulous men known as smugglers, and to prevent cattle thieves from running their ill-gotten plunder across the border.

From the coast to the Colorado desert, along the boundary line between the two nations, the country is rough in the extreme and very arid. It is a region sparsely settled, and some of the toughest characters of both nations hover in the locality for the double purpose of breaking the laws of the country and of thwarting the officers who may undertake their arrest by dodging across the line, one way or another.

It is this lawless element with which the border riders have to do. Some of these lawbreakers are tame persons, too cowardly to make trouble for the riders if caught in their petty smuggling of cigars, curios, small articles of manufacture and the like, but those who play for big stakes and engage in the smuggling of jewels and costly goods in large quantities braving severe penalties, and the "rustlers," as the cattle thieves are termed—these men are dangerous customers, and the riders take their lives in their hands when they interfere with their undertakings.

The seats of customs for the two countries at the coast end of the line are at Tia Juana. There are two Tia Juanas. The American town, if town it may be called, is at the terminal of the National City and Otay railway, just at the boundary line. The Mexican Tia Juana is a couple of miles away. This latter town consists of the Mexican custom house, a long, low, one-story wooden building, containing an office about sixteen feet square, furnished with a table, a desk, two or three chairs and a gun rack with a dozen stand of arms therein, a consultation room or private office, and a long back room with bunks for the accommodation of the riders when off duty; then there is the little one-story shack which serves as the home of the customs officer—who is none other than Lieutenant Governor Terrazas, of Lower California; there are the old adobe church, built nearly 150 years ago by the Jesuit priests, three or four little stores and shops and half a dozen dwellings—this is the Mexican Tia Juana. The American town of that name is even smaller, the little box used as a custom house, one or two dwellings and the depot of the narrow gauge railroad being all the buildings the town boasts.

Right here let me say that the Lieutenant Governor of Lower California is an important personage in the eyes of the people—and in his own. Before he will consent to talk with you—through an interpreter, if you do not speak Spanish—you must remove your hat, be the meeting indoors or out. It is an homage which his exalted position entitles him to, according to the custom of his country, and he does not intend that the office shall lose prestige during his incumbency.

The riders have some strange experiences and not a few thrilling ones. Not long ago a Mexican rider was passing through a lonely canyon in the night time. Suddenly, without a single warning to indicate the presence of an enemy, there dropped over his shoulders a cord, which was swiftly drawn tight, and then he found himself flying through the air. He had been lassoed in the midst of darkness almost equal to that of the tomb. He dropped to the earth with a thud that paralyzed his senses for a moment, and when he regained them he was bound hand and foot. Beside him stood his horse—he could tell by its breathing and an occasional neigh, but there was no sign of the presence of any other living being.

The man lay there a time which seemed like eternity, but which probably was not over two or three hours; then he felt a hand laid upon him, a knife severed his bonds, there was a swift rustle as of some one hastening away, and he was again alone. He arose and walked about a bit to take the stiffness from his body, and then he mounted his horse and rode back to the end of his beat and notified the rider on the other beat of what had happened. Word was thus passed from beat to beat till it reached headquarters, and at daylight a posse was on hand to investigate. They found the trail, a couple of miles further on, at a grove of cattle where they had crossed the border. Later there came one with a story of having been robbed of his stock. Efforts were made to trace the cattle and the thieves, but they were never discovered.

Word came to the American custom house one day that certain parties were making heavy purchases of Mexican opals, and that the presumption was that they were for export to the United States. A very careful description of the parties making the purchase was appended to the report and the officers began watching for the appearance of the persons described.

One day individuals answering perfectly to the description entered the custom house and stated that they wished to pay duty on certain purchases which they had made. They presented a quantity of opals and the duty was appraised and duly paid. So far so good, but the amount of gems presented for inspection was less than one-tenth of the purchase which had been reported. When asked if those were all the gems or dutiable goods they possessed they replied that it was.

"We will have to search you and your effects," said the customs officer, and he proceeded to do so, but nothing further was found. He was puzzled and unsatisfied, but there was nothing to do but to pass the parties. That night the explanation was forthcoming. Three Mexicans whose reputations for lawless daring were widespread undertook to put through the bulk of the jewels. Notwithstanding their shrewdness and experience in that line of work they chanced to run into two of the riders that night. When halted they replied with their guns. One of the riders went down with a bullet through his lung. His companion, however, was good on the gun play, and he soon put two of the Mexicans hors du combat, and the third, under his aim, threw up his hands and surrendered. The opals were found in their possession and were confiscated by the government. The duty on the lot would have amounted to nearly $6,000.

Despite all precautions a great many goods get over the line duty free. Fancy articles, Mexican drawn work, and the like, made extensively south of the border, have a way of appearing mysteriously in the shops of the American towns.

WONDERFUL SULTAN OF PERAK.

He Has Seen Wildness and Ignorance Give Way to Prosperity.

