EYES.

"She hath two eyes so soft and brown,"
For tender thought and glances true,
Commend me to the eyes of blue,
For heaven's wide of sweet surprise,
Blue eyes! blue eyes!

For roguish snap and sharp attack
Commend me to the eyes of black,
For fiercest love where madness lies,
Black eyes! black eyes!

For grit to stand by what they say,
Commend me to the eyes of gray,
Their steadfast beam all change defies,
Gray eyes! gray eyes!

For eyes that smile, and eyes that frown,
Commend me to the eyes of brown.
The best of each their goods comprise
Devotion true within them lies,
All rapture sweet beneath the skies,
Brown eyes! brown eyes!

—Elizabeth Chalmers Martin.

A NOVEL COURTSHIP

IT was three days before Christmas. So much in love was Van Story that, as he walked up the avenue, this fact did not have the same emphasis that it might have had under different circumstances.

The cool, buoyant air—with a certain crispness about it that the ocean allows even to the metropolis on occasional winter afternoons—might have been hot and sultry and the fact would not have mattered to Van Story.

To a man in love, summer and winter, spring and autumn, lose their variety. Her last look—the radiant, responsive smile—the slight pressure of the hand—a hidden language of the voice—what are seasons, wars, politics, earthquakes, or any other paltry human interests, compared with these?

And yet there was a certain seasonableness in Van Story's thoughts as he walked deliberately along—deliberately, and not with the impatience that love manifests usually, because he knew that on this particular afternoon Miss Pinkton was not alone.

"Is she ever alone?" he had thought to himself gloomily, when he had started out. "I can't talk to her on a walk with people all around, staring at us, and this is about the only chance I have. Oh, for half a day of last summer! Thirty minutes in that pavilion would be all I ask for. But what shall I give her for Christmas? Flowers and books are tame, and yet anything more ——"

While he was engaged in his reflections, he suddenly came across his old chum Castleton, who was, by the way, Miss Pinkton's cousin.

"Ah, old man, whither away? But I think I can guess——" said that dapper individual, looking him over half critically. "Well, Dorothy is at home, and surrounded by all sorts and conditions of men. I've just come from there. And, by the way, you're wanted."

"Wanted where?—at Miss Pinkton's?" said Van Story—as if he didn't know.

"Sure," said Castleton. "There's going to be a church trimming to-morrow night, and Dorothy has agreed to take charge of it. She wants you to help—she told me to tell you if I saw you."

"Who else is going to be there?"

Castleton took his friend by the arm, and for a moment they both turned and looked over the solid iron palings down on the snow-garnished little grass plot in front of the brown stone dwelling house as if, for one instant, they had mutually agreed to turn their backs on the world.

"Old man," he said affectionately, "I've been thinking about you all the way from Dorothy's, and hoping I should meet you. I suppose if you really could see Dorothy alone for an hour or so, you'd like it, wouldn't you?"

Van Story looked at his friend solemnly.

"You know how I feel about that girl, of course," he said, "but this beastly town always stands in my way."

"I know it. I've been in the same boat myself—simply can't see her alone. People all around—at the theater, in restaurants, and at home brothers and parents and others are always dropping in. Oh, I've been there. But Dorothy's worth having. Dorothy's all right. I take a personal interest, you know, because I've known you both so long, and it just occurred to me that this church-trimming affair might give you an opening."

"I don't see how," replied Van Story. "There'll be a lot of church fellows there, will there not? The superintendent of the Sunday school, and the teacher of the young men's Bible class, and so on."

"Well, you can get her off in a corner, can't you—or get rid of the rest of them in some way? Tell them it's postponed—there's your chance, old man. Christmas comes but once a year—make the most of it."

Van Story turned and grasped his friend's hand.

"There may be something in it, old chap," he said. "At any rate, I thank you. And now I must be off."

Van Story, when he arrived at the Pinkton mansion, was agreeably surprised to find that the crowd had diminished—there had been an afternoon tea, and this was the tail end of it.

"It was very good of you to come, even if you are late," she said. "You don't do this sort of thing very often, do you?"

"Not any oftener"—Van Story was going to add, "than I can help," but stopped himself for an instant. Then he thought it better to be strictly honest and so he added—"than I can help. I hate this sort of thing," he continued, looking her frankly in her blue eyes, "because, you know, it's so unsatisfactory."

"Sir!" she pouted back, "do you mean to say that my tea is unsatisfactory?"

He nodded.

