

THE WISDOM OF DIOGENES.

When Alexander asked the sage,
Whose tub had sprung a leak,
What he could do to smooth his way,
To many a listening throng,
The answer of Diogenes
No doubt seemed somewhat gruff:
"Just stand out of my sunshine, sir;
That's all, and that's enough."

But gruff or not, I really think
The Cynic in his tub
Knew more than many a modern dame
In Gotham and "the Hub."
For he had solved the secret old
That light alone is life,
That smiles are for man and beast
With deadly germs in life.

And we who in celled houses live
In this progressive age,
May well this needed lesson learn
From Corinth's ancient sage,
Up with the shades, throw back the blinds,
And let the glad sun in!
They who the gracious light exclude
Against the dear Lord sin.

—Housewife.

THE MATCHMAKER.

Not that son of Priam, the beloved of Andromache, but still a real prince of his race, and greatly beloved by one small woman. A magnificent mustiff is Hector, as brave and bold, not to say as gallant and noble, as many a hero with two legs less. As for dogs not being able to think, any one who can entertain such an idea deserves to live in "a chill condition of doglessness" to the end of his days. I will tell you about Hector and you may judge for yourself.

Having been suddenly thrown upon my own resources, as so often befalls a girl brought up in luxury in this swiftly whirling maelstrom of our American life, I determined to cultivate the only decided talent I possessed, that for painting. Dresden was recommended to me as a place both cheap to live in and offering unusual facilities for art study. I accordingly went there. Without a chaperon? Certainly. I was to be a person of affairs, and what was a business woman to do with so costly, not to say inconvenient, an appendage as a chaperon? All winter I studied and copied in the gallery, and when summer came I took the little steamboat which runs up and down the Elbe, bowing its smoke-stack so deferentially to all the bridges, and hunted up picturesque castles to sketch.

"Lieben-felsen" was the beautiful old Schloss I fell specially in love with, so I finally persuaded an old couple who lived near it to take me to board for a few weeks. They had rather a nice little house and a garden that sloped down to the water's edge. There, under the overhanging trees, I used to sit for hours gazing up at the massive towers just on the other side of the castle wall. Now and then a feeling of loneliness swept over me, and my heart yearned for some of the pleasures of my joyous past.

One morning I asked my landlady if any of the numerous German laws would be infringed if I should go in swimming. At first she declared I would drown immediately, but when I assured her that I had known how to swim since a child, she finally consented, with a protest as to the general unsuitableness of American behavior.

How refreshing it was! What happiness to plunge fearlessly into the cool, clear water! Not a living soul was to be seen; not a sound to be heard. Suddenly a great splash startled me. I felt my bathing dress seized between the shoulders and myself dragged vigorously out of the water upon the bank. I was thoroughly terrified, but fortunately made no resistance. As I looked up an enormous head appeared and a large pair of eyes gazed inquiringly into mine.

I had always loved dogs, but this monstrous disturber of my peace was so formidable that I dared not move. He, too, was motionless; and I read on his collar the name, "Hector." At last I raised my hand very gently and patted him on the neck, and to my infinite relief I perceived a slight vibration in the tip end of his tail. Just as I was wondering how far I dared presume upon that friendly symptom he lapped his rough tongue all over my face. Then I sat up and laughed, and he jumped and frolicked, as large as a young lion, as gentle as a kitten.

Presently I tried to go back into the water, but to this he forcibly objected, and I was obliged to submit. When I returned to the house he accompanied me, to the terror of my hostess. "He belongs up at the Schloss," she explained; "the young graf is away traveling, and almost all the servants are afraid of him."

"Poor fellow, I thought; he has been lonely, too; that is what we read in each other's eyes. After that Hector and I were inseparable. He came every day, and we explored all the surrounding country together. I am sure he thought—yes, thought, just as much as you or I can think—that he saved my life and consequently ought to appoint himself my guardian. To me he seemed like a living link to the beautiful old castle, a protector and faithful friend.

One morning as we were returning from a long walk I saw advancing that always novel sight to American eyes, a woman and a dog harnessed together, dragging a cart. In this instance the cart was full of vegetables. It was evidently a market frau taking produce to town. Now Hector was a true knight, valiant, loyal and gentle, but he possessed also that other characteristic of knighthood, he brooked no intruders; and no sooner did one of his kind appear than he challenged him to combat. I knew this and trembled, but hoped for the best.

