FAMOUS POEMS.

Selections From the Best of Accepted Literature. Popular Old Songs.

Harp of the North.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling.
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,
O, Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweet sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maiden weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love or glory won,
Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud,
At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed:
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O, wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay;
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

—Sir Walter Scott.

The Grave of Bonaparte.

ON a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billows
Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-dropping willows,
Like fond weeping mourners, lean over the grave.
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle;
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle!
No sound can awake him to glory again!

O, shade of the mighty, where now are the legions
That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas! they have perished in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumph is gone!
The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle;
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle!
No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet, spirit immortal the tomb cannot bind thee,
For, like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat and war's thunders rattle,
No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep; thou hast fought thy last battle!
No sound can awake thee to glory again!

The Origin of the Harp.

'TIS believed that this harp
Which I now wake for thee
Was a siren of old
Who lived under the sea.
And who often at midnight
Through the dark billows roved,
To meet on the green shore
A youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain,
For he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night
Her gold ringlets to steep,
Till heaven looked with pity
On true love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp
The Sea Maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair,
Still her cheek smiled the same,
And the sea beauties gracefully
Curled round her frame;
And her hair, shedding dewdrops
From all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arms
To make the gold strings.

Thus it came that this soft harp
So long has been known
To mingle love's language
With sorrow's sad tone.
Till thou didst divide them
And teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee
And grief when away.

Little Brown Hands.

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the scarlet-dipped strawberry grows.
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They know where the fruit hangs the thickest,
On the long thorny blackberry vines;
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And where the red bitter-sweet twines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And shells that the ocean waves brings,
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest.
The humble and poor become great,
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

A Smack in School.

A DISTRICT school not far away,
'Mid Berkshire's hills, one wintry day,
Was humming with its wonted noise,
Of three-score mingled girls and boys,
Some few upon their task intent,
But more on future mischief bent,
And while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copybook,
All at once behind his back
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack.
It was a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss.
"What's that," the startled master cries,
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willeth, if you pleathe,
I saw him kith Susanna Peathe."
With frowns to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered "Hither, Will."
Will hung his head in fear and shame
And to the awful presence came.
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed,
That you, my largest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude,
Before the whole set school to boot.
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sobbed the lad,
I didn't mean to be so bad,
But when Susanna shook her curls
And whispered, "You're afraid of girls,
And durst to kiss a baby's doll."
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot,
I know, boo-hoo, I ought to not,
I know shrdlu 'Rqa.shrdlu cmfwy cmfw
But somehow from her looks, boo-hoo,
I think she kind o' wished me to."

—J. W. Palmer.

The Drummer Boy of Shiloh.

ON Shiloh's dark and bloody ground
The dead and wounded lay;
Amongst them was a drummer boy,
Who beat the drum that day.
A wounded soldier held him up,
His drum was by his side;
He clasped his hands, then raised his eyes,
And prayed before he died.

"Look down upon the battlefield,
Oh, Thou our Heavenly Friend!
Have mercy on our sinful souls!"
The soldiers cried, "Amen!"
For gathered 'round a little group,
Each brave man knelt and cried.
They list'ned to the drummer boy,
Who prayed before he died.

"Oh, mother," said the dying boy,
"Look down from heaven on me,
Receive me to thy fond embrace—
Oh, take me home to thee.
I've loved my country as my God;
To serve them both I've tried,"
He smiled, shook hands—death seized the boy,
Who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept, then, like a child,
Stout hearts were they and brave;
The flag his winding sheet—God's book
The key unto his grave.
They wrote upon a simple board
These words: "This is a guide
To those who'd mourn the drummer boy,
Who prayed before he died."

Ye angels 'round the throne of grace
Look down upon the braves,
Who fought and died on Shiloh's plain,
Now slumbering in their graves!
How many homes made desolate,
How many hearts have sighed—
How many, like that drummer boy,
Who prayed before he died.

—Will S. Hays.

You Never Can Tell.

YOU never can tell when you send a word
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.
You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall glow
And shelter the brows that toil.
You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For the thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Creed.

I BELIEVE if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie,
Cold, dead and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the Isle of Death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would sudden pulse beneath the touch,
Of him it ever loved in life so much—
And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief,
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth on the hills of night,
And gather starlike fagots till thy sight,
Lit by their beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead King from its heights sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe who has not loved
Has half the treasure of his life unproved,
Like one who with the grape within his grasp
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love pure and true
Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew,
That gems life's petals in its hour of dusk:
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown-jewel Love of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

—Mary Askley Townsend.

