

TWO BIRDS.

Two birds flew out of the South one day,
And over the joyous world
Each flung a melody loud and sweet
And gladly its tired wings furled.

And one bird high on the tallest tree
A place for its nesting found,
While humbly the other built its home
Low down on the common ground.

A Shrike flew by and it saw the nest
That swayed in the branches high,
But the low built nest of the humble
bird
He saw not and passed it by.

Which points the moral I wish to show;
Though fortune has cast your lot
Low down in the world with the humble
ones.

The ills that strike at the mansion oft
pass over the humble cot.
—San Francisco Bulletin.

AN IMPORTANT DISPATCH

THE Embassy Ball at Carlshren was a very brilliant affair. Cecil Ackerson, who hated balls and that sort of foolery, and only attended them because he was obliged to do so by the office which he held, had come to-night for a purpose. Cecil Ackerson was a strong man.

It was not till late in the festivities that he was able to approach Helena Gorrings, acknowledged beauty of the English colony at Carlshren. She was engaged to young Vincent Kenyon Carstairs, who had been only six months appointed to a post at the embassy. Ackerson was aware of the engagement, but the knowledge did not trouble him.

"If you don't mind, Miss Gorrings, I would rather not dance," said he.

Through the curtains that shaded their retreat five minutes afterward she could catch a glimpse of the lighted ballroom. Then Cecil Ackerson was telling her that he loved her. His words came quickly, but his voice was very firm, and she was unable to stop him. He said that he had never been a woman's man, and he had never met a woman like her. His vehemence frightened her, but she rose and turned on him with blazing eyes, telling him of her engagement to Carstairs.

Cecil Ackerson laughed and took her back to the ballroom. On the morning after his astonishing behavior to Miss Gorrings Ackerson walked savagely to and fro in his private room at the embassy. He thought of innumerable schemes, but at length only came to the conclusion that Kenyon Carstairs was in his way.

The next day or so Cecil Ackerson had to leave such thoughts alone, for relations were a little strained with the home country. The country of which Carlshren was the capital was small, but important. The question of war even hinged on the proper conduct of these negotiations. And then the idea came to him by which he might put his young rival right out of the running. He sent for Carstairs. The latter came at once, wondering for what purpose his chief wanted him.

"I have an important dispatch here for home, and I have selected you to carry it. You will take the dispatch with you when you leave this evening. You will start to-morrow morning, and you should reach the coast by night. I find there is no night boat from Halsund, so you will have to stay there the night. I need hardly counsel you to take great care of the dispatch, Carstairs."

"Yes."

"Very well. Come to me this evening for the dispatch.

Vincent Carstairs went to tell Miss Gorrings he was going away for a day or so. He was full of his news.

"You look happy," said she.

"I am," Carstairs replied. "The chief had me up this morning and gave me instructions. I've got to carry it."

When you put the tin case into my hands I took the paper; there was nothing inside it. And I have sewn the dispatch inside the lining of your overcoat pocket.

"NELL!" Carstairs darted to his overcoat, and his fingers tore at the lining of the pocket. Through the gap he made showed something white. The next minute he was waving the dispatch above his head in his excitement.

So the dispatch was carried safely to its destination, and Kenyon Carstairs and Nell Gorrings were married in the spring.

The black-bearded man was well on his way to Carlshren before Carstairs woke to consciousness.

Cecil Ackerson sat quietly in his chair, waiting the arrival of his messenger. He turned slightly as the door opened.

The man with the black beard and the keen eyes placed something carefully on the table. He was smiling in a satisfied kind of way.

Ackerson took it from the table, and a key clicked in the lock of the case. The next minute he sprang to his feet.

"You have brought me an empty case, you fool!" he cried, and flung it, rattling, open and empty, to the floor.—New York News.

UNCLE SAM'S QUERY.



"What's all this fuss about? Seems to me you've given a pretty good account of yourself whenever called on."

HE HOLDS THE RECORD AS SCHOOLE SUPERINTENDENT

E. B. Neeley has been public school superintendent of St. Joseph, Mo., for thirty-nine years and is still alive. Any man who is able to stand the criticism and backbiting of school teachers and the vellel hostility of conflicting interests in connection with the public schools for thirty-nine years and retain his popularity must have the patience of Job, the diplomacy of Talleyrand and the ability of a Gladstone.



Mr. Neeley took hold of the public schools shortly after the war, and his first pupils were lodged in buildings that had been used as stables by both Union and Confederate soldiers. Now St. Joseph has thirty-three modern schoolhouses, with 280 teachers.

In spite of what he has gone through, Mr. Neeley is hale and hearty and seems gifted with perennial youth. He holds the United States record for long service in the position with which the citizens of St. Joseph have honored him.

JAPANESE WORK BACKWARD.

Curious Habits of the Laborers in the Flowery Kingdom.