"For me, I mean," he added. He lowered his voice, although this was hardly necessary, as three women on their right—the left-overs—were discussing the opera. "I shall never be able to see you alone," he said.

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, haven't I been trying to for weeks?"

She smiled.

"Well, at first you don't succeed, try, try again. By the way, will you help us in the church to-morrow night?"

"That's manual labor."

"I know it, and that's what I want for. If you don't like teas, you will enjoy trimming a church. I'll give you something to do. I know you are strong, because you used to play football, and besides, you look strong."

"Do I—really? So does a hired man."

She pouted again.

"Now, I intended that for a compliment, and it was horrid of you to turn it the other way. But you will come, will you not? You know the church—the large old-fashioned brick that sets off the avenue. The sexton will have the ladder, and the greens have all been ordered."

Van Story smiled at her enthusiasm.

"Who's going to be there?" he asked.

"Let me see. They've placed me in charge of the affair, you know, because I really felt I ought to do something this year, and there will be four others to help—the superintendent, Mr. Pumpton; the infants' Bible class teacher, Mr. Huddle; the assistant organist, Mr. Wringer, and Vestryman Springer—that makes six in all, doesn't it—counting us in?"

Van Story arose.

"That's four too many," he said, as he held her hand. "Don't you think so?"

She flushed slightly.

"Yes," she said softly. "But—you'll be there, won't you? Surely?"

"I'll be there," he replied. "To-morrow night at eight."

As he walked back down the avenue Van Story almost shouted to himself in the exuberance of his new thought. Here at last was his opportunity, after so much waiting—after the long days spent in hoping against hope that the next time he might stand face to face with this beautiful girl and tell her how much he loved her—here, at last, was his chance. He hastily repeated over the names of the church-trimming party that he might not forget them. He would go to the sexton, find their addresses, and the rest was easy.

That individual was at his home, reading the afternoon paper, which he put down apologetically as Van Story entered.

"I am from Miss Pinkton, about trimming the church to-morrow night. Have the greens been ordered?"

"Yes, sir; they will be delivered to-morrow."

"And the church will be open?"

"Yes, sir, I will open the side chancel door at seven-thirty."

"Good. And now will you be so kind as to give me the names and addresses of Mr. Pumpton, Mr. Huddle, Mr. Wringer and Mr. Springer?"

The sexton called them out from his record book, and Van Story, armed with the precious paper, hurried off to the nearest hotel typewriter.

"I want this dictated on plain paper," he said to that imperturbable young lady, and he gave the following brief business note:

"Dear Sir—Owing to an unexpected and important engagement of the head of the Trimming Committee I am requested by Miss Pinkton to say that the trimming of the church, which was to have taken place to-morrow night, is postponed. You will, therefore, please not attend to-morrow night, but come on the night following. Yours truly, W. A. VAN STORY."

"I want that letter to be sent to each of these four addresses," he said, "at once;" and as he hurried over to his jeweler he exclaimed gleefully to himself, "At last!"

The next evening they walked over to the church together.

"We must be early," she said, as she sat down on the steps leading up to the altar. The pulpit, tall and grim and stately, towered above her shapely head almost like a benediction. Far above them, the lights in the chandelier gleamed fitfully.

Surely, could there be a better place to love and be loved than in the sacred sanctuary, set within the beating heart of the sordid world and yet so far removed from it? And as she looked up at him, instinctively she felt that in such a place his words must ring true, and that she might trust him. He took her hand.

"Dorothy," he said, "I couldn't have told you how much I loved you before. I wanted your answer all to myself. Somehow the sea of city life seemed to shut out the sound of my voice. I longed for a quiet country lane, or the great silent ocean. But I could not wait. And here at last we are safe." He put his arm around her. "Do you love me?" he said.

Her head dropped silently down on his shoulder. And then followed that blissful moment, a moment that stands out in one's life forever after—the moment of life when love's dream is realized, and to these two it was as if the chorus of unseen saints was chanting their happiness. Suddenly she raised her head. There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"You have forgotten something," she said.

"No, I haven't," he replied triumphantly, misunderstanding her, "I have it here." He produced a tiny object that glittered in the dim light and sent out tiny shafts of lambent fire. "Your Christmas present," he said. "Two days ahead, none but less real. I didn't know what to give you, until I thought of this."

He slipped it on her finger.

"It is beautiful," she said at last, "beautiful."

There was a moment of silence, interrupted by a sound like the chirping of joyful birds. Then she spoke again.