HIS SUPPOSITION.

From the San Francisco Wave.

A PHILANTHROPIC lady of Pacific Heights, one of the sort of superior slum raisers shown up in "Fables in Slang," met on one of her tours a little boy who was swearing roundly. She seized him at once and gave him a good shaking, adding: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! I never heard such language since the day I was born!" The boy into whose desolate home she had just been bringing light, pulled himself loose. "Yes'm," he said, "I s'pose dere was a good deal o' cussin' de day you was born."

FOOTNOTES.

Emma Carleton in The Philistine.

MANY persons fancy they are cultured, when, in fact, they are only bookish.

Getting time to mind one's own business is more difficult than minding it.

Reputation is a bubble which a man bursts when he tries to blow it for himself.

It is all right to call a spade a spade, but modern novelists seem to want to call it a manure shovel.

There are no humorists' clubs; humorists cannot exchange ideas without giving away good copy.

Repartee is any remark which is so clever that it makes the listener wish he had said it himself.

When a woman has an unhappy love affair it adds to her unhappiness that she cannot go around and tell of it.

Plagiarism is often only taking another writer's poorly expressed thought and giving it to the world in good shape.

Getting famous is not by any means so arduous a task as staying so.

Some writers are famous for the books they have written. Others for the books they ought not to have written.

When the average man talks of sitting in sackcloth and ashes he always means broadcloth and cigar ashes.

The heart always pays the highest price for the happiness it has never purchased.

Man was made to mourn, but most widowers think he was made to mourn only one year.

REQUESTS FOR POEMS.

To the Editor of The Republic.

WILL you please publish in your column of famous poems the song "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and another, either "Barney McCoy" or "Nora Darling"?

Liberty, Kas. RUBY McCARTHY.

To the Editor of The Republic.

You will greatly oblige me if you will publish in the columns of your valuable paper this poem, of which I know but a little, also the name of the author:

Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No."

Remmel, Ark. W. J. P. S.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Dear Sir: Will you kindly publish the poem entitled, "The Streets of Baltimore," by Lizzie Hodson or Lizzie Dodson? It is a descriptive poem on the death of Edgar Allan Poe. Kindly publish in your Sunday Republic, or tell me where I can get it.

Pana, Ill. JOHN SHEEAN.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you please print "The Whistling Regiment," if not too long? READER.

Palmyra, Mo.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Could you or one of your many readers give us, through the columns of your paper, the poem, "Battle of New Orleans." Also the old Confederate war song, beginning something like this, as I remember it:

Come, fathers, sons and brothers
It is your country's call,
If you have the heart and courage
To face a cannon ball.

And another song I have heard my grandfather sing that was composed on the words spoken by a wife murderer at his own execution. If I remember rightly, the name of the man was John Adelson, and that posibly was the title of the song. It ran something like this:

No father to train them
No mother to guide,
No fortune to shield them
From sin's rapid tide.

Language used in speaking of his children.

Belmont, Mo. J. M. CHAPMAN.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you please print in the Famous Poems column the song, "The Organist," or "Organist"? W. O. FROST.

Seligman, Mo.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you kindly publish the following old songs: "The Gypsy's Warning," "The Spanish Cavalier," "On the Tombigbee." I am in doubt as to the correctness of the title of the last song, but one of the verses runs something like this:

'Twas on the Tombigbee, so, bright, I was born,
'Mid the stalks of the gay and the bright yellow corn;
'Twas there I first met with my Julia so true,
I sailed her around in my gum-tree canoe.

A YOUNG, BUT CONSTANT, READER OF THE REPUBLIC.

Brookfield, Mo.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you be good enough to publish the poem, "I'm just a wee bit lassie"? One stanza reads:

I'm just a wee bit lassie,
With a thimblefull of sense,
Not quite so much as Solomon,
But his was so immense.

I read it in an old magazine years ago.

GEORGE W. WHISMAN.

Kampsville, Ill.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Please publish the poems, "Two Opinions" and "The Army Overcoat," in your Sunday edition. J. A. NOLAN.

Millstadt, Ill.

To the Editor of The Republic.

Many years ago I was familiar with an old song entitled "Come to Me," of which the first four lines were:

Come to me, and bring with thee
The sunny smiles of former years,
If smiles so bright
May lend their light
To cheer a heart long used to tears.

If you will kindly publish this song I will be greatly obliged.

Carmi, Ill. MRS. FRANK E. HAY.

