



Sole songster of the city street,
Standing where clashing currents meet,
With lungs of brass and throat of mail,
Our truly urban nightingale;

How wags our world to-day?
How runs your roundelay?
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Battle and slaughter and death,
Kings that are short of breath,
Scandal and fire and flood,
Ruin and wreck and blood!
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Piercing the city's sullen din
With vocal volleys, sharp and thin.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)



Before the milkman wakes the sun
Your morning carol has begun,
All day you're racing with the clock,
To thrill us with an hourly shock!

'Till even in our dreams
We seem to hear your screams.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Bacon and coffee and crime,
Ready at breakfast time,
'Many lives lost' at lunch,
Served as we madly munch.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
And when we dine at eventide,
'Double murder and suicide!'
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)



Our ears are shattered by your cries,
We see red spots before our eyes!
At night we dream of fearful things,
With slimy tails and fiery wings!

They perch upon our chests,
Cold-fingered, clammy guests.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
We wake and start in sudden fear,
Catastrophic voices still we hear,
Shrieking the tale of frenzied rage,
That bleeds across the gory page.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Till haggard-eyed, with nerves that
shake,

We start for Bedlam or the lake.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)



Is there no deed of nobler worth,
No sweeter music left on earth?
Are there no sunbeams, birds, or flowers?
No quiet days, no happy hours?
That you must tune your song
To ruin, shame and wrong?
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Is there no hero left to sing
Whose story has a truer ring?
Must the whole world be searched in vain
To find a braver, clearer strain?
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Is this the climax of the years,
Of human interests, hopes and fears?
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
—Chicago Tribune.



EVERYTHING IS MAGNIFIED.

Artist La Farge's Impressions of Hawaii's Lake of Fire.

There is now only vapor; sulphurous fumes that float up and obscure the distance and go up into the skies. But as the twilight begins fires come out and the space is edged with fire that sometimes colors the clouds of vapor. At one side a small cone stands up that burns with an eye of red fire. From time to time this opening splits out to one side a little vicious blotch of fire. The clouds of vapor rise so as to blur the distance, but near by the rocks are clear enough, and either black, or farther off where they are cliffs, are greenish-yellow with sulphur. Sizes become uncertain. I could swear that this lake was a thousand feet long; but Awoki and the guide walking along reduce the lake to real proportions, writes John La Farge in Scribner's. Then it is only a small lake of some 150 or 200 feet, perhaps. But the impression still remains—all is so thrown out of reference. The hole is so uncanny; the sky above, purple in the yellow of the afterglow and partly covered with the yellowish tone of the hellish vapor, looks high up above us. I sit (and sketch) on the absurd rocks, and then we wait for something to happen. It has become night; we determine to give up hope of the breaking up of the lake and we start. We have lanterns, but gradually these go out, and we have only one that has to be cherished and we scramble along. By and by we halt, and looking back see greater lights, and the guide says that the lake has broken out. Still we are disinclined to return on the chance, for the vapors exaggerate everything, and after much scrambling we get back to the edge of the crater after a seven hours'

tramp. As we go up the ascent the fire seems larger, and our host and the guides say that there is some breaking out. Still we are in doubt; we are disappointed and tired. And still I should not go back unless the most extraordinary conflagration occurred. Besides the undefined terror and spookiness of the thing, there is great boredom. There is nothing to take hold of, as it were—no center of fire and terror—only inconvenience and a faint fear of one thing—but what?

How Canyons Were Formed.

The secret of the great denudation and of this wonderful achievement of the Colorado in carving out of rock a series of canyons about 500 miles long and, in one place at least, more than a mile deep, with a multitude of tributary chasms and gorges, is very simple when you know it. The old lake bed slowly rose. At first the Colorado River and its tributaries, or some nameless monstrous ancestors of these, sweeping over the slowly rising surfaces, planed them down in most relentless fashion, and then began wearing out broad shallow stream beds. But then the country rose more rapidly, and the water had to cut deeper channels in the rocks in order to get out and away to sea. Owing in part to the wear of the water itself, but more to the ceaseless bombardment of the suspended sand which it bore from the up country, or picked up as it went along, and to the thump of pebbles and boulders which it swept on in flood time, the river kept cutting down as the strata rose, until finally, when what was left of our inland sea bottom got thrust up so that, towering far above its erstwhile rocky shores, it had to be called a plateau, the Colorado and its auxiliaries found themselves at the bottom of a series of colossal canyons and gorges, where they are to-day.—Harper's Magazine.