"When I said you had forgotten something," she said, the twinkle coming back to her eyes, "I wasn't thinking of this." She held up the ring admiringly. "I was thinking of the others—why, they may be here any minute."

Van Story caught her hand in his once more.

"No," he said smilingly. "You see, dear, it was my only chance. I just had to do it. I sent word to all the others—wrote them each a note, you know, that this thing was postponed until to-morrow night, on account of an important engagement. You didn't mind, did you? It was the truth, wasn't it? I wanted to be alone with you. It was our only chance. Don't you see it was?"

She dropped her hands by her side suddenly. The color left her face and then came back again.

"You did that?" she said. "How could you? How dreadful! Oh, why did you do it? What can I ever say to them? You wrote and told them not to come to-nifiht—did you do that?"

He caught her hands again in his. Above, the stately old church bells in the spire chanted out the hour.

"Yes, dearest," he said. "I did it, and I'm glad of it. Nothing can ever make me sorry. I wrote the whole bunch of 'em not to come."

She raised her half-mournful, half-merry eyes to his.

"So did I," she said.—Waverley.

POKES FUN AT JOHN BULL.

Canadian Has His Own Views About His Cousins Across the Sea.

Peter McArthur is a Canadian whose views on England and English society are interesting and original. In his new book, "To Be Taken With Salt; An Essay on Teaching One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs," he gives a number of aphorisms that set orthodox philosophy at defiance. Here are a few samples:

Seasickness has kept more enemies out of England than her prowess in war.

London takes more for granted than the rest of the world knows.

The great trouble with the English is that they are trying to repel the American invaders with business methods that came over with William the Conqueror.

Most of the things talked about in London society are fitter subjects for prayer than for gossip.

To be original is to be wrong.

Culture is the consciousness of truth expressed in conduct.

Good form appears to be the accumulated weariness of centuries expressed in a general air of boredom.

One of the blessings of being a humorist is that all your mistakes pass off as jokes.

Conservatism and laziness are hard to distinguish.

In order to carry on an argument you must descend to the other man's level.

One should never spoil a good theory by explaining it.

Let me make the jokes of the empire; I care not who makes its blunders.

London is full of clever people who expect to get salvation in a moment and spend the luxury of being damned over a lifetime.

The cuckoo of philosophy has successfully laid her egg in the nest of theology.

London is overcrowded with serious-minded people who stand in awe of their own ignorance.

An Englishman's social standing seems to depend on the number of people he can afford to despise.

The average Englishman has so deep a reverence for antiquity that he would rather be wrong than be recent.

This country is full of people who are starving up to their positions.—London Express.

MISSOURI EDITOR ON DECEIT.

Says It Is Practiced Almost Exclusively by Men and Mules.

Deceit often undermines the fabric of the home, and it also sometimes disconnects a man from a good horse and leaves a jaded, wind-broken, stump-sucking steed in its stead.

Deceit is practiced almost exclusively by men and mules. Men are extremely deceitful, and occasionally a woman is found who is handy at pulling the Angora goat hair over the eyes, while a mule will maintain a sleepy, docile attitude for months and months for the blessed privilege of kicking its driver into the next township.

The possum is very deceitful except when parboiled, baked down and surrounded by sweet potatoes.

People say that a girl says no when she means yes, but married men have not found it that way.

Some men are so deceitful that they lie to their wives, lie to their offspring, lie to the editor, lie to the preacher, and even lie to the candidate after they have the hog-faced dollar in the apertures of their trousers.

There are men in Missouri who are so deceitful that they try to deceive themselves. They reason that a dull headache and the dark-brown taste is simply a pleasant specimen of innocent enjoyment. Such men, if they are ever fortunate enough to get in hailing distance of the pearly gates, will try to palm themselves off as class leaders.

If there is anything that brings more woe and misery into the world than deception, Noah Webster has overlooked it in his unabridged. Yet we go right along deceiving our wives, our neighbors and their wives, ourselves and our posterity, and if it was possible we would palm off a deception on the God Who made us and will save us, if we can drop our infernal deception.

Deception is the rat trap that catches the entire human family and then turns right around and puts a nice piece of fresh cheese on the trigger in an effort to catch the man who made the trap.

Beware of the base deceiver, and be careful that you don't stumble and fall over yourself.—Nevada (Mo.) Post.

Essence of Orange Leaves.

