EFFORT.

'Tis not enough to tune the lyre
And wait for harmonies to come.
God sendeth not celestrial fire
When human hearts are cold and numb.

'Tis not enough to calmly wait
That quickening dew should on us fall,
To vaguely long for what is great
While still pursuing what is small.

'Tis not enough with tears of woe
To weep for all the world's distress,
The drops that from inaction flow
Nor us, nor other lives, will bless.

'Tis not enough the love to take
That other hearts on ours outpour;
The soul is only kept awake
By giving something from its store.

'Tis not enough with drooping wing
And aimless feet to walk this earth;
Effort alone can blessing bring
And crown the soul with sov'reign worth.

—Inter Ocean.

A PESKY WHALE.

"THERE'S whales an' whales," said the captain, suddenly. "Some of 'em is pesky critters, an' some ain't so pesky."

Smoke went up in clouds, and there was silence for five minutes.

"Reckon you've got something on your mind, cap," said the doctor.

"Oh, nothin' very particklar," said the captain, "but when whales was introduced it reminded me. I had old Liz up Behring sea way two years ago—old Liz was my ship, her full name bein' Elizabeth J. Barker—an' we'd had a pretty good season. September we put around for the Horn, and, as things happened, didn't see another whale till we struck into the Forties. Then, sir, 'bout 11 o'clock one fine mornin', we doin' about six knots, we raised a whale that was a whale."

"Big, I bet," said the doctor.

"No, not so terrible big," said the captain, "but pesky. I was standin' about 'midships when one of the men sings out: 'Hi, Cap, look at 'er blow.' Sure 'nough, half a mile off and dead abeam to starboard, he was blowin'. He sent up a good spout and then seemed to kinder settle himself, like he was nappin', showin' a good bit of his length. I hove old Liz to, and we put over a couple of boats. Rowin' in the small boat was a Dutchman named Frank. I mention him, 'cause he comes into the yarn pretty prominent. Frank was a good sailor, but one of them fellers that has dreadful little to say. He tended right to business and kept his hatch battened close. Well, as it turned out, the little boat licked the big one and got first whack at the whale. They put a harpoon into him just over his port fin and down he went.

"I stood a-watchin' things through a glass. I waited an' waited for the boat to start off in tow, but she didn't do nothin' but set still, which was puzzlin'. In about five minutes somethin' big an' black broke water 'tween us and the boat, an' there was old blower, not more'n 200 yards from the place he went down. He warn't up long, but enough to git his bearin's, I guess, for down he went again, an' I could see the bow man gettin' ready to give him all the rope he'd take. Then the boat started, slowed a bit an' come dead for the ship at a 40-mile clip. I never see a boat travel so! We watched 'em, an' when she got within a quarter of a mile I thinks to myself: 'This is gittin' blamed interestin'. I wonder is that whale goin' to sheer off or is he goin' to give us a ram? That boat, sir, traveled for us as true as a hair, an' I could see the men in her gittin' excited. On she come, throwin' spray like a liner, and I calkilated if she held her course she'd hit us so near 'midships it wouldn't be worth measurin' the difference. Then I see the man in the bow make a pass for the rope with the hatchet, but he was nervous like, an' missed it, for the hatchet went overboard an' he, losin' his balance, along with it. The rest of the men warn't long decidin' what they'd do. 'T was go overboard or git smashed to flinders, and when they got

"OH, NOTHIN' VERY PARTICULAR."

within 50 yard of us they all went over but Frank.

"'Jump, you idiot,' yells I 'do you want to git stove?' Mebbe he didn't hear, but I reckon it wouldn't make no difference, for as I'm livin', Doc, that Dutchman lay himself out on his stummick in the bottom of the boat, grabbed a foot cleat with both hands and hung on for dear life. Well, old whale kept steam on. I could see the boat go down a little by the head as she got close to us, an' I knew the rope was scrapin' the ship's keel. We was all holdin' breath and waitin' to see Frank splatter his brains against the ship's side, when the boat went nose down, stern up and under the water with a kerchug. She missed reachin' us by about five yard.'

"All hands aboard ship leant over to see Frank and the splinters come up, for the boat would sure fetch again the keel and go to kindlin' wood. We waited an' waited an' waited, but, by gum, there weren't no splinters an' there wern't no Frank. All of a sudden one of the men sings out: 'By the holy poker, look!' I whipped 'round and there 20 fathoms off our port, was the little whaleboat, full o' water to the gunnel, an' Frank standin' up in her, waist deep, holdin' on to a rowlock for dear life. So help me, Doc, that boat was towed clean under old Liz, the Dutchman in her, an' come up sound on the other side.

