

What you pray for you ought to be willing to pay for.

Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish between contentment and lassitude.

Agriculture in Arizona is now a matter of dates. They are raising them there.

A woman usually begins her life work when she marries a man to reform him.

It's useless for some women to deny that they married for money after you see their husbands.

No doubt Mr. Rockefeller regards the man who "retires with a fortune" as a sickening degenerate.

It's the toughest kind of tough luck to have your watch stolen when you are on your way to pawn it.

Every time a revolver is sold over a counter there is the possibility of an increase in the bandit population.

With Carrie Nation as an actress in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," the barroom is likely to suffer from nervous breakdown.

Manifest Destiny may have freed Panama, but the American residents of the isthmus are sure to be accused of having put her up to it.

"There is plenty of money in the market." Yes, of course, but it is harder to find than an active baby flea on a trick dog turning somersaults.

An Englishman criticizes the American girl's nose, but admits that she has beautiful eyes. Once more the eyes have it, being in the majority.

The Vanderbilts and a few western families are forming a new smart set in New York. Western families who wish to get in will have to apply early, though.

While she does not say so in that many words, Miss Ida Tarbell practically admits that she does not expect to be remembered in Mr. Rockefeller's will.

An aeronaut promises to take a party to the St. Louis Fair at a speed of 180 miles an hour. Applicants for seats are advised to come early and avoid the rush.

It is reported that the people of England now regard J. Pierpont Morgan as an ordinary mortal, in spite of the fact that he has eaten in the presence of King Edward. Such are the sorrows of adversity.

The servant girl who committed suicide because she was a few minutes late in securing a position must have been insane to begin with. These are the days for mistresses to commit suicide, not servant girls.

Paralysis of the throat and tongue is the latest phase of cigarette-smoking carried to excess. Death ensues when the paralyzed tissue begins to mortify. The trouble with the cigarette is that few are able to resist its tendency to excess.

A new disease has been coined in England called "brain fog." The recipe for getting it is this: Worry a little, hurry a little, get irritated easily and often, think all the time about your body and how it is working, take anxious thought for the morrow and despise your neighbor. Within sixty days a "specialist" will be pasturing on your bank account.

For moral, ethical and legal considerations one should resist the temptation to traffic in public offices. If he be a dispenser of patronage it is his religious duty to make recommendations with due consideration for the public service as well as with the object in view of rewarding a faithful partisan. To exact pay for such appointments is a crime against the government, though there are those who seem to think that governments among men are maintained for boodling purposes only.

Canadian discussion of the award of the Alaskan boundary tribunal has dealt with the strategic islands owned by the United States on the Canadian frontier. These are Isle Royal, in Lake Superior, opposite Port Arthur, and San Juan, opposite the city of Victoria, which commands the Canadian outlet to the Pacific. The tribunal has confirmed the ownership of the United States in two islands at the mouth of the Portland Channel, near enough to the proposed railway terminus at Port Simpson to oversee everything that goes on there. It is not likely that for years to come, if ever, there will be occasion to test the strategic value of any of these islands, as the United States intends to live in peace and amity with its northern neighbor.

Every one knows that it is necessary to use diplomacy in dealing with a subject of the toothache, but it has remained for an American dentist to make the toothache the subject of international diplomatic negotiations. He cured the pain in the teeth of a brother of the Shah of Persia by pulling them. His patient was so well pleased that he appointed the American as his dentist in ordinary, with a fixed salary. It is reported that the salary has not been paid for eight years, and that the dentist has asked the United States consul general at Teheran to suggest that the contract be kept. Although it might be poetically just for the "dogs of war" to show their teeth, it is not likely that there will be such a display, even if the salary should be unpaid for several years longer.

Certain of Chicago's citizens have recently written a page in criminal annals exceptional in the ferocity and boldness of their deeds. But the out-

