THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

He cannot walk, he cannot speak, Nothing he knows of books or meng He is the weakest of the weak And has not strength to hold a pen.

He has no porket and no purse. Nor ever yet has owned a penny But has more riches than his our Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a crr.

And holds them captive by a smile;

A dispot strong through infancy.

A king from lack of guile.

indoors and out, early and late, There is no limit to his sway: For, weapt in lady robes of state He governmight and day.

Kisses he takes as rightful due
And Turklike has his slaves
His subjects bend before him. nd before him to And Yuran bend before him too: its subjects bend before him too: I'm one of them, God biess him.

- Washington Star.

GINGER."

Little Goldy strolled leisurely along the smooth strip of road which runs under the cut bank down to the crossing of the Cottonois, thinking to herself how beautiful everything was, and how strange it was that all her friends should conspire to keep her shut up in that gloomy ranch house back under the gloomy ranch house back under the hill, when such strange and delightful places were to be found just on the out-

The sun was high in the cloudless northern sky; but the soft breeze, which came lades with the spicy breath of pines, lightly lifted the golden curls under the brim of the old sun hat and tempered its noonday heat.

The short season of summer bloom as at its height, and lilles and wax flowers were being crowded by golden-rod and the tall spikes of the yucca. the sagebrush exhaled, under the heat of the sun, that pungent odor that reminds you of old New England gardens, shut in by picket palings and filled with beds of sage, thyme, rue, lavender and all the aromatic herts our grandmothers knew and valued—yet is, withal, a wild, sweet perfume quite distinctly its own

A little way out on the level which topped the cut bank at the right lay the foothills of the Antelope mountains, rising and rounding against the dark bine of the sky, while on the other side they fell as gradually into the plain be-low. Between ran the road along one of those ledges which, forming the top of one and base of another group of hills, wound its way down into the canyon below, and was gladly accepted as a highway "ready to hand" the dwellers in these mountainous gions; and upon this wild trail the little maid, having slipped away from her mamma, who was busy in her own room writing letters, and the housekeeper, who was deeply absorbed in the manu-facture of bulberry jelly in the kitchen.

had set out upon her travels.
"Papa Jack!" she sang at the top of her clear little voice, as she wandered on, "Goldy's comin to wide on big toby along wid you, Papa Jack

The prairie dogs came out and sat on the roofs of their houses and chattered back at her; a big "rattler" raised him-self into a few lazy coils and then sank back under the protecting shade gressewood; s lynx cat, stretched in a crevice of the ledge above, opened his half shut eyes and thinked sleepily at her; and the soft wind, soughing through the tops of the big pines that stood ev-erywhere among the hills, caught up the refrain—"Papa Jack!"

And so the words came just in time to the ears of Jim, who was haring a long horned steer back to the bur which was being held for the work of the round up, half a mile away on the other side of the Cottonois.

Jim was a cowboy of the Crescent out-t and Goldy's papa's right hand man. and though he was what Jack Fordham sometimes called a "sulky brute," no and though he w better cowman ever coiled a rope or be-strode a broncho. Jim—the name by which his "few and far between" letters came addressed to the Oreana postoffice —was "Charles Arthur Stakes," but a cowboy must needs be rechristened into his rough calling, and since Charley, a good name, and one well liked am the boys, was ruled out of court by the fact that it belonged to him of right, he was called Jim, and the name suited the man, and the man ne and no one demurred thereat.

Jim and his horse Ginger were we on the "round up" than any other two boys or three ponies on the Cottonois or the Bijou, and Jim knew it as well as everybody else on the river. He had more than once been offered "big money" to take charge of some rival outfit, but Fordham had picked him up years be-fore away south on the Canadian when he was dead broke bucking against his look at feat in July 22. luck at fare in Jule Howard's "Place" in the Old Adobe Walls, and they had id together ever since that old time.