Unluckily, however, that piebald dog,

as he approached, presumed to give a defiant bark, which settled his fate. Instantly Hector gave one spring, and seizing his boastful adversary shook him out of his harness in less time than it takes to tell of it, overturning the cart and scattering the vegetables in every direction. I was distressed beyond measure, and called Hector in the most commanding tones I could assume. Then I coaxed him, all of which he entirely ignored. Meanwhile the other one of the span was by no means quiet.

She was indeed perfectly furious—she abused Hector, she abused me, she abused the aristocracy, to which she seemed to think we both belonged, as highway robbers and assassins! In my desperation I picked up a stick to compel Hector to obedience, but she mistook my motive and advanced upon me in a rage. "Silence!" We turned quickly. Just out of the wood came a young man in uniform, evidently an officer. The dogs stood still an instant, and I rushed forward and grasped Hector's collar.

He did not consent kindly to being led off, but the other dog had been pretty well chastised by this time. Hector felt his knightly powers had been duly established, and he quieted down in a deferential sort of way, as if he were only consenting to it on my account. Then the market woman began to wail that her wares were spoiled and she might as well go home; but when I gave her some money, and the gentleman kindly added some too, she harnessed herself and her dog again and resumed her journey. Then I turned to thank my preserver, Hector, whose collar I still held, was restlessly dragging me forward, so we walked on together.

"I am so sorry," I began, "that my dog should have made such trouble."

He smiled. "Happily," he said, "the damage was not irreparable."

"I am very much obliged to you for interfering just now," I went on rather excitedly; "it gave me a chance to bring Hector away."

"It was contrivance of you to do it," he replied. "He is a huge beast for you to defy."

"Well," I protested, "he would not hurt me. He is such a noble fellow, and we are very fond of each other, Hector and I. Indeed, he has been my best friend all summer."

He looked down on me and smiled again. "I am glad of that," he said, "for Hector is my favorite dog."

This, then, was the count, and I had been claiming his property. No wonder Hector had quieted down at his voice!

He must have read the disappointment and mortification in my face, for we had just arrived at the castle gates, and Hector had bounded away into the grounds, when he raised his military cap with graceful courtesy and said: "Fraulein, we shall let Hector choose between us. If he prefers you I shall never claim him, and shall moreover admire his taste."

He walked toward the gate while I went on; but Hector rushed out past him to me and whined pathetically, then he ran back to the count and stood defiantly in his path. To humor him his master came out again, and I turned and faced him. Hector's joy was unbounded. He jumped around us both wildly, and showed by every sign in his power that he had no intention of "cleaving to the one and forsaking the other." It was so evident and so amusing that we both laughed heartily, which seemed to establish a friendship at once.

"He is determined we shall not part, fraulein; will you permit us both to accompany you home?" They did so, and on the way I assured the count of my intention to return shortly to the city, when he would probably have his favorite's undivided affection again.

The next morning, when I took my accustomed place out under the trees, Hector soon came trotting gayly along the bank, holding in his mouth a small object of dark blue and red cloth, which he deposited at my feet. I picked it up. It was a military cap! You may call it accident if you like, and say any dog will pick up a hat and carry it off, but you will see how mistaken you are. After awhile Hector's tail, as he lay at my side, began to hammer the ground with gratified thumps, and I looked up questioningly. The count came toward us laughing—to get his cap, he said, but he must have forgotten his purpose, for he staid to watch me sketch, and the next day he came again, and the next.

I did not return to Dresden as soon as I had intended. Indeed, I finally decided not to return at all, but to make my home in the beautiful old castle. I had always been opposed to American girls marrying foreign noblemen, and the count had had, he told me, a most disapproving opinion of American girls in general; but, you see, Hector had made up his mind—yes his mind, not to spare either of us, and he is such a fine fellow, we could but acquiesce in the matter.—Our Animal Friends.

His Mouth Was Closed Finally.

Speaking of closing up time reminds me that there are very few people who know when to keep their mouths closed. I saw an example of the fact Sunday. A young man who had engaged in a heated discussion with an elder and more muscular man—they had been talking politics—was being led up the avenue by two friends who had succeeded in separating the disputants just in time to prevent a fight. Seemingly all trouble was past, but just at this juncture the young man applied an opprobrious epithet to one of his friends who was leading him, and the next minute he was sprawling on the sidewalk, where the friend had knocked him. Now if he had kept his mouth shut—but we all know how it is.—Detroit Free Press.

YERKES' NEW YORK PALACE.

The Street Car King's Fifth Avenue Home Will Cost \$1,500,000.

Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago street car king, has broken ground on Fifth avenue, New York, for a palatial residence that will cost \$1,500,000.



CHARLES T. YERKES.