Would it be asking too much to publish "The Croppy Boy." The same was famous in Ireland 125 years since. Likewise please give name of author:

One hundred pounds I would lay down
To see you marching through Wexfordtown.

Keokuk, Ia. W. W. J.

THE BEAR, THE CAGE AND THE MULES.

William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record.

ELWOOD HOFER, the official hunter and trapper of the United States Government out in the Yellowstone country, not long ago caught a big black bear in one of his patent traps, which also answers as a transportation cage. It is made of iron rods and oak timber—the trap, I mean, not the bear—has a drop at either end, and is baited with honey. When the bear enters and commences to paw the honey the drops fall and lock him in as tight as if he were in an exhibition cage at a menagerie. The cage can then be shipped anywhere the bear is wanted, and Billy Hofer supplies bears and other wild beasts to the Central Park Commissioners of New York and several zoos throughout the country, as well as to the Smithsonian Institution a Washington.

Well, Billy hauled the bear down to the railroad terminus at Cinnabar, backed the wagon up against the door of a freight car ran out a couple of planks for skids, and then hitched a chain to the cage so as to draw it into the car. A pair of mules on the other side of the car were attached to the other end of the chain and the driver was instructed to be very careful in starting them. He obeyed orders to the best of his ability, and everything went right until the cage was drawn into the car. The bear, being without experience in modern transportation facilities, did not quite comprehend the situation, and expressed his anxiety in a prolonged "Woo-o-o-o-o!" which alarmed the mules and caused them to start across the railroad yards at a 2:40 gait. They snatched the bear cage through the other door of the car and dragged it over the ground as they ran, first on one side and then on the other. One minute the bear would be standing on his head and the next on his feet. The cage bounded along as if it were as light as a chicken coop, and the louder the bear said "Woo-o-o-o-o!" the faster the mules ran, and their fright was not in any measure allayed by having six or seven men yelling after them.

It was an excellent test of the strength of Billy Hofer's cage, for when a field of stumps was reached on the other side of the road it bounded from one to another until finally it dropped into a place between two stumps that was not wide enough for the cage to pass through. This checked the team with a jerk, and caused them to stop so suddenly that they turned somersaults. But they were on their feet in a moment, and when the bear said "Woo-o-o-o!" again they made a desperate jump. The mules being stronger than the chain, they were relased, and did not stop running until they were several miles away. Ever since then those mules have shied at freight cars.

The team of soberminded horses which had hauled the cage down from the mountains was brought up to the stump field and dragged it back to the car. The cage suffered no damage, and the bear got an extra ride for nothing.

IMPRISONED BY AN OSTRICH.

From the London Express.

A GUARDSMAN in the reserve of officers who is better known for his swagger than his brains has had an unfortunate experience in South Africa.

He was stationed about 100 miles from Cape Town, at a remount depot. One morning a farmer stopped him as he was taking a constitutional, and warned him against crossing an inclosure containing a cock ostrich which had become bad tempered. The Guardsman said thet no ostrich ever hatched would turn him out of his way, and went on unmoved.

As he had not returned home four hours afterwards his brother officers were alarmed and sent out search parties. What was their surprise to discover him lying on his back unhurt, with a cock ostrich sitting on his chest.

The bird had knocked him down each time he had tried to rise, but could not hurt him while he lay flat on his back. Yet leave his enemy he declined to do, and therefore sat quietly upon him until driven off by the rescue party.

LITTLE CLASSICS.

THE morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.
—Longfellow, "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Pity's akin to love, and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
—Thomas Southerne, "Oroonoko."

God made all pleasures innocent.
—Mrs. Norton.

We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism and Rebellion.—Samuel D. Burchard, one of the deputation visiting Mr. Blaine, October 29, 1884.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Bacon.

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
—Homer, "Iliad."

Peace rules the day, where reason rules mind.—Collins.

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well.—Bryon.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate.
—Moore, "Lalla Rookh."

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.
—Byron.

The always wind-obeying deep.
—"Comedy of Errors."

Ods me, I mark what pleasure or felicity they have in taking their roguish tobacco. It is good for nothing but to choke a man and fill him full of smoke and embers.—Ben Jonson.

Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast.
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
—Goldsmith.

Prosperity is a great teacher. Adversity is a greater.—Hazlitt.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.—Lowell.

The man that makes a character makes foes.—Young.

'Tis the curse of service.
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.
—Shakespeare.

The prosperity of fools shall destroy them.
—Solomon.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time.
—Longfellow.

Where the sun does not enter the doctor must go.—Italian Proverb.

