AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

Settin' in the gran' stand
At the county fair,
Seemed as if the whole world
An' all their kin was there.

Way up on the top seat
Me an' Jennie set—
Wisht I had the candy
An' peanuts that we et!

Jennie's right good-lookin';
But she likes to boss;
Dared me to bet money
On Jake Douglas' hoss.

Like a fool I done it;
Went down to the track.
How d'ye think I found her
'S I was climbin' back?

There I met her half way,
With another beau,
Stuck-up, slick-haired softy,
That Will Jones, ye know.

Let on not to see me;
Went right on a-past,
S'pose she thought I'd ast her
Where she's goin' so fast.

Warn't no use to foller,
So I let 'em go,
Funny how things sometimes
All go wrong jes' so.

Lost a pile on Jake's hoss;
Couldn't ring a cane.
Fellow swiped my goldine watch,
Then it poured down rain.

Tell ye 'tain't all sunshine
An' all "pleasures rare"
Settin' in the gran' stand
At the county fair.

—Chicago Record.

THE OLD APPLE TREE

I WAS disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day on the river. I had not met him for years, not since our Balliol days, until I saw him again after seven years at the varsity sports in the early spring. Then eight or nine of us, all old Balliol men, dined together, and we had a refreshing talk over all that had occurred while I was away in Canada. Six years of it I had there, and when I returned was surprised to find so much alteration in everything and everybody. But dear old Fry was the same as ever, stanch and genuine and generous. When I met him in Lombard street, a fortnight before, it was he who had suggested and settled the details of our trip on the river. It was to be on June 15, and we were to have had a long, healthy, exhilarating day, with plenty of hard exercise and a long chat about old times—old chums that we were.

The day came and I was in river-rig at the boathouse agreed upon half an hour earlier than we had mutually fixed. But Fry did not come. The half hour went, and another, and another. I know of nothing more irritating than to have to hang about for another fellow to turn up when one is alone like that. At last, I got a note by his servant. If he had sent a wire, I should have had his message sooner, but old-fashioned courtesies still characterize Fry, and he sent his groom eleven miles with a long note of explanation and apology.

His excuse for not coming seemed to me a flimsy one. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trustees, and afterward he had to see his sister on business of consequence relating to a trust. However, whether it was an excuse or whether it was a reason, he was not coming with me for our projected river trip—that was clear; and now that I knew he was not to join me, I was content. It was annoying, and, as I really loved dear old Fry, it was a disappointment. But I trust I am too philosophic to feel anything deeply that cannot be helped. I countermanded the pair skiff and had out a single canoe.

In five minutes I was "on the bosom of old Father Thames." The hackneyed words, as I thought of them, were in themselves a comfort and as I paddled on I thought how a gay heart wants no friend. Solitude has charms deeper than society can afford. Out of my memory teemed troops of friends, and they were with me as I willed. They came at my call and vanished as I wished when thought of another suggested. Even Fry himself, with his hearty laugh, his loyal, brotherly spirit, communed with me, and was dispelled again as a more recent chum who had tracked many a bear with me in Canada haunted my memory.

I was now in a lovely backwater more beautiful than the Thames itself. The bankside flowers were more abundant and nearer to me—indeed, they hedged me about. The pale blue eyes of innumerable forget-me-nots smiled upon me, the yellow toad-flax grew out of the clay banks, wild roses and brambles bloomed amidst their thorns, the leaves of the osiers whispered everywhere, and weeping willows hung their arching boughs right across the narrow creek which it now pleased me to explore.

The water was clearer, too—wonderfully clear it was. Paddling slowly along between the lawns, I looked into the depths of the water, with all its wealth and wonder of plant growth, the waving forest of submarine weed, where I could see shoals of minnows. Now and then a school of perch, startled by my paddle, darted into the shadow of the weed, and a huge jack, sulking in a deep green pool, made me long for a rod and line.