"Yes, sir; under the ship as slick as a whistle an' the Dutchman in her. That whale was a scientist, sir. He calkilated all right to lose the boat; but, bless you, it's a bigger job than anyone wanted to tackle to stave that craft, an' as for floatin', she was boxed at each end an' couldn't sink. But that ain't the end of the story. We remembered the fellers that jumped an' we seen the big boat would pick 'em up before we could put another over, so we turned to look at Frank again. There weren't anythin' left in the boat to bail with an' he couldn't do nothin' but wait on the pleasure of that whale. He traveled away from the ship as fast as he come at it, an' he must 'a' gone a third of a mile before the boat slacked. Then we seen her slow down an' come to a dead stop. 'Line's busted,' says I; 'man a boat an' fetch in the Dutchman.' I hadn't no more'n spoke the words when a big wave seemed to rise up near the boat an' old whale blowed 30 foot high. Then he got old Liz in range. Up his tail goes an' he under the water again. I could see Frank wade forrard in the boat an' try to pay out line, but it was jammed, an' before he could make it loose the boat gave a jerk 'round, almost a-throwin' him out, an' come at us again. What I'm sayin's truth, Doc, that boat struck another bee line for us. I suppose, more properly speakin', the whale did. Gosh! How she did come kitin'! Frank quit foolin' with the line an' just hung on. I reckoned the boat was movin' faster'n ever, only she didn't throw so much water, 'cause she set down almost to her rowlocks. We stood speechless while she was drivin' for us. When she got within 100 yards the mate took a big breath and let fly:

"'Jump, you Dutch lubber, or you're a dead man.'

"But he didn't jump, an' I could see him gittin' ready for another dive under old Liz.

"I grabbed up a bucket, climbed on the rail, an' when the boat come near

"JUMP, YOU IDIOT."

enough I let drive at Frank, hopin' to knock him overboard if I hit him. He seen it comin', dodged, an' just as the boat went tail up again yelled:

"'I can't swim!'

"Down went the boat like a soundin' lead, an' this time we all slid over to starboard to see her come up. Seven or eight seconds passed, maybe, an' then about 15 fathoms off our beam up come the boat, bottom up! 'Oh, Lord!' groaned the cook, 'he's a goner!' But he warn't. No, sir. The boat hadn't traveled 20 yeard afore she righted, an' we seen Frank's head bob up over the gunnel. Well, old whale didn't run so far this time, for he broke water a few hundred fathom off. In about a minute he sent up a stream of blood. I seen then that the harpoon was a good throw, an' he wasn't goin' to fight long.

"I sent the second boat out after him, but they didn't git far 'fore down goes whale for the third time, an' in a second the little boat slewed again an' we knew he was comin' at us. There warn't no way to make the Dutchman jump, an' there warn't no way to stop the whale, so we just waited again while the little boat made tracks for us like she was goin' to ram. Just when I reckoned by the line out that the whale was passin' under us there was a tremendous bang an' every mother's son was throwed flat. Old Liz rolled to starboard an' then back to port an' lay rockin' while we got up. Reckon you guess what happened, Doc? That whale miscalkilated. He laid his course fine as silk, but his elevation was off a couple o' points. He didn't fetch deep enough, an' hit old Liz a welt tha'd like to rip the keel off her. That settled the business, too. We looked over the rail an' seen some bloody water, then a flipper and soon a big black body floated up alongside. There was our whale, sir, dead as a hunk o' salt pork, with the top o' his head half tore off. He was a blue whale, Doc, and he measured close to 62 feet. What become o' the Dutchman? Why, the boat slowed down when the whale rammed us an' the other boat took him off. Hurt? No. He went to work cuttin' up that whale along with the rest of 'em. I did hear afterward that he was grumblin' 'cause 'twas his bucket I throwed at him an' it warn't picked up. Right lively whale, warn't it, Doc?"

"Right lively," repeated the doctor, absently.—Brooklyn Eagle.

From Afar.

Professional Jokist (to editor)—Here is a fine joke. I've brought it all the way from 'Frisco.

Editor (reading it)—Ahem! That's the trouble with it. It's too far fetched.—To Date.