burst is exceptional, and its sequel has strengthened the hand of law everywhere. The daily press has told the story of the brief but murderous career of four young bandits, whose record of slain has been seven in six months; and the type of youth these desperadoes are is generally appreciated. It is a type that breeds under laxity of law, amid corresponding temptations to wrong-doing, and is nurtured on the fiction of a sensational literature. An overgrown child, where criminal discipline is defective, where rights are not jealously guarded, and where delinquencies in official life are endured because correction is a trouble, is a favorable hot-bed for the culture of the ultra-violent type of lawbreaker. These boys, of course, are not sui generis, nor are their deeds uncommon; but the desperate nature of their last stand against law is extraordinary, at least, when such resistance is made within sight of the glow of the lights of a metropolis of 2,000,000 people. But as their stand was desperate so was the force of the law that moved against them resolute and overwhelming. Law moved at once—law in execution is not like justice—passionless. It had the deaths of honest men to avenge, and one of them had worn the blue coat of a policeman. So law, aided by volunteers of kindred mind, in the face of great danger, grappled with the beast at bay. It may all seem a semi-savage episode—perhaps it is such. It certainly has no urban amenities about it. But the climax is satisfactory. Let any boy who is shaping a career after dime novel lines pause and reflect. He may then overcome the perilous defense of the dug-out in the Indian sand dunes, but he will hesitate over the causeless murder of the brakeman, and his blood will chill at four figures on a scaffold.

The conviction seems to be general, and justified, that this is soon to become a world of machinery. Indeed, it has become such, to a marvelous extent, already, as regards all essential affairs, from the manipulation of politics down to the sewing on of buttons. If the progress of invention in the last 100 years be any indication, no strained imagination is required to see that flying machines will some day be as common as cabs are now; that books and newspapers will be superseded by machines of the telephone and phonograph species, and that the human anatomy, by disuse of the physical and development of the mental, will evolve into a mere brain-box. It is to be supposed that it will be a world in which "everything will be so perfectly ordered that it will run like a well-oiled machine. There will, of course, be no poverty and no crime, and everybody will be supremely comfortable and unspookably bored. Strange—don't it—how we madly strive for mechanical inventions to secure us further ease, and then, for our happiness, revel in the memories of our early days, when these things were unknown and life was sweetened and given meaning by hardships and privations. What prince of wealth, with all the new-fangled machine comforts that money can command, does not look back to his boyhood days on the farm, with the same warm corner by the kitchen stove in the fall, as the only time of genuine, soul-satisfying comfort in all his successful life? For romance that appeals to the heart do we not turn to the rich old days of stage coaches and tallow candles, of the spinning wheel and the hoe and the sickle? There is little doubt that the man who can imagine the machine-made world of the future would rather die than live in it. A world where everything is combined and used for some coldly practical end, where the stimulus of want and ambition does not exist; where pleasure, not being productive, is of course unknown, and where science has totally eclipsed romance—would not such a world be very soon peopled exclusively by lunatics?

The advertising story of State street, Chicago, can not be told in a few words. From Randolph street on the north to Harrison street on the south, comprising seven blocks on State street, the principal dry goods, clothing, shoe, jewelry and department stores are now located. Less than thirty years ago the largest space used by any merchant in Chicago, in any of our daily papers, was one-half of a single column; and the largest amount paid by any merchant or firm to any one paper for a year's advertising did not exceed \$1,500. During the past year a number of State street merchants have each paid from \$50,000 to \$100,000 for advertising used in single dailies, and a careful, conservative estimate of the aggregate amount paid for advertising in Chicago dailies during the past year, by merchants in the seven blocks named, reaches the grand total of over \$2,000,000. Full ninety-five per cent. of this amount was borne by fourteen leading advertisers. This immense volume of advertising in Chicago dailies has been built up practically since 1883, a period of but twenty years.—Mahan's Magazine.

Why It Passed By.

"Did Opportunity never knock at your door, my good man?" asked the kindly lady.

"I dunno, ma'am," replied Henry Hill; "maybe so—but I never pay no attention to knockers."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Pointing Out the Difference.

Son of Successful Editor—Papa, what is a journalist?

The Father—A journalist, my son, is a newspaper man out of a job.—Washington Post.

Traffic of the Suez Canal.

The civilian passengers through the Suez canal last year numbered 92,000, and the pilgrims, emigrants and convicts 40,000.

Poker is not a game of chance—

or at least, the novice has no chance.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Utilizing of Education.

IF it be admitted, as indeed it must, that education like everything else should have an end, it should be admitted also that that end must be a useful one, in some real and practical sense. It is true that the tendency of much of education is to take the student off into a land of dreams and to detach him from the scenes of active life. But that need not be so, or if so, need only be so for a while. It is not lost time if young minds are allowed to tarry for a period under the influence of the ideal, and of the aesthetic family. Idealism is the foundation of all true practicality. Every grand deed has been at first a great dream.