Whilst thus engrossed, bending my head over the side of the canoe, in which I continued to drift slowly along, I failed to notice how narrow the creek had become, until suddenly I found myself close to a lady lying on a lawn—so close that I was almost touching her. She was quite at the edge of the grass, which sloped to the river. Half a dozen cushions were about her—her book lay open, its leaves kissed, as befitted the pages of a poem, by the zephyrs. I had never seen so glorious a picture, nor one that burst upon my vision so suddenly. She was in something white and dainty, her hat was hung on a branch, and the old, gnarled tree under whose shade she reclined was covered with apples. Her hair was tangled and golden and her eyes full of light and laughter.

For a while I sat staring at her in bewilderment. Then I stammered, "Where am I?"

Her answer was perfectly calm, but it was not chill; no, her voice was so soft that the simplest words she uttered were a melody.

"You are in my father's garden," she said.

"And I—I——?"

"You are a trespasser."

But she smiled as she said it, a smile that showed two rows of pearl, sparkling in the sunlight that dappled her face.

"And you?" I said. I know not what I said, but soon I asked her name, and she told me it was Eve.

"And this is Paradise," I answered, looking through the leaves of the old apple tree at all the beauties of the garden.

Then we talked. Of what? Of everything. Of solitude, of friendship, of books; I fear, of Canada—and of love.

Then she bade me go, and I could not. Nor would I if I could; and when at length I obeyed her and was about to go, she bade me stay.

So I stayed, and soon had moored my canoe and stood upon her lawn. I cannot tell how I of all men—modest almost to bashfulness—could have done so, but I did.

Of the flowers that grew wild there by the water's edge I made her a crown, and this I put upon her tangled golden hair. She was my queen there and thenceforth forever; and so I told her, the poet aiding me.

Two roses that I had not seen before bloomed on her face, and she ran away, light-footed and lithe of limb, over the lawn into her father's house.

But I could not leave; I could not. I looked for her, but she did not come. Once, I saw the curtains of a window drawn aside and her face peering out upon me, but she would not come again.

Well, I stayed—that was all. How I had the impudence to do so I cannot tell—but I could not go.

She was a long while indoors. I heard her at the piano. I knew it was her touch, though I had never heard her before, but I was confident it was she. Besides, now and then the piano stopped suddenly, and I saw by the movement of the window curtains that she was peeping to see whether I had gone.

At last I grew ashamed of my intrusion, and, stooping from under the fruit-covered branches of the old apple tree, I went to my canoe, unfastened its moorings, and was about to withdraw.

But, as luck would have it, just as I was about to get into the canoe, she came out to me across the lawn. Her gesture to me was that I must go. I said what I felt, regardless of all order, of all propriety. "Eve," I said passionately, "you do not know me, nor who I am, nor I you; but I know this, that I love you. Yes, I love you, and shall love you for ever. Your heart is my Eden. Do not shut the gates of this, my earthly Paradise. I must, must see you again, and I will. Say that I may."

She looked down and blushed.

"May I?" I faltered.

She did not reply. But her silence was a better answer than words.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

She looked so pretty when she said it that I was about to dare yet more. I had the temerity to formulate the idea that I would take her in my arms and steal from her lips a kiss when I heard a shout.

"Hullo, old chap. Is that you?"

I looked up.

"What, Fry?" I cried. "Is it Fry? It is, by all that's wonderful!"

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear chap, that I couldn't join you on the river today. Abominably uncivil you must have thought me. But I didn't know you knew my sister."

He looked at her and he looked at me. I think we were both blushing. Whether it be unmannerly or not, I confess I was. Aye, I was red to the roots of my hair.

"But you do know each other, don't you?" he said, for we both looked so awkward that he seemed to think that he had made some faux pas.

"Oh, yes!" I said, "we know each other," and I stole a look at Eve. The glance she gave me was a grateful one.

"And we shall know each other better," I whispered to her later. "Now that I have discovered you to be your brother's sister, you bear an added charm in my eyes."

Three months afterward there was a river wedding, and, as we were rowed away from church in a galley manned by four strong oarsmen, and I handed her out of the canopied boat on to her father's lawn, the wedding bells rang out merrily, for Eve and I were man and wife, and I gave her a husband's kiss under the old apple tree.

Woman as a Hater.

Men are good at revenge—they have so many ways of prompt action—but, while she must wait long perhaps, a woman is the best hater if once wronged, and if before death her day comes she strikes.

