

ANGLERS' SONG.

Away, away, to the brookside green,
In the morning's earliest flush,
To the purling brook where the alders
lean
Gracefully o'er the water's rush,
And the golden sun, with its many-hued
sheen,
Makes the tinted wavelets bluish.

The lancewood rod, with its supple tip,
Is sound and strong as a pine;
But, arching, it bends with a dainty dip
When the brook trout strains the line,
And the spray flies high when the fish's
lip
Is pierced by the hook's sharp tine.

The tackle's strong and the water's right,
So there's chance for luck to-day;
With the wind in the south and the sun
not bright,
Our creels will surely weigh,
Ere with weary feet, by the gloaming's
light,
Homeward, we wend our way.

And where the mossy bank is sprayed
By the water's roaring fall,
'Neath the slender birches' flickering
shade,
We'll rest and thankful, recall
That, of sports the Fates for men have
made,
Angling's the best of all.
—National Sportsman.

A WORKING GIRL.

THE sentiments you have been
expressing, my dear Roy," ob-
served Albert Lestrangle with
the patronizing manner justified by his
seven years' seniority, "would be ex-
cellent in a novel, or might even be suit-
able for a city clerk, but they are quite
inapplicable to us."
"Why so?" inquired the younger
brother.

"Because rank and wealth have du-
ties as well as privileges," replied Al-
bert. "And foremost among them is
that of making a suitable matrimonial
alliance, and not—"

"That's all bosh, Bertie!" interrupted
Roy. "A suitable matrimonial alliance!
Poof! the sound of it makes one feel
ill."

"You are young, my dear Roy," said
his brother, pityingly. "Wait until you
are my age and you will look differ-
ently at things."

"I shall never agree with you on that
point, that's certain," answered the
younger man, "for it's my opinion and
always will be that a man who marries
a woman that he doesn't love ought to
be kicked."

"There is displayed the rashness of
youth," remarked Albert, sentimentally.
"And believe me, my dear Roy—"

"What he was about to add will never
be known now, for at that moment a
loud cry for help was heard from a
meadow on the other side of the hedge
that skirted the line down which the
brothers were walking."

"Come along, Bertie," cried Roy,
"there's a stile a few yards higher up."
In two minutes the young men had
jumped the rails and were on the scene
of action, where a couple of tramps
were standing on either side of a well-
dressed young lady.

"You take the little one, Roy," ex-
claimed Albert, "I'll tackle the other."
The taller tramp lifted the stick he
was carrying, but before he could use
it Albert's fist caught him under the
chin, and he found himself sitting in
the hedge, while a moment later Roy
knocked his companion into a bed of
nettles close by.

"How can I thank you?" observed the
girl, whom the young men now had time
to notice was uncommonly pretty. "I
had no idea that tramps were so dan-
gerous."

"Pray don't mention it," replied Al-
bert as he wiped his knuckles. "It was
really nothing."

"It was a great deal to me I can as-
sure you," said the girl with a merry,
rippling laugh, "for unfortunately I was
carrying all my worldly wealth with me."

"Are you returning to Tormouth?"
inquired Albert, without noticing the
latter part of her speech. "Can we
have the pleasure of seeing you home?"

"I shall be grateful indeed if you will
accompany me as far as the Anchor
Hotel," was the reply, and then as they
walked across the fields she further
explained that she had been ordered
down to the little seaside town by her
doctor for the recovery of her health;
"not that there's much the matter with
me, only overwork, you know."

During the three-mile walk Albert be-
came more and more reticent, while
Roy, who at first had been quite over-
come by the unexpected vision of beau-
ty, gradually thawed out under the in-
fluence of her smiles until when they
parted outside the hotel he had made
an appointment for the following morn-
ing to show her the famous Smuggler's
Cave.

For a few minutes Albert was silent,
and then he observed gravely, "If you
take my advice, Roy, you will not see
that young person again. I do not con-
sider that she is a desirable acquain-
tance."

"Why not?" asked Roy, astonished.

"She is evidently a lady."