But just as surely as the ideal is preparatory for higher living, and study the foundation of success, so surely must the type of idealism which characterizes the college give place sooner or later to the serious workaday spirit which enters the arena of social, commercial, or perhaps political life to accept the tasks and fulfill the duties of patriotic citizenship. The use of education is not meant to be a purely selfish use. Culture should not terminate in the personal education of the educated man.

It remains for the young graduates to put that creed into practice. Knowledge is power, and knowledge is a sacred trust. It is perfectly true that this idea is being abused in some of the industrial excesses of the day where men are taught to become nothing but expert machines, capable of turning out so much work, or of earning increased dividends for somebody else, at the expense of the training of the mind and the development of the religious nature. But such over-emphasis upon the industrial idea in education does not militate against a proper amount of utilitarianism, and while not all knowledge can be practical, in the sense of money-making or comfort-bringing, all culture of the mind should have a distinct relation to the bettering of human life and the elevation of the masses of mankind.—New York Observer.

The Trolley-House.

NOW that parlor cars and sleeping cars on trolley lines are established we may be privileged to speculate a bit as to what will come next as an annex of the broomstick train. Suppose we hazard the guess that it will be the trolley house—first cousin to the houseboat. By the building of spurs and sidetracks in delightful spots of country or seashore at a fair and far distance from the main lines resting places for these movable dwellings could be comfortably managed. At one of them a trolley house might remain for as long a time as contentment was the staying power, and when this burned out the trolley pole might be put in contact with the wire and the trolley house trundled away to pastures new. Of course this is merely the roughest outline of a possible development of the electric car, but it is the pleasantest part upon which the lay mind can dwell. Details of it, like the securing of suitable drinking water and the training of every tenant of one of these dwellings to be his own motorman may as well be left to the consideration of those whose business it would be to perfect them.—Boston Transcript.

American Girls and Foreign Husbands.

HERE could be no greater mistake than the assumption that the marriages of American girls with foreigners of rank are mainly confined to England. Up to a quarter of a century ago there were at least three such international marriages in France for one in England. Dozens of American girls have married French nobles of the ancient regime, to say nothing of those who obtained their titles from Napoleon. Like Prince Murat, among these may be mentioned the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the Duc de Dino, and the Duc de Decazes. Many an Italian noble, from Prince Colonna down, has married an American young woman. There are examples of such marriages in the Spanish peerage also; the Duchesse d'Acros is an American. No less an American girl has married a German noble, and one of them, Miss Lee, of New

ERRORS ABOUT MAD DOGS.

Popular Beliefs Concerning Them that are Deeply Rooted.

There are some popular beliefs not quite classable as superstitions which seem too deeply rooted for universal education to destroy. Several of these concern mad dogs. The idea that a healthy dog which bites a person must be killed because if it should at some future time go mad the person bitten would have hydrophobia is reluctantly given up, even by some persons of education. Even more strange is the belief in "madness" about which much has been printed of late. There are many "madnesses" in this country and the believers in their efficacy always know where the nearest one is kept. In a sense these porous stones are public institutions. Some of them have curious histories.

One was the property of an Ohio negro named Depp, and on his death was placed in the State library at Columbus, from which, according to reports, it was recently taken and applied to the wound of a woman bitten by a supposedly rabid dog. The same report stated that the dog was not mad after all, but that the woman received blood poison from the stone and died. That stone's career of healing should be ended by now.

A Virginia newspaper recalls that another "madstone" was kept at the State penitentiary for many years and was free for the use of any person who wanted it applied to a bite or other wound. Later a "madstone" which may perhaps have been the same specimen was sold at auction in the country for \$39.

Perhaps the stone having the most remarkable history is in St. Louis, and one of its "cures" has recently been exploited in the newspapers. It was brought to this country in 1887 by a Russian physician who settled in Nevada. He said that the stone had been used in Russia for 150 years, in proof of which fact he submitted documents written on parchment in Russian, which the people in Nevada had to take on faith, as they could not read the language. He offered the stone for sale at \$1,200, and a farmer who had seen a similar stone elsewhere and had faith in it agitated the formation of a stock company to buy the stone. About a thousand stockholders paid \$1 each and the remaining sum necessary was contributed by the present owner. The stone was used on all the animals and most persons that were bitten by dogs. In at least one case, the owner says, the dog was not shot on the spot, but kept until it died of unmistakable rabies. So celebrated are the virtues of this stone that the neighbors are willing to believe that