As long as a man is of a forgiving disposition a woman doesn't care whether he pays his debts or not.

A pretty and wealthy young widow is never a miss.

PLAN A RUSKIN HALL.

ST. LOUIS TO HAVE ODD COLLEGE FOR WORKINGMEN.

Will Be Modeled After the Oxford, England, Institution—Place Where American Workingmen May Get Courses of Study at Home.

Two enthusiastic young Americans came over here, says a London correspondent, and put their time and money into the establishment of a novel institution that made a good many conservative Englishmen smile. The English workingmen, however, didn't smile at all, but concluded that the American idea was a good thing, and helped it along. It grew and grew until there was no doubt about its being a big success, and now, oddly enough, English workingmen are raising $20,000 in shillings and pennies to propagate in the United States the idea that originally came from there, and incidentally some of the English workingmen are kicking hard because their brethren are doing this thing.

The idea was to establish a workingmen's college, to which a man might go or from which he might get courses of study at home. That sounded rather dreamy, like some of the economic ideas of John Ruskin, in whose name the work was taken up. But it developed presently that it was not the intention to make struggling clerks and professional men out of well-paid laborers; also, that it was not the intention to give a foolish little smattering of culture, but merely to give workingmen of whatever age or condition such instruction in history, political economy, the principles of politics and the principles of labor movements, co-operation and similar things that would be of practical help to them in looking after their own interests.

The result was the establishment of Ruskin Hall at Oxford. A good deal was said about it at the time, but it was rather generally looked upon as a fad, and then forgotten except by those who had some personal interest in it. But the applications for residence in the hall at Oxford have from the first exceeded the limited accommodations, and two more halls have lately been established in Birmingham, another at Manchester and another at Birkenhead, and others are to be started soon. Furthermore, the number of students in the correspondence courses is already over 1,500, and is increasing rapidly.

To Begin in St. Louis.

Various English labor leaders fell in with the idea, and the suggestion seems to have come from some of them that it should be carried back to the United States. In consequence, the general secretary of Ruskin Hall, H. B. Lees Smith, and two trained assistants, will go to St. Louis to establish a Ruskin Hall there, of which Mr. Smith will be principal. They expect to branch out from there until in time every big city in the United States has a branch of this unique college. Two prominent English labor leaders—C. W. Bowerman, Secretary of the London Society of Compositors, and James Sexton, Secretary of the National Dock Laborers' Union—have gone to the United States to talk with the labor leaders there and prepare the way for their co-operation. The $20,000 required to start the college in America has already been guaranteed, and a good deal of it has been raised mostly from members of the correspondence class. It has been said that the British trades unions as a body have been backing the undertaking, but this is not the case.

The reason for making a beginning in St. Louis doubtless is that Walter Vrooman, who was the founder of the college and supplied the first of the money to start it, was a St. Louis man, and was at one time active in politics and business there. He and his wife, a Baltimorean, who is interested as much in the new movement as her husband, now live in Oxford, and give practically all their time to Ruskin Hall, of whose council Mr. Vrooman is President.

It is the intention to open a hall in St. Louis as much as possible like that in Oxford, and to begin at once a correspondence school. As soon as the number of corresponding students in any other city seems to warrant it a hall will be established there also, and so on until, for all that the originators can see to the contrary, every American workingman from Maine to California will have an opportunity to become an undergraduate.

And what are these halls to be like, and how is this monumental scheme to be managed? The best answer can be had through some account of the peculiar features of the Ruskin Hall at Oxford. It is housed in an unpretentious, four-story structure that was at one time the residence of the fifth Duke of Marlborough, and was afterward often visited by John Ruskin while a friend of his lived there. It is just beyond beautiful old St. John's College.