Ginger was the pride of Jim's heart, the very apple of his eye. No common broacho, but a clean built little mustang, with a record as a cow pony brought from the wild Texas country where Jim found him. What he wouldn't do at Jim's command you might be cer-tain that no horse could do. Rear till you'd swear he was bound to fall back-ward and crush his rider; walk at a nod from Jim into a saloon and knowingly wink an eye at the man behind the bar, and as for cows—helding, driving, haz-ing or cutting out—he knew it as well as his rider, and a great deal better if his rider happened to be a green hand.

And now, as I said, horse were on top of the cut bank some twenty at above the road, along which trotted little Goldy, lifting her sn. /l voice in invocation of "Papa Jack," outing and crashing along in hot pursuit of a big Texas steer that had broken away from Texas steer that had broke: away from beneath the branding iron, wild and awage with pain and wilder and more savage for the rough hazing given him by Jim and Ginger.

The round up had been working that morning half a mile away across the Cottonois: had just made camp, and at that fateful moment "Papa Jack" was saying, as he pulled the saddle from off his tired horse:

"I'll throw this onto Tobe and lope over to the ranch for dinner. It's only a couple of miles. I'll be back before you are fairly at work '

And so, with his coat thrown over his arm and his right leg curled around the pommel of the saddle, to rest the tired muscles, he galloped his fresh horse easily up the slope from the Cottonois, to see—his child, his golden haired baby, running toward him, with arms out stretched, erying, "Papa Jack, I tomed to wide!" And behind her, only a lew rods, coming at full charge, head down, eyes rolling in their blood full sockets, maddened by his morning's torture, and wild to attack something—the big Texas steer, which had slipped down a blind coulee under the very eyes of Jim and Ginger.

"Great heavens!" cried the father as "Great heavens!" cried the father as the full significance of the sight burst upon him. "Great heavens! I can't make it! Tobe!" and voice and spur and quirt were put at their work, and lean-ing forward in the saddle the man brought all the strength that was in him to the task of ureing on the animal him to the task of urging on the animal.

The horse was a good one, and he ran well, striding to his full reach, sides and flanks beaving with the sudden strain, and soon flecked with the flying foam from his mouth, which mingled with the blood drawn by the madly driven spurs of his rider. But in vain! The chance was too great, and Jack Fordham closed his eyes and his senses reeled at the thought of the horrible thing which he saw that he was poweress to prevent

Meanwhile Jim had missed his steer nd, riding near the edge of the bank in his search, heard Goldy's cry at the sight of her approaching father, and peering over took in the situation at a glance.

Measuring from his coign of vantage the relative position of the actors in the scene below, he wheeled his horse and galloped back a few yards, then heading him toward a point which would have become the second toward a point which would have become the second toward a point which would have become the second toward a point which would have the second toward a point which would have the second toward a point which would have the second toward to the second toward the second toward toward to the second toward to the second toward to the second toward bring him between the child and the in-furiated animal, which was so rapidly nearing her, he gave a significant shake to the bridle

We've got to do it, Ginger," he said. "Goodby, old boy," and straight as a shot the obedient creature sped—and horse and man came hurling down with a crash that put an effectual stop to the career of the brute below, which, recognizing its old adversaries turned and field down the valley of the Cottonois. A minute later Jack Fordham flung

himself from his panting horse, and with difficulty dragged his half conscious friend away from the carcass of poor Ginger, whose neck had been broken in the desperate leap.

"Jim!" he cried. "Jim, old man! do you know what you've done? You've saved her from those horns and hoofs old man! de You've man! The baby! don't you understand? Think of her mother, Jim: and of me, old man. What is it? Your leg? have you in bed in the house and the best doctor in the territory—Jim, old friend, can't you speak to me?"