Too Much for Willie.

Auntie—Now, Willie, guess my age and you shall have this stick of candy.

Willie—Can't. I can only count up to 40.—N. Y. World.

ANIMAL CURIOSITY.

Even Brute Creation Seems to Be Striving After the Higher Things.

Rev. Dr. C. J. Adams, in a recent letter to the Kingston Freeman, New York, incidentally relates the following: "That man is more discontented with things as they are—that man has more imagination than the lower animals, I do not for a moment question. But that the lower animal has both reason and imagination, in common with man, is as unquestionably true as that the sun shines. But the question is now the one of curiosity and discontent. Cows rebel against restraint. A gentleman in Iowa told me about his father wanting the cows in his farmyard to eat clover hay. They would not do so, because they preferred timothy hay. A brother farmer advised him to in some way have the cows approach the clover hay and then drive them roughly away, striking them over the snouts with a fork handle. He did so and the result was that they ate all the clover hay and wanted more. Here was a clear case of rebellion against restraint or prohibition.

"Another farmer told me that he built a fence about a straw stack, placing the rails upon posts a couple of feet high. Against that fence the cattle rebelled so emphatically that they stuck their heads under the fence and licked up the old broken and soiled straws on the outside, over which they had walked before and which they could not have been induced to touch had it not been for the fence. The fence was an appetizer to the cattle, just as the limitations of knowledge are appetizers to man. And in one case as in the other the appetite was not physical. What the cattle wanted was liberty. The appetite was not of the body, but of the soul.

"I received from Pittsburgh the story of a spider that decorates its web as it weaves it with bits of logwood, which it takes from a box—with no other possible purpose in mind than that of decoration. Another spider weaves a web with broad walls on it—made by placing the threads more closely than they are placed elsewhere in the web. For what purpose? Simply for the purpose of decoration, or that it may have a place of outing or promenade, for another web is woven for the purpose of catching food. That spider had an imagination. It was not satisfied with ordinary things. It wanted something extraordinary. Ask the man who has hunted antelope on the prairies and he will tell you that he raises a flag and depends upon the antelope's curiosity bringing it within range of his ball. Around the flag that the hunter raises the antelope moves in ever-decreasing circles till the report comes that is prophetic of its death."—N. Y. Times.

HOW SNAKES EAT FROGS.

A Rather Dramatic Meal—Preliminary Struggle an Impressive Feature.

How a snake eats frogs is worth the telling. The writer distinctly remembers witnessing a dramatic duel of this kind, in which, of course, the snake comes out the winner, getting his dinner in excellent style, and completely vanquishing the frog. While a snake may seem, at first sight, an organism that is extraordinarily slow of comprehension, any well regulated ophidian knows, nevertheless, exactly how to satisfy the wants of nature in the most approved manner.

A snake invariably grabs a frog by the hind legs. This preliminary struggle is one of the most impressive features of the combat. With a well-defined natural instinct the chief effort of the frog is to keep his other hind leg far away from the snake's mouth in the hope that he may speedily exhaust his enemy's strength, and also because he feels that if his other hind leg is made captive he will have less power to fight.

Once both hind legs are within the serpent's fangs the act of swallowing begins. Inch by inch the struggling frog is drawn further and further into the yawning orifice that expands at each gulp. The channel through which the frog has to pass is gradually enlarged by slow efforts on the snake's part, accompanied by fierce and fiercer convulsions of the wretched wiggler.

The gullet of the snake in its natural proportions is quite large enough to contain the limbs of the frog, but as by frequent gulps the body is drawn further and further into the gullet, the difficulty of swallowing increases. Gradually the ophidian's throat is distended, gradually the frog is compressed and drawn out. Finally the latter is double his normal length and half his circumference. As the process of expansion on the one hand and contraction on the other goes on, the frog is worked down little by little, until the snake starts in on his afternoon nap.—N. Y. Mercury.

An $850 Bicycle.

An Englishman has just given to his wife a bicycle that cost $850. The frame and forks are richly overlaid with silver open work; the ivory handles are decorated with silver, and have jade knobs at the ends. Parts of the equipment are a solid silver cyclometer, a silver watch and bell and a solid silver lamp, with cut crystal side lights. The mud-guard is silver-mounted, and strung with the finest silk. Probably $850 is the highest price ever paid for a bicycle, but a good many horses are worth a good deal more than that.—Boston Globe.

