IN SWIMMING-TIME.

[James Whitcomb Riley.]

Clouds above, as white as wool,
Drifting over skies as blue
As the eyes of beautiful
Children when they smile at you;
Groves of maple, elm, and beech,
With the sunshine sifted through
Branches, mingling each with each,
Dim with shade and bright with dew;
Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,
Hickory and sycamore,
And the drowsy dogwood bowed
Where the ripples laugh aloud,
And the crooning creek is stirred
To a gayety that now
Mates the warble of the bird
Teetering on the hazel-bough;
Grasses long and fine and fair
As your school-boy sweetheart's hair,
Backward roached and twirled and twined
By the fingers of the wind;
Vines and mosses, interlinked
Down dark aisles and deep ravines,
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked
Round a bend where some one leans
Faint and vague and indistinct
As the like reflected thing
In the current shimmering.
Childish voices farther on,
Where the truant stream has gone,
Vex the echoes of the wood
Till no word is understood,
Save that one is well aware
Happiness is hiding there.
There, in leafy coverts nude
Little bodies pose and leap,
Spattering the solitude
And the silence everywhere—
Mimic monsters of the deep!
Wallowing in sandy shoals—
Plunging headlong out of sight;
And, with spurtings of delight,
Clutching hands, and slippery soles,
Climbing up the treacherous steep
Over which the spring-board spurns
Each again as he returns.
Ah! the glorious carnival!
Purple lips and chattering teeth—
Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,
Every care beyond recall,
Every task forgotten quite—
And again, in dreams at night,
Dropping, drifting through it all!

PHILOSOPHY OF THE STOMACH

AMONG THE CITIZENS OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

Pekin Cor. St. Petersburg Messenger.

To be able to eat well means, in the Chinamen's opinion, to be happy. All his cares, troubles, and desires centre in the same point, namely, good eating. True, everybody the world over, takes care to satisfy his appetite in the best possible way. But the Chinese differ from other people in the philosophy of the subject. They hold that only the satiated man can be wise, and those who can not make themselves full are surely fools. Their most sacred philosophical and medical treatises deal with the stomach as the principal source of the spiritual, moral and physical life of man. The head, in their opinion, is the poor dependent on the bounty of the stomach. Not the head, but the stomach, ought to be crowned. They hold as a cardinal axiom that the stomach is the spring of every thought, feeling and muscular action. He who does not eat loses energy. Man differs from wood and stone only because he fills up his stomach. They look upon Dr. Tanner's forty days' fast as a clever trick. They assert that the American doctor deceived the public by drinking some colorless nutritious substances dissolved in water. Otherwise, they argue, he would necessarily turn first an idiot, and then a corpse.

When we ponder on some difficult subject we often touch or rub our forehead. Under the same circumstances the Chinaman puts his fingers below his belt. By touching his abdomen he facilitates his mental process. In view of the supremacy of the stomach the Chinese came to the conclusion that the better it is filled the wiser is its owner; hence fatness and corpulence are the best mirror of the mind, the best indication of superior intellect. And, as wisdom brings man to a blissful state and to a heavenly beatitude, therefore, the Chinamen regard extraordinary stoutness as a symbol of the future heavenly state.

THE "BILLY THE KID" TYPE.

"J. R. W. H." in Boston Herald.

