AT EVEN-SONG.

If I could call you back for one brief hour,
It is at even-song that hour should be,
When bells are chiming from an old gray tower
Across the tranquil sea.

Just when the leaves are sweet and cool with dew,
Just when the last gold lingers in the west,
Would I recall you to the world you knew
Before you went to rest.

And where the starry jasmine hides the wall
We two would stand together once again.
I know your patience—I would tell you all
My tale of love and pain.

And you would listen, with your tender smile,
Tracing the lines upon my tearworn face,
And finding, even for a little while,
Our earth a weary place.

Only one little hour. And then once more
The bitter word, farewell, beset with fears
And all my pathway darkened, as before,
With shades of lonely years.

For better, dear, that you, unfelt, unseen,
Should hover near me in the quiet air
And draw my spirit through this mortal screen
Your higher life to share.

I would not call you back, and yet—ah, me!
Faith flies so weak and human love so strong
That sweet it seems to think of what might be
This hour at even-song.

—New York Ledger.

How to Protect Yourself.

If you get into a quarrel with a man and see that you can't get out of it without a fight right then and there, forget that he has a head, pick out the second button of his vest and smash him on it as hard as you can. In 90 cases out of 100 you'll win the battle without another lick. There is no foul about a stomach blow; it's only when you get below the belt that you are open to criticism. Of course you are liable to hurt a man by hitting him in the stomach, but that's what you are there for. Most people who get into a sudden row—I am speaking of course of those who have never been taught how to take care of themselves—go at each other hand over hand like a sailor climbing up the rigging, and they invariably try for each other's head. As I said before, forget your antagonist's head if you are forced into a fight. Just take aim at the place where your [illegible] chest protector stops and let [illegible] at it. There is not one man in [illegible] can stand a crack there. It takes months of training to make a man's stomach hard enough to receive even a medium blow there. Then, if you want to spoil his beauty and leave your visiting card with him in the shape of a black eye, you can do it at your leisure, for the fellow who is hit in the bread basket forgets all about his body above that, for the time being anyhow.—Washington Post.

Not Easy to Interview.

H. N. Higinbotham of World's fair fame is one of the most genial of Chicago's big men and one of its easiest to approach. But that does not mean that Mr. Higinbotham is an easy man to interview. Quite the reverse. Except on matters to which his opinion is pertinent he will not talk for publication. For instance, if he is asked for an interview on the tariff he will lead the conversation away from that topic and discuss fully the condition of the Mohammedans in Palestine as he saw it when last visiting the Holy Land. The result is that his interviewer spends half an hour or so in delightful conversation and leaves with absolutely nothing to write about.—Chicago Post.

The Great Paris Library.

M. Marchal, the assistant librarian of the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris, has finished the general inventory of that library, on which he has been at work with a large staff of assistants, since 1875. The figures given out thus far show that the National library of France contains 2,150,000 volumes. This number does not include the collection of French provincial newspapers, which is still in an unbound form and could therefore not be counted among the volumes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not a Good Substitute.

Guide—Ladies and gentlemen, right here among these cliffs is a wonderful echo. A pistol shot is repeated 15 times. Is there a gentleman here from the west. If so, will he please discharge his pistol?

Man From Kentucky—I don't go much on a gun, but if you can use a seven-inch bowie knife I've got one right on hand in my boot.—American Industries.

Herds of Elephants.

Sir Gerald Portal says that between the coast and Uganda the supply of elephant tusks in Africa is "apparently almost inexhaustible." Enormous numbers of elephants are in the country still. One of the officers of his expedition, while exploring the country west of Mongo, saw more than 300 in one herd.

The history of gardening from the most ancient days is likely to be illustrated at Versailles during the great Paris exhibition of 1900. There is plenty of space in the grounds, while the lakes would give ample scope for the display of floating gardens such as the Aztecs and the Chinese loved to arrange.

There is a ripe side to the orange as well as to the peach. The stem half of an orange is usually not so sweet and juicy as the other half, not because it receives less sunshine, but possibly because the latter gravitates to the lower side of the fruit when it only hangs be-

[illegible]

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY

How the Lady, His Patient, Managed to Keep on With Her Opium.