"That she has been well educated I
will not deny," answered Albert, "but
she works for her living, Roy. Did you
not hear her say that she was over-
worked, and that she carried all her
worldly wealth in her pocket?"

"She is a charming girl," retorted
Roy, "and I am going to see her to-
morrow in spite of you or any other old
woman."

This reply hurt Albert's feelings and
caused a coolness between the brothers,
but Roy kept his word, and every day
for three weeks he accompanied Miss
Lefroy to one or other of the many
natural beauties of the neighborhood.

TURKEY BANISHES THE TYPEWRITER.



The customs authorities have prohibited the entry of typewriters into Turkey, and 200 machines in the custom house have been ordered returned to the consignor. The authorities have taken up the peculiarly characteristic attitude that there is no distinct feature about typewriting by which the authorship could be recognized or a person using a machine be traced, and that, consequently, anyone is able to put in type seditious writings without fear of compromising himself. Hektographic paste and fluid also are prohibited for similar reasons. The embassies are making representations on the subject with the view of inducing the Turkish government to take up a more reasonable attitude.

At length came the fatal day of her departure, and after seeing her off Roy returned home more depressed than his brother had ever seen him.

"So your fair friend has gone away at last," said Albert at dinner time. "Thank heaven that she did not en-
tangle you in a matrimonial alliance."

"It wasn't her fault, I can assure you," replied Roy. "She wouldn't have me."

"You actually proposed to her?"

"Yes, I did, and she has put me off for a month, as she says she does not believe I know my own mind, but I've got her address in London and permis-
sion to call on her the first week in October."

The hours dragged themselves away, and on the first day of pleasant shoot-
ing, in spite of his brother's remon-
strances, Roy left home for the great metropolis.

Two days later Albert followed him to town. It was but a forlorn hope, but it occurred to him that he might per-
suade the girl—for a consideration of course—to be merciful and release his brother from any foolish promises he may have made.

As Albert did not know much about London, he determined to seek the as-
sistance and advice of his uncle, Lord Torchester, but on his arrival at Tor-
chester House he found that a garden party was in full swing.

Lady Torchester greeted him with a few kind words of welcome and he passed on to his uncle.

"Hello!" exclaimed the latter, "what has brought you up to town?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Roy has been inveigled by some typewriting girl, and I've come up to see if I can get him out of the mess, and as I thought you would be able to help me, I—"

"Certainly, certainly," interrupted his uncle; "but here comes Miss Garrick, the famous actress; shall I introduce you?"

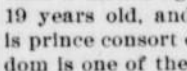
"Nothing I should like better, I have read so much of her that— What! Miss Lefroy?"

"The same, Mr. Lestrangle," answered the smiling girl. "And perhaps you will

permit me to present my future hus-
band, Mr. Roy Lestrangle! My wife, you will be best man?"—Ally Sloper.

Youngest and Oldest of Kings.

Europe has a new little king who has a double claim to distinction. He is the youngest of ruling kings, and at the same time the lineal representa-
tive of the oldest reigning family in Europe. His name and title is Grand Duke Franz IV. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and he ascended the throne on which his fathers have sat for twenty-five generations less than a month ago. The young king is 19 years old, and it is his cousin who is prince consort of Holland. His king-
dom is one of the petty German States, and comprises only 5,000 square miles of territory, with a total population of 60,000. The total revenue of the king-
dom is barely \$10,000,000 a year, but it has a "man-sized" national debt of nearly \$30,000,000. Franz IV. was the second king of the new century to ascend the throne, the first being Edward of England. He is a near relative of the Czar of Russia, and has connec-
tions with almost every royal family of Europe.



FRANZ IV.

Where Were They?