Spends His Life in Prison.

Count Rocco Dianovitch has made the getting into prison the chief business of his life for thirty-four of the forty-seven years he has lived, for a book he is anxious to write on the subject. At 13 he left his home and went into Prussia, where he was arrested for trespassing and sent to prison for three months, working at chair-making. From that time to this he has never been free from the desire to continue his prison explorations.

From 13 till he was 20 he was in and out of more than twenty prisons in Belgium, Prussia, Poland and Russia. His first experience of jail life in England was in Liverpool, which was one of the worst he was ever in, filled with drunken sailors from all over the world. He stayed there six days, when he paid his fine and got out, the first time he failed to serve his sentence. Then he went to Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, Greece and Turkey, then to Egypt, where the jails are the worst in the world except Australia; next to India and Japan, and then to America, where he remained for more than a year, spending most of his time in jails and penitentiaries. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Fact and Fiction.

Mr. Jenkins, on returning home in the evening, was pleased to find that the heavy snow which had fallen during the day had been carefully shoveled from the front walk.

"Who did it, Lucy?" he asked.

"I was about to tell you," replied his wife. "I never put in such a day in my life. I've been besieged by a whole army of men, all wanting to clean that walk. They drove me absolutely crazy. The snow was falling like great guns all the time, too. As soon as it quit, though, I gave the job to a poor man who was a perfect living skeleton. There wasn't a thing of him but skin and bone."

"Lucy," interrupted Mr. Jenkins, with a groan, "you're reading these popular historical novels again!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you've contracted the historical novel disease. I can't tell where your fact leaves off and your fiction begins."

An Artificial Man.

A doctor has calculated how much it would cost to make an artificial man. He estimates that a pair of arms cost \$90, or, with the hands articulated, cost about \$175; a pair of legs, also articulated, cost about \$140; a false nose in metal from \$80 to \$100. For \$130 he believes that he could get a pair of ears just like nature's handiwork, fitted with artificial ear drums and resonators. A complete set of teeth, with palate in platinum, costs from \$40 to \$90, and for a good pair of artificial eyes about \$30 would have to be paid. Thus the actual cost of restoring a battered veteran who has lost most of his separable parts would be about \$600.

Why Pounds Are Sterling.

Business men are always talking about so many pounds sterling; yet probably not 1 per cent of them are aware of the origin of the term. It dates back to the time of Richard Coeur de Lion, when money coined in the east part of Germany came into special request in this country on account of its purity, and was called Easterling money, because in those days all the inhabitants of those parts were called Easterlings. In the course of time some of these Germans were brought to London, and the pieces they minted soon became known as sterling, from the word Easterling.—London Express.

Diet-testing.

"How did you come out at the card party?" asked Miss Frocks of Miss Kittish.

"Blanche and I cut for the first prize, and she won it."

"That was the unkindest cut of all."

TRANSPORTING MUNITIONS OF WAR ON CHINA'S FRONTIER.



TYROL IS TOURIST'S MECCA.

Eld Crags and Sculptured Rocks Form Kodak Friends' Paradise.

The Rocky Mountain range in Southern Tyrol is the Mecca of kodak fiends among the tourists of Europe. Daily, in all sorts of weather, one may see parties of foreign visitors with their photographic instruments making their way in the narrow valley between the Laurensburg and the Rosengarten, which like two insurmountable, gigantic, rugged walls rise heavenward on either side for miles, threatening to bury the daring intruder alive.

Enormous figures hundreds of feet in length are heaved by nature on the sharp edge of these rocky walls. Some of these are old and historic, but new ones are constantly discovered by the amateur photographers, surprisingly true types of the great world of beings of present and bygone days. Around

The tourist who has succeeded in ascending to the topmost positions here finds a solemn, almost oppressive, stillness and an excellent view of the surrounding phenomena.

From this spot a fine view is afforded of the Latemar, which is crowned by a striking group representing a woman holding her child on her lap and a long-bearded sage in meditative attitude. Besides these figures is that of a tall maiden, with face turned devoutly heavenward. These are called "Die Gespenstige Familie" (the spook family) and "Das Selige Fraulein" (the blessed maiden) by the inhabitants. On the opposite side may be seen the group of the Rosengarten, already mentioned, of the Capucine monk and the penitent girl. To get a snapshot at these figures one must be an expert climber, for here the rock is almost perpendicular and it is difficult to secure a foothold.