Jim opened his eyes, and his friends

aw that a manly tear was standing in each of them

"Never mind the leg!" he cried; "it's poor old Ginger I'm thinking of!"—De-

The Ceremontal Use of Tobacco

Since the worldwide diffusion of the tobacco habit its earliest and perhaps original use has been in a great measure overlooked. With the aborigines of America smoking and its kindred practices were not mere sensual gratifi tions, but tobacco was regarded as an herb of peculiar and mysterious sanctity, and its use was deeply and intimately interwoven with native rights and cere-

With reasonable certainty the pipe sidered as an implement the use of which was originally confined to the priest, medicine man, or sorcerer, in whose hands it was a means of cor nication between savage man and the unseen spirits with which his universal unseen sparits with which his universal doctrine of animism invested every object that came under his observation. Similar to this use of the pipe was its employment in the treatment of disease, which in savage philosophy is thought to be the work of evil spirits.—John Hawkins in Popular Science Monthly.

High Prices For a Violin

A violin dated 1734 and said to have A violin dated 1734 and said to have been made by Stradivarius in his nine tieth year was sold in London lately for £800. During the last 30 years this violin has changed hands three times, on the first occasion being bought for £400 and on the second for £600.—London Tit-Bits.

ludging by Appearance

Old Lady (in courtroom)—What a aurderous looking villain the prisoner

murderous looking villain the j ist I'd be afraid to get near him Her Husband—'Sh! That is prisoner; it's the judge,—Truth. inn't TO AMATEUR MUSICIANS.

ome Hints Which, if Followed, Will Be

Found Quite Advantageous.

The following is a series of hints to young singers and would be singers which have been received from one of and said, "Well!" Boston's well known musicians

Start under the right instruction. It is far better to begin right in middle life

than wrong in youth.
Study everything carefully, for "what's worth doing at all is worth doing well. Cultivate refinement in all things. Th

tastes, inclinations and tendencies of the singer, whether refined or coarse, are un-avoidably made manifest in the interpretation of the music she sin

Keep up with the events of the world in a general way, but while studying music live in an atmosphere of music. Concentration is the secret of many a einger's success

it, for one should be as truthful in music as in history.

Plan your mode of living and hours for eating, sleeping and exercising accord-ing to the manner in which they affect your singing.

Throw your whole soul into your sing ing. Live in the song while you sing it The sympathy and interest of an a ence are most frequently gained by the sincere, soulful and truthful rendering

of a selection.
Cultivate animation, warmth of spirit and coloring in rendering your songs.

Train yourself to be cool headed and

collected when singing. Sing without notes when possible. You an produce better dramatic effects and

hold your audience better by so doing. Don't try to study music, art and science all at the same time. Select one and do that well.

Don't think of making music your profession unless you have a more than or-dinary talent for it. The musical pro-fession is always crowded with performers, except at the very top, where there is always plenty of room.

Don't think of making music your pro fession unless you have plenty of money to give yourself the best possible musical

Don't think that training in execution and technique of the voice only is suf-ficient. The professional singer should be a perfect reader and well schooled in

counterpoint and harmony.

Don't think the life of a successful singer is easy. The more successful the singer the more she becomes a slave to her profession.

Don't make a practice of humming. It tires the voice.

Don't practice long at a time, especial-

ly if you are just beginning. It is better to practice little and often.

Don't eat just before singing. A hearty meal several hours before and a light stimulating refreshment just before you sing are much better.

Don't drink wine for a stimulant.

is not only drying to the throat, but is too strong a stimulant. A person needs to be especially self composed when sing-

Don't indulge in mannerisms and catchy originalities in rendering your se lections. A natural manner and sincere singing are much more pleasing and de sirable.—Boston Journal.