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—Dante.

Anger turns the mind out of doors and bolts the entrance.—Plutarch.

It needs a great nature to bear the weight of a great gratitude.—Ouida.

Glass, china and reputation are easily cracked and never well mended.—Benjamin Franklin.

When I tell him he hates flatteries, he says he does, being then most flattered.—Shakespeare.

Souls must be expanded by the contemplation of nature's grandeur before they can comprehend the greatness of man.—Heine.

Some men will believe nothing but what they can comprehend, and there are but few things that such are able to comprehend.—St. Evermond.

Well hast thou fought the better fight, who, single, hast maintained against revolted multitudes the cause of Truth, in words mightier than they in arms.—Milton.

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposing beneath the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field.—Burke.

With regard to the choice of friends there is little to say; for a friend is never chosen. A secret sympathy, the attraction of a thousand nameless qualities, a charm in the expression of the countenance, even in the voice or manner, a similiarity of circumstances—these are the things that begin attachment.—Mrs. Barbauld.

What is the moral? Who rides may read.
When the night is thick and the tracks are blind,
A friend at a pinch is a friend indeed;
But a fool to wait for the laggard behind;
Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

One may fall, but he falls by himself—
Falls by himself with himself to blame;
One may attain, and to him is the pelf,
Loot of the city in Gold or Fame;
Plunder of earth shall be all his own
Who travels the fastest and travels alone.

Wherefore the more ye be holpen and stayed—
Stayed by a friend in the hour of toil,
Sing the heretical song I have made—
His be the labor, and yours be the spoil,
Win by the aid, and the aid disown—
He travels the fastest who travels alone.
—Kipling.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

THE REPUBLIC wishes to thank the following persons for responses to requests for poems: H. S., Chester, Ill., "The Old Playground," "Write Me a Letter from Home" and "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh"; Jennie Stannus, St. Louis, "The Beggar's Petition"; Mrs. W. A. Yule, St. Louis, "The District School"; A Reader, Hannibal, Mo., "The Smack in School"; Mrs. M. E. Maxwell, St. Louis, "The Kiss in School"; Doria and Millie Gill, Newbern, Jersey County, Ill., "The Smack in School" and "Little Brown Hands," and response to a question; Mrs. M. L. Phipps, St. Louis, "You Never Can Tell" and "Creed"; Mr. A. W. Johnson, Salisbury, Mo., "A Smack in School"; Mrs. A. Chapman, Roodhouse, Ill., an old song; Miss Welhelm, St. Louis, "A Free Seat"; Mrs. W. H. Otwell, Plainview, Ill., "Little Brown Hands" and information regarding other poems; S. S. M., "The Smack in School"; Miss Ella May Dunlap, Kingsland, Ark., "The Free Seat"; Frank A. Long, Sedalia, Mo., "Creed," "When" and "The Telegram"; Mrs. M. T. Love, Rome, Wis., "The Beggar's Petition"; C. F. Hufft, "The Smack in School," by William Pitt Palmer; E. G. LeStourgeon, San Antonio, Tex., "The Smack in School."

SHE WAS SENSIBLE.

From Southern Industrial News.

A KANSAS girl graduate who had been given the theme "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," promulgated the following:

"I do not care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad that I have a good, very good, education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays about the future woman. It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have, should he speak of 'dorgs' in my presence, or say he went 'somewheres,' or 'seen' a man. It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. So I do not begrudge the time I spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can 'lick' anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an eighty-acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch. I will agree to cook dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave, and lavish upon him a whole lot of wholesome affection, and see that his razor has not been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this I do not care if I do get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by."

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

W. W. LANKFORD, Sherman, Tex.—Kipling's "Recessional" is the poem. The words "Lest we forget, lest we forget" are from it. It was published in these columns several weeks ago, hence we cannot comply with your request.

M. L. Shane, St. Louis—The poem "Under the Daisies" was published by The Republic a month or two ago.

Mrs. Fronia Barrett, Claremore, I. T.—You must be mistaken about the lines quoted by H. H. M. in last Sunday's Republic. They do not appear in our copy of the "Cotter's Saturday Night."

To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you kindly supply author and name of poem from which the following lines are taken?

The evening hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free.
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea.
And every wave with dimpled face
That leaped upon the air
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

D. J. F.

These lines are from Amelia B. Welby's poem called "Musings."

To the Editor of The Republic.