York, at present the wife of Count von Waldersee, had for her first husband a reigning prince, the Duke of Augustenburg, who was eligible for intermarriage with any imperial family in Europe. There have been fewer examples of such marriages in Austria-Hungary. At this moment we recall but two, that of Miss Carroll, who married Count Esterhazy, and who now lives in Washington, and that of Miss Mabel Wright, who first became Mrs. Yasnag, sister-in-law of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, and subsequently married a member of the highest Hungarian aristocracy. Whether the rule about sixteen quarters, which is so rigorously observed in the court circle at Vienna, has been relaxed in her favor we know not. The truth is that the number of American women who have married European nobles would be found, upon a complete enumeration, to have exceeded considerably a hundred. We add that, while there have been a few exceptions, these international marriages seem, as a rule, to have brought the average amount of happiness.—Harper's Weekly.

Homesteaders Driven to Canada.

THE recent migration of thousands of American farmers to the regions of Western Canada has not been through any lack of opportunity, in the regions of Minnesota and neighboring States, created by natural causes. Whatever lack of opportunity or room exists, anywhere south of the boundary line, is the result of conditions wholly artificial in their origin. Chief among these is the tying up of large bodies of the best lands in the hands of speculators who are holding them for a rise. Take a trip on almost any railroad leading out of St. Paul, and all along its line will be found that the unimproved land exceeds in acreage the amount reduced to cultivation. In great numbers of instances there has been no thought of improving it by its present owners. They have bought it on speculation, and when they sell, it is an even chance that the transfer will be to some other speculator. Drive the speculator out of the field, and the vacant stretches between villages will soon be occupied by farms. At present, even in the wonderfully fertile and productive region of the Red River of the North, a vast acreage is uncultivated—held on speculation.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

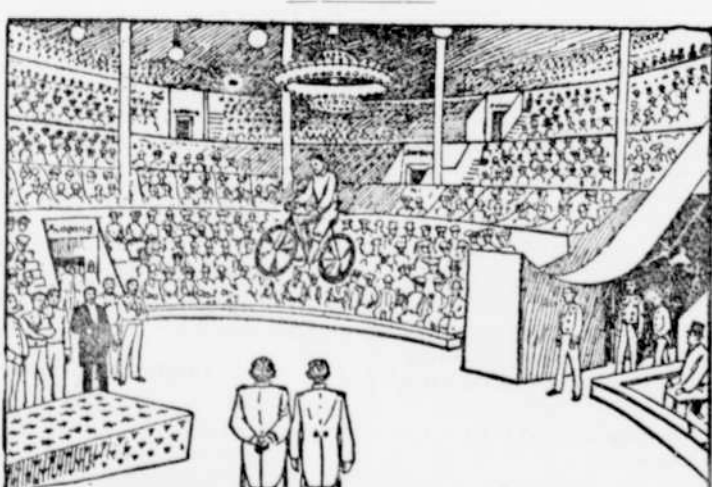
Causes of Failures.

ANALYZING the causes of failure in the United States in 1902, American Industries finds that of the 9,971 failures 20 per cent were due to incompetence, 30 per cent to lack of capital, 17 per cent to special circumstances beyond the business man's control, 10 per cent to fraud and 7 per cent to inexperience. Lack of capital, it appears, is the most dangerous factor in the business life, as it is the greatest obstacle to getting into business. Incompetence, together with inexperience, which amounts to incompetence, accounts for a very large percentage of failures. If to incompetence and inexperience we add "unwise credits," we find that 30 per cent of failures are explained. It amounts to this, in brief, that nearly a third of those who fail in business are not well qualified for it; another third try to do too large a business, and the rest fail by reason of fraud, competition, extravagance, neglect, failures of others, speculation and causes beyond the wisest man's control.—Baltimore Sun.

Noise!

THE modern world, having plunged into a civilization which, with its factories and railroads, seems to promise a continual crescendo of noise, has at last discovered a fact which the mediaeval world was fortunately unable to discover. This fact is that piercing and deafening noises, prolonged through the twenty-four hours, are not only offensive to the ear, but injurious to the health. It becomes necessary, therefore, for the modern world to combat loud noise just as it combats heavy smoke and noxious odors.—Chicago Tribune.

THE LATEST TRICK CYCLING FEAT.