STRIKING GROUP CROWNING THE FAMOUS LATEMAR PEAK.

these types were woven the saga of the ancient Teutons. Mothers whisper even to-day to the children on their knees the story of the dwarf King Laurin, who fought with the giants Dietrich and Wettich for the possession of the beautiful Similda, the sister of Dietrich Von Scler.

No wonder that the native children regard these ominous rocks with fear and trembling and hardly dare to look up to them. The less superstitious American and British travelers do not hesitate to deprecate this region with their modern contrivances and reproduce these manifold mythic statues which for centuries have awed the past generations.

Luxurious hotels are now rising where once stood the enchanted palaces and gardens of German mythology. Small cabins have been erected for the accommodation of the mountain climber, where story writers located the realm of the dwarf kings.

Two of the most bizarre figures of the Rosengarten are the Riesendingers (giant fingers) and the "cleft man." The former is an immense monolith rising from the rocky wall as straight as a candle, resembling the fingers of a Titan, the latter like a mighty pyramid through which the elements have bored a large aperture. These are among the most lofty figures of the dolomites.

Hundreds of other specimens of freaks and whims of nature are met with here. There is the figure of the Indian on the Rosengarten in strikingly faithful Oriental dress, of the good shepherd on the Laurensburg, and of Satan, the ruler of Hades, in infernal regal dress.

Though many linger in the valley between these awe-inspiring figures in daytime, none, even of the enlightened tourists who claim not to be in the least superstitious, venture in these parts after nightfall.

SECRET LANGUAGE.

The Jargon that Children Make Up to Convey Their Momentous Secrets.

Oscar Chrisman has a novel article in the Century on "The Secret Language of Childhood." In the course of which he gives many whimsical examples. Mr. Chrisman says:

The secret-language period is a thing of child nature. There are three distinct periods in language-learning by the child. The first is the acquiring of the mother-tongue. The second period comes shortly after the time of beginning to learn the mother-tongue, and is a language made up by children who, perhaps, find themselves unable to master the mother-tongue. Very few children have a complete language

of this kind, but all children have a few words of such. Then comes the secret-language period. Although in a very few cases the learning of secret languages began about the sixth year, and in some instances the period ran till after the eighteenth year, yet the vast majority of cases are covered by the period between the eighth and the fifteenth year, while the greatest use is between the tenth and the thirteenth year.

There are many reasons why children learn and use these languages. One lady confesses that she originated a language and introduced it into a mysterious set of ten, in order to write notes in school; and she truly adds that had their teachers discovered the key, they would have learned many truths.

It can never be known whether these languages originated in the very first cases with children. The names would in many instances imply that children had to do with them, as they show things familiar to the child and loved by him. So in the secret languages, we find animals playing an important part in the naming. The hog, dog, goose, pigeon, pig, fly, cat, and other animals are attached to these languages. The child in the old-fashioned school, where all sat together, hearing the (to him) senseless and unknown Latin, would naturally attach the name to his language, and thus give birth to Hog Latin, Goose Latin, etc. Seeing or hearing a language, one letter may strike the child's fancy, as in one the letter h is "hash," and so Hash language is the result. In another "bub" (b) finds the funny spot in child nature, and so Bub talk comes forth. The child in former days, so frequently hearing of the a-b-c's, would, upon the construction of an alphabet language, at once recur to such, and so name this the "A-Bub-Cin-Dud" language.

Novel Start in Life.

Of all the curious starts in life of which self-made men are apt to boast the most extraordinary one is that which furnished the basis for a business from which a stationer in this city derives a comfortable income. He does not tell the story himself, but it comes from an old acquaintance, whose veracity is beyond question. The successful business man of to-day was once a collector for a mercantile house, and made as high as thirty or forty calls per day on delinquent customers.

He always borrowed a lead pencil from each one, and never returned it unless asked to do so. Of course, no suspicion attached to him, for forgetfulness in regard to lead pencils is recognized as a human failing. One of every three he secured was long enough to pass muster as a new pencil, and after he collected 1,000 in this way he secured a contract for furnishing lead pencils to a country school. One of the advantages of his bid was that he offered to supply pencils already sharpened. He now maintains a commodious stationery store, and his contract department flourishes.—Philadelphia Record.