Let me assure my younger readers that there is nothing heroic in the "Billy the Kid" type on the frontier. The desperado is too lazy to work for a living. He is a thief and a cut-throat whenever he can cut a throat without fear. There are some brave men among them, to be sure, but their bravery arises from a consciousness of their matchless command of their weapons. They know perfectly well that they can shoot an ordinary man dead before his hand reaches his pistol. Often they have the triggers of their Colts'-45 filed off, and fire by snapping the hammer with the thumb, whirling the pistols in their hands and shooting as the weapon comes to a level. And they are deadshots, as they need to be. Yet the "bad men" who haunt the groggeries with their weapons ostentatiously displayed, who are given to shooting right and left when drunk, and, indeed, to discharging their "guns" at all times—these fellows will rarely take the chances in a fair, stand-up fight. They wait until they can "get the drop" on a man, or shoot him from behind on a dark night. Don't look for any signs of chivalry among them. They are the meanest of all mean brutes. It is well that the changes wrought in the west by the completion of the various railroads announce that their race is nearly run. But this is an unpleasant subject. I have known so much of this sort of thing, however, that I could not forbear a word to offset the curious belief among some young people in the east that the western "bad man" is a more noble figure than the Boston burglar or wife beater. He isn't.

A COSTLY CABLE.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Marseilles and Paris are now connected, at a cost of $8,000,000, with an underground cable. It is laid in a cast-iron pipe, six feet below the surface, and is so arranged that it can be from time to time inspected. The success of the undertaking is a good omen for cities that are overladen with telegraphic and telephonic wires.

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD.

The Deseret News, a Mormon journal, says that in hades water is not plenty, and baptism cannot be administered—least of all, baptism by immersion. But no one can be saved who is not baptized. Therefore, "the living may stand in the place of the dead and receive the ordinance vicariously." This is "baptism for the dead."

AFTER AMERICAN DOLLARS.

The Foreign Idea of the Looseness of Money in This Country---Reckoning Without Their Host.

["Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.]

Thrust your hand into America, grab it full of dollars, and then pull it out. That is the foreign idea of the plenty and looseness of money in this country. In trying to carry it into practice the visitor is pretty sure to learn that we are good bargainers, never buying anything that does not at least promise to be worth its cost in gratification of some sort. I have read that we are fools because we paid high prices for views of Mrs. Langtry, the accusation being that we let ourselves be swindled by expecting to see a good actress. We simply bought a sight of a notorious women and got it. In the case of Sarah Bernhardt, we were willing to give more, because she brought great talent in addition to notoriety; and who can say that we were cheated? Scores of European performers sorrowfully know that we have declined to purchase their entertainment, though cleverly importuned to do so. In the present instance of Irving, our instinctive demand of value for value has kept us sensible. New York has liked some of his roles and disliked others, praised his merits and condemned his demerits, bought tickets at high rates for such performances as pleased and left the speculators heavy losers on the others.

Two men of eminence in a holier profession than play-acting are now being rather unpleasantly instructed in this matter of getting American money. They are Capel, the English Catholic priest and orator, and Hyacinthe, the French seceder from the Romish church. Each has world-wide celebrity, each needed a replenishment of his church fund, and each concluded to come to the Yankees for the money. Neither is getting it. They have been socially made welcome in this city, and it may be that private subscriptions will help their entirely worthy causes, but the entertainment-buying public is not dealing with them to a remunerative extent. Hyacinthe lectured last evening in Chickering hall, which can hold 3,000 persons, but did contain only 300 The receipts could have no more than covered the expenses. The metropolis cares little for lectures, and appeals for charity on behalf of foreign building projects do not touch our hearts. Another fact is that our own clergymen justly believe that there are as yet plenty of eligible sites for new churches on this side of the ocean.

Capel has had no backing from Cardinal McCloskey in his mission, and Hyacinthe receives no Protestant sympathy of an influential kind. The failure of the latter to draw a crowd to his lecture was manifestly depressing to him, and his eyes seemed to have a dread of the rows of empty seats. His gaze was carefully adjusted, so as not to extend beyond the occupied front. I pitied him. Nevertheless, I had to laugh when a third of the originally small audience departed in a mild panic. There had been no intimation in the advertisements that he would speak in French. He had not delivered six sentences in that language before a horror of hearing him for an hour without understanding him took possession of those who were ignorant of his tongue. A bolder man than the rest led a movement to the door, and was followed like sheep after a bellwether.

A Lesson in Real Realism.

[Derrick Dodd in San Francisco Post.]