A Mean Lot of Bridegro

One of our city clergymen tells this: "I have had some funny experiences with grooms who have failed to pay me anything. One man came to me one day and asked me how much I charged. told him that we charged nothing, but he could give me what he liked. I married him, and he promised to pay me, but never did. Not long after another couple, who had been sent by the others, came in, and I married them, the groom promising to give me a fee, but nothing came of it. Some time after there came still another couple who had been sent by the previous one. The groom declared he was dead broke. I told him how the others had treated me, but he promised faithfully to pay me in the future, and I tied the knot. That has been some time ago, and he has not yet fulfilled his promise. I have had a good many such

Another minister in this city says: "The only fee that I remember not to have received was after I had married a man who was well able to have given me a good one. I do not think he was to blame, however, for I have always suspected the best man as having appropri-ated it for his own services in the affair." -Baltimore Herald

Great Severity.

A very estimable widow has a son who is far from estimable. His poor mother is nearly heart broken. She was confiding her troubles one day to an old and trusted friend.

"I am afraid," said her friend, "that you are not firm enough with John; you are too easy with him."

"On the contrary, I am sometimes afraid

too easy with him."
"On the contrary, I am sometimes afraid
that I am too harsh."
"Why, what have you ever done!"
"Oh, I haven't done anything, but I have
talked to him a great deal."
"What have you said!"
"Why, I have said, 'John! John! and
sther severs things."—Youth's Companion.

Dreading the Puture

Dreading the Future.

A little girl was recently found crying bitterly on her tenth birthday. When questioned, she announced between sobs the cause of her tears, "I am ten today (sob), and it's only thirty years more (sob) to forty, and then I'll have to die."

Poor child! When she is forty she will say, "Ten whole years before fifty, and that is not so very old." The intolerance of youth is not more certain than the tolerance of age.—New York Times.

A Mystery.

A fat man with a brown soft hat walked briskly into a Main street restaurant and took a seat at the lunch counter. The man was presiding over the section of the unter at which he sat ambled over to him

"Well?" repeated the fat man.
"W'atcher want?" asked the waiter.
"Gunme a piece of apple pie and a glass milk."

of milk."
"Hain't got any apple pie, sir."
"What kind of pie have you got?"
"Coccanut pie and lemon pie, sir."
"Gimme a piece of lemon pie."
The waiter went away and returned with a slab of dark brown pastry and a glass of light bine milk. The fat man sawed off a piece of the pie and transferred it to his mouth. A pained look earne over his far. mouth. A pained look came over his fac-but he gulped the pie down and beckone to the waiter. "What kind of pie is that?

What kind did you order, sir?" asked

Lemon pie."
Well, sir, that must be lemon pie, then. But it ain't lemon pie.

"Alit'l temon pie, sir?"
"Alit'l temon pie, sir?"
"Not by a darn sight."
"Sure it ain't temon pie, sir?"
"Of course I'm sure."
"That's funny, sir."
"Nothing fonny about it. What kind of

ple is it? The waiter leaned over the counter

and in a hourse whisper, "Confidentially, sir, I have tried to work that pie off for apple, pincapple, pieplant, peach and prune, and it didn't go, and if it ain't lemon I'm darned if I know what it is."—Buffalo Ex-

A New Hamlet

The summer girl had finished her sched The stimmer gir had another to think.

She was looking a little like Marius among the rains when her dearest friend came in.

"What's the matter?" was the quick in-

"Very nate that master? Was the quiry.
"I've just completed my want list for the summer," she replied, handling it to her.
"Gracious me," exclaimed the other girl, looking it over, "this ought not to make you said. Here's gowns and gowns, and bonnets and hats, and jackets and waista, and shoes and almore, and parsols and and shoes and slippers, and paresols and fans, and gloves and hundreds of things that are too lovely for any use."

The fair possessor of it all sighed pro-

that are too lovely for any use.

The fair possessor of it all sighed profoundly,

"Yes," she said, "it is all just like the play of 'Hamlet'-with Hamlet left out."

"How do you mean!" and the big eyes opened wonderingly,

"Where's the man!" sighed the first girl again, and there was no answer.—Detroit Free Press.

Two Irish Bulls.