That no money is to be spared in making the Yerkes home a decided ornament to the avenue of many millions, but only one Four Hundred, is shown by the fact that when Mr. Yerkes enters his mansion he will do so at \$1,900 a step, for the reason that the 12 brown stone steps leading to his palace will alone represent an outlay of \$12,000. Mr. Yerkes paid \$300,000 for his lot, which has a frontage of 61 feet on Fifth avenue and 122 feet on Sixty-eighth street. The house itself, which is expected, will be one of the finest in New York, will cost \$600,000, and its furnishings will swell the total outlay to \$1,500,000. The residence will be four stories in height, and among its noticeable features will be ornate bow windows overhanging both streets, a fireproof picture gallery, 101 by 35 feet in dimensions, and the largest private gallery in the country, an electric elevator, a conservatory with an electric lighted fountain and a palatial billiard room.

One of the most novel ideas exploited is that of having the first floor one great room divided only by silk tapestries and portieres suspended from onyx pillars.

A few years ago Mr. Yerkes went to Chicago with a little money. He had been interested in the street car business for years, and as the representative of Elkins and Widener, the Philadelphia magnates, he soon had miles of cable roads in operation in Chicago, where the jingle of horse car bells had before been heard. He also was the organizer of the Gas trust, and in a very short time his modest fortune had increased to at least \$6,000,000. Mr. Yerkes soon began to attract attention as a patron of art, and among his treasures are pictures by Meissonier, Millet, Detaille, Rubens and Rembrandt.

In 1891 Mr. Yerkes erected a magnificent \$50,000 manse in Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn, and his gift of a \$500,000 telescope to Chicago university last year attracted worldwide attention. Mr. Yerkes is a handsome, determined looking man of 36 years. Mrs. Yerkes, who is a comely young woman, with a strong desire to shine in New York society, is said to be largely responsible for the street car king's removal to the metropolis.

The Telephone Helped the Man.

In the Wilmsdorferstrasse, at Charlottenburg, lives Frau P., who "wears the breeks," as the saying is. Last bank holiday she was determined to show her husband who was master, and refused to let him have his Sunday clothes. Marvellous to relate, the benighted husband this time put his back up, and arming himself with a hatchet, he threatened to smash in the door of the wardrobe if she didn't hand him out his togs.

The woman raised a shout of "Murder!" and walked out of the house, saying, "I'm off to fetch the police and have you taken up your horrid scum!"

A neighbor who had overheard the quarrel went to his telephone and communicated the whole affair to the authorities.

Meantime the woman found her way to the nearest police station, and excitedly began her report with the words, "I am Frau P.—and"—when she was interrupted by the officer on duty, who said, "And won't let your husband have his Sunday clothes?" And he went on to relate the whole proceedings in detail, which made such an impression on the awe-struck woman that she walked out of the office, saying: "I'll give in. These police fellows know everything. I'll be jiggered if I ever have anything to do with them again."

Whereupon the police sergeant telephoned to the neighbor to inform the husband that his wife had come round to better sentiments.

When she returned home her husband met her with the words:

"Well, so you have been telling the sergeant that you would give in this time, eh?" That flabbed her completely. Later on in the day the couple were seen promenading in the Grunewald in their Sunday best.—Exchange.

Lobster Hunts in New England.

During the summer months seaside visitors on our New England coast organized "lobster hunts," which are usually very pleasant affairs. Two boats carry a party of five or six to the lobster grounds where the guide tells them "jobs" are to be found. In addition to the nets and baskets, a large boiler is brought along.

On some prominent rock which overlooks the lobster grounds, they build a fire, and securely fasten the boiler in some crevice just over the flame. Clear spring water is poured into the boiler, which soon begins to sputter and hiss as the fire burns up brightly. When a dozen or more lobsters have been caught, they are brought to the rock and dumped into the boiling water. There is a brief struggle for life, a scratching noise in the boiler, and then all is quiet again.

Some crackers and cheese are meanwhile produced, and a circle is formed around the fire and the boiling lobsters. The light of the moon casts pale weird shadows on the dark rocks, while the sea waves sing and dance monotonously below. When the cover of the boiler is finally removed the beautiful green of the shells has taken on a bright red. The shells are easily broken, and as soon as the meat has cooled sufficiently each member of the party secures a trophy and begins the feast of the epicure.—Harper's Weekly.

Zola's Profitable Popularity.

M. Zola can afford to smile at the snub or succession of snubs which he has received at the hands of the immortals, for his success among mortals has been prodigious. Upward of 100,000 copies of the first number of "Docteur Pascal" have been issued without satisfying the public demand.