Flowers Amid the Snow.

A gentleman who took a pleasure walk out on the hills west of town the other day says he found numerous bushes of the wild currant in bloom, and that the contrast between the bright red flowers and the snow-covered ground and bushes was very striking and beautiful. On his way out he saw some parties snowballing on a lawn, and one of them was gathering snow from among a bed of daffodils and hyacinths in bloom.—Portland Oregonian.

CARNATION CULTURE.

Something of the History of Its Wonderful Development.

Long before the Christian era the carnation had become the favorite of fashion of Greece and Rome. Owing to the tendency of the flower to develop into an entirely new form, very little effort was made in early times to cultivate it for size, but in 1613 a strain was discovered yielding blossoms 3½ inches in diameter. There is proof that blue carnations were produced in 1700, and as the yellow blossom has already existed, some speculative person has wondered why the blending of these primary colors has not already produced a natural green specimen.

Since the middle of the eighteenth century growers have been trying to "breed off" the deep fringes on the edge of the petals, making a round rose-like leaf, and they have succeeded partially.

Immigrant Huguenots are credited with the introduction of the carnation into this country. A half-hearted claim to a share in that honor has been made in behalf of the pilgrims, but though these fair flowers certainly flourished in English gardens long ere Cromwell's time, and the pilgrims did bring to America the "clove" or "Paisley" pink and the sweet william, they did not bring the carnation. By whomsoever brought, the carnation was widely spread through American gardens.

Up to eight years ago there were not, in all the United States, more than half a dozen men who knew much about carnation culture, and, even among those who essayed it, little disposition existed for any considerable investment of time, labor or capital in development of its possibilities. Consequently, our winter-bloomed carnations generally were second-rate flowers, poor in tints, small, short-stemmed and ragged looking by reason of their bursted calyces. Suddenly there dawned a new era, in which, with half a decade, has been accomplished more improvement in American carnations than was achieved in all the time preceding their introduction into the country.

In 1891 the American Carnation society was organized, and took in not only professional growers, but lovers of the flower generally. Thus far it has had four exhibitions, in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis and Boston. The fifth was held in New York, and opened on February 11, 1896.

The classification of carnations is extremely difficult. The American plan of dividing them into two great classes of summer and winter blooming is not a success; England finds trouble with her subdivision according to color, and France's seven classes according to the use and habit of growth leaves several varieties unclaimed. In the last three years the number of kinds considered worthy of cultivation by the American Carnation society have increased from 420 to 562.

Fifteen million of this fragrant, spicy flower are used in one winter in New York city. In addition to this demand by the general public the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and several other rich families in the vicinity of New York have greenhouses devoted exclusively to forcing carnations.—Chicago News.

FOOTBALL INCIDENT.

Indian "Revenge" for the Fort Duquesne Defeat of 1795.

During the last football season, the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., sent a team of young red men into the field which competed with credit against some of the strongest playing clubs in the country. Among other engagements they played a match with the Duquesne club in Pittsburgh, and came off victorious.

The bearing of the Indian lads was so courteous and manly as to win applause from all the white spectators. After they returned home they received a cartoon from the defeated club, with a letter stating that it was "from some of the many friends whom the boys had made in Pittsburgh by your gentlemanly playing."

The sketch was drawn with spirit, and represented at one side the contest between the red and the white men at Fort Duquesne in 1795, the Indians falling beneath the shots of the settlers. On the other side was their contest in 1895, the red man standing, football in hand, victorious over his white brother; and lastly, a picture of the captain of the Indian club, as he was carried, laughing, off the field in triumph by both shouting teams.

Beneath was the suggestive word: "Revenge."

If the manliness and magnanimous courtesy of these Indian and white clubs were shown by all football players, the prejudice of many thoughtful men and women against the game would be lessened, if not removed. When, instead of making men more brutal, it teaches them self-control, good temper and the generosity which can applaud a victorious foe, its discipline is wholesome.—Youth's Companion.

Curious Prehistoric Monkeys.

In several places in the Cape Colony and Orange Free State of South Africa caves have been explored which yielded hundreds of mummified remains of a queer species of six-fingered monkey. All of the full-grown specimens of this remarkable species of quadrumana have the tail situated high on the back—from three to five inches further up than that on the modern monkey—and other distinguishing marks, such as two sets of canine teeth, beards on the males, etc. Whether these creatures were mummified by human beings, who formerly held them in reverence, or were overtaken by some catastrophe, such as a sudden convulsion of nature or a cataclysm which entombed them in their caves, and thus preserved them, is a secret that can never be known.—Public Opinion.