Two prime Irish bulls were recently found among the autograph letters of Sir Philip Francis. This is the first: Some ladies went to the Irish house of commons to hear the prime in the Irish house of commons to hear the ladies went to the Irish house of commons to hear the Irish house of commons to hear the Irish house of the Irish hou went to the Iriah house of commons to hear a particular debate, which happened to be put off till next day. Sir Boyle Roche said: "Indeed, ladies, I am very surry for your disappointment, but why didn't you come tomorrow!" The secend is quite apropos of recent incidents in the imperial parliament. The house being one day remarkably quiet and silent. Sir Boyle got up and said: "Mr. Speaker! I spake to order—an honorable gentleman, who always sits behind me, is perpetually laughing in my face; I move that before he laughs at me any more he will be pleased to tell me what he is laughing at!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Natural Supposition

A Natural Supposition.

Detective—And which of your employees do you suspect of taking the money?

Business Man (thoughtfully) — Well, there's the bookkeeper, he has a new suit of clothes every week; the cashier drives a better horse thap I can afford; the purchasing agent wears four hig diamonds; one of our cierks has a wife who goes in society—so I guess you had better accuss that miserable ragamuffin of a private secretary. Nobody has seen him have anything new in two years, and it's pretty near a certainty that he's playing the races.—Detroit Tribune.



He—Do you know that these things you think so trivial—these engagements—are capable of breaking a man's heart She—Why, certainly. That's about all the fun there is in them.—Truth.

Up In Hariem

Dudely Canesucker-I met your charm Dudely Canesnoker—I met your charming daugher at a masquerade ball some months ago, and I have been hunting for her ever since. At last I have found out where she lives. I love her bette than life itself. Without her life has no charms for me. Can I see her?

Mrs. Mulligan—Naw. Today is washday.

—Texas Siftings.

The Accommodating Lightning. "Humph" said the lightning as he flashed through the skies. "What's that sign on that country house?" (Reads.) "To rent. Ah! I'll take the hint." And he did so.—Exchange.

First Fly-Will you marry me! Second Fly-Alas! I cannot. I on this paper.-Truth.

REMINISCENCES OF HAZING.

How Some Sophomores Were Convinced

How Some Suphomores Were Convinced
of Its Ungentlemantiness.
"I never read accounts in the newspapers
of the pranks of college boys in 'hazing'
the freshmen," said a white haired, rosy
faced bid New Yorker in the parior of a
big athletic club the other night, "but my
nind reverts at once to a hazing scrape I
got myself into in my said days. Like all
sophomores, I was particularly intolerant
of freshmen; much more so of course than
the seniors.

the seniors.
"We had been strictly forbidden by the

the seniors.

"We had been strictly forbidden by the faculty to do any hazing at all, under penity of expulsion, and so we could not get together more than balf a dozen adventurans souls who were willing to take the risk in order to punish the freshmen properly for daring to live and presuming to come to the college at all. We had to do the thing quietly, so after all the lamps were out we would steal from our coms, meet in the corridor and then make a descent on some lonely freshmen and do him up' without any unnecessary fras.

"We had operated successfully on two or three men, only one in a night, and were enjoying the sport thoroughly. The following night it became the turn of a long, rawboned, quiet, bashful youth from Maine, who had little or nothing to say to any one, and whose only care seemed to be to keep his hands and feet out of sight. We anticipated some rare sport with him, and I remember now the haughty feeling with which I strode into his bedchamber at the head of our gang after we had pried his door open with one good twist of a read burglar's "jimny."

"The other men had generally cowered under their bedclothes or risen trembling in their nightgowns and asked piteously to be let alone. This Maine man jumped out of bed, however, as if glad to meet us. He said not a word, he made not a sound, as he moved about in the dark, but, oh my how be did swart us I never before experienced such flendish strength as that fell-

said not a word, he made not a sound, as he moved about in the dark, but, oh my! how he did 'swat' us! I never before experienced such flendish strength as that fellow seemed to have. We were not familiar with his room, and it seemed to be full of furniture, against which we stumbled and over and under which he knocked us in the darkness with the precision and force of a trip hammer. He seemed to have a cat's sight and he knew the room thoroughly, and the way he 'lammed' us was so unexpected that we got confused and lost our reckoning in trying to get out of that infernal room again.