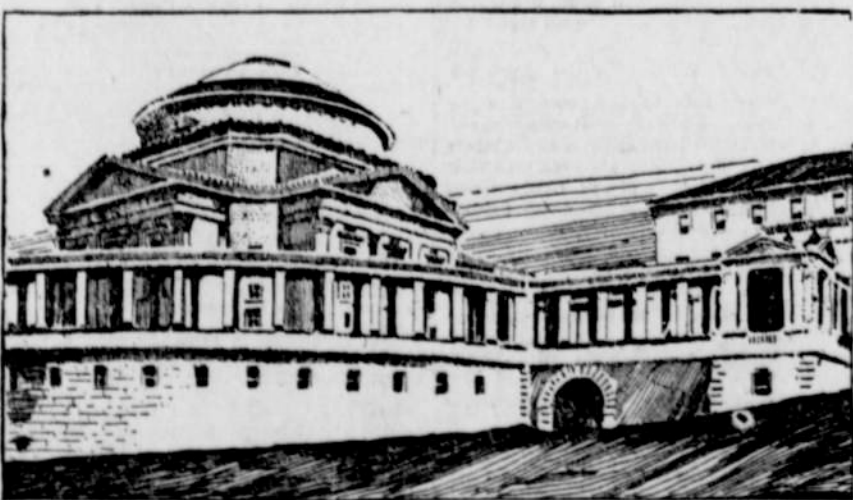
Mrs. Jones—I am sorry I could not come along with Henry to your house last night. What! Wasn't my husband at your house all last evening?

And these few words led to a revela-
tion which Jones and Brown will have trouble to explain.—Ohio State Journal.

Clean Sydney.

In Sydney the streets are thoroughly cleaned every night, and any one throwing refuse or waste material of any sort on the street is arrested and fined. All the kitchens in the larger residences are on the top floor, and all the clothes are dried on the roof.

AMERICAN HALL OF FAME IN NEW YORK.



The American Hall of Fame was dedicated in New York recently in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of representative citizens from many parts of the country.

The idea of the Hall of Fame was conceived by Chancellor MacCracken, to whom it was suggested by the need of a building which would round out the beauty of the university quadrangle. This space the chancellor proposed to devote to an institution similar to Westminster Abbey, the Pantheon in Paris and the "Ruhmes Halle," Munich. Twenty-nine tablets were decided upon by a plan of selection, designed with every regard to fairness, by a jury of eminent Americans. This number of names will be added to every five years throughout the twentieth century, when five new tablets will be unveiled in the Hall provided the electors, under the rules, can agree on so many. The dimensions of the building are as follows: Total exterior length of the colonnade, 504 feet; height, 20 feet; breadth, 16 feet; length of museum, exclusive of entrance corridors, 200 feet; breadth, 40 feet; height, 16 feet.

THE OLD-TIME TOWN.

HAS GONE WITH OTHER OLD-FASHIONED THINGS.

Overtaken by the Rapid March of Progress and the Old scenes of Rusticity No Longer Exist—Even the Church Affected.

Like so many other old-fashioned things, the old-time town is going down before the march of progress. Nothing is like it used to be. Invention, discovery and education of the people up to a taste in better things and ambition for conveniences are what have led to the change. To-day one sees the village maiden arrayed in clothes that would come near taking first place in a procession in the main cities. The abundantly if not artistically carved boxes no longer stand in front of stores, ready lounging places for the discus-
sion of the world's events. No sign extends across the main street near the tracks cautioning the people to "Be-
ware of the locomotive." Modern gates are let down to prevent collisions between trains and teams. No tin-
starred constable in overalls swells about the station platform any longer. A uniformed marshal, every bit as im-
portant, struts there to meet all trains. The old inn, with its slanting porch ex-
tending over the sidewalk, supported by posts of which country horses have long been dining, has given way to a hotel with some humming name im-
ported from some metropolis. Lamp posts adorn the corners and the mer-
chants display their wares behind plate-glass windows. All these the traveler sees—signs of progress—a great difference to the passing eye.

Twenty years, even ten years, ago the village store was the spot where all the earth centered. In the winter time the prominent citizens sat around

crease down their trousers legs. The shoe store is in the next block, the milliner is across the way with a fasci-
nating display of daily hints from Paris, the hardware man is in business for himself over next to the brewery, and the grocer occupies the modern store-room under the office of the even-
ing Tell-Tale, the rattle of whose lin-
otypes makes a merry race with the clicking of the keys manipulated by the entrancing and up-to-date product of civilization, the blonde typewriter girl across the hallway in Skinnum's law office.