To a German, Paul Munder, belongs the dubious honor of being the latest claimant to fame as a daredevil bicycle rider. Until recently Munder was an amateur bicyclist, but his bold spirit refused to be confined by the fears performed by his brethren, and he has blossomed out as a circus performer with an act that takes one's breath away. Dashing down a steep incline from a height of fifty feet, he and his bicycle leap through the air for a distance of nearly forty feet, landing on a mattress. At present Mr. Munder is trying to amuse the people of Berlin with this exhibition of foolhardiness, and it is said that he will soon put himself on exhibition before American audiences.

an offer of \$3,000 for it has been refused.—New York Evening Post.

CURIOUS SENSES OF REPTILES.

Their Surprising Power to Divine the Presence of Far Distant Water.

Prof. Werner, of Vienna, a naturalist of note, has reported the results of observations he has been making for some time on the senses of inferior vertebrates, and he has reached some curious and surprising conclusions.

The professor took all possible precautions not to let the creatures know that they were watched. One general fact is very evident, that reptiles and amphibians are strongly attracted by water. They go straight toward it, even when they are at distances so great that they could not divine its presence by any of the senses known to us. It seems really that a sense of which we have no knowledge informs them of the direction in which water may be found. There seems to be a sort of chemical attraction, says M. Werner. But how does this act, and on what part of the creature? This remains a mystery. Reptiles also seek the light, but independently of heat. They often leave comfortable and warm retreats to seek the sunlight. Sight is generally good with them. It is probably the finest sense that they possess, but it would still appear to be very limited. The caymans and the

crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at a distance of more than six times their length, according to Werner. In the water fishes see only at very close range—about half their own length. This will seem perhaps unlikely to anglers, although some of them can tell instances showing that fish cannot see far. Snakes seem to have a very mediocre sense of sight. The boa, for example, does not see at more than a quarter or a third of its own length. Different species are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better off. They see at fifteen or twenty times their length. Frog-catchers know this from experience. Hearing is much poorer than sight, if possible. Most reptiles are noticeably deaf, except caymans and crocodiles. The boa appears to be absolutely so.

Change of Name, Maybe.

Arthur—What are you going to do when you get to heaven, you out-and-out Baptists? How are you going to fellowship with the Methodists and the Congregationalists?

Uncle Rufus—In heaven, Arthur, there will be nobody but Baptists.

Arthur—And they will continue to call it heaven?—Boston Transcript.

Probably no one is jumped on so quickly or so hard as the minister who happens to stray from the straight and narrow path.

ASLEEP IN THE SNOW.

Explorer Who Thought He Had Died After Reaching Top of Aconcagua.

After reaching the top of Aconcagua, one of the highest peaks in South America, Reginald Rankin was overtaken by a blinding snowstorm. His companions he had left at a camp miles below. His descent on the mountain is described in Longman's Magazine. The farther he went the worse grew the storm; soon he could only see a few feet in front of him. Twice on slippery, hard snow he fell, and was at once whirled down the slope at a terrific pace. How far he rolled in this way he could not tell, but it must have been some hundreds of feet.

"The deadly cold of that blizzard at twenty-two thousand feet was fast overcoming me," he says. "I felt that I could go no farther. By the side of a big rock I saw a little scooped-out hollow in the snow. 'Foolishly,' thought I, 'this is my appointed grave.' I sat down in it, quite glad to have ended the struggle.

"When I awoke I thought I was dead. The crescent moon was riding through a sky of deepest metallic blue, against which the white peaks that on every side hedged in my view struck with an almost unearthly contrast. As I gradually comprehended the full stories of that magnificent scene exultation filled my soul. 'The kings of the world,' said I to myself, 'are not half as well buried as I am.'

"There was a certain amount of cause, apart from the received tradition that people who go to sleep in snowstorms never wake up again, why I should believe in my bodily extinction. I was utterly without sensation of any kind in my limbs, and when I tried to move them they made no response.

"The snow must have ceased soon after I lay down the previous evening, for I was only partly covered, and my feet stuck black out of the white mantle, with the toes turned inward toward me in a horrible curl. I began by trying to work my right arm, and after desperate efforts I broke it loose from the ice which had frozen it hard to the snow beneath. Then I worked my left arm loose. Having freed my arms, I broke my back free from the ice the heat of my body had generated, and sat up and tried to work my legs. Here I was less successful; my legs seemed paralyzed; I could not move them at all.

"At this stage in the proceedings my delight in having the finest tomb on earth was sorely dashed. Here was I tied to the top of Aconcagua like a dog to his kennel. Every man must die once, but I strongly resented having to go through the process a second time. After about half an hour's concentrated effort of will I succeeded in freeing my right leg, which appeared to be very nearly as useless free as it was tied, so the journey I had made it feel. With the left leg I had still more trouble. At last I had both legs more or less at my command; but they obeyed orders very slowly and reluctantly, and the feet were both absolutely insubordinate.

