



TO THE DYING CENTURY
 Dying Century! a health
 to thee! ☒ ☒ ☒
 Take it to Eternity;
 Tell the gods to whom
 you go—☒ ☒
 Where the winds of
 Heaven blow—
 That you brought
 me here, anon,
 Heritage of tasks
 undone; ☒ ☒
 Robbed me of my
 strength at noon;
 Granted but a
 single boon—
 Yet that was Love.

Marion Thornton
 Egbert

MISAPPROPRIATING A SMILE.

I was seated in the corner of a car,
 When I got a most execrating jar—
 Not the ordinary kind,
 To which grimaces are inclined,
 But a folt that shocked me more than
 that by far.

From down the aisle a fascinating girl
 Set my senses in an amatory whirl,
 When she turned a pretty smile
 Toward my corner, and the while
 Showed the tips of teeth that glistened
 as the pearl.

I responded with a twinkle of my eye
 ('Tis a little trick I studied, by the by),
 And although I passed my street,
 Still I kept my corner seat,
 For the hope within my heart was run-
 ning high.

Then it was I got the dolorific jar:
 Just behind me, on the platform of the
 car,
 Stood the man at whom, 'twas plain,
 She was smiling through the pane,
 And—'d ridden half a mile or more too
 far.

—Life

A Walk with Ishbel.

DON'T mind talking to you, you
 know," said Ishbel—she insists on
 being spelled that way—"because
 you are not a stupid boy and you have
 a nice detached point of view, but you
 must promise when I tell you things
 not to imagine I mean myself."

"How could I imagine you a thing?"
 I asked reproachfully.

"You know what I mean," said Ish-
 bel with severity. "When I was quite
 young," she pursued—she is 22—"I used
 to fancy that authors put themselves
 into their stories. Now I know they
 never do."

"Well, I am not quite young," I said
 crossly. "Go on."

"But you didn't promise."

"I promised."

Ishbel adjusted her hatpin. "Once
 there was a girl," she began, "who at
 the age of 17 was sent to England to
 visit her father's people. That's rather
 a nice beginning, isn't it?" she inter-
 rupted herself. "It sounds as if it
 might be printed. Do you think if you
 saw a story with a beginning like that
 you would read it?"

"Candidly?" I inquired.

"Of course."

"I don't think I should."

"There was a dangerous glitter in her
 eye."

"But," I hastened to add, "reading a
 story is very different to have you tell
 it, you know. I could listen to you for
 a thousand years."

She was mollified. "It won't take
 that long," she assured me with a smile.
 There is no word for her smile but de-
 licious.

"Do go on," I said. "Did she like
 the people?"

"Well, some of them," doubtfully.
 "You see they were English and she
 was an American."

"Yes."

"And—and young, they bullied her a
 little. The next time," with animation,
 "I mean, when we go over, I don't
 think they'll bully me."

"I don't fancy they will."

"And so you see she didn't have as
 good a time as she might exactly. But
 she did have a love affair."

"Oh," said I.

"Yes," said Ishbel. "He was a sort of
 distant connection of hers, a lawyer,
 what they call over there a solicitor,
 you know. He—she said he was very
 much in love—and so was she."

"Confound—I began.

"I beg your pardon," said Ishbel.

"I meant," I said, sternly, "it is very
 wrong of determinations to make love to
 girls."

"It is," agreed Ishbel. "But he was
 very—oh, very flammable. Things had
 gone well, they had gone rather far,
 you know, but the week before she
 sailed, when he proposed—at least he
 didn't exactly propose, but he told her
 he had only 300 a year, and that, of
 course, it was out of the question in
 England to marry on that, and he
 couldn't bear the idea of hampering her
 with a long engagement and—what did
 you say?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Are you sure? You put me out.
 Well, he said she mustn't be engaged to

him, but he would hold himself engaged

to her, and some day when the senior
 partner dropped off—I do wish," petu-
 lently, "you wouldn't mutter like that."
 I groveled.