Will you please answer these questions: Should an invitation to a reception be answered? What is the difference between a reception and an at home? Should a card to an at home be answered, or should a card be sent in acknowledging the invitation? If attending an entertainment should cards be left when taking leave? Would it be considered proper for a lady to offer wine and cake to a clergyman when he calls on her, or should other refreshments be served? AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

It would be in better taste to offer other refreshments than cake and wine to a clergyman. It is not necessary to answer an invitation to a reception or an at home unless the letters "R. S. V. P." appear upon it. These letters request an answer, as they stand for the French for "Answer if you please." However, if you receive an invitation to a reception and cannot attend regrets should be sent to the hostess. After accepting a lady's hospitality it is proper to pay a party call, and this makes it unnecessary to leave cards at the close of the entertainment, unless such is the general custom. If such a course is expected, by all means do so. Receptions and at homes are usually interchangeable terms.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" IN CHINESE.

AT the time of the Queen's jubilee, in 1897, Professor Salmone published a volume giving a translation of the third verse of the national anthem, metrically rendered into fifty of the most important languages spoken in the Queen's Empire. The following is the translation into Chinese made by Sir Chihchen Lofengluh:

Chi shan, pi yu yu kiang
Shan Ts'ang chiang fu fang chang
Wan Shon wu chiang
Yung chih Shen Jen yu yu
Shon fa pao pang yu wu
Ko kung sung teh wei yang
Tien yu Chun Chu.

The Last Station.

From the Detroit Free Press.

HE had been seen at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along and learn if they could render him any kindness.

The brakeman was a good fellow and one and all encouraged him in the hope he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous, but the other day the patient began sinking and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered and he didn't recognize them.

It was near one of the depots and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by the bells and the short sharp whistles of the yard engines sounded painfully loud.

The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead and the brakeman closed his eyes and was quiet for a time. Then the wind wind whistled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jack-son—passengers going north by the Saginaw road change cars!"

The men understood the brakeman thought he was coming East on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out.

A tug going down the river sounded her whistles loud and long and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out: "Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the route a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death was drawing a special train over the old track and he was brakeman, engineer and conductor.

One of the yard engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown the engineer some stranger in front, and the brakeman called out:

"Ip-seianti; change cars here for the Eel River Road."

He is coming in fast whispered one of the men. And the end of his run will be the end of his life, said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead and there was that ghastly look on the face that death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again and he moved his head and faintly said:

"Grand Trunk Junction. Passengers going East by the Grand Trunk, change cars."

He was so quiet after this that all the men gathered around the bed believed he was dead. His eyes closed and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head and whispered:

"De—"

Not Detroit, but death. He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shown full in his face and covered it with such pallor that naught but death could bring.

CYCLE OF CATHAY.

THE following labored effort at being funny was perpetrated in England: The roads in China are said to be horrible. "They are merely tracks from one village to another, not drained, and in the crudest state imaginable." Bad times, evidently, for the cycle of Cathay.

NATURAL HISTORY LESSON.

From Harper's Magazine.

ANDREWS had been dining for some weeks at a favorite Italian restaurant, and was great chums with the proprietor. One night at dinner the latter approached Andrews's table.

"How you do, Meesteur Andrews? Ver' glad to see you. Exguse mi, Meester Andrews, bot I like to assk a favor, eef you plees."

Andrews told him he would be delighted.

"I t'ank you, Meester Andrews. I like to assk, eef you plees, w'at ees a pol' bear."

"A polar bear?" said Andrews. "Why, he's a—a bear, you know, a big, white bear."

"Yess, Meester Andrews, I know. Exguse mi. Bot I like to know w'at 'e do."

"What he does?" said Andrews. "Why, he—he lives up at the North Pole."

"Exguse mi, Meester Andrews, I no care w'ere 'e leef. I like know w'at ees a pol' bear, w'at 'e do."

"Oh, what he does," said Andrews. "Well he's up there at the North Pole, you know. He just sits around on the ice."

"Aw—he seet on the ice? You most exguse mi, Meesteur Andrews, I donno de Engleesh moch. I like know, eef you plees, w'at else 'e do w'en 'e no seet on dthe ice."

"What else he does?" said Andrews. "I don't know of anything else he does. He just sits around up there on the ice."

"Aw!—he do notting bot seet on dthe ice? I t'ank you, Meesteur Andrews. Ver' moch oblige. Exguse mi deesturb your deenair. I t'ank you ver' moch."

Andrews's host was retiring, but Andrews's curiosity was somewhat aroused, and he called him back.

"Why are you so much interested in polar bears?" Andrews asked.

Andrews's host looked troubled.