This story comes from one of our best known physicians. For reasons that are obvious the proper name of the woman is withheld.

"She is a divorcee," the physician said, "and is quite well known in society. She is good looking, clever and rich, but for a long time was addicted to the use of opium. The habit grew so strong that her relatives advised her to go to some sanitarium for treatment. For a long time she refused to do this, but when they threatened to have her confined in some asylum she yielded and came to our retreat.

"She brought a nurse with her—a clever, bright faced girl—whom she paid $50 a week to wait on her. We were all greatly surprised as the days went by to note that she did not seem to be at all depressed, as most people are during the first few weeks of abstinence from the drug. She seemed as bright and as cheerful as on the first day. I said to her once:

"'You don't seem to miss your opium.'

"'No,' she said, with a smile. 'It did not have such a hold on me as I thought it did.'

"One day, after she had been there over a month, we discovered by mere accident what kept her so cheerful. One of our attendants caught her in the act of taking opium. When we asked her where she had obtained the drug, she refused at first to tell. After a little urging, however, she told us that she had brought a lot of opium with her.

"The matron searched her room, and when she came to the office to report she was almost speechless with amazement. The woman had hidden little packages of opium in every conceivable part of all her dresses. There was opium in the sleeves, in the ruffles, in the lace, in the lining and in every pocket. There was opium sewed inside her garters and in her undergarments. She even had opium in the papers which she used to curl her hair.

"It was her maid's duty, we learned, to administer this opium to her in such a way that we would not detect it. The young girl always curled her mistress' hair and took care not to spill any of the drug in the curl papers.

"The maid was promptly sent home. Her mistress was relieved of all her clothing and was supplied with new dresses and placed in another room. For several weeks she underwent the depressing experience of all who break off the habit. All her brightness and good nature vanished for a time. She is now cured, however, and is married again."—New York Sun.

The Typical American.

The typical Americans have all been western men, with the exception, let us say, of Washington. Washington had not had much of European culture. The qualities that made him a great commander and a great president were qualities which would have made him an equally great frontiersman. You cannot imagine Hamilton or Madison or Livingston or John Adams or the Pinckneys living tolerably on the frontier. They are not Americans in the sense in which Clay and Jackson and Lincoln are Americans. We may wish that the typical Americans of the past had had more knowledge, a more cultivated appreciation of the value of what was old and established, a juster view of foreign nations and foreign politics; that they had been more like Webster and less like Jackson, and we may hope that the typical American of the future will be wiser and better poised. But in the meantime the past is to be understood and estimated as the facts stand, and only a thoroughly sympathetic comprehension of these men, who have actually been the typical Americans, will enable us to effect that purpose. The fact that Clay rather than Webster, Jackson and not John Quincy Adams, represented the forces which were really predominant and distinctively American in our development is commentary enough on any theory that makes either of the peculiar sections of the Atlantic seaboard the principal or only theater of American history.—Forum.

A Trousers Episode.

My journalistic friend on The Beacon tells this story:

A dignified and elderly spinster who sits at an editorial desk in town was asked by the manager of her paper the other day if she knew of any poor but deserving person who would like a pair of his discarded trousers and replied that her furnace man would doubtless hail them with joy. Accordingly a morning or two later she found on her desk a brown paper labeled plainly, "Old trousers for Miss W——'s furnace man." At night she carried the parcel home in her hands, together with another smaller package.

Sitting in the trolley car between a couple of gentlemen, she noticed that one of them seemed to be much amused about something in her lap.

What was her horror and disgust, on looking down, to observe that she had partly covered the larger parcel with the smaller, concealing the last part of the inscription, so that it read in bold bloat script, "Old trousers for Miss W——," giving her name in full.—Boston Globe.

A Relative.

The young man was being entertained by the small boy while he waited for the young lady to appear.

[illegible] the youngster, after a [illegible] questions, "Is your mother [illegible]

[illegible] a satis[illegible] she said she believed [illegible] 'cause you [illegible] if it was time to [illegible] Press.