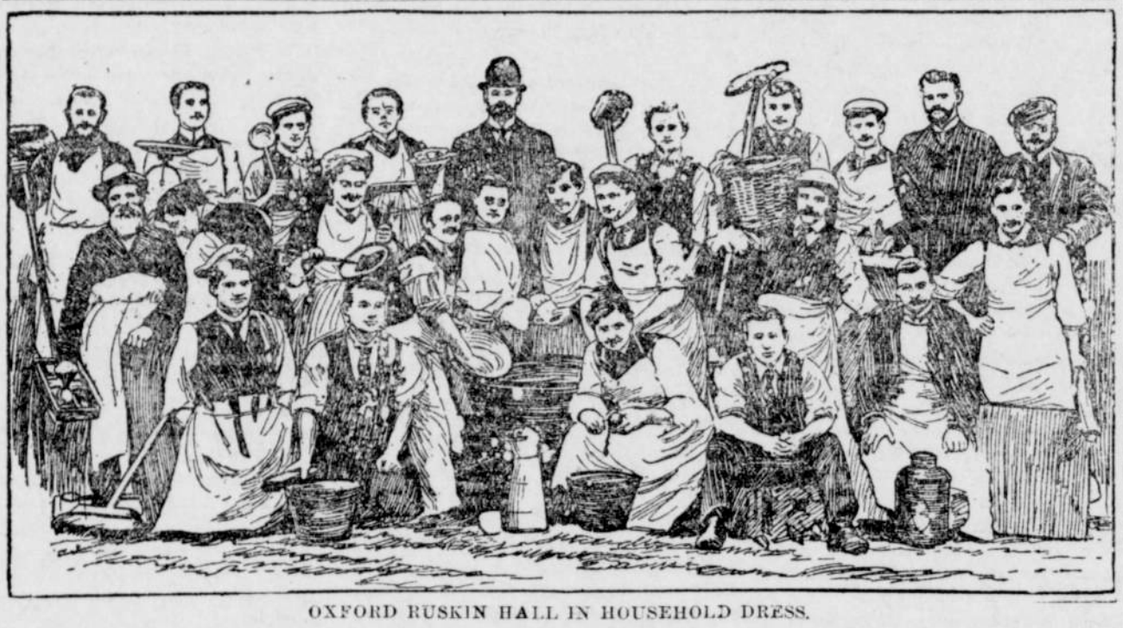
To any one who visits it after reveling in all the luxury of the ancient seats of learning scattered all around it, it looks bare indeed. Pine tables predominate, and not many of the accompanying chairs have backs. Workrooms and bedrooms are furnished in the utmost simplicity. They have to be, for the total cost of residence, including board and lodging, is $2.50 a week, and the tuition and tutors' fees are 60 cents a week more.

Perhaps the queerest feature of the whole thing, and a feature that is to be preserved in the United States, is that every student in the hall is expected to work two hours a day at cooking, housecleaning, etc., as no servants are kept, and there are no women about the place. That is how the cost of residence is kept down to such a low figure.

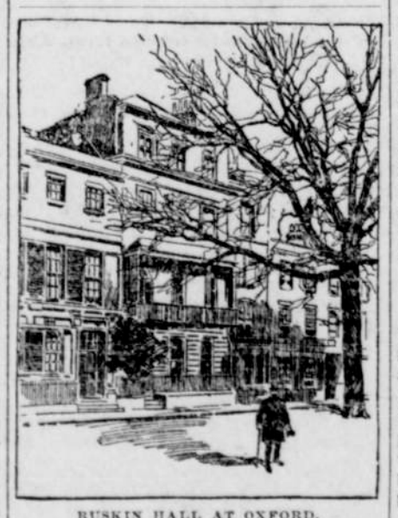
Although housework is not a part of the curriculum, the men soon become experts at it, and there is a growing suspicion at Ruskin Hall that a man can scrub a floor more effectively and more economically than a woman. I had rather counted on finding a man with a mop in one hand and a textbook on political economy in the other, but was disappointed, for the prevailing maxim is, "One thing at a time." Although many of the students are married and occasionally bring their wives to Oxford with them, the women have to live elsewhere.

What They Study.

If, as really seems possible, this experiment is going to have a marked effect on the British and American workingman, it becomes interesting to see what it is that they are being taught. The list of fourteen courses is made up of these branches: Sociology, in which special attention is given to the development of modern society and present social conditions; English constitution and political history, in which stress is laid on the origin and development of English government; English industrial history, covering land laws and the efforts of the workers to better their conditions; the industrial revolution, devoted to a consideration of the mechanical inventions and new industrial organizations, which changed England into a vast workshop.