Boucicault tells another good story which has never yet appeared in print. The following incident occurred at Jacksonville, Florida, last spring, and the clever actor-dramatist says it suggested an entirely new idea in dramatic construction, which he proposes to avail himself of some day. The curtain had just gone down on the third act of "The Colleen Bawn" when a tall professor-like individual advanced to the front of one of the boxes, and propounded the following unlooked-for conundrum to the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, why is it that Shakespeare is the only real dramatist the world ever produced?"

As no one replied, the tall man went on earnestly:

"Is it because of his marvelous knowledge of human nature, or his wonderful command of language and expression? Not at all. Other writers have equaled him in these respects, but the immortal bard is the only dramatist who recognized the evident fact that in real life vice is not punished and virtue is not rewarded, as the sickly, sentimental playwrights of to-day would have us believe. There is no last act make-up-all-around-everybody-get-married business in his plays. Look at Othello! That's the way matters wind up in real life. Look at Romeo and Juliet. No "happy denouement" about them. My advice to the public, therefore, is to never sit a play out. Always leave before the last act, just when the trouble, villainy and heart breaking is at its worst, and you will get the real realism and naturalness."

"Go on! Go on!" said the audience, which seemed to be profoundly impressed with this reasoning.

"I have nothing more to say," continued the critic, putting on his hat, "except that the curtain will be rung up in a minute. I move that we now adjourn."

And Boucicault says that when the curtain went up he was dumbfounded to observe that there was not a soul left in the house.

The Chinaman and His Coffin.

[Cor. London Telegraph.]

The idea of the Chinaman is that when he dies he ought to be buried in the trunk of a tree, and so it comes about that all coffins are designed with a view to keep up the illusion. They consist of four outside tree boards, and are so fashioned together as to look very like a tree at a little distance. They are, of course, tremendously heavy; but then that is considered an excellent fault. If a son wishes to be very polite to his father, or one friend desires to obtain the good will of another, he makes him a present of a good, solid, heavy coffin. The gift is put into an honored place in the house ready for use, and is shown for the admiration of any friends who may call. The owner would rather go into his coffin than part with it, and, generally speaking, though a Chinaman, may get into debt and be very harshly treated by his creditors, they will leave him his coffin, not wishing to prejudice his entry into the next world, which, according to the Celestials, depends very much upon the way in which a man is buried. I was told that half the Chinese living in Hong Kong were already in happy possession of their coffins, and ready to enter them when wanted.

Yonkers Gazette: When a widow buries her first husband she becomes pensive, but after she gets the second she is usually expensive.

An Exquisite Verse.

[Inter Ocean.]

The comic poets have caught up a new substitute for ideas, the original of which was the following exquisite verse:

If I were a Lumti-tum-lum-titum-too
In the land of the olive and fig,
I'd sit all the day on the trolle-lol-loo
And play on the thingee-me-jig.
And if in the Rumde-dum battle I fall
A what's-its-name's all that I crave—
But bury me deep in the what-you-may-call,
And plant thing-um-bobs over my grave.

Penmanship of British Royalty.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

An expert in handwriting as expressive of character has "written up" the marks of sundry British statesmen. The members of the present cabinet, with the exception of Sir Charles Dilke, do not write bad hands. The caligraphy of the late Lord Beaconsfield was elegant, bold and dignified. But of all the writing of ministers, that of the elder Pitt stands pre-eminent for its beauty and symmetry. Like Addison's, his handwriting resembled copperplate.

The royal family of England have generally written good hands, that of her present majesty being remarkable for its ease and gracefulness. Her predecessor, King William IV., wrote legibly and well. The writing of Queen Anne is large and majestic. She signed herself "Anne R." The first letter of the name was usually a moderately-sized capital, but the succeeding ones gradually increased their dimensions until the final letter reached sometimes almost an inch in height. Her irate majesty was wont to rise on her dignity in much the same way. Mary of Scotland signed herself neatly and prettily, "Marye the Quene." Both the Charleses wrote plainly and "like gentlemen." The same may be said of the four Georges, although that of George I. is rather stiff and pedantic. There is a good deal of pompous display in the writing of Queen Elizabeth. Her signature especially is resolute but showy.