One of the remarkable industries of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that secluded country, imported orange seeds and planted groves which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives in Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

The Doctor Took It.

"My!" exclaimed the doctor; "you've hardly any pulse to-day!"

"Well, don't you remember, doctor," replied the patient, "you took it when you were here yesterday?"

Few Filipinos Speak Spanish.

Not more than 10 per cent of the inhabitants of the Philippines can speak any Spanish.

The cold truth is that while a visiting girl may have had occasion to keep an engagement book, no home girl ever had so many things going on that she couldn't keep them in her head.

When Carhart read the advertisement over a second time it sounded better than at first, and his lonesome little bedroom, two flights up and turn to the left, looked more and more dreary. This is how it read:

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOM; FRONT; southern exposure; to gentleman with good references; reasonable; musical family. 34526 Getham av.

That last phrase was what caught Carhart's fancy particularly—"musical family." Of course the southern exposure was not without its charm and the reasonable price was to be considered, but when these desirable features were to be found in a musical family nothing more could be desired by Carhart.

"That's good enough for me," he observed to himself. "I'd like to hear some music besides the pounding of the steak for to-morrow's breakfast."

The next evening found him at Mrs. Siddon's door in Getham avenue.

"I called in answer to your advertisement," he began, in the deferential manner that becomes habitual to the roomer who deals with many landladies.

From the parlor floated the merry lilt of "Hiawatha," extracted from the piano by the nimble fingers of Miss Siddons. Carhart smiled in happy anticipation.

"Would you like to look at the room?" asked Mrs. Siddons.

That is always the counter of the landlady to the lead of the would-be roomer. It may be she suspects that he came to clean the carpets.

"I would," said Carhart, earnestly. As he walked upstairs "Hiawatha" faded away into the purple twilight, but the place in the center of the stage was immediately taken by "Bedelia," gayly snorted from a yellow clarinet by a young man whom Carhart got a peek at in the parlor.

"Your family is quite musical," observed Carhart with a bright smile.

"Oh, yes, quite so," assented Mrs. Siddons. "This is the room."

From the depths of a chair in the room arose a small boy playing a mouth organ. As he passed blithely out and down the hall "Home, Sweet Home," drifted back to Carhart.

"It seems very pleasant," he began. But before he ended the sentence the stirring notes of "Die Wacht am Rhein" leaped through the open transom of the adjoining room and made him jump.

"That's the other roomer," explained Mrs. Siddons. "He plays the cornet in a music hall and has to keep in practice all the time."

Carhart bowed a bit weakly. "The Holy City," evidently done on a slide trombone with clarinet obligato, was now ascending from the parlor and a robust voice took up the chorus with a delightful disregard for the key.

"I'm afraid the room is—is—scarcely large enough," said Carhart lamely. "I like lots of room. In fact, I—I'm not sure I want to move—er—that is—not for several months."

Mrs. Siddons looked at him witheringly and led the way down stairs. Carhart slipped out amid a booming chorus from the musical family composed of "My Alamo Love," "Julie," "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Mandy."

"What I like best about my little room," he explained to his fellow clerk, Larkins, the next day, "is the peace and quiet of the place in the evening when I want to sit down and read the newspaper. It's perfect." Chicago Daily News.

JAPANESE BATTERY CHANGING POSITION.

Under ordinary circumstances four horses draw field artillery, but when artillery takes the field for business purposes, the "war allowance" of six horses is used. The sight of a battery changing ground at full speed, the spirited animals urged to their utmost by their excited drivers, the guns and caissons pitching and tossing, the gunners hanging on for their lives, officers and non-commissioned officers tearing along on horseback, is one that sends the blood tingling through the veins. The artist's conception of the idea is true to life and exceptionally full of action.

MET A CHESTERFIELD.

A Berkeley, Cal., pretty choir singer met the most romantic kind of a highwayman imaginable, one who robbed her of 40 cents with all the grace of a Lord Chesterfield.

Miss Florinne Jouillerat was returning home from choir practice, when she was accosted by a young man, who raised his hat, bowed and scraped.

"I humbly beg your pardon," he said, as he put one hand over her mouth and

MISS FLORINNE JOUILLERAT.

gently disengaged the purse from her hand with the other. "I am indeed sorry to trouble you thus," he murmured, "but my poverty compels me to do so."

Picking up her umbrella that had fallen from her hand, he handed it to her. "That is about all this evening," he said; "you may go now. I will escort you home if you wish."