And over in the church the minister no longer simply tells the good story of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. He thunders against the trusts and talks Browning or evolution. No cottage organ's sweet refrain leads the doxology and Sweet Hundred any more. A huge organ, with blue and gilt pipes, big as stove pipes, is manipulated by some fidgety professor and a quartette sings the most modern sacred music. The minister's clothing is not shiny with the years. No great bowed spectacles afford him vision. Trim side-whiskers and neat mustachios mark him, instead of the sanctimonious smoothness the razor achieves or the austere abundance of whiskers. It is safe betting that he is the best golf player in the section, a bicycle expert and a wonder at whist and progressive cinch. He preaches simplicity of life. Then he summers at Narragansett Pier, or ferries over to Europe, instead of going into the hay fields as his predecessor did.

Quitting bees and sewing circles are likewise of bygone days. The women do their darning and sew on the buttons of the men at home. If they neglect it the men do the darning both at home and abroad. This feature is un-
changed. But the women meet at their 5 o'clock teas and the Saturday after-
noon club, and instead of discussing each other (altogether) they discourse

vene in favor of ideas which would re-
bound to the well being of his sub-
jects. He recalled how Louis XVI. had established the reputation of the long-
despised potato by wearing its flower in his button-hole; a word of approbation from his majesty might dispel the prejudice against the horse.

M. Decroix was a veterinary surgeon in the army at the time, and a very few days after the dispatch of his report he was summoned to appear before Mar-
shal Valliant, the master of the imper-
ial household. He found the Marshal beside himself with rage and indigna-
tion. "So you, sir," he roared, as De-
croix entered his room, "are the person who purports that the Emperor should eat horse meat! You must be out of your senses. The Emperor eat horse meat!" The Marshal was at a loss for further words in which to express his stupefaction, and he motioned De-
croix out of his presence with a gesture which indicated that he might be thank-
ful he had escaped being placed under arrest for a grave breach of discipline.
—Paris correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

TRANS-SIBERIAN ROAD.

Cars Luxuriously Furnished, but No Water for a Good Wash.

The first and second class cars are luxuriously upholstered, and, by a curious contrivance, the upper bed turns over and becomes, not "a chest of draw-
ers," but the back of the seat by day. The only real lack of a Siberian railway is suitable lavatory accommodations. The little toilet-room is often a wretch-
ed, filthy closet with a single wash basin and a very limited supply of water, and it answers for all, men and women alike. This fault is shared by all Siberian hotels and steamboats that I have seen. The one cramped and dirty spot is the washroom (for many hotels have a common lavatory, and no water is brought to the rooms), and the one scarce article is fresh, cold water.



TYPE OF COUNTRY LIFE THAT IS RAPIDLY PASSING AWAY.

an abundantly provided stove. Mes-
sengers boarded the passing trains, pumped the passengers for news, man-
aged to pick up any kind of an old pa-
per and hurried back to the store to tell the tidings and to join in their dis-
cussion. Between arguments the de-
baters nipped at dried peaches and other delicacies from the hospitable barrel of the storekeeper, who made up on the customer by manipulating the scales at the next purchase. A stranger in the town was an oracle, revered and respected. He had the best seat near the stove and the townsmen nursed their knees in their arms as they drank in from him his recitals of affairs in the rest of the world. Then there was the Town Hall, with its spell-
ing bees, its occasional lecture or its debate.

In the summer the wise men took to the boxes in front of the store, or to the hitching rail, on which they poised, and talked and "whittled." They were out in their shirtsleeves before break-
fast to learn what had happened during the night. Then they strolled over to the old frame station to see the train go by. How different now in the matter of acquiring information. It is a poor town, indeed, that hasn't its own paper to record, and brightly, too, the local happenings. And as the trains go by they drop off bundles of papers, fresh with all the news of the earth, all the latest periodicals, illustrated pa-
pers and the newest books. The village store is no longer the leading place for the gossips, but an up-to-date business establishment. The town hall has de-
veloped into a public library or theater.