An Expert Horseman.

[Chicago News.]

Johnny H——, a lieutenant in my old regiment, was always a great horseman—one of those men who could teach a horse anything, and make a spirited animal out of the sorriest plug. He was always up to some trick or other, in which his trained horse played a prominent part. When we were on a scout a favorite trick of his was to ride at full gallop into town and drop his horse in a heap right in the street, and the intelligent brute would lie there as though dead. He would go off and attend to his business and come back to find a crowd around the horse almost ready to mob him for his cruelty. Flinging a leg over the animal's back he would come to life, spring up and be away in an instant Many a time in dangerous scouts has his ability to drop horse in an instant stood him in good stead, and enabled him to escape capture. A peculiar thing was that his horses would never do their tricks for any one else. Officers used to take a fancy to some of his trained animals, and pay a large price for them, only to find that they were very ordinary and stupid brutes out of their trainer's hands.

The Inconvenience of Glasses.

[Exchange.]

A common notion among uneducated people, whose eyes are in good condition, is that young people have no use for glasses, and that they wear them "just for style." To those who are tinged with this mediævalism it is respectfully suggested that they wear a pair of glasses for a week and see if they are willing to undergo the inconvenience for all the styles in a millinery store. If they try that invention of the evil one, the nose pinchers, less than a week will be necessary, for the tormenting things will gradually slide off the nose if that organ is at all thick or inclined to perspire. Nose glasses are the abomination to all oculists, for they know that with them no uniformity of position can be attained. A glass to be accurately fitted to an eye must have its focal centre in a line with the centre of the eye. The wearer of the eyeglass sticks that instrument of torture on his nose in as many different positions as he can, with the lenses at all conceivable angles. Then the bowed glasses fret the ears and wear the bridge of the nose raw. The man who would wear glasses for style would wear ear jewelry and corsets.

Creations to Illustrate the Actor.

["Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

I passed perhaps the most distinguished actress in this country on the street to-day, whom I do not personally know, and I caught the words as I passed: "The business doesn't pay." I thought to myself: Here is a woman brought up in another part of the world, but she is undoubtedly talking, not about her art, but the profits down at the theatre, which does not especially concern her, as she has no interest there. My belief is that some of our managers will make a great deal more money if they keep their eyes off the dollars and at the art. Pieces that are made in this country at present are nearly all written for some one actor, and not based on any genius or interesting character. An actor is a being to enter into a creation; but our creations are all made to illustrate the actor. What can be expected of a dramatic literature which, instead of seeking in history or human nature for its hero, goes down under the stage to find a posturist and strutter and manufacture him into a historical hero?

Texas' Grazing Lands.

["Hanson" in Chicago Times.]

It appears that the great Texas pastures of mesquite grass cover at least 150,000 square miles, which, it is claimed, will sustain fifty cattle to the square mile. But in only one place has a test of its capacity been made. A ranch of thirty miles square is inclosed, and now supports 30,000 cattle; nor would it support more than 10,000 more by the most careful management. So we may conclude that the mesquite plains would not support more than forty to the square mile, or 6,000,000 in all—quite enough, however, for the needs of this country. Texas contains 274,365 square miles, of which it is claimed that one-third is farming land of various grades, one-half grazing land of the capacity above indicated, and not more than one-sixth complete desert—most of this on the gypsum plains and barren mountains. But I apprehend it is too early to make so arbitrary a division; for men are now abandoning tracts they once believed agricultural and moving into tracts they once thought barren.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) gentleman will publish all the rejected poems he can find

FIGHTING UNDER ARREST.

A Captain Who Couldn't Keep out of a Fight While on the Skirmish Line.