But Miss Jouillerat did not wish, and the man bade her to kindly hurry away without noise. This she was glad to do.

VARIETIES OF TYPE WRITERS.

Machines Now Made to Write More Than 25 Languages.

It is not generally known that typewriting machines are now adjusted to the needs of more than twenty-five languages. The latest evidence of the ingenuity of the American manufacturer is the machine that will write Arabic. At first thought it would be deemed unprofitable to furnish such a typewriter; but when it is considered that Arabic is the language not only of those who live in the country known as Arabia, but of millions of people in Western Asia, Northern Africa, many parts of India, thickly populated districts along the Red Sea and elsewhere in the Orient, it will be seen that the field for a typewriter having Arabic characters is wide.

The Arabic machine does beautiful work, for the Arabic script is much more ornamental and decorative than the practical type used in England and America. The keyboard is no larger than the one in use in America—that is to say, the double-case board. Certain of the letters have as many as three different forms on the same key, the variations being required for the beginning, the middle or the end of the word, as the case may be.

One American typewriter company advertises "one hundred styles of type shuttles in twenty-six languages." Many of these have nearly the same characters as English; for instance, the French, Spanish and Scandinavian typewriters are like those for English, with the addition of certain marks which are not used in English. The German, Russian and Greek keyboards are provided with their distinctive characters, but in these cases the number of keys is the same as in the English typewriters.

Special machines are now provided for writing the Gaelic tongue. Facetious dealers call these "the Irish typewriters."

The most curious of the foreign typewriters is that for writing Chinese, which was invented by an American missionary. The machine is complex and far more complete, for written Chinese contains an almost unlimited number of characters; but the machine is intended only for ordinary business communications, and for that purpose is sufficient.

Another typewriter performs in Burmese, and still another writes Siamese. Also there are new keyboards bearing the Turkish and Persian scripts.

At present there is no typewriter provided with Hebrew letters, and this fact a typewriter company explains by pointing out that although thousands use the language, few communications are written in that tongue.

Almost the only language in extensive use for which a typewriter has not been provided is Japanese. It is understood that a Japanese scholar is at work on a keyboard to supply this deficiency. There is no reason why Japanese should not be written on a machine, for there are but forty-seven characters in the alphabet. These are modifications of some Chinese characters, and make what is known as "square hand."

With the Simplest Implements.

There is a story in Lippincott's Magazine of a husband who, on his return from a visit, sat down to hear family happenings during his absence. The incident, it may be seen, has a moral. The wife was naming the reforms she had successfully introduced.

"You know," said she, "that closet that was locked for over a month? You said it couldn't be opened except by a locksmith? Well, I opened it."

"How in the world did you do it?"

"With a hairpin. And the furnace door has been sagging round on one hinge for ever so long, you know; but it's all right now."

"Well, I'm glad you had it fixed."

"Had it fixed! I fixed it myself with a hairpin. And then there was that crayon portrait of mother that stood on the floor for six weeks because you hadn't brought me any picture-hooks—"

"Well, I intended to, but—"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference now. I made a hook myself out of a hairpin."

"No!"

"And there's Willie! You've been coaxing and bribing him for a year to break him of biting his nails, and I broke him in a week."

"With a hairpin?" he inquired, weakly.

"No! Don't be a goose. With a hair-brush."

Extraordinary.

"I heard a very extraordinary thing to-day," said one little Boston boy. "A New York boy in my hearing remarked, 'The Bronx is frozen.'"

"Was there anything remarkable in that?"

"Certainly. A New York boy would ordinarily say 'The Bronx is froze.'"—Washington Star.

Vegetables You Can Keep.

Turnips, carrots, sweet potatoes and horseradish keep fresh all winter if put in sand in the cellar.

A man in reduced circumstances isn't a woman's idea of a bargain.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

Some of the Lower Creatures Able to Imitate Sounds.

The cries of animals are a species of natural language, according to a writer in Forest and Stream. The older grammarians, I remember, taught us that crying, weeping, laughing, etc., were examples of natural language; they were expressive of feeling natural to men and were understood by all intuitively. The origin of spoken or artificial language, as it is called, is a large subject and I do not propose to enter upon it; but I presume that all forms of natural language, including the cries of beasts and birds, are, as the term implies, natural to them, that is, born with them; and the specific cry of any species must be determined by some peculiarities of the vocal organs in that species. For example, a crow croaks and a rooster crows, because by the peculiar structure of their vocal arrangements, they can utter those sounds more readily than any other. Yet, by training and effort, some of the lower creation become able to imitate and reproduce other sounds than those most natural to them, just as the first natural outcries of the infant give way through culture to the myriad utterances of artificial language.