"Where was I?" demanded Ishbel.
 "Oh, well, then they said good-by, you
 know, and she was perfectly miserable
 —if you look so horribly cross I shall
 send you home—oh, dreadfully miser-
 able. She felt that she didn't care a
 straw about other men, and there were
 —she said there were some very nice
 men in the steamer coming home, too.
 Balls and parties had no attraction for
 her, and fancy, for ever so long she
 hardly took any interest in her frocks.
 Oh, it was horrid. She only lived for
 his letters—and somehow they—well,
 they were not exactly satisfactory.
 She supposed it was because he was so
 very honorable, and they were not real-
 ly engaged, you know. But one day
 she thought it all over and decided that
 sort of thing would have to come to an
 end. She knew she would never be
 happy for a moment till he came out,
 as she knew he would some day, to
 claim her, but she made up her mind
 to stop thinking about him as much as
 possible and try to seem happy, no mat-
 ter how perfectly miserable she was in
 reality. The idea was, you see—I think
 she got it out of a poem—to lock his
 image up in her heart."

"I see," said I. "And how did it
 work?"

"It worked very well," said Ishbel,
 reflectively. "She knew she was
 wretched, but she didn't allow herself
 to think about it."

"And what happened?" I asked brisk-
 ly.

"Well, after three years he came,"
 "Oh, he did?"
 "Of course," said Ishbel sharply. "Did
 you imagine he didn't?"
 I coughed. "And she unlocked her
 heart?"

"Yes," said Ishbel.

"And the image—"
 "It's a very odd thing," replied Ishbel,
 slowly, "but it wasn't there."

I coughed again. "Was her heart—
 did she find the receptacle—er—empty?"
 I asked.

"She didn't tell me that," said Ish-
 bel. "We walked on. 'So that,' I re-
 marked, presently, 'was the reason
 why that long-legged English fel-
 low—'"

"But you promised," cried Ishbel.—
 Boston Post.

UPON A CATARACT'S BRINK.

Thrilling Experience of a Voyager on
 the Ottawa River.

The horrible experiences of one who
 has been swept away by some mer-
 ciless current and finds himself at last
 at the brink of a cataract may possibly
 be imagined, but there are few who
 survive to relate to us the particulars of
 such an ordeal. Yet there is one in-
 stance where a man was saved at the
 very edge of the falls.

There are few more imposing bits of
 scenery in Canada than where the Ot-
 tawa River pours thundering and foaming
 over the Chaudiere Falls. Where the
 water in the river is low, as it is in
 autumn, there is a fall of about forty
 feet, but when the river is swollen by
 melting snows in the spring the ap-
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 any time the rush and swirl of the
 great river over this ledge of rock is a
 sight worth seeing.

In some places the water pours over
 in a dense and irresistible stream, while
 at other points a shallow stream will
 spray itself over a higher table of rock.

On the upper Ottawa are floated
 booms of logs which feed the large
 lumber industries of that region. Hand-
 ling these wet logs is a treacherous
 business, and it is easy to lose one's
 foothold and fall into the swift stream.
 Accidents of this kind occur frequent-
 ly. The only case that I do not have a
 fatal termination is the one referred to
 here.

The man was busy forking these logs
 with those sharp tongs used to swing
 them about and draw them in, when
 he missed his footing and fell into the
 river. Though a strong swimmer, he
 could not withstand the current and
 was swept out into the stream and on
 toward the falls. Nearing the falls, he
 found himself still conscious, and it
 happened that he was being floated
 over one of those tables of rock where
 the water was so shallow that he felt
 himself touch. He struggled to regain
 his feet, and was successful in so do-
 ing, so that he found himself standing
 in, perhaps, a foot of rushing water,
 at the brink of the cataract, a great cur-
 rent surging by him on every hand.

But it seemed hopeless. He saw no
 way of getting to shore, and no one
 from the shore could get to him. Many
 people on the banks of the river were
 watching him and trying to study out
 some plan to save him. Finally a large
 derrick was brought to bear, such as is
 used in building operations. A great
 arm with ropes was swung out over
 the current, and when the man had
 fastened himself securely with the
 ropes he was raised up high and swung
 in, just as a large stone would be raised
 in constructing a building.

RAFTERS OF LIVING GREEN.

Description in "Eben Holden" of a
 Day in the Cornfield.