THE LADY AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

She Made a Slight Mistake in the Place, but She Expressed an Opinion.

Lady (with the elaborate politeness of extreme feminine wrath)—Sir, might I be permitted to inquire what sort of pictures you consider these? My husband sat for them here two weeks ago.

Man at the Desk (promptly)—I consider them very bad pictures, madam.

Lady (fixing him with a scornful glance)—Indeed! Then what do you mean by expecting people to pay the highest prices for such abominable work? Do you suppose for a moment—

Man at the Desk (smiling)—But, madam, we—

Lady (as before, only more so)—No doubt you may find it amusing to make caricatures of people, but you can't expect them to pay you for doing so. I have come here to tell you that you will either make a decent photograph of my husband or else—

Man at the Desk (smiling more and more)—But, my dear lady, these pictures—

Lady (indignantly)—Not another word, sir, on the subject of these pictures! I would not have them at any price. It is your duty to—

Man at the Desk (trying with difficulty to restrain his laughter)—If you will listen to me a moment—

Lady (with flashing eyes)—I will listen to nothing, sir. I insist that you shall make good—

Enter proprietor from the skylight. Proprietor (regarding the grinning and apparently disrespectful man at the desk with a withering glance)—What's the matter here?

Man at the Desk (handing photographs)—This lady has just brought these pictures back—

Lady (with dignified firmness)—Allow me to explain to your employer. These photographs which you have made of my husband are simply a disgrace. At the price you charge, your customers certainly have the right to expect—

Proprietor (also beginning to smile)—My dear madam, you are mistaken—

Lady (in a towering rage)—Do you mean to tell me that you can't do any better than that for one pound a dozen?

Proprietor—Ha, ha, ha! I can do better for twelve shillings.

Lady—Sir!

Proprietor (emphatically)—Much better. Lady—This is an insult. I shall take means—

Proprietor (compelling himself to gravity)—I beg your pardon, but these don't happen to be our pictures at all. They were taken at Smithson's, next door but one. We are Smithers. See?

Lady (examining name on photograph)—H'm—er—well, I did make a mistake, certainly, but (energetically) I have not the slightest doubt—not the slightest—that if they had been taken here they would have been fully as bad or even worse. Good morning!—London Tit-Bits.

Held on to a Good Thing.

Upon Kankakee, close by the water's edge, stands a tree on which is "blazed" with a hunting knife the letter C. This is in commemoration of an adventure that Judge Cox, of the criminal court, had there not so many, many years ago. The judge and some friends were up there fishing. One evening when they were out in separate boats a storm came up. It was quite a storm, too, even for a larger stream than the muddy Kankakee. The river was whipped into foam and great waves rolled. The frail little boats tossed and tumbled, and gave every evidence of capsizing, for they were not built to ride such heavy seas. The craft in which Judge Cox was seated was particularly frisky, and the judge became pale as he thought of a watery grave awaiting him.

Lake a skilful mariner, however, he made for the shore and ran his boat against a tree. Carefully he crawled to the bow, and raising to his feet, threw his arms around the tree and hung on for dear life. The storm went down as suddenly as it came up, but still the judge clung to the tree in fond embrace. The waters became still, but the judge did not let go the tree. One of his companions noticing him, exclaimed:

"Why don't you let go, judge? The storm is over."

"That's all right," responded the judge. "Another one is liable to come up, and I know when I've got a good thing."

That is why this particular tree was marked with Judge Cox's initial.—Indianapolis Journal.

How Russian Photographers Get Even.

The Russian photographers have a strange and original way of punishing those whom they have photographed, and yet who have failed to pay the bill for their work. Outside of each photographing establishment there is a frame hung in a most conspicuous place. Into this frame are put the pictures of all the delinquents who owe and cannot or will not pay. Instead of putting the pictures in right side up in the usual dignified manner, they are inserted upside down.

One sees in these frames pictures of blooming children, pretty maids and dignified matrons, who are punished in this way, although they may have no share in the actual delinquency. The children, of course, have no option as to whether their pictures should be taken or not. The maidens were sent to be photographed by devoted but careless fathers, and the matrons by husbands who refused to shoulder the responsibility of paying for families of their fair better halves.—New York Advertiser.

A Prehistoric City.

It is alleged that traces of a prehistoric city have been discovered not far from Zanzibar in Africa. This city was some five miles square and was surrounded by a wall of masonry, the foundations, with a few projections, of which still remain and indicate an excellent knowledge of masonry. The wall was undoubtedly meant for protection against enemies, for it was strongly built and must have been at least 20 feet high. It is now overgrown by tropical vines, and parts of it extend through impenetrable morasses. Inside a few remains of houses still exist, and the outlines of a great temple or palace on the highest ground within the inclosure are yet to be seen.