OXFORD RUSKIN HALL IN HOUSEHOLD DRESS.



RUSKIN HALL AT OXFORD.

The co-operative movement and the relation of co-operation to modern social and industrial problems. Trade Unionism. A short introduction into political economy. Principles of Politics, intended to give to the student an insight into the workings of modern political machinery and an understanding of the Constitution and self-government. The Labor Movement. Psychology especially as applied to habit, attention, reasoning, memory, emotion and instinct. Philosophy, based on the needs of an organic society rather than on the speculations of pedants. English Literature, especially with reference to essay writing. John Ruskin as the prophet of a new social order. Course for training and lecturing. There also are classes in English, French, German, mathematics and logic, as required.

The first Englishman to enlist in the new movement was the present general secretary, H. B. Lees Smith, who was at that time an Oxford undergraduate, but has since taken his degree, and will soon cut a figure in the United States as head of the movement there. He is a trim, energetic, smooth-faced young man, who talks like an American, although he never has been in the United States.

ELOPEMENT A FAMILY TRAIT.

Descendants of Col. George Manning Have Followed His Example.

It is the latest dictum of science that acquired traits are not inherited. In the case of the Manning family, the disposition of the first member of whom there is any record must have been transmitted and the disposition has led to eight, if not nine, elopements.

George Manning was hired by Gen Wheeler, of Steuben County, New York, many years ago to cut timber. He fell in love with Wheeler's daughter and she loved him, but her aristocratic father would not have it. They eloped and were married, going into Warren County, Pennsylvania, then a wilderness. Here Manning became very rich and was a colonel in the war of 1812. One of his daughters loved and was loved by one of his workmen named Sawyer. Manning would not consent, so they eloped. Three years later another daughter eloped and was married to a young doctor, Sullivan, who became rich and famous. Dr. Sullivan's daughter eloped with and was married to a young man who was objectionable to her father. Another daughter fell in love with a young man and this time, to prevent an elopement, the father gave his consent. Then the girl eloped with another lover.

Col. Manning, the first eloper, had a son, also named Jason. The young man fell in love with the daughter of one of his father's teamsters, which made Col. Manning furious. Jason eloped with and married the girl. To Jason were born a son and a daughter. The son loved a young woman and when his father opposed him he eloped with and married her. Jason's daughter loved a young lawyer, George McCormick, but her father would not allow her to receive him. So she eloped with him and they were married. Now Jason's son, who eloped, has a daughter, who recently eloped with George Burns, her mother's cousin. The person who gives all this information says another elopement is imminent.—Washington Post.

Glories in His Crimes.

The craving for literary laurels does not seem to be confined to any class or condition in life, judging from the following communication recently received by a prominent publishing firm: "Gentlemen: Dear Sir—I wish to put my life Before the puBlic if I can Get Anuf Out of it to give me a start in the world. I led a Crimmel life 21 years Arested 29 times shot at 27 times Realeased on 9-haBis Corpas Warents. Broke 13 jales Convicted 7 times Broke 1 pen and taken 27 convicts with me. Waylaid and shot my fathern law twice married separated and divossed. If I can get a start in the World Bye putting my life Before the puBlict I will doo so."

Bronze Tablets in a Marsh.

Constantino Maes, the eminent Italian archaeologist, has submitted to his government a memorial in which he affirms that 3,000 bronze tables, constituting the records of ancient Rome, from its foundation to the time of Vespasian, are buried in the marsh at Ostia, near Rome. He says that the tables were carried to Ostia after having been rescued from the fire which destroyed the capital in the year 69 A. D. Signor Maes wants the Italian government to drain the marsh in order to recover these invaluable records, and a commission will be appointed to investigate the matter.

Coast Trade Moving Southward.

Quebec was originally the natural port of the Atlantic. It dropped down to Salem, to Boston, now to New York, and already New York business men are complaining of Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola, New Orleans and Galveston. Trade is finding its level, as the waters of the country debouch to the south. From wide areas east and west, and starting almost from the British-American line, the mighty Mississippi gathers trade as she flows to the Gulf.