[Inter Ocean.]

Capt. Wheeler was a born commander of skirmishers. He had a voice like a bugle-blast, and an unusual amount of push and dash in his composition. He knew all about human nature on the skirmish line, its strong points as well as its weaknesses, and seemed guided by an unerring instinct in ordering forward movements. He always aimed to stampede the enemy's skirmishers, and very often succeeded. The men of the regiment had the greatest confidence in him, and obeyed him with alacrity, and so, somewhat to the disgust of the other officers of the regiment, he monopolized the skirmish business.

In other departments he was not so great a success. He was unscrupulous and reckless, and was occasionally under arrest. He was at once the pride and the aggravation of Gen. Nelson. The old soldier generally called him a buccaneer, and had him under arrest half the time for some of his "devilish practical infringements." Capt. Wheeler was under arrest after Shiloh, and Nelson was constantly complaining about the way his skirmishers acted before Corinth. Nothing was done to suit him, and he was on the line every day fuming and swearing and directing. One day he insisted that the post should be advanced. He didn't want any child's play. The attempt was made, but resulted simply in a listless skirmish fight. A man slipped down a line of fence, and was in consultation a moment with the officers. Then he passed along the line to the right. There was a lull. Then rang out the bugle tones of Capt. W., and the line moved forward.

There was no child's play. There was a terrible racket. Then there was a charge, and from beyond the wood came the sound of the captain's voice, still urging his men forward. Nelson was delighted and outraged. He sent an aid to recall Capt. W. "Tell the d—n fool, sir, he is under arrest. Tell him, by heaven, sir, I'll have him hung if he persists in his contempt for me and my orders." And then as the shout in front told of another advance, the old general ejaculated: "Splendid, splendid, by h—l, sir, I believe that man will go right into Corinth."

The whole line was in a fever of excitement. Nelson was advancing his posts and taking advantage of every circumstance. Nelson, proud of having accomplished so much, was still indignant because Capt. W. had sent him two or three impudent messages. He had three different officers under orders to arrest the captain and return him to camp. Finally the captain came back. Saluting, he said: "General, I have the honor to report that the boys have played—with the rebel line, and that they await your permission to drive the Johnnies into their intrenchments. I took a little swing with the boys and forgot all about the fact that you ordered me to remain in camp. I am now ready to be shot, and you had better shoot me now, because if there is any more advancing to be done, the temptation will be too strong for me to resist." Much to everybody's surprise Nelson thundered out, "Resist? You won't resist it at all. You will delight in it. You will disobey orders every time. And by h—l, sir, so would I. You can return to your company, sir."

An American Debutante in England.

[Croffut's New York Letter.]

On first arriving in England six months ago, Miss Detchon (pronounced De-shon, accent on last syllable) spent some weeks in Stratford, where or whereabouts, in a plain blue flannel dress (or gown, as they always say in England), she ransacked all the haunts of Shakespeare, and shouted her favorite parts through the woods and over the hills—a pretty vision, doubtless, to the rustics of those parts. She went to London, and Mrs. Labouchere and husband became her influential friends, and for some months now she has been chirping in the houses of the nobility. At last Mr. Edgar Bruce, manager of the new London theatre to which the prince of Wales has given his name, decided to accord her a hearing as a candidate to open that fine place of amusement.

"I have just been through a most trying ordeal," she says in her letter. "In my appearance before Mr. Bruce, everything depended on being in good health and voice. Alas! I caught a slight cold, which tightened and tightened, and closed down on my voice, which grew dimmer and dimmer. The vital day came. I was reduced to a whisper and a gasp. I resolved not to run the risk of postponement, but to call up all my resources and depend on pantomime. I did it. Desperately I went ahead. I funned and frolicked recklessly. I sang like a creaking door. I chirruped like a frog. I bobolinked without the bobble. Well, I won. And now I hold a contract with Mr. Bruce, by the terms of which he brings me out properly as a star during the gay London season, on terms highly advantageous and satisfactory to me."