We climbed the wall as he ate, and
 buried ourselves in the deep corn. The
 fragrant, silky tassels brushed my face
 and the corn hissed at our intrusion,
 crossing its green sabers in our path.
 Far in the field my companion heaped
 a little of the soft earth for a pillow,
 spread the oilcloth between rows, and
 as we lay down drew the big shawl
 over us. Uncle Eb was tired after the
 toll of that night and went asleep al-
 most as soon as he was down. Before
 I dropped off Fred came and licked my
 face and stepped over me, his tail
 wagging for leave, and curled upon the
 shawl at my feet. I could see no sky in
 that gloomy green aisle of corn. This
 going to bed in the morning seemed a
 foolish business to me that day and I
 lay a long time looking up at the rus-
 ting canopy overhead. I remember list-
 ening to the waves that came whisper-
 ing out of the further field, nearer and
 nearer, until they swept over us with
 a rippling splash of leaves, like that of
 water floating among rocks, as I have
 heard it often. A twinge of homesick-
 ness came to me and the snoring of
 Uncle Eb gave me no comfort. I re-
 member covering my head and crying
 softly as I thought of those who had
 gone away and whom I was to meet
 in a far country, called heaven, whither
 we were going. I forgot my sorrow
 finally in sleep. When I awoke it had
 grown dusk under the corn. I felt for
 Uncle Eb and he was gone. Then I
 called to him.

"Hush, boy! lie low!" he whispered,
 bending over me, a sharp look in his
 eye. "Fraud they're after us."

He sat kneeling beside me, holding
 Fred by the collar and listening. I could
 hear voices, the rustle of the corn and
 the tramp of feet near by. It was thun-
 dering in the distance—that heavy,
 shaking thunder that seems to take
 hold of the earth, and there were
 sounds in the corn like the drawing of

sabers and the rush of many feet.

The noisy thunder came nearer, and
 the voices that made us tremble were
 no longer heard. Uncle Eb began to
 fasten the oil blanket to the stalks of
 corn for a shelter. The rain came roar-
 ing over us. The sound of it was like
 that of a host of cavalry coming as
 a gallop. We lay bracing the stalks,
 the blanket tied above us, and were quite
 dry for a time. The rain rattled in the
 sounding sheaves and then came flood-
 ing down the steep gutters. Above us
 beam and rafter creaked, swaying and
 giving glimpses of the dark sky. The
 rain passed—we could hear the last
 battalion leaving the field—and then
 the tumult ended as suddenly as it
 began. The corn trembled a few mo-
 ments and hushed to a faint whisper.
 Then we could hear only the drip of
 raindrops leaking through the green
 roof. It was dark under the corn.

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Work and Atmosphere.

During the building of a railroad in
 Switzerland, at an altitude of ten thou-
 sand feet, the discovery has been made
 that the atmosphere is so rarified that
 men employed upon the work cannot
 continue their labors for half so long a
 time as is possible when working in a
 lower atmosphere. The cold also may
 have something to do with it, for, as
 every one knows, the atmosphere be-
 comes colder and colder the greater the
 distance it is above the surface of the
 earth. Were it not for the atmosphere,
 indeed, the ordinary temperature of the
 world would be below zero to the ex-
 tent of three hundred degrees Fahren-
 heit.

Too many culinary assistants are
 sure to impair the flavor of the con-
 somme.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

He—Philosophy, my dear madam, is something it takes all one's life to acquire.
 She—What, then, is the use in acquiring it?
 "The supreme satisfaction of knowing that one's whole life has been a mistake."—Life.

Blame It on the Moon.
 "The moon exercises a marked influence on commerce, astronomers say."
 "Oh, yes; whenever a man walks with a girl on moonlight nights he buys her a lot of caramels and other stuff."—Chicago Record.

Sarcasm.
 Wiggles—They say that a man and his wife grow to look like each other after they have lived together for a long time.
 Mrs. Wiggles—Do they? That's lucky for the men, now, isn't it?—Somerville Journal.

He Had It.
 "The fact is," said the fat man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy."
 "Well," said the lean man, "you have mine."—New York World.