"Ah, Meesteur Andrews, I tell you. I hat a goot friend w'at die. He haf beeg funereil naix Sonday—oh, beeg funereil! Dthey assk me be pol' bear. Bot no, I t'ink not—I no seet on ice."

BIOGRAPHY

ALBERT GALLATIN, Thomas Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury, Whose Direct Influence in Public Affairs Was Potent for Fifty Years.

"PEACE hath her victories no less renowned than war," is a true saying. Albert Gallatin was a winner of peaceful victories. His hand directed the course of legislation, of government, of diplomacy. His career was no less important to America, his adopted country, than were those of soldiers and Generals. The dashing officer, who has rushed to victory, sword in hand, is a romantic figure, but the man who knows how to make the most of these successes is not less worthy.

Albert Gallatin, a Swiss, educated in Geneva, came to America in the time of the Revolution. His family was prominent in his native country, but he loved personal liberty and independence, and Europe offered nothing to him. The successive steps of his political life may be mentioned briefly. He was a delegate to the Pennsylvania Convention, held for the purpose of revising the State Constitution. He was elected a member of the Legislature. He was conspicuous in the settlement of the insurrection in Western Pennsylvania known to history of the "Whiskey Rebellion," and which was a test, in a measure, of the stability of the Government. He was elected to Congress, where he fought the Federalists under Hamilton with great spirit, and where his first measure was the appointment of a Committee of Fiance, the beginning of the most important committee of the House, the Ways and Means Committee. He was elected to the Senate, but was not permitted to take his seat because he had not been naturalized for the required number of years. Jefferson made him Secretary of the Treasury, and he succeeded Hamilton to the care of this department. He was in charge of this department for twelve years, and his system of finance was remarkable for its success. He financed the War of 1812, and had the satisfaction, in 1837, of seeing the plan inaugurated by him worked out to a successful conclusion and the national debt paid. In 1813 he went to St. Petersburg with James A. Bayard to negotiate the treaty of peace with Great Britain. The result was the treaty of Ghent. He was Minister to England in 1826. He was born in 1761, came to America in 1780, and died in 1849, after having been in the service of the United States for more than fifty years.

His biographer, John Austin Stevens, says of him: "Of all European-born citizens who have risen to fame in the political service of the United States, Albert Gallatin is the most distinguished. His merit in legislation, in administration and diplomacy, is generally recognized, and he is venerated by men of science on both continents. Independence and nationality were achieved by the Revolution, in which he bore a slight and unimportant part; but from the time of the peace until his death his influence, either by direct action or indirect counsel, may be traced through the history of the United States.

The young Gallatin graduated with honors at the Geneva Academy, and his grandmother, a power in the family, interested herself as to his career, as his parents were dead. Her friend, the Landgrave of Hesse, was engaged in supporting the uncertain fortunes of the British Army in America with a large military contingent, and she had only to ask to obtain for her grandson the high commission of Lieutenant Colonel of one of the regiments of Hessian mercenaries. To the offer made to young Gallatin, and urged with due authority, he replied that "he would never serve a tyrant"; a want of respect which was answered by a cuff on the ear. It seems that this incident determined his career. Throwing off the restrains of his family, he came to America in 1780, where he had a lonely life for a time. It is told of him that when he made a journey about this time through New England, he had an amusing experience.

"The tavern at which he stopped on his journey was kept by a man who partook in a considerable degree of the curiosity, even nowadays manifested by some landlords in the back parts of New England to know the whole history of their guests. Noticing Mr. Gallatin's French accent, he said, 'Just from France, eh! You are a Frenchman, I suppose?' 'No!' said Mr. Gallatin, 'I am not from France.' 'You can't be from England, I'm Sure.' 'No,' was the reply. 'From Spain?' 'No.' 'From Germany?' 'No.' 'Well, where on earth are you from then, or what are you?' eagerly asked the inquisitive landlord. 'I am a Swiss,' replied Mr. Gallatin. 'Swiss, Swiss, Swiss!' exclaimed the landlord in astonishment, 'which of the ten tribes are the Swiss?'"

At this time Mr. Gallatin did not speak English with facility, and, indeed, was never free from a foreign accent.

The winter of 1784-86 Mr. Gallatin passed in Richmond, Va. He had had some remittances from home, and had made a little money as a teacher of French, and now he became a surveyor, his education in mathematics qualifying him for such a pursuit. With a certificate from Governor Patrick Henry he set out to locate 2,000 acres of land in the Western country for a third party. * * * Gallatin appeared before the court of Monongalia County, Virginia, at its October term and took the "oath of allegiance and fidelity to the Commonwealth of Virginia." Clare's, his actual residence, and where he had bought over a thousand acres of land, was in Pennsylvania, north of the Virginia line, but his affections were with the Old Dominion.