A woman who once kept boarders is a very valuable member of society, owing to her ability to estimate how many chickens it will require to make sandwiches for a given number of hungry women.

Some women think that they show themselves True Friends to those in trouble by sitting beside them and holding their hands.

EGYPT IS ENGLAND'S CHANCE.

Irrigation System Will Develop Great Cotton-Growing Colony.

Modern engineers suggested to the Egyptian government that if a dam were to be built a little way south of Cairo, so as to provide a storage reservoir, then all the delta country of the Nile could rely upon irrigation as certainly as it could upon the rising and setting of the sun. That work was undertaken and experience has shown that the engineers predicted with accuracy.

With storage reservoirs large enough to secure certain irrigation every year for the enormous valley of the Nile, then that most fertile territory becomes a certain and a vast producer of agricultural products, the command of which will be of almost inestimable advantage to Great Britain in the struggle for commercial supremacy which is just now beginning. Already Egypt raises one-tenth of the cotton supply of the world, and it is a kind of cotton which has advantages recognized by every manufacturer, especially of cotton thread, writes Holland in the Philadelphia Press. It is the long staple cotton, and excepting upon our sea islands we raise very little cotton of that character. With permanent irrigation and with modern methods and modern agricultural implements there seems to be no reason why Egypt should not in the near future raise a majority of the cotton which the English manufacturers need. Undoubtedly it is that which has induced the British statesmen and financiers, with the earnest encouragement of the manufacturers, to aid Egypt in financing these public works.

England sees a colony practically as near to her as are the cotton fields of the United States, providing for her a staple article for which she has been in great measure dependent upon the United States. With a better quality of cotton, with the expectation that she can get it to the doors of her manufacturing at less cost than American cotton, Great Britain sees in the development of the immense Nile valley by the cotton growers an opportunity to get the mastery of what is to be one of the great features of the world's trade—the cotton-goods market.

PAIR OF COLLEGE ELOPERS.

Miss Bessie Bond, a Kentucky girl, ran away from her studies at Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio, with James Kennedy and became his wife.



MR. AND MRS. KENNEDY.

When they returned to their classes the indignant college professor suspended them. The pupils revolted, saying that if a girl hasn't the right to get married when she wants to "What are we living for?" As the couple had completed their course, reinstatement is not vital.—Cincinnati Post.

The Rulers of Europe.

There are now twenty-seven royal families in Europe. Of these eighteen are Germans, namely, the Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach, Wettin, Wurtemberg, Zähringen, Hessen, Mecklenburg, Holstein, Anhalt, Schwarzburg, Hapsburg-Lorraine, Welf, Reuss, Schaumburg-Lippe, Waldeck, Nassau and Leuchtenstein; six are Romanic or Latin, namely, Bourbon, Savoyen, Braganza, Monaco, Bonaparte and Bernadotte; two are Slav, namely, Obrenowitsch and Njenosh, and one is Turkish, the Osman. Of the forty-one thrones in Europe, thirty-three are occupied by German princes, among which are the rulers of Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, England, Greece, Holland, Portugal, Roumania and Russia. The once powerful house of Bourbon has now but one crowned representative—the boy king of Spain. The so-called Hapsburg house is really extinct since 1740. The present royal family of Austria belongs to the Lorraine line.

The Pope's Record.

Leo XIII. was 91 recently, and is believed, therefore, to have surpassed all records of Roman Pontiffs since St. Peter. As a matter of fact, he has in all probability beaten all records whatsoever of the Papal Chair, for the Abbe Maistre has shown that St. Peter could not have been more than 75, and was most likely only 72, when he was martyred. The records which live St. Agathon 107 years, Gregory IX. 69 and Celestine III. 92 are almost certainly spurious.

Heat Holidays.

In the public schools of Switzerland heat holidays have been established by law. Recognizing the well-known fact that the brain cannot work properly when the heat is excessive, the children are dismissed from their tasks whenever the thermometer goes above a certain point.

Chili Shops.

In the towns of Chili most shops are open till midnight, and during the hot afternoons, when everybody takes a siesta, they are locked up.