Wing Repartee.
 The Easy Mark—She said she had 'other fish to fry.' I wonder if she insinuated that I was a fish?
 The Sourette—Impossible! All lobsters are crustaceous.—Chicago News.

Happy Retort.
 "Now, don't gimme any song about misfortune an' wantin' to be a hard worker 'n all that," said the hard-faced lady. "I can see right through you."
 "Gee!" said Dismal Dawson. "I knowed I ain't had nothin' to eat for three days, but I didn't know it had thinned me down like that."—Indianapolis Press.

Wisdom of Solomon.
 Teacher—Who was the wisest man?
 Little Boy—Solomon.
 Teacher—Give an example of his wisdom.
 Little Girl—He had 600 wives.—Detroit Free Press.

A Compromise.
 He—You need not fear. I shall do nothing desperate just because you have refused me.
 "Then, darling, I repent. It was only the thought that you might do something romantic that made me refuse you."—Life.

Intervals in an Exciting Life.
 "Ma, when I get big I'm goin' way off to be a pirate."
 "Are you, Bobby?"
 "Yes, but don't you be scared; I'll come home at night to sleep."—Chicago Record.

An Admirer of Honesty.
 "Yes, sir," said Farmer Cortosel, "if there's anything I do like an' admire, it's an honest man. An' that's why I'm so proud of our new neighbor down the road a piece. Ef there ever was an honest man he's one."
 "Are you sure he's honest?"
 "Certainly; one of these frank, generous, sincere kind."
 "How do you know?"
 "Traded horses with him day before yesterday, an' I reckon I got at least sixty dollars the best of him."—Washington Star.

The Fickle Thermometer.
 "Here, young lady, I've brung back this thermometer you sold me."
 "What's the matter with it?"
 "It ain't reliable. One time ye look at it it says one thing, and the next time it says another."

Just Like Other Men.
 She—Which would you rather marry—the prettiest woman in the world or the homeliest?
 He—The prettiest, of course. Why do you ask?
 She—Merely to find out if you weren't just like all the other men.—Detroit Free Press.

His Views.
 Jack Bachelor (engaged)—Of course, I realize that matrimony is a very important step, and all that!
 Ned Newlywed (hoarsely)—Step? Great Scott, man! It's a whole flight of steps and something to fall over on every step!—Puck.

No Limit.
 "I understand that you are a distant relative of the wealthy Goldmans."
 "Yes."
 "How distant?"
 "As distant as they can keep me."—Philadelphia Record.

Favorable Chances.
 Rudolph—If I should ask old Bullions for his daughter's hand what do you think of my chances?
 Harold—Very fair. You have youth, health and a good constitution and should pull through with careful nursing.—Puck.

Many Lines There.
 Tellit—To be successful in business a man must confine himself to one line. Askit—What if he is a palmitist?—Baltimore American.

Woman's Rights.
 Stox—Do you believe in women having the same rights as men?
 Stuggs—Yes, I do. There was one stood in front of where I sat in a car to-day and tramped all over my feet, and if she'd been a man I would have hit her one, sure.—Detroit Free Press.

Trust Worthy.

"Is he a trustworthy patriot?" asked the earnest citizen.
 "I should say so," answered Senator Sorghum. "A man that can make money as brilliantly as he can is worthy of all the trusts he is able to control."—Washington Star.

Worth Remembering.
 "It is the man at the top of the ladder who can reach things," remarked the haughty representative of a noble family.
 "True," remarked the sarcastic man in homespun, "but it is the man at the bottom who can upset the ladder."—Chicago Evening Post.

What Constituted the Insult.
 "What did you strike this man for?" asked the magistrate.
 "He called me 'Reuben,'" answered the police had brought in.
 "What is your name, anyhow?"
 "Reuben, your honor—but he didn't know it."—Chicago Tribune.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

Things Appear Differently to Different Eyes.
 One of the essential things for one that would influence others is the ability to see things as they look to those whom he addresses. A lack of this ability has many responsible that would otherwise have been successful as teachers, missionaries, lawyers before juries, and even orators and statesmen.
 Striking illustrations of the eyes of different people are constantly coming to light.