According to the ideas of the new world the Japanese do nearly everything back-handed, or just the reverse from what we work. The contrasts between our civilization and that of Japan may be illustrated by giving a list of some of their everyday customs and ideas. For example, says the Detroit Tribune, a person who is very fat is admired in Japan. Weddings are celebrated at night; the husband and wife do not eat together, as a rule; kissing and shaking hands are practically unknown. A anese carpenters pull the plane toward ward, in their mode of flirtation. Japanese carpenters pull the plant toward them; the threads of their screws turn to the left; their keys turn inward. Small children are strapped on the backs of larger ones, and so garded about; the Japanese sit down before distinguished men, in token of respect; they remove their shoes when they enter a house; their books begin at the right and their footnotes are placed at the top of the page; they write vertically down a sheet of paper; their color for mourning is white; the best rooms in their house are in the rear; they back a horse in a stall and hitch him in the front—and so these opposite ways of doing things might be continued. Another detail of difference lies in the fact that Japanese artists shade downward, while we shade upward.

Cranberries.

Cranberries are used internally and externally in cases of erysipelas. Only those who go to medical springs annually, and stop at hotels where an orchestra plays during meals, have a right to call the springs "spa."

Scrofula

Has come down to us through the ages, like the pyramids and the sphinxes. It makes its presence known by many signs—glandular tumors, bunches in the neck, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility. Sufferers should take

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Oddities of Love.
He—I don't know how it is, but I've noticed it is the girl who puzizes all the other girls "what he could have seen in her" who is the first to get married.

She—And it is the man that the girls say they wouldn't have if he were the last man on earth who has his pick of all the pretty girls in town.

Following a Prescription.
Larry—How did Murphy break his arm?
Denny—Following the doctor's prescription.

Larry—Phwat?
Denny—Yis; it blew out av th' window, and Murphy wint ather it.

The Production of Silk.
Silk is known to be the secretion of two glands of the silk worm alongside of the digestive canal. These glands, which consist of tubes in numerous coils, terminate in the spinning wart and open in a common orifice from which the secretion of the consistency of honey, issues forth, promptly hardening into a thread on exposure to air.

One of the Staying Sort.
Subbubs—We've got a new girl at our house.

Backlotts—Hah! It's easy enough to get a new girl, but can you keep her?
Subbubs—The doctor thinks so. He declares she weighs nine pounds at least.—Philadelphia Press.

Trolleys Beat Steam Roads.
The statement is made that in Massachusetts last year four times as many passengers were carried by electric cars as on the steam roads, says the Iron Age. Of course that was due chiefly to the dense city traffic, but still the city street car systems were pretty complete seven years ago. The trolley passenger business, however, has doubled since that time, while the steam passenger business has actually declined.

A Slander.
"See here!" said the city editor. "You speak of the bride as being led to the altar."
"Yes, sir. What of it?" replied the reporter.

"What of it? Why, it's nonsense. There was never a bride yet who couldn't find her way there, no matter what were the obstacles."—London Tid-Bits.

Placing Them.
The Busy Man—Pleasant and Boreson are coming to visit me next week. What shall I do with them? I have so little time.

The Wise Un—Introduce Pleasants at a club and Boreson to a club.

Natural Deduction.
Edyth—Yes, Jack is inclined to flirt a little, but his heart is in the right place!
Mayme—How long has it been in your possession?

Anxious Inquiry.
Miss Gotrox—I wouldn't give much for a proposal that wasn't straight from the heart.

Mr. Poorman—How much would you be willing to give for one that was?

Experimenting.
Mrs. Dear'orn—Which do you think is the luckiest month to be married in?
Mrs. Wahab—I don't know. I've tried April, May, June and July, but I think I'll try some other month next time.

Trusted.
Physician—I can't diagnose your wife's case at all. She seems to have a sprained neck, lumbago in the back rheumatic knees and gout in both feet.

Waggles—I know what it is. She was reading in the cozy corner and happened to fall asleep.—Smart Set.

The Ultra-Canine.
"How provoking! I wanted to take our bull dog out riding and now I have to wait until the maid cleans his teeth!"
"What is the trouble, Mabel?"
"Why, he bit a tramp."—Chicago News.

Frequent Occurrence.
"A woman has been arrested for disfiguring her children."
"Why, thousands do that and are never molested."
"Disfigure their children?"
"Yes; cut their hair."

World's Finest Dry Dock.

The San Francisco dock company has just completed at Hunters Point one of the finest drydocks in the world. It is large enough for two battleships at one time and can be pumped dry in two hours.

Natural Sequence.
"Yes," concluded the medical raconteur, "she became insane through excessive dancing."

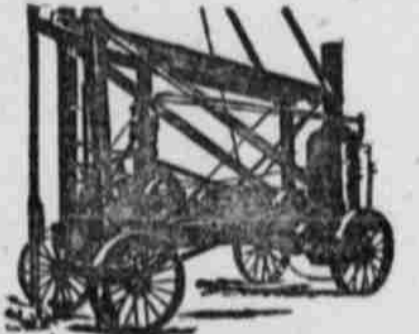
"One might say she was hopping mad, I suppose!" gurgled the cheerful idiot.

Valuable House.
Tiggs—Suggs go \$3,000 for his house.
Wiggs—So? I didn't know he owned any real estate.

"Oh, he didn't. This was in a poker game when he held a full house against the other fellow's three of a kind."

Advice to the Widow.
Widow (tearfully)—Yes, my daughters are now my only resources.
Friend—Take my advice and husband your resources well.

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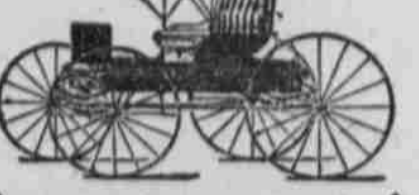
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