On this very point a New York manager showed me a letter from London yesterday which said: "Little Miss Detchon, who made such a hit in "Wives," has been engaged to open the Prince's, at the same salary that was paid Langtry here."

A Warning to Stage-Struck Girls.

["Mahlstick" in Courier-Journal.]

I want to utter one more warning word here to the crowd of young women, many of them well born and well bred, who, flattered by a most vivid imagination, make a rush at the stage-door and clamor for admission. I have had, as the well-wisher of one of these aspirants, some little experience within the last few days of the disagreeable task of asking favors for another, disagreeable because the result was a foregone conclusion. Here comes to the city a very pretty, amiable girl, supposed to possess enormous talent for the stage. She was induced to come here through promises on the part of a theatrical individual to assist her, which promises were probably found to be of impossible accomplishment. I called yesterday upon the manager of one of the best theatres, an old friend of years standing. I said to him: "I want three minutes' talk. There is a young lady here from Louisville—aspirations, the stage. Have you a little part, even a line or two, to commence?" "Wait a moment," he replied. He opened a drawer and took out a list—a printed proof—announcing the name of the company soon to open the regular season. The number of names was appalling. "You see!" he remarked, "and there are six young women here whom I can not possibly use. As for the list of applicants, all backed by influence, applicants who possess amazing genius, I wouldn't tire you by asking you to read it."

On Eating Soup.

[Croffut in Pioneer Press.]

For instance, "Don't eat soup from the end of a spoon, but from the side." Such a rule cannot be called established. The very shape of a spoon proves that it was meant to be eaten from at the end, and to sip from the side successfully without spilling, especially if the diner has a full mustache, is a difficult feat. At the same time the position of the arm is more graceful, if one sips from the side. It is no sort of consequence which mode is adopted—it is merely a question of taste.

At an Old-Time Bar.

[Baltimore Day.]

"Are any of the old-time, ante-bellum bar-keepers still living?"

"Jimmie McElroy is probably the only one of any prominence. For many years he presided over the bar at Barnum's at a time when the receipts from this source would have alone set the table for the entire hotel. 'Old Jimmie,' as he was familiarly called, was a delightful companion, and the staid, respectable citizen who would receive a drink from no other hand than his missed him sadly when he retired to the shades of private life. In those days Barnum's bar was the resort for all the men about town. It was there that Edward Spencer found the originals of the two characters, the judge and the major, whose efforts to gain a drink at somebody's expense furnished all the merriment in 'Kit, the Arkansas Traveler.' These were a Dr. Mason and Maj. Ellicott. They were both members of old and highly respected Maryland families, who had descended through regular gradations to the very depths of that terrible decay which is best known as shabby genteel. How they lived was a mystery with which the world little concerned itself. Every morning found them snugly esconced in a quiet corner of Jimmie's bar-room. Here they would sit unobserved by the patrons, but in such a position that the faces of the latter were faithfully reflected in the mirrors. Then one would sally forth and approach the bar in an unconcerned sort of fashion. If his presence was unobserved he would rattle the lid of the cracker-box in such a manner as to attract attention to himself. Recognition would usually follow. If invited to drink he would say with a patronizing air: 'Allow me to introduce my friend.' His companion, who had meanwhile silently joined the group, would then be presented. The drink once swallowed they would bow the gentleman politely out and retire to their corner to repeat the strategem again at the first favorable opportunity."

"Ruhamah's" Criticism of Washington Monument.

[Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The most prominent object in the District of Columbia, from every point of view, is the Washington monument, which has gone skyward at a great rate since spring, and stands now as the ugliest thing for the money human hands could design. This exaggerated chimney of white marble, rearing itself solitary on the banks of the Potomac, yesterday attained a height of 406 feet, and when the work ceases for the season at the end of this week the last course of stone will be 410 feet above the ground. Since congress took the unfinished shaft in hand and raised it by annual appropriations to its present height the monument has been steadily becoming an object of greater interest to sight-seers, and groups of them visit it every day in the year.