A man of 58 years of age, he has passed almost exactly half his life under Malay rule and half under the new regime inaugurated by Great Britain. A man with eyes wherewith to see and a mind wherewith to judge, compare and think, he is probably among the most enlightened rulers of the native states of the East, and a convincing apostle of British rule. He has seen in his own time his country pass from a mere wilderness of forest, threaded sparsely by narrow footpaths, into a land surprisingly wealthy and prosperous, over the face of which roads and railways run criss-cross like the meshes of a net. He has seen lawlessness, brigandage, rapine and constant internecine strife vanish and be replaced by a peacefulness unequaled in Piccadilly, says Blackwood's Magazine. He has seen the spear and the kris, which once ruled the world, laid aside in the glass case of museums, or brought only on state occasions to deck courtly ceremonials. Moreover, he has seen his own ancestral lands, which of old lay fallow under dense jungle, opened up and made to produce rich revenues; blackest ignorance replaced by education; lack of sanitation by a wise respect for the laws of hygiene, and dire poverty by wealth and comfort. Though the sentimentalist may mourn the disappearance of much that was picturesque, of much that was attractive, yet these be wonderful changes for any man to have witnessed, still more to have had a big hand in bringing to pass; and without disparaging the wisdom and self-devotion of his European advisers, it must be admitted that Perak owes a large share of its prosperity to the personal efforts of its present Sultan.

Living Is Cheaper Abroad.

What charm, one asks oneself in wonder, makes people remain for long years wandering firesideless from Cairo to Cornhill? It cannot be the climate, for our own is quite as good. Historical associations, we are assured, compensate many of those people for the absence of kith and kin. Experience, however, has taught me that the majority of them are as splendidly indifferent to history—and art, too, for the matter of that, unless it is applied to the decoration of the human form—as they are to the Rosetta Stone.

The families that one finds residing in Italy, for instance, long since abandoned such foolishness as sighseeing, writes Eliot Gregory in the Century. That useless fatigue is left to the newcomers; the habitues I have met no more dream of visiting the vatican galleries or of reading in the library of Lorenzo the Magnificent than they do of settling down seriously to study Italian.

One hears, especially in the less expensive little cities, some twaddle about culture; but you may take my word for it in nine cases out of ten the real attraction of the place lies in the fact that a victoria can be had for $80 a month and a good cook for one-tenth that sum.

Seemed to Have Got Out.

A Chicago man on his summer vacation went to a Wisconsin lake resort, and one day became engaged in conversation with the proprietor. He commented on the attractiveness of the surroundings, and finally asked the hotelkeeper how many acres there were in the property.

"About forty," replied the proprietor.

"I see there is another resort a short distance north of you. Who owns that?"

"The Widder Simmons."

"You and she join, do you not?"

"The landlord's sunburned face turned a shade or two redder.

"We're expecting to next October," he said, "but I didn't think anybody'd found it out yet."

Any man who takes things as they come lacks push.

OLD FAVORITES

Past and Present.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
—Thomas Hood.

The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.
—Thomas Moore.

THRIFTY NEGRO FARMER.

Henry Jackson, a colored man of exceptional character, and the wealthiest member of his race in St. Louis County, has increased his real holdings recently to nearly 400 acres, by the purchase of a tract of land near Greve Coeur Lake, says a St. Louis paper. He owns other properties in the county and has money loaned out at interest. His wealth is estimated at $30,000, all of which has been amassed since the civil war, and which consists principally of the farming lands in the vicinity of the lakes. The nucleus of his fortune was furnished, however, from savings accumulated during bondage.

HENRY JACKSON.

Before the war Jackson was the slave of Richard H. Stevens, owner of a plantation of 500 acres near Greve Coeur Lake. He was made foreman of the farm in 1862. As such he had supervision over about twenty-five men and women, and often had charge of as many as fifteen or twenty teams in hauling products of the farm to St. Louis to market. He was then a young man and was married to a woman belonging to John Stump, who lived six miles away. After the war broke out, Jackson went to Ohio, but while there wrote to his former master, Mr. Stevens, saying that his absence was necessary and that he would soon return.

Coming back after the war Jackson continued to work for Mr. Stevens during the day, and at night, by moonlight, he used to cut corn for the farmers in the neighborhood until midnight. In this way he saved considerable money. He now owns one tract of 160 acres and another of 170, besides the sixty acres which he has recently acquired.

One of his sons is a practicing physician in St. Louis; another is a professor in Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, and still another is with him on the farm. Jackson was married a second time eight years ago to a Miss Belger, sister of Emanuel Belger, of Clayton. He is now 63 years old.

For Night Readers.

Speaking of new things, there is a French bedstead which provides for the individual who reads after going to bed or during waking hours in the night.

There are single iron beds, and in the top of the rather high head is set an electric light. A reading desk is attached to a bar, which crosses the head of the bedstead and can be raised above it when not in use and lowered when required. There are disadvantages to this light, which must shine in the eyes as well as on the book or paper.

Better arrangements are made in some of our big hotels. There is arranged at one side of the bed an arm with an electric light attached which can be pulled over the bed at the will of the occupant, and is below the eyes, though quite high enough for the light to fall upon the book.

The top of the electric light globe is covered with a dark green shade, and none of the light can go up.

A Cutting Retort.

A richly deserved retort was that made by a Sioux girl at the Hampton institution not long since. A silly visitor to the school went up to the magnificent red-skinned belle and said: "Are you civilized?" The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work—she was fashioning a beadboard at the moment—and replied: "No; are you?"

Plan for National Theater.

A Breslau journal announces that Gerhart Houtpmann has a plan for building a national theater—a la Baireuth—at Schrieberhau, in the Giant Mountains, where every summer about fifteen or twenty performances of German plays could be given.

The average man gets very good cooking until he becomes so rich that his wife can afford to hire the cooking done.

Some men would just about as soon receive a whipping as an ovation.