In the early days of 1786 a rumor reached his family at Geneva that he was dead, and much alarmed his friends. Mr. Jefferson, then Minister at Paris, wrote to Mr. Jay for information. This was Jefferson's first knowledge of the existence of the young man who was to become his political associate, his philosophic companion and his truest friend. Meanwhile, Gallatin had attained his twenty-fifth year, when he was to come into the possession of his inheritance. The delayed letters reached his family, and drafts were sent to him for the sum of $5,000, which he used in establishing his home in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. He always loved his farm and retreated to it to find relief from the burdens of his public duties.

In 1789 Gallatin married Sophie Allegre, daughter of a French Huguenot family residing in Richmond. She lived but a few months. Gallatin's grief was touching, and he sought distraction in public affairs. His first political honors and opportunities came at this time, and he began his career which brought him into such close relation with Jefferson and the party of Jefferson. The best government he held to be that which governs the least.

In company with Alexander J. Dallas, Secretary of State of Pennsylvania, and his family, Mr. Gallatin made a tour through the country in 1793. Some lady friends of Mrs. Dallas joined the party, among them Miss Hannah Nicholson, daughter of Commodore Nicholson. He described her in a letter to his friend Badollet as "a girl about 25 years old, who is neither handsome nor rich, but sensible, well-informed, good-natured and belonging to a respectable and very amiable family." He was not mistaken in his choice. They were married November 11, 1793. She was his faithful companion throughout his long, honorable career, and death separated them but a few months. This alliance greatly widened his political connection.

After his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury in 1801 he soon realized the magnitude of his task. He did nothing by halves. To whatever work he had to do he brought the best of his faculty. No man ever better deserved the epithet of "thorough." He searched till he found the principle of every measure with which he had concern and understood every detail of its application. This knowledge of every subject which he investigated was the secret of his political success. As a committee man he was incomparable. No one could be better euipped for the direction of the Treasury Department than he, but he was not satisfied with direction; he would manage also; and he went to the work with untiring energy. A quarter of a century later he said of it in a letter to his son:

"To fill that office in the manner I did and as it ought to be filled was a most laborious task and labor of the most tedious kind. To fit myself for it, to be able to understand thoroughly, to embrace and control all its details, took from me, during the two first years I held it, every hour of the day and many of the night, and had nearly brought on a pulmonary complaint. I filled the office twelve years and was fairly worn out."

By his political life Mr. Gallatin acquired an American reputation; by his management of the finances of the United States he placed himself among the first political economists of the day, but his masterly conduct of the Treaty of Ghent showed him an equal of the best of European statesmen on their own peculiar ground of diplomacy. Europeans recognized his preeminent genius. Sismondi praised him in a public discourse. Humboldt addressed him as his illustrious friend. Mme. de Stael expressed to him her admiration for his mind and character. Alexander Baring gave him more than admiration—his friendship.

At the time of the excitement over the discussion of the boundary line between Maine and Canada in 1839, Mr. Gallatin prepared a statement of the facts in the case. About this time Alexander Baring, who had been raised to the peerage as Lord Ashburton, was sent to America on a mission of friendship and peace. As a young man he had listened to the debate on Jay's treaty in 1796. He was now to be received by Webster in Washington in the same spirit in which Grenville received Jay in London, when it was mutually understood that they should discuss the matter as friends and not as diplomats, and leave their articles as records of agreement, not as compromises of discord. Gallatin eagerly awaited the arrival of his old friend, and was grievously disappointed when contrary winds blew the frigate which carried him to Annapolis. Letters were immediately exchanged; Lord Ashburton engaging before he left the country to find Gallatin out, and, as he said, to "draw a little wisdom from the best well."

After the treaty was signed, Lord Ashburton went from Washington to New York, and the old friends met once more. Mr. Gallatin was in his eighty-second year, but in the full possession of his faculties; Lord Ashburton in his sixty-eighth year—a memorable meeting of two great men, whose lives had much in common; the one the foremost banker of England, the other the matchless financier of America; and to this sufficient honor was added for each the singular merit of having negotiated for his country the most important treaties in its relations to the other since the separation of 1783—Mr. Gallatin the Treaty of Ghent, and Lord Ashburton the treaty which is known by his name.