A BANKRUPT'S CLEVER SCHEME.

Startling Developments That Enlivened a Dinner to His Creditors.

This story is going the rounds at Vienna: Among the prominent citizens of the capital of the Austrian empire is a gentleman called Fritz. He is the proprietor of a large factory and is, moreover, well known as a jovial, whole souled fellow, who delights to give large dinner parties.

Not long since he sent out invitations to all his business friends to partake of his hospitality at a dinner party.

At first, as is frequently the case at a dinner party at which there are gentlemen only, the proceedings were somewhat tedious. By degrees, however, the guests became more lively under the stimulating influences of the wines. Their tongues became loosened by the frequent lubrications, and there was a flow of geniality and wit such as is found only on press excursions.

Good humor prevailed to an almost alarming extent. Everybody present was in a hilarious mood. Just at this crisis Fritz stood up and intimated that he would like to make a few remarks.

"Bravo!" said a fat man with a red face, pounding on the table with the handle of his knife.

"Now we will hear something funny," remarked another guest, getting his mouth ready to laugh.

"Speech, speech!" exclaimed several of the guests who had contemplated the wine when it was red.

There was a solemnity about the host that almost convulsed the merry gentlemen present. "Gentlemen, I see around me all my creditors, and I have some important information to impart to you." And he paused. The fat man, to whom Fritz was owing 20,000 marks, turned a trifle pale and seemed to be unable to close his mouth, in which he had deposited a morsel of pate de foie gras. Several other creditors looked at each other.

"Gentlemen," continued the orator, "you will regret to hear that I am—a bankrupt."

Roars of laughter. "That is good. 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse,'" sang another.

The orator did not join in the laughter. With increased solemnity he said:

"I wish, gentlemen, for your sakes and for my sake that I were jesting, but I am not. Of late I have experienced severe losses. It is impossible for me to meet my obligations. If, however, you gentlemen are willing to give me six months' time, I can pay off everything and thus save my honor—and my life, for"—and here Fritz drew a revolver—"I propose to blow out my brains in your presence," and he placed the deadly weapon to his temple.

The horrified guests sprang to their feet. A few of the more courageous endeavored to wrest the revolver from the desperate man, but they did not succeed. Fritz declared that he would not give up the revolver until a certain document giving him an extension of six months was signed, and he suddenly drew the document from his breast pocket.

As we have already intimated, all the creditors, owing to the wine, were in a most genial mood, and in a few minutes the document was signed by all the creditors of Herr Fritz.

Then the merriment was renewed in earnest, although there was a hollow ring in the laugh of the fat man that told of an aching heart. Fritz put up his revolver, which, so it has been intimated, was not even loaded.

Simple Arithmetic.

A potato bagger went into a Pittsburg commission house one day and asked if there was anything to do. "Yes," replied the proprietor, "a car load of potatoes is waiting at the station to be bagged. What will you do it for?" "A cent a bushel, boss." "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. There are 800 bushels in the car. I'll give you $9 for the job." The bagger shook his head. "I'll give you $10 to bag those 800 bushels." "No, sir; a cent a bushel is my price." "I'll make it $11, and that's as high as I'll go." "Can't do it, boss. I never scabbed on potato bagging in my life, and I won't begin now. My price is 1 cent a bushel." The bagger started out, when the proprietor called him back again and said, "All right; I'll give you your price." After the man started to the station a bystander asked the proprietor the meaning of the conversation. "I just wanted to show you something queer. That man won't work unless he gets an even cent a bushel. He can't compute any other rate. When he has a bushel bagged, he cuts a notch on a stick, and that represents 1 cent."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

All Front.

At Chancellorsville, while Jackson's corps was moving to the flank and rear of the Union army, the Confederate cavalry in advance became engaged with the enemy. Presently a wounded trooper emerged from the woods in front. After surveying the scene he moved in the direction in which the infantry were marching, apparently in search for the rear.

Almost immediately the blue jackets behind Jackson's corps, and the poor cavalryman appeared again looking hopeless and distraught. He was met by another cavalryman, to whom he called out: "Hello! Wounded?"