People who can see a woman in the moon ought to put their imaginations to some practical use. They own undeveloped gold mines.

The very latest thing in door locks is the night key.

Some people are so disagreeable they feel ashamed when they laugh.

COMBINATION STREET CAR.

One Which May Be Used Either in Summer or Winter.

The immense cost to street car companies of providing separate cars for summer and winter use has led Franz Burger and Henry M. Williams, of Fort Wayne, Ind., to design the car shown below. The car is egg shape, and the ribs at the sides and ends are slotted on either side, to provide runways for the curved sections of wood or metal which close the car. The roof of the car is of double thickness, with pockets in line with the ribs, forming extensions of the curved sides. In the center of the roof are arranged a series of pulleys, with cables attached to the upper edges of the sliding sections, the opposite ends of the ropes being wound on a shaft, thus enabling the conductor to open and close the car by turning a crank on the shaft. When the cables are unwound the sides will slide downward of their own accord until connection is made with the floor, the curvature of the sides allowing the passengers to sit close to the ends of the seats without interfering with the work of altering the car.

SUMMER AND WINTER STREET CARS.

PATRIARCHAL LIFE IN BRAZIL.

German Colony in Which Conditions Are Primitive and Elysian.

Letters recently written from the Blumenau district in Southern Brazil, where there are about 50,000 German settlers, describe life there as absolutely patriarchal. There is practically no crime in the community. Everybody is working hard to develop the natural wealth of the country and the immigrants are both well to do and virtuous. Thus far they have got along very well without gas, electricity or telephones. They receive the news of the world only in foreign papers, they are rarely visited by outsiders and have absolute faith in one another.

There is only one prison in the district, and, though its jailer receives a fair salary, his position is a sinecure. In the past five years there has been only one inmate of the prison. There are several hotels, but in most of them there are no locks on the doors and no one dreams of locking his door when this appliance is provided. When hungry folk enter the restaurants they find a liberal supply and variety of eatables spread out on the counters. Each helps himself to what he desires and at the end of his meal deposits the money he owes at the cashier's desk. The Germans seem to have created another Arcadia in the southern part of Brazil.—New York Sun.

NOVEL-WRITING PAID BEST.

How Grant Allen Accidentally Stumbled Into the Literary World.

It is an actual fact that the late Grant Allen, whose distinguished career as a writer is well known, became a novelist by mere accident—indeed, without knowing it. While pursuing his scientific studies he wrote an article for a magazine upon the impossibility of seeing a ghost. The article was written by way of recreation more than for any other purpose, and for convenience sake and to make the moral clearer he threw the argument into the narrative form, but without the slightest idea that he was writing a story. It was published under the title: "Our Scientific Observations on a Ghost."

Immediately the editor wrote for another "story" of a like character. Being a journalist, Mr. Allen accepted an order for anything and sent back a blood-curdling tale about a mummy. Not caring to let the world know that he was trifling with fiction, he veiled the author's identity under the pen name, "J. Arbuthnot Wilson." But presently Mr. Wilson had so many orders for tales that he monopolized Mr. Allen's desk and his income exceeded that of the scientist, and so Mr. Wilson beame Grant Allen and known to all the novel-reading world.

Developed by Cultivation.

All garden vegetables are merely types improved by long cultivation of wild species. The wild cabbage is common enough in places by the sea, but is of no use for food in its wild state. Indeed, it will take a botanist to tell that it was a cabbage at all. Scotland owes the cabbage to Cromwell's soldiers. The cauliflower is but a cultivated improvement on the cabbage. It was brought to perfection in Cyprus and was very little known until about a century ago. The parsnip is another native of this country. You may find it along almost any hedgerow, but it is small and intensely bitter in its wild taste.

Little Nellie Knew Better.

Little Nellie was learning to read, and part of her lesson ran thus: "The cat has a rat." 'Huh!" she exclaimed; "the man who wrote this book didn't know much. Cats don't have rats; they have kittens."

When a new widow wants to do something that is opposed to the rules and traditions, she says that it was "her late husband's request."

A widow loves her husband as tenderly and charitably as a girl loves her steady.