ENDURANCE.

A rose spray in its perfect bloom.

Wind tossed and vexed by drizzling showers. If storm of petals and perfume. Still keeps its buds for other hours To burst in flowers.

And when the sun laughs out snow. What soft, pink hemisphere it greets. Where blushing roses wet with dew. Unfold within their cool retreats Bewildering sweets!

The wildest tempest they withstand These buds so delicate and frail! But what of him in weaker mood. Whose fears against his hopes prevail When storms assail?

Shall these survive. O faithless one! And thou, disheartened, lack the power To trust tomorrow's ripening sun For budded hopes that wait their hour To burst in flower?

What profits it to argue long. Against life's conflicts, void of cheer! Rise up to face the dreaded wrong. And lo! hope's morning chariotier Diarmid fear!

—Caroline D. Howe in Portland Transcript.

A Going-to-Bed Gown.

Every house is not heated from cellar to attic, all sleeping rooms are not, on cold December nights, temptingly warm. neither are halls; and there are mothers (foolish mothers, you say, perhaps) who undress their children about the sitting room fire, then let them scamper to bed in nightgowns with shawls over them or sometimes without shawls.

Now it's all very well to talk about toughening children by having them undress in rooms so cold as to make the teeth chatter and to say that to run through cold halls barefooted and in nightdress does children no harm, but its simply a waste of breath. We women of 1891 believe that catarrh would not be so prevalent if children of previous generations had not, along with their mothers, shivered themselves to sleep, dressed and undressed in rooms only slightly above zero and worn waists without necks and sleeves in midwinter.

A comfortable going-to-bed gown is made of a light newmarket, of tan color, by simply fitting it down and putting a band of bright blue around the edge and collar of the same. Many a skirt or wrapper, after having served its purpose for the grown up, could be ripped and washed, pressed and brightened up with plaid or plain colored goods and serve as a jump-in for a long time. The going-to-bed is sometimes hastened by thoughts of a warm, snug garment like this, and when a day comes that brings with it ailments, what more comfortable than to sit in an easy chair all wrapped in blankets in such a going-to-bed gown?

Mothers, look over the closets, drawers and boxes and you will be sure to find cloth enough for the gown. Never mind if you do find it necessary to buy new for the band and collar. Listen to the exclamations of the youngsters who own such a garment and ask yourself if it doesn't pay.—Anna Pryor Payne in Springfield Homestead.

A Royal Dressmaker.

The Princess Christian, whose daughter, the Princess Louise, was married last July, designed the brocade which formed the gown she wore at the wedding. It showed the rose of England, the shamrock of Ireland and the thistle of Scotland, embossed upon it, and was woven in English looms. She also designed and presented to her daughter a very lovely brocade which shows clusters of lilies tied with blue ribbons on a pale creamy ground. Certainly, who one realizes that Princess Christian is an admirable mother and wife, that she fulfills her duties at home and in society, and yet finds time for other work. It is suggestive that it would not be a bad thing if some women who do not wear titles would imitate her example.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Blue Stone in Vogue.

The turquoise is still enjoying its revival, and the fact that the Princess of Wales wore turquoise earrings on the occasion of her garden party at Marlborough house last season will by no means diminish the prosperity of the pretty blue stone. It used to be considered very bad form to wear colored jewelry or even pearls before dinner time, but everything is being gradually altered now, and all the old canons are passing into oblivion. Fifteen years ago it would have been considered excessively vulgar to wear a string of pearls around the neck on a winter afternoon in visiting dress. It appears to be considered correct now, though purists in millinery matters will never be likely to adopt these new modes.—Paris Letter.

A Woman's Political Club.

There is a woman's political equality club in Warren, O., composed of women of culture and intelligence, which is really quite the fashionable club of the town. One feature of the meetings is a series of civil government questions, and a congressman of the town says that the day before the society convenes his office is thronged with men seeking information on the questions they know their wives will propound next day. There is also at every meeting a parliamentary drill to ground the members in all the duties of presiding officers. Ideas must be expressed without the aid of manuscripts, as every attempt to read a paper is promptly suppressed.—Exchange.

Mrs. Besant spoke at the hygienic congress upon the question, "Can hungry and half clad children be efficiently educated?" and argued that the state having imposed the burden of compulsory education upon the child, it should aid the child to physically support the burden.