"Yes," replied the other laconically, adding, "Let's git to the r'ar."

"R'ar!" returned the disconsolate cavalryman. "This is the worst fight I've been in yet. It ain't got any r'ar."—Exchange.

How She Gets Along With Him.

"There is one thing I like about your husband; he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk."

"Precious little credit due him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that he is not likely to be ready in time, I simply hide his hat or gloves out of the way and let him hunt for them up and down until I have finished dressing."—Detroit News.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS AT VENICE.

The Famous Archway Around Which Romance Thickly Clusters.

In the heart of Venice, between the magnificent palace of the doges and the grim walls of the old prison, flow the dark waters of the Rio del Palazzo and across the canal stretches the Bridge of Sighs—connecting link between the splendors of a palace and the terrors of the dungeon, the torture chamber and the heading block. One of the most noticeable points about this bridge is the fact that it is closed in, thus proving all stories of suicides committed from it to be fabulous.

This fact robs the Bridge of Sighs of one of its most romantic associations—of its pretty legends of grief laden mortals heaving their last sigh upon its parapet and ending their sorrowing lives in the black waters beneath it. From without the bridge, with its archlike form, its ornamental stonework, its grotesquely carved heads and its small square windows filled in with iron tracery, presents a rather fine appearance, but the interior is strictly devoid of ornament and has not the slightest pretensions to beauty.

During our visit to Venice of course we included the doges' palace and the dungeons in our programme. After wandering for some time through the vast halls and beautiful saloons of the old Venetian palace we passed over the Bridge of Sighs on our way to the gloomy cells. The bridge seemed to be little more than a narrow passage between two thick walls of stone, and unless you stepped up onto the slightly raised stonework which runs along beneath the tiny windows on either side and caught a glimpse of the canal without you might easily take it for an ordinary passage within the palace. At the far end of the bridge our progress was barred by a grim looking oaken door—nail studded, age blackened and of immense thickness—guarding the entrance to the dungeons. Our guides came to a halt. There was a jingling of keys, a lighting of torches; then the great door swung slowly back, and we passed into the darkness beyond. When next we passed the ancient door and crossed the Bridge of Sighs, it was with the memory of those terrible cells, those fearful dungeons where the hapless prisoners endured the most horrible tortures that tyranny could devise or brutality inflict.

I remember strolling, on the last evening of our holiday in Venice along the Piazza San Marco and making my way to the Ponte della Paglia to take a farewell look at the Bridge of Sighs. It was a summer evening, hot and sultry, while the fast gathering clouds, dense and inky, betokened an approaching storm. I had just reached the Ponte della Paglia and was gazing at the Bridge of Sighs when a tremendous peal of thunder rent the heavens, seeming to shake the city to its very foundations with its violence.

Suddenly a blinding flash of lightning lit up the palace, bridge and dungeons with its lurid flare. For an instant the bridge stood out with dazzling distinctness, while the lightning played on its traceried windows; then all seemed dark. And this was the last I saw of the Bridge of Sighs.—Newcastle Chronicle.

A Postman's First Attempt.

A route is given to you, and just about this time it begins to dawn upon you that perhaps you could not cover the route in half the time the regular man did, and before you got half a block away you got mixed up because you couldn't work your papers in with your letters, to say nothing of several small packages in your bag. You found yourself chasing up and down the street, and in order to make up the time you were losing you began to plunge, and the more you plunged the more you got mixed up and the hotter you got, and once, when you stood still looking for a number, a little boy asked you whom you were looking for. Dreadful, wasn't it?

And when you got back an hour or so behind the regular man's time you were sure it was the heaviest route in the office, and you felt like fainting when you were told that it was the easiest. And owing to your inability to make time you had to double up with your partner, so that you worked all day long, from before sunrise until long after sunset. You got no lunch except a few mouthfuls you grabbed in passing from a free lunch counter, and when you got home you were so tired, so hungry and so disgusted with your first day at the business that you would have resigned forthwith, but, aye! there was the rub.—Postal Record.

Chinese Visiting Cards 1,000 Years Ago.