Mr. Rankin's fingers were partly frozen, his feet completely frozen, so that upon reaching civilization the toes were amputated. By superhuman exertions he reached his guides, who had given him up for lost, and they hurried him down the mountain. His sufferings on the journey were extreme, and upon reaching home he was helpless for a considerable time.

It Answered Well.

Wife (with solicitude of tone)—It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself at night, balancing your books?

Husband (tenderly)—It is, my darling.

Wife—I have been thinking about it for some time, and now I have got a pleasant surprise for you.

Husband—A pleasant surprise?

Wife—Yes, dearest. I sent for mother yesterday, and I expect her this evening. I mean to have her stay with us a long time. She will take care of the children, and I can go down and sit in the office with you while you work.

Husband—The Dickens—that is to say, I couldn't think of you going to town.

Wife—It's my duty, dearest. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. Oh, John, forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But if I will go and sit with you to-night.

Husband—To-night? Why, I—I—the fact is I got through with my books last night.

Wife—You did? How delightful! And so you can now stay at home every evening. It was glad.

And the delighted wife ran off to make preparations for the reception of her mother, while the husband, with sombre brow, sat looking at the picture of a card party, with one member absent, in the glowing grate.

A Modern Indian Wedding.

A modern Indian wedding contains a grotesque combination of civilization and barbarism, as will be seen from the following account of a marriage ceremony which recently occurred in Oklahoma:

"The bride was 'handsomely attired' in pink silk foulard, with pink silk ribbon sash, blue collar and cuffs, black hat with yellow and lavender trimmings, a green veil and black gloves. The bridegroom wore the conventional black, except his coat, which, it being a warm day, he had left at home. He carried an immense eagle wing."

Expert Testimony.

"To settle a bet," said the visitor, "how long can a man go without food?"

"Ask the man over there," said the snake editor.

"Is he the editor who answers questions?"

"No, he's a poet."—Philadelphia Press.

Upstairs.

"Fifteen—two and a pair makes four," said Subbuss, who was playing riddle with Poppley. "What have you in your crib?"

"Ah!" replied Poppley, absent-mindedly. "Just the sweetest little outcasts' rooming girl in the world."—Philadelphia Press.

OLD FAVORITES

Robert of Lincoln.
Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Broad, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 sober with work and silent with care;
 O is his hold garment little laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,
 Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we wing as he goes.
 Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain,
 Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

—W. C. Bryant.

Bonnie Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye bear the thorns o' Doon,
And I see weary fa' of care?

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flow'ry thorn;
Thou maist me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oh hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
When Ika bird sang o' his love,
And fondly sue did I mine.
W! lightome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
But my fause love stole my rose
And, ah, he left the thorn wi' me.
—Robert Burns.

Three Years Late.

Persons who become fretful over the delays of surface cars or the detention of steam trains ought to sit up and be cheerful when they read what the New York Press has to say of a Texas train. The Press declares that recently a Gulf & Interstate Railway train arrived in Beaumont nearly three years late, and explains the matter as follows:

The train left Bolivar, just across Galveston Bay from Galveston, on September 8, 1900, and was caught in the great storm which so nearly destroyed Galveston. Bolivar is seventy-five miles from Beaumont. Before the train had traveled far on its journey it was caught in the storm. Thirty miles of the track were washed away, and the train was left stranded on a sandy waste.

Dozens of persons who lived on Bolivar peninsula were saved from death by taking refuge in the train. After the storm subsided they walked to Bolivar with the passengers. But the abandoned train was left on the prairie.

The storm bankrupted the railroad, and no effort to resume the engine and cars was made until recently. Had the road not suffered so seriously in that storm the property would have proved of great value a few months later, when oil was struck at Beaumont. The road is now undergoing repairs and development, and a little while ago the train was drawn into Beaumont, where it was greeted by a cheering multitude.

Funny Old Signs.

One of the most notable of old London signs, "The Dog's Head in the Iron Pot," had its beginning in the early years of the reign of bluff King Hal. It stands out, a lonely figure on Blackfriars road at the corner of Charlotte street, the sign of a wholesale ironmonger's establishment. The dog is in the act of eating out of three-legged iron pot which it has overturned. There were also "The Black Dog" and "The Dog and Duck." "The White Greyhound" was the sign