"I don't believe one of us hit him once. I know that after I had caught a terrific right bander on the tip of my nose, which sept me back ward over an awfully augular coal scuttle, I kept on my hands and knees and wabbled about in a blind search for the door, with the blood pouring into my mouth and over my shirt front.

"He hit us with fists like hams, he threw chairs at us, he kicked us, when we went down, with his har toos which seared and we had to be a search of the down, with his har toos which we went down, with his har toos which seared and the seared and the went down, with his har toos which we went down, with his har toos which we went down, with his har toos which were also we had to be a search of the mean and the search and t

mouth and over my shirt front.

"He hit us with first like hams, he threw chairs at us, he kicked us, when we went down, with his bare toes, which seemed as hard as irons, he jumped on our stomachs with heels made tough by running barefoot on his native shingly beaches, he manded us, he loosened our teeth, he broke our noses, he joggled our most internal organs, he utterly demoralized us, this whirlwind from Maine, and when at last we all got out of his horrid den, more alive than dead, and had had time to collect our shattered senses and make a hasty estimate of our cuts and abrasions. I said:

"The Maine fellow must have gone our, boys, and left a gorilla in his bed instead." "But just then we heard that vicious freshman call out with a mocking laugh: Now go to bed, little men, and come again some other night when you're rested. This hasin's heaps of fun."
"But we had deedded that the sport was unmanly, anyway, and not the proper sort of thing for young gentlemen to engage in."—New York Tribune.

Investments in Precious Stones.

Investments in Precious Stones.

It is just thirty-three years since the writer was assured by the great Indian jeweler of that slay, a man full of experience and representing large capital, that there was one final limit on the value of diamonds and rubies. "No one," he said, "remained is the world who would give more the £50,000 for any single stone." They won't do it," he said, the "they' meaning princely purchasers generally, "not if I could produce a ruby as large as a roc's egg. They have begun to think of interest."

a roc's egg. They have begun to thin interest."

The wealth of the world has incre consider the wealth of The wealth of the world has increased since then despecially the wealth of individuals the man was work a clear five millio.

degree which we hardly recognise: "e should still have said that the man who would give 200,000 for a single stone would, that is, pay £4,000 a year for the pleasure of possessing a useless article, usually invisible both to its possessor and the world, could not be discovered. The millionaires had become too callightened and the princes, even when childlike, too solicitous of reputation for good sense.—London Spectator.

Hiding the Children

A ticket examiner entered a compari-sonent wherein a respectably dressed lady was comfortably seated. He did not notice a long, flat package lying on the opposite seat, covered with a traveling rug, and a newspaper carelessly thrown over it, and he probably would have left the compart-ment oblivious of its existence had not a pair of sweet, pretty eyes peeped over the top and in a cautious tone the owner of A ticket examiner entered a compart m inquired:

them inquired:
"Mamma, has the man gone yet?"
The artful mother confusedly explained that her child was only three and entitled to travel free, but curiosity impelled him to further investigation, and a robust young girl of apparently ten revealed herself.—London Tit-Bits.

Music at a Female College.

Smith college claims to have the finest biological laboratory in the country, and her fire proof chemical laboratories and electrical experimental halls can hardly be surpassed anywhere. The music school, which grants the degree of Mus. D. to its graduates, is one of the distinctive features of the college. It occupies a superbly squipped building. The walls of the practice rooms are scientifically padded, so that the sounds of church organ, violin, piane, mandolin, guitar, 'esflo and of the human voice never interfere with each other and mingle in joharmonious bediam.—Cor. New York Times.