The Chinese, who seem to have known most of our new ideas, used visiting cards 1,000 years ago, but their cards were very large, and not really the prototypes of our visiting cards, as they were on soft paper and tied with ribbon. Venice seems to have been the first city in Europe to use cards. Some dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century are preserved in a museum there. The German cities followed the Venetian custom in 100 years or so, then London followed suit—actually followed suit, for the first visiting cards in Great Britain were visiting cards, or parts of such cards, having the name of the bestower on the back. They were first used in England about 1700. We do not know when they were first used in this country, but not long after their first appearance into British society.—St. Louis Democrat.

Individual

Mexico, the land of the prickly pears, snakes, many subtropical vegetables. The latter is [illegible]

THE GREAT PACIFIC.

The Advantage of Circle Sailing on an Area of Water So Vast.

The Pacific is the great ocean of our planet. In comparison with it the north Atlantic is a mere strait and the Indian ocean nothing more than the submerged bench of a congeries of drowned islands. Along the line of 70 degrees south latitude the width of the Pacific is 135 degrees of longitude, over one-third of the circumference of the globe. Between it and the south polar continent nothing intervenes. Its northern extremity was probably at one time rounded off by the country which is now divided between Alaska and Siberia. When the glacial masses moved to the pole, the polar current clove its way through Behring straits and interposed Behring sea between the Pacific and the polar ocean.

It presents every form of ocean geography. At the two extremities it is shallow. There is a bench running along the Aleutian islands into the gulf of Alaska which comes within 100 fathoms of the surface, with occasional holes so deep that no apparatus can find the bottom and be recovered without breaking the wire, and there is a corresponding bench in the southwest portion of the sea west of the meridian of 180 degrees where 100 fathoms is also the average. Between this last bench and the latitude of 38 degrees north there is a range of submarine rocky mountains with steep cliffs and sharp descents. Three or four distinct mountain ridges with from two to three miles of water between them have been counted between the Hawaiian islands and Australia.

On the Pacific can be found every variety of temperature and meteorology. Out of Behring sea pours the icy current which cools our shore in summer; from the equator flow summer currents warmer than the Atlantic gulf stream, while the current which sweeps around the south cape of Tasmania bears on its bosom the longest icebergs ever seen. As its name indicates, it is a pacific ocean, swept by gentle trade winds, but the most terrible typhoons described in meteorological records have varied the chronicles of its placid surface.

On a sea of such extent circle sailing must become a matter of moment. The Canadian steamers, sailing from Yokohama in 35 degrees to Victoria in 49 degrees, cross the meridian of 160 degrees in 52 degrees, having covered 4,200 miles on the voyage, while the Pacific Mail steamers, sailing by what appears on the map to be the straight line, have to cover 4,720 miles between San Francisco and Yokohama. Assuming the vessels to be equal in speed and to steam at the usual rate of seagoing steamers on the Pacific, the Canadian line enjoys an advantage of about 36 hours over the American lines. This is reduced almost to nothing when our ships pursue the northern course and take the advantage of circle sailing.—San Francisco Call.

The "Dens" of Famous Authors.

A French chronicler has collected some very curious statistics on a subject that has interest even outside Paris. He was anxious to know how several selected great men furnished what we should call their dens, what he calls their workrooms. To gain access to all the rooms was not easy, but fortunately many of them were photographed, and so the evidence was complete. The chronicler's leaning was evidently toward men of letters, and his results are, on the whole, surprising. Daudet's study was severe in its simplicity, the furniture the scantiest and the plainest. That of Dumas had a few pictures on the wall, small panel pictures, and on his table a sphinx in bronze. Coppee, the poet, has his books in extraordinary disorder, and his appliances for tobacco abundant and well filled. Pierre Loti has his workshop fitted up like an eastern bazaar; De Goncourt's is rich in curious books and bindings; Sardou's is absolutely plain and very untidy; Zola's crammed with bric-a-brac; Massenet's austere and empty—a notebook, a thermometer and a water bottle; Meilhac's crowded with books, reviews and journals, and by the hearth rug two armchairs, one for the master of the house, the other for his friend and collaborator, Halevy, both of a size and impartially comfortable.—Westminster Gazette.