The great column of marble does not convey any impression to the mind but that of surpassing and unnecessary height. It teaches no lesson, it expresses no symbol, and stands for nothing but so much stone and marble, and careful workmanship virtually thrown into the air. With neither utility or beauty to recommend it, it fails to impress one with any character or expression of its own. The spire of the Strasburg cathedral, to rival which in height seemed the sole object of building this monument to the proposed level, has a certain majesty and impressiveness to it. The airy spire that bears the holy cross and the chime of bells has some rational excuse for being, and the great cathedral walls at its base give a balance and proportion to the soaring tower. If the Washington monument were to be a light house, a shot tower, a bell tower, or even a factory chimney, it would appeal to one and impress one more than it does now by emptiness and uselessness.

"For the Brave Dead."

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

An old story and a good one can be told of Sheahan. He was a fresh lieutenant in command of raw recruits at Fort Ridgely when that post was besieged by the Sioux in 1862. Capt. Marsh, his superior, was slain with a score of men while on the way from the fort to the relief of the Lower agency. Lieut. Sheahan announced the death of Capt. Marsh at parade on the day the news reached the fort. "Now," said he, when the sad fact was duly stated, "let us give three groans for the brave dead!" Victory would have called for cheers. Death, to Mr. Sheahan's Hibernian mind, deserved groans. The whole company under his Bashan-like lead, gave three such howls as would have lifted the hair on the heads of Capt. Marsh and his brave men, had any been left there by their slayers.

A Pig-Headed Sovereign.

[Exchange.]

"A friend of mine, who was lately in St. Petersburg," says Mr. Labouchere, "and who had when there a good opportunity to look behind the scenes, tells me that the emperor is a pig-headed fool, incredibly ignorant, and that, unless he is pushed by his entourage, he is not likely to trouble the peace of the world by any grandiose scheme of foreign conquest. 'Will he,' I asked, 'give his subjects some sort of a constitution?' 'He is too great a fool,' my friend replied. 'He will continue to do one day what he did the previous day.'"

A DILEMMA.

[Boston Globe.]

To write, or not to write, that is the question.
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The reputation of being asked by
A young lady to write in her autograph album,
And having kept the book two years, more or less,
And then not written in it—
Or to take the pen against a host of doubts and fears,
And, by once writing, end them? To start—to write—
To write—perchance to make a blot—Ay there's the rub;
For in that darksome blot what feelings are
Shown forth—nervousness, distrust of self
And many others!—Not as
When one is writing to his girl, for then
If he should make a blot, he draws a line
'Round it, and says
It was intentional and meant to mark
A place where he did kiss. And she
Believes the yarn, and kisses it, and thinks
That she is happy.

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

[Harper's Weekly.]

"Good-by, Jennie; the road is long,
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bogs and marshy moss.
But keep in the foot path, Jennie,
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way.
Sunlight all the way;
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing
And a kiss of mother-love;
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On, on, in the narrow foot-path—
Nothing could tempt her to stray;
So the moor was passed at nightfall,
And she'd sunlight all the way.
Sunlight all the way;
And she smiling said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking as I went,
Over the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they could keep the foot-path,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day.
They'd have sunlight all the way,
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

Far better to keep the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls back on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay!
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way.
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Why Sweet Gladys Wept, Until the Man in the Moon Sobbed From Sympathy.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"God pity me!"

Gladys McNulty, usually so proud and composed and who moved about in the little world of those who knew her with the stately grace of a New York Post editorial, sank on a fauteuil as she uttered these words and sobbed as if her shoestrings would break. In the lindens that lined the entrance to Brierton Villa the robin redbreasts were trilling their merriest lays. And yet, lying there on the fauteuil, whose velvety surface is not more soft than her cheek, Gladys McNulty is sobbing away the hours of this beautiful June morning and ever and anon there comes from between her white lips a low, despairing moan that is pitiful in its sad intensity. But finally the convulsive sobs that are racking her dress waist grow fainter and in a little while she sits up, the pink suffusion of a blush telling all too plainly which side she had been lying on.