The bawling of a cow and the roar of a lion are quite different sounds and, as things stand now, the sound uttered by one of these animals would be quite impossible to the other; yet, as I read Darwin, either of these outcries might in time come to be the natural cry of the other. If the two species of animals could be brought to live peacefully together and to the lion it should become apparent that the voice of the cow would be of great value to him, say in the matter of securing his food, there is no reason to doubt that he might in the course of time, from effort transmitted from generation to generation, come at length to possess the dulcet notes of the cow.

If the giraffe, which was orginally only a large antelope, has developed his high forequarters, his elongated neck and his long, flexible upper lip, from his efforts to browse on the higher branches of the trees, and if the flounder, which when young has its eyes on the opposite sides of its head, as any well-regulated fish would be expected to have, is able through long continued effort to transfer the eye that rests disagreeably on the sands around to the other side of its head, where it may be of some service, there is no telling what varieties or modifications of voice or shape may be wrought in nature in the course of the ages.

But let us have no meandering. A kitten cries out, because in common with nearly all animals, it is furnished with a certain vocal apparatus, and its cry takes the peculiarity of a mew, because that sound best responds to its special vocal apparatus. Hence, and especially in view of the little incident which I have related, I am led to believe that the young of any animal utters the same cry as its mother and not from imitation. I think a young rooster crows and a young hen cackles, not in imitation of their elders, but, like the poet who "lisped in numbers," because "the numbers came." Imagine if Robinson Crusoe had landed on his solitary island with a good, fresh-laid hen's egg in his pocket, and he had put it to hatch under his pet parrot; the rooster, if such had come forth, would have crowed out lustily of a summer morning, and never would have learned to say "Poor Poll!" in the world.

CONVERTIBLE TABLE DESK.

Article of Furniture Embracing Advantage of Two Pieces.

An ingenious piece of furniture is that just patented by an Indiana man which comprises a desk and table. As is shown in the picture, the transformation from one to the other is easily and quickly accomplished through the unique arrangement of the several parts.

As a table a smooth rectangular surface is presented which may be used

THE TABLE-DESK.

for any of those purposes to which the drawing-room table is usually put. Rows of drawers, dainty lockers and shelves line the sides of the affair. Converted into a desk, the user has the advantage of a smooth writing surface, pigeonholes for the writing material and paraphernalia and an ample upper ledge or shelf for such use as he may desire. Taken all in all, this is one of the most complete and handy contrivances of the kind that has been granted patent rights recently.

Beaconsfield's "Don'ts.

An inquiring and aspiring person once asked Beaconsfield to tell him the secret of social success. "Never discuss the authorship of the Letters of Junius," was the reply.

Beaconsfield's latest biographer Wilfrid Meynell, adds something positive to this witty negative rule for getting on in the world. A distinguished member of Parliament begged the Victorian statesman to tell his young son something to remember; something that would help to make him an agreeable and popular member of society.

Beaconsfield hedged. "Model yourself after your father," he said to the lad.

This was not entirely satisfactory, and the M. P. insisted upon a definite rule of conduct.

"Well, my boy," said Beaconsfield, "be amusing. Never tell unkind stories. Above all, never tell long ones."

Curious Affect of Light.

A curious effect of light is seen in the fact that fish which live in deep waters, where the light cannot penetrate, are usually dull in color, while those living in shallow water, to which the sunlight has free access, are bright of hue.

Mean the Same.

Industry and prosperity are spelled differently, but they mean about the same thing.

But for the need of horrible examples many a man's usefulness would never be properly listed.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Democratic Conservatism.

Democracy's disposition toward existing evils and injurious institutions which have fastened themselves in substantial growth is, and ought to be, sane. There is no desire on the part of Democracy to wreak mischief; to destroy without regard for the welfare of legitimate business. There is no mind to do violence where sound method will achieve a better end. Democracy will pursue no hysterical purpose, but rather a calm and scientific course of eradication consistent with the least disruption.

But, on the other hand, it will by no means content itself with the kind of conservatism expressed in Mr. Roosevelt's famous back-down message on the tariff and trusts, in which he declared that the evils in these institutions were overmatched by the good and that to disturb the evils would be dangerous. In fact, the operation of attacking them at all seemed to him to be so very delicate that he declined to advise it. He announced the doctrine of toleration of ills and submission to injury.