—Colored races never have blue eyes. Their eyes are always dark brown, brownish yellow or black.

IN A CANDY FACTORY.

Cleanliness in the Places Where Sweetmeats Are Turned Out.

From top to bottom the floors of the factory are covered with tiles, and I noticed that there were people engaged in all parts of the building scrubbing and washing these tiled floors. For a candy factory it was the least sticky or smeary place I ever saw. Absolute cleanliness and sweetness was the rule. There was a slight drift of sugar about, as in a mill where wheat is being ground, and your coat might get a little powdered, but there was always sweeping going on.

Chocolate-making I need not describe, only to state that everything was done here by machinery, for the chocolate as produced enters for a large percentage into the bonbons manufactured.

In the sugar-plum departments handwork seemed to be constant. Tidy-looking young women, all with caps on, were working away, each one with a little saucepan before her full of sugar; the sugar was in a pasty condition, the heat being derived from steam. In these saucepans were sugars of all the hues of the rainbow. The workwomen would take up an almond or a pistache nut, and drop it in the saucepan, then fish it out with a bit of wire fashioned in loop form. The art was to get just the proper coating. Then with a dexterous motion of the wrist the sugar-plum would be placed in a tin pan, and with a deft motion of the wire loop a nice finish would be given to the top of it. There were some very small sugar-plums, and it would take 200 of them to make a pound. They were all exact in form. These little things, so the foreman told me, had gone through ten processes before they had arrived at their present condition. Some of the sugar-plums were made in molds. There was pure legerdemain about these. A man took a funnel, and dropped the sugar, just at the crystallizing point, in molds. They were very small things, not more than an inch long by half an inch wide, but the confectioner never poured a drop in the wrong place. Dear me! if I tried to do that, I should make a precious mess of it.

Here were sugar-plums of many shades, every workwoman seeming to have a specialty. It was something not alone requiring alertness of hand, but constant watchfulness as to the condition of the material used. If it had been too soft, the bonbon would have run and been out of shape. If the sugar paste had been too hard it would have been intractable. How they managed not to burn anything was a wonder.—Harper's Round Table.

THE LION-MONKEY.

Beguiles His Master and Gains a Temporary Freedom.

The silky marmoset, or lion monkey, is a very rare species, found only in the neighborhood of Cape Frio, just north of Rio de Janeiro. They are not much larger than a squirrel, and have beautiful, long, silky, bright, golden fur, like a child's fair hair. Their popular name is derived from their being the very image of little lions, miniature mane and all.

The specimen I once had for a pet, like most of his kind, was intensely nervous—too much so to ever become very tame. I did not keep him in a cage, but encircled his body with a soft belt, to which a thin, light watch chain, not more than a half yard long, was attached. The other end of this was fastened to a slender ring, traveling freely up and down an upright pole six feet high, at the top of which was a long cross-bar, placed T-wise; so that, as you will see, the monkey had plenty of scope for exercise without much risk of getting entangled, and yet was confind within a limited area.

One morning I found his chain snapped and him gone, and I had some little bother to find him and secure him again. I was rather surprised at this, as he had always seemed to approve of the ring-and-chain arrangement, and never attempted to get away. The next morning the same thing happened, and the next, and I then became convinced that he must have been sorely frightened during the night.

Seeking for a cause, I noticed that his tin of boiled rice was always emptied cleanly, and as the little rascal himself was too fond of banana and sapodilla to eat much rice, I shrewdly suspected rats.

Accordingly the next night I baited a cage-trap with some salt fish—which is much more attractive than toasted cheese—and set it just in the line of route between the jalousie, through which I judged they must enter, and Leo's stand.

But the following morning a broken fragment of chain again dangled from the ring, the rice was all gone and the monkey was sitting sedately in the rat-trap, where he had beguiled the hours of his captivity by eating up the salt fish, greatly to his subsequent derangement.—Golden Days.

Women's Pet Economies.