And as she sits there gazing listlessly into the middle of next week, her mother, a pleasant-faced woman, enters the room.

"Why are you weeping, Gladys?" she asked.

The girl does not answer, and strive as she may to keep down the sobs that are welling up from her heart, the effort is in vain and again the pretty face is bedewed with tears. But an instant later she has conquered her emotions and looks bravely up at her mother.

"I will tell you, mother," she said, "the cause of my sorrow. I was crying to think that you cannot go to the matinee to-morrow."

"And why may I not go?"

"Because," answers Gladys, in a voice that is hoarse with agony, "I have concluded to take it in myself."

Used to Be One Himself.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"I doan't want a pusson ter pay all de 'tention ter der soul. We mus' humor de body a little as we go 'long. It's all right fur yer to sing an' shout, but I'd rather heah de pot bilin' when I'se hungry den ter heah any song yer ken sing. Music's mighty fine an' a pra'r ain't bad, but I'll be dinged if suthin' ter eat don't hit me mighty nachul at times."

"Anderson, I'se afeered dat yersel'f ain't a holy man."

"I kain't hep it. De Lawd gim me a longin' fur meat an' bread jes' de same as He gin me a soul, an' ef He'll only take kere ob de soul I'll promise not ter let de longin' airter flesh suffer much."

"Yer ought ter be ashamed ob yerse'f."

"I kain't hep it, I kain't hep it, but I'se got a longin' ter chaw suthin'. Quit er puttin' meat in the preacher's mouf when he opens it and see how quick he'll turn loose de gospul."

"Yer oughtn'ter talk dat way."

"He'd drap it like er hot pertater, I tell yer. Oh, yas, da likes ter sing, and some ob 'em ken put up a powerful pra'r, but when da set down ter de table, look out. Eat, why dat black slick nigger what comes home wid yer some times, ken eat more biled co'n den a steer. It's a k'lamity ebery time dat nigger opens his mouf, an' greens, he eats greens like a cow eatin' hay. Oh, I uster be a preacher myse'f. I preached till da quit feedin' me an' den I stopped."

They Sold Him a Hole.

[Wall Street News.]

He was telling the story in the billiard room of a Denver hotel. Said he:

"There were three of us, you see, and Nevada was a cold climate for us. We were dead-broke, half-starved, and clear discouraged, when along came a New Yorker. He wouldn't play cards, wouldn't be robbed, and we couldn't stick him with forged land patents or bogus pre-emptions. One day we trailed out and dug a hole into a hill and salted it a bit, and rushed back and offered the New Yorker the big discovery for $3,000 cash down."

"And he bit?"

"Took right hold like a pair of pincers. Why, he never even stopped to beat us down. We got a cool thousand apiece and made for 'Frisco."

"Purty cool that was."

"Well, I dunno. If there was anything cool in that transaction it was the way that New Yorker hunted up a pard, set miners to work, bought machinery, and took over $750,000 out of that 'ar hole inside of eight months! Maybe we've got over feeling flat, but I guess not."

A Fortune in One Recipe.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A poor soldier went into the store of a hair-dresser in London for money to get back to the army. He had already stayed beyond his furlough, and he must have quick transit. The hair-dresser felt sorry for him and gave him the money. "Now," said the poor soldier, "I have got nothing to give you in return for your kindness except this little slip of paper, which has on it a recipe for making blacking." The soldier gave it, not supposing it to be of great value. The man received it, not supposing it to be of any great value. But it has yielded the man who took it $2,500,000, and was the foundation of one of the greatest manufacturing establishments of England.