Democracy will not consent to view as "necessary evils" such matters as Federal corruption, mulcting tariff protection and the palpable disorders of the trusts.

Speaking upon the tariff, Representative Williams, in his recent and widely read address, exhibited the sound and discriminative views which characterize the Democratic attitude, saying that his party had no desire to demolish the tariff at a single blow, to explode it with dynamite, or to pull down its pillars and throw down the structure with a crash. It would require a considerable time to reconstruct a tariff on Democratic principles. In his opinion, though, the party's final intent was clear. To Democracy a tariff virtually represents a tax upon consumers. A Democratic tariff, therefore, should as nearly as might be provide for equal taxation of consumers; for an equalized charge upon consumption, or the thing consumed.

Mr. Williams thus correctly interpreted Democratic conservatism, Republican conservatism is a misnomer, unless the English language has suffered a distinct loss of meaning. The Republican party stands pat on its Federal scandals, on the trust, on the tariff, and especially on its machine organization now in the flower of development. The Republican party is loath to forego the more abundant fruitfulness which eight years' perfection of a machine holds forth. It is obliged to seek vindication upon its past record, its past policies; it is rigidly held by circumstance to the defense of its career, its purposes, its attainments. Change of attitude is utterly denied it. Its forced position, from which the times admit of no escape, is expressed in the unfortunate phrase "stand pat"; signifying extreme negation; excluding the idea of determination to act, to improve, to move at all; denying intention and suggesting impotence of will. "Stand pat" is the position of a dire extreme, a party forced against a wall. Can there be conservatism in such an ultra attitude?

The country is thoroughly tired of "stand pat" which denies not only the possibility of remedy, but the existence of essential wrongs. Democracy will move along a middle course, carefully, guarding against unnecessary damage, seeking gradually to effect desirable changes.—St. Louis Republic.

Wall Street Draws in Its Horns.

The proposal of a very small loan in Wall street these days is sufficient to set back the market and give it the cold shivers up and down its financial backbone. Through sheer fear of the voters, the Administration is obliged to ask the banks to disgorge about 20 per cent of the amount they hold of the public money. It wants it to pay the bondholders of the French Canal Company and the Panama conspirators for the right of way for the canal. These two payments amount to $50,000,000, thirty millions of which the banks will have to furnish. Besides, a number of railroads are seeking new loans, some to pay indebtedness already contracted, and others for proposed improvements and extensions.

As an indication of the extreme tension of the money market, though on the surface it is made to appear in normal condition, the Associated Press announces from Havana that the Cuban loan of $35,000,000 that the Rockefeller and other Wall street interests had agreed to float, cannot be taken, as the monetary conditions are deemed unfavorable for the floating of bonds at this time.

This shows an enormous shrinkage in the capacity of the banks and other financial institutions to absorb even the good loan offered and the inability of the public to buy bonds and securities of the best character. Even Wall street has its limitations, and Rockefeller, Morgan and others are now loaded down with trust securities that they must carry for a time, or until they can be shifted to other people's accounts.

Although the prices of bonds and stocks have depreciated enormously in the past year, yet the public does not seem to be attracted by the bargain-counter proposition, either through lack of money to purchase, or fear that the lowest prices have not yet been reached. If the condition of the crops in the coming summer is favorable, it is probable that normal conditions will prevail in the money market; but if nature frowns, look out for financial trouble at the money centers.

Roosevelt's Extravagance.

The same tendency to excess which President Roosevelt displays in public matters generally is seen in the management of his own affairs. The desire to give brilliant and costly dinners, expensive musicales and other entertainments in which he plays the part of host, added to the maintenance of a large stable, a fine country house and innumerable extras necessary to the indulgence of his tastes, has made serious inroads on his purse. It is true, he has a small private fortune and the income from his books is not inconsiderable, but even then he finds it impossible to live within bounds, and his fondness for luxury increases each season.

In a certain sense it is no one's business but his own what the President does with the money at his disposal. If he chooses to use it in increasing his popularity by giving sumptuous entertainments or in extravagant self-indulgence, that is his own affair. From another point of view he is responsible to the people for setting an example that is sane, wholesome and to be commended. Lavish expenditure in the White House stimulates wasteful extravagance in every other quarter. The pernicious influence is felt more or less throughout the nation. A fondness for display, a desire to appear liberal and whole-hearted, whether one can afford it or not, is having its effect upon the people as a whole.