Progress Everywhere.
Ten years ago the country clothing store, which was also the hardware store and the dry goods store and the grocery store and the millinery estab-
lishment all in one—a bucolic trust—made a specialty of ready-made suits, that were so tightly packed away on the shelves that you couldn't get the creases out of them any more than you could get the wrinkles out of a corru-
gated iron roof. And what wonderful patterns and styles. Now in front of the clothing store Chauncey Depew and Mark Hanna and Gen. Miles and Ad-
miral Schley and George Dewey, all in wax, stand in all the glory of blue serge and corkscrew, with double-breasted and bewildering vests and a

on Zoroaster and the Zendevesta, theosophy, George Meredith, Browning and other abstruse propositions. For the men there is a club. Instead of the old store box on which they sat they loll in comfortable chairs around a table, on which rest steins or bottles. Formerly to relieve their nerves they whittled. Now they shuffle and vie with each other to see which can come into the possession of the greatest number of certain blue, red and white discs of ivory or celluloid.

No longer does the dweller in the country town go to bed at nightfall just to be certain where he is, for electric lights make the streets as light as day. And the streets and sidewalks are of macadam or asphalt. The tele-
phone is everywhere. It is more numerous than in the greatest cities, because the cost is much lower.

Indeed, things have changed. The man who goes back to his old "country town" nowadays on his vacation misses the smoke and the oleomargarine and the hall bed-room and the crowding of the latter are all there, and most of the modern improvements. But the pure air is there, too, and the flowers that thrive in the open air and not in glass houses, and the old folks and old scenes.—Utica Globe.

EATING HORSEFLESH.

Experience of M. Decroix with Emperor Napoleon III.

M. Decroix, the founder of the French Anti-Tobacco League, who died sud-
denly, though at the ripe old age of 80, was a man of many anecdotes. Most of them bore on the difficulties which beset the path of the reformer who, when he is not treated with contumely, is woefully misunderstood. Under the second empire, and before he began his campaign against tobacco, M. Decroix, in whom the missionary spirit was indeed strong, started a crusade in favor of eating horseflesh. His ideas, in spite of the untiring energy with which he promulgated them, seemed to make little or no headway. In his despair at his scant success he decided to appeal to Napoleon III. in person. He ad-
dressed a long report to the Emperor, setting forth in detail the undreamed-of advantages of a horse-meat diet, and humbly requesting the sovereign to give the matter his attention and to inter-

Beer, wine, vodka, tea, especially tea, flow freely, but to order a glass of water to drink, or a basin of water, much more a tub of water for a bath, creates a commotion, and the water desired is often unattainable, except after strenuous effort. A Siberian writer remarks naively, that "Englishmen have the bad habit of washing themselves all over every day. As a consequence of this habit their bodies emit an unpleasant odor."

Besides the cars already mentioned, a baggage car and a dining car com-
pleted our train equipment. Pullman would scarcely own the diner as an off-
spring of his invention. A long table down the middle, at which perhaps twenty people can sit at one time, and a bar at the end, at which all kinds of light and strong drinks are served and toothsome delicacies dear to the Russian heart, like caviare, sardines and other little fishes "biled in ile" are eaten. At the long table, table d'hote meals are served, consisting of three or four courses, and one can also order what he chooses, at a fixed price.—Harper's Weekly.

A Tempting Offer.

A recent issue of a musical journal published at Leipzig, Germany, con-
tained the following curious advertise-
ment: "Wanted—A skilled musician, who can compose before warm weather begins a tragic opera in one act. The author of the libretto will place at the disposal of the composer a house, which is furnished with a piano, and which is situated near the sea in a most idyllic and romantic country; furthermore, the composer will be well fed and supplied with all necessary fuel. A poor but gifted artist ought to be able to make his fortune in a place like this and under conditions such as are here proposed. Those who apply for the situation are requested to send biographical notices of themselves to the office of this paper."

Distingue.

"She comes of a grand old family, I believe?"

"Yes, very! An ancestor of hers was beheaded in the Tower during the reign of the fourth Edward."

"How perfectly lovely!"—Detroit Journal.

How many level headed people do you know?