For a period far beyond the allotted years of man Mr. Gallatin retained the elasticity of his physical as well as his mental nature. In middle-age he was slight of figure, his height about 5 feet 10 inches, his form compact and of nervous vigor. His complexion was Italian; his expression keen; his nose long and prominent; his mouth small, fine cut and mobile; his eyes hazel and penetrative; his skull a model for the sculptor. Thus he appears in the portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart about the time that he took charge of the Treasury Department; he was then about 40 years of age.

His moral excellence was no less conspicuous than his intellectual power. He had a profound sense of justice, a love of liberty, and unfailing belief in the capacity of the human race for self-rule. Versed in the learning of centuries, and familiar with every experiment of government, he was full of the liberal spirit of his age.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

If two gentlemen are walking together and meet a lady and gentleman, and the gentleman is a friend of one of the two parties, should all the gentlemen take off their hats, and should the lady bow, or ought just the two who know each other to nod and smile? M. S.

When two gentlemen are walking together and meet an acquaintance who is walking with a lady the men should certainly take off their hats, but the lady is not required to make any salutation whatever. It is simply an act of courtesy, and that ends the matter.

Is it necessary, if a young gentleman wants to send flowers to a young lady, that he send the particular kind of flower she likes best, if it is a great deal more expensive than any other kind, or can he just send roses or violets? ATTENTION.

It would be quite impossible in most instances, provided the young lady has a passion for orchids or some rare flower, to supply her only with these particular blossoms, for the chances are they would cost a great deal of money. It is quite sufficient to send roses, violets or any flowers that are in season, and it is infinitely more sensible than to spend money you cannot well afford.

How long ought I to wait before I call on some people who have lately become residents of my neighborhood? They are nice-looking persons, seem to have plenty of money and go to my church regularly, although they have not yet taken a pew. I have lived in this neighborhood for the last twenty-five years, and it is considered when I call on anybody they are all right, but I do not wish to transgress any rules of etiquette. Shall I take my husband's card when I call, and how many of them shall I leave? W. O.

It is not well to enlarge your circle of acquaintance rapidly by calling upon people of whom you know nothing, so, unless they have brought letters of introduction or you have some means of knowing who they are or something about them, it will be well for you to wait for at least two or three months. By that time you can certainly have formed your own conclusions as to whether they are desirable acquaintances and residents of the community. When you do call you must certainly take two of your husband's cards, one for the man of the family and the other for the lady of the house.

How many courses make a formal dinner, and must there always be floral decorations, and how many kinds of wine? M. S. T.

A formal dinner varies in length and in number of courses from year to year—that is, it is sometimes fashionable to have a dinner of many courses, and again it is the fashion to have only a few courses. Eight or nine courses should be the limit, but, of course, this could be enlarged indefinitely. Some people serve champagne after the first course and no other wine, while others have sherry, white wine and then champagne. These details are settled rather by individual taste than anything else. Almost every dinner table now is decorated with flowers, but not in the sense of floral decorations. Four small vases of flowers, a fernery or a tall vase or pitcher in the center is sufficient; but, like the wine, this is a question of individual taste.

How is it possible to let a man who persists in extending invitations to a lady understand that she does not wish to accept his attentions?
UNWELCOME INTRUDER.

It is always difficult for a lady to know just how to tell a man for whom she does not care that his attentions are disagreeable to her, but, as honesty is the best policy, you had better write or say: "My dear Mr. ——, I trust that you will not be offended when I tell you that, while I appreciate your kindness in offering ——, it is impossible for me to accept your very kind invitations and attentions. Hoping that you will not misunderstand this note, believe me, yours truly."

If you have no opportunity to write a note, then the only thing for you to do will be to say to the man when you meet him just what you have expressed in your letter, but oftener it is much easier to write than to say this sort of thing.

CHINESE TELEGRAPHY.

THE Chinese have an alphabet, but each word has a special sign. In order to telegraph them each sign has to be numbered and the number is sent. The receiving clerk refers to his table and translates the transmitted number into the Chinese sign. The tables bear some resemblance to a logarithm table, the signs being printed in vertical columns. There are ten columns to a page, and each column contains twenty signs, so we get 200 signs on each page. There are forty-nine pages to the complete table, making in all 9,800 numbered signs. Each tiny square contains a sign for a word and its corresponding number. The numbers are made up of signs ranging from 0 to 9. The sender writes his message in Chinese characters on a form. This message is then converted into numbers, according to the table, by an employe. These numbers are telegraphed, and the receiving station then retranslates them into Chinese characters.