This fondness for the spectacular on the part of the President and his desire to do something of a sensational nature has just shown themselves in the brilliant display of military pomp when he ordered a welcome for ex-Governor Taft. So pleased was the President with the gay show of that occasion, it is said, he will repeat or increase the magnificent effect as opportunity offers for honoring special favorites. President McKinley, after five years in the White House, had saved $150,000, but at the rate President Roosevelt is now going he is likely to need the support of his friends in more ways than one.

A Buck Fanshawe Diplomat.

Secretary Hay's ill-timed and ill-judged attempt to form a combination between the United States and the principal powers of Europe for the purpose of dictating rules to govern the war between Russia and Japan is referred to by his admirers as "the new diplomacy."

To Americans familiar with the traditions and literatures of their country it strongly resembles a very old form of diplomacy practised by one Buck Fanshawe, "the bully boy with a glass eye," who "didn't give a continental for anybody," and "who would have peace if he had to lick every man in the camp." Whenever there was a dog fight Buck Fanshawe was the master of ceremonies; wherever there was trouble Buck Fanshawe was there as an active participant; when time hung heavy on his hands he went out and looked for trouble.

There is nothing in Mr. Hay's meddlesome act to justify the designation of "a new diplomacy." It even does not come within the scope of the blunt and honest methods of some of Mr. Hay's illustrious predecessors which have been described as "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," however much the present secretary of state may have endeavored to imitate that unconventional style of dealing with foreign nations. The coatless man with a rifle in the hollow of his arm defending his own habitation is a character that evokes intense admiration, but the man in a red undershirt with his trousers in his boot legs who enters uninvited into a public drawing room and prescribes rules of etiquette transgresses every social convention.

As a type of crude, semi-civilized life of the mining camps in the Far West Buck Fanshawe was a character that readily enlisted interest. As a character in the actual diplomacy of twentieth century civilization he is truly absurd and alarming.—Chicago Chronicle.

Cool.

"Glad to meet you, old chap," he said, as he linked arms with a friend whom he had met in the street. "Just lend me a sovereign for to-day."

"Would be delighted," the friend rejoined, "but I have not got it; see!" He opened his purse—its whole contents was a half-sovereign.

"Must do, I suppose, for the present," said the prince of borrowers, as he picked the coin out daintily with thumb and forefinger. "Ta ta; take care of yourself," and walked away. But he returned hastily. "Mind, don't forget you owe me a half sovereign."

"I owe you!" gasped the automatic lender.

"Of course I meant to borrow a sovereign from you—I only got a half. You owe me the other half. See? There's no hurry, of course but I like punctuality. Name your own day and pay up punctually.

As Compared.

"After all," remarked the hobo philosopher, "there ain't so much difference between me and a stylish gent."

"No?" ejaculated the barroom loafer.

"No," rejoined the h. p. "A stylish gent wears his clothes well, and my clothes are well worn."

Couldn't Sleep Standing.

"Phat's thot?" said the newly hired maid, pointing to the folding bed in her room.

"A folding bed," was the reply.

"If thot's th' case, Oi can't shtay here. Oi niver cud shlape shtandin' up."—Judge.

Agreeable Prospect.

"Ha!" exclaimed the irate janitor, "you reported me to the boss, didn't you? I'll make it hot for you, all right, all right."

"Well," rejoined the shivering flat dweller, "you can't begin any too soon to suit me, I tell you those."

Leap Year Maid.

"Ah!" she sighed, "now that you have rejected my proffered hand I have nothing more to live for."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "There's two full-page bargain advertisements in this evening's paper."

Natural Query.

Harker—Talk about being averse to work—I found a chap this morning that was the limit.

Barker—Indeed? Tramp or college man?

Geologists speak of that fraction of the rainfall which reaches the sea through streams as the "run-off." The run-off in Connecticut is half the rainfall, while in the Mississippi basin it is buf one-fourth.

Some of the cod lines used in the British fishing industry measure [illegible] 000 fathoms long, or about eight [illegible] dinary miles, having 4,680 hooks, the whole costing in some cases, $1,000 to $1,500.

Foreigners should beware of the Mexican "rateros," or pickpockets, as they are the most adept of any of the kind in the world, with the possible exception of those in Havana.

Juge the future bi the past, but when you hav a past you ain't got much future.—Wilbur Dick Nesbit in "Little Henry's Slate."