A party of American travelers, journeying leisurely up the Nile, expressed a desire to celebrate Washington's birthday in some appropriate manner. Their chief accordingly prepared a great frosted cake, upon which he executed in confectionery a representation of George Washington, after having familiarized himself with the life and achievements of his subject.

As represented in sugar, Washington wore a turban on his head and a great sash across his breast; and was smoking a long pipe, and before him some dancing girls were performing. This was the way the greatness of George Washington looked to the Arab chef.

In China, that land of strange contrasts, many amusing instances of a similar kind may be found. "Pilgrim's Progress," as recently translated and illustrated by native artists, shows Christian with a long pigtail, the dungeon of Giant Despair as the familiar wooden cage of Chinese criminals, while the angels are arrayed in the latest productions of Pekin dressmakers.

A Chinese publication describes Americans as "living for months without eating a mouthful of rice," and never enjoying themselves "by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves," but, instead, jumping around and kicking a ball as if paid for it.

How does this thing look to the Turk, the Chinaman, the Boer, the Englishman, the northerner, the southerner, is the question that we should answer, in any controversy, before becoming too sure of our own position. All the world does not look through the same spectacles.—St. Louis Star.

HOW THEY TRADE IN CHINA.
 Americans Won't Be Exasperated by Such Absurd Methods.

When a man or a woman goes into a shop in China a clerk, with much ceremony, brings fragrant tea, which is served in fine style. The compliments of the season are exchanged, there are talks about the weather—in fact, every kind of evasion is employed to keep away from the real reason of the visit, which is to buy something. The proprietor solemnly watches these proceedings from afar. The style of compliment is of this order: "In what celestial country did your exalted excellence purchase the superfine garments upon which I feast my eyes? Surely I am no miser and unworthy land like our own?" When the tea and talk are exhausted the little pipe bearer, who always attends his master or mistress out of doors, lights a pipe for his employer. There are only a few whiffs in each pipeful, so the process has to be frequently repeated.

Then business begins. The shopper asks the price of the required article and makes an offer that is much lower. This is promptly refused in language that is courteous and polite beyond description. Then the possible purchaser departs with great dignity and elegance. When a bargain is completed the purchaser never pays it himself. The chief steward is called, notified that the article has been accepted, and when the bill comes in the "boy" settles it, giving an account quarterly to his master of money disbursed for the household. Money as we have it is unknown in China. There are no silver dollars, no fractions of dollars, as quarters and 10-cent pieces, no paper bank notes. There is a coin called "cash" with a hole punched in the middle that is used for small transactions. "Cash" can be strung like beads on a string. It takes 100 pieces to equal the value of one standard cent. Gold is only used for ornaments in China, never for current coin.

A Famous Vine.
 Everybody has heard of the famous grapevine now one hundred and thirty-two years old at Hampton Court. Its roots are popularly supposed to extend as far as and under the Thames, which is nearly four hundred yards away. A visitor was actually heard the other day telling his friends quite seriously that the roots of the vine reached as far as Ditton on the other side of the river, a mile or more away, and the same person asserted that the annual crop consisted of three thousand bunches of grapes. As a matter of fact, the roots of the vine have been found at a distance of about twenty-five yards from the main stem, and, although every year the vine "shows" about three thousand bunches, only twelve hundred are allowed to remain.

Domestic Arts.
 In France, Germany, Belgium and Holland girls are drilled from the cradle in every branch of the domestic arts. A French or German maid-of-all-work is a household treasure—just because she has been taught her business. Cooking and housework do not come naturally. We don't expect a carpenter or plumber to learn his trade by instinct, but we expect miracles in our kitchens, and we ask Ann to perform duties she has never been taught. There is plenty of capacity in the working girl, but she needs to be helped and technically trained in domestic arts and crafts.

Child Workers in Europe.
 Switzerland allows no child under 14 years to become a wage earner, the age at which, under the English factory law, he ceases to be a child and is ranked as a "young person." English boys of 12 years of age may still work in the mines for fifty-four hours a week, which is longer than the hours for men in the mines of Northumberland and Durham, England.

We imagine that disappointment in a love affair is putting on a cross husband who was defeated