Berlin Public Kitchens.

A public kitchen for the working classes was inaugurated in 1866 by a German woman, Han Morgenstein. She has established many of these kitchens, each one having a public dining room, comfortably warmed and furnished and supplied with the daily papers. Each kitchen, supplying perhaps from 300 to 400 people with daily meals, is managed by a local committee, the whole scheme being under the control of a central council. All the premises by [illegible] vegetable[illegible] in [illegible]

THE FRIEND IN NEED.

IRVING'S STORY OF THE "GREEN" ACTOR'S GOOD SAMARITAN.

A Reminiscence Which Seemed to Touch the Relator's Heart—Once He Was Very Poor and Unknown, but Now He Is Rich and Famous In All Lands.

The place was a cozy room in a cozy house in a quiet street off the Strand, London. The time was Saturday; the hour, midnight. A company of professional men, composed of some of the lawyers, doctors, newspaper men and actors whose names are famous on both sides of the Atlantic, was scattered in groups about the rooms smoking and chatting after the Saturday night supper, which had become a standard institution with them. In a sheltered corner over by the fireplace sat a small knot of men, every one of whom had reached the top, or at least the front rank, of his profession. The talk, drifting in a smooth, desultory, half sleepy way from phase to phase, had gradually assumed a retrospective hue. From one to another the story had passed, each telling the tale of an empty stomach, or an empty pocket, or a hopeless tramp of 30 miles or so in thin shoes along a snowbound road in search of employment.

Henry Irving, thoughtfully smoking with an air of deep attention, had not spoken and did not speak until the others, having exhausted their stock, turned to him. He had experienced harder luck than any of them, and they knew it. He looked up at them for a moment and then, after a pause, said:

"The recollection uppermost in my mind just now, while you boys have been talking about tramping and winter roads and all that, is of a certain Christmas dinner at which I was present. I wonder whether any of you remember a poor fellow, long since dead—Joe Robin—who played small parts in London and outside it, and who made the one big mistake of his life when he entered the profession. Joe had been in the men's underwear business and was doing well when an amateur performance for a charitable object was organized, and he was cast for the part of the clown in a burlesque of 'Guy Fawkes.' Joe belonged to one of the bohemian clubs, and on the night of the show his friends among the actors and journalists attended in a body to give him a 'send-off.' He played that part capitally, and the mischief might have ended there, but some one compared him to Grimaldi. His fate was sealed. He sold his stock, went on the stage, and a few months later I came upon him playing general utility on a small salary in a small theater in Manchester. One relic of his happy days still remained to him. He had retained shirts, collars and underwear sufficient to last him for a generation.

"But if Joe lacked ability as an actor he had a heart of gold. He would lend or give his last shilling to a friend, and piece by piece his stock of underwear had diminished until only a few shirts and underclothes remained to him.

"The Christmas of that year—the year in which we played together—was perhaps the bitterest I ever knew. Joe had a part in the pantomime. When the men with whom he dressed took off their street clothes, he saw with a pang at his heart how poorly some of them were clad. One poor fellow without an overcoat shivered and shook with every breath of the wind that whistled through the cracked door, and as he dressed there was disclosed a suit of the lightest summer gauze underwear which he was wearing in the depth of that dreadful winter. Poor as Joe was, he was determined to keep up his annual custom of giving his comrades a Christmas dinner. Perhaps all that remained of his stock of underclothing went to the pawnbroker, but that is neither here nor there. Joe raised the money somehow, and on the Christmas day was ready to meet his guests.

"Among the crowd that filed into the room was his friend with the gauze underclothing. Joe beckoned him into an adjoining bedroom, and pointing to a chair silently walked out. On that chair hung a suit of underwear. It was of a comfortable scarlet color; it was [illegible] and wool; it was thick and warm, and it clung around the actor as if it had been built for him. As the shirt fell over his head there was suffused through his frame a gentle, delicious glow that thrilled every fiber of his body. His heart swelled almost to bursting. He seemed to be walking on air. He saw all things through a mist of tears. The faces around him, the voices in his ears, the familiar objects in his sight, the