One of the wealthiest women of this city will only permit a certain limited number of potatoes to be used in her house weekly. She has a large establishment and her entertainments have the appearance of lavishness, but the potatoes are always counted and portioned out. Another woman whose annual income exceeds her expenditure by many thousands considers that meat once a day is sufficient. Her dinners are always of the best, but the two other meals that are served daily in her house would hardly sustain the average person for the exertion of a brisk walk. The wife of a wealthy New York business man shivers through every winter because she cannot overcome the feeling that a grate fire is an unnecessary extravagance; and still another, who is in comfortable circumstances, has on several occasions contracted colds that have threatened to end her career by going out on foot in evening dress because she considered a cab a luxury that could be dispensed with.—N. Y. Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

—Mr. Boodles—"You began life as a barefooted boy, I understand?" New Clerk—"Yes, sir; I was born without shoes."—N. Y. Herald.

—Hunker—"Staggers has a pretty easy time of it." Spatts—"In what way?" Hunker—"His wife drives him to drink, and a cabman drives him home."—Town Topics.

—Nothing Else to Do.—Husband—"I see Jorkins has been scheming with other people's money again." Wife—"Well, poor fellow, he hasn't any of his own."—Detroit Free Press.

—First Doctor—"I ordered him an ice-cold bath every morning." Second Doctor—"What! when he had influenza?" First Doctor—"Yes. It will give him pneumonia, and I made my whole reputation curing that."—Punch.

—Dolly—"I hear Marie Antique was a great belle at the dance the other evening. She told me she danced every dance." Polly—"Oh, yes. Mary's just the kind of a girl to be a belle at a leap-year dance."—Harper's Bazar.

—Expressive.—Mrs. De Tong—"I'm going out, Nanette." Nanette—"Oui, madame." Mrs. De Tong—"And I want you to be sure and take care of the baby." Nanette—"Oui, madame. I bottle it at seex o'clock."—Pick-Me-Up.

—Miss Bellefield—"How on earth did you come to get engaged to Willie Van Braam?" Miss Point Breeze—"Well, you see, just at the time he proposed I didn't happen to be engaged to anyone."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—King Cophetua addressed the beggar maid kindly. "Is that real?" he asked, pointing to the color of her cheek. "Yes," answered the maid, "that is a straight flush." "Well, that beats me!" exclaimed his majesty, directing a flourish of trumpets by way of ending the parley.—Detroit Tribune.

—At a Hotel.—Guest (to waiter)—"I can't eat this soup!" Waiter takes it away and brings another kind of soup. Guest—"I can't eat this soup!" Waiter, angrily, but silently, for the third time brings another kind. Guest (again)—"I can't eat this soup." Waiter, furious, calls the hotel proprietor. Proprietor (to guest)—"Why can't you eat this soup?" Guest (quietly)—"Because I have no spoon!"—Texas Siftings.

A HOSPITABLE COUNTRY.

California as the Old-Time Settlers Knew It.

The "early Californian," who helplessly looks on at the invasion of the land by swarms of tourists, railroads and hotels, sighs regretfully for the picturesque and delightful past, whose traditions sound like a fairy tale. One such man, in his reminiscences, describes the boundless hospitality which existed. It was the custom never to charge a traveler for anything—food, lodging, care of horses—and no man was suffered to go hungry.

He was sheltered overnight, and the next morning was furnished with a clean shirt for his journey, as the roads were dry and dusty. If he returned that way, he could bring the shirt; otherwise, muy bien (all right).

He might take a fresh horse, and on his return journey pick up his own, fattened and rested. If he did not return, all right again. A traveling party out of meat was privileged to kill a beef, but was expected to hang the hide—the most valuable part of the animal—on a bush by the roadside, where the owner could find it.

To offer money was an offense. A party traveled from San Francisco to Los Angeles in 1829, about Christmas time, sending word ahead to some of the smaller ranches where they intended to stop. In the party was a young American who knew Spanish, but was new to the customs of the country. At one house he was handed some fruit, and offered in exchange two reals. The senora let the coin fall to the floor in surprise, while the old don, her husband, fell upon his knees, exclaiming in Spanish:

"Give us no money, no money at all. Everything is free in a gentleman's house."

At many of the ranches no language but Spanish had ever been heard, nor was it even known that any other existed. Some of their entertainers were really afraid of the American, and one man asked if there were any other people like him.

In those days not even the servants would accept money for their services to a traveler, but, on the other hand, the most courteous thanks were expected and usually punctiliously rendered.—Youth's Companion.

Lost Grandeur of the East.

A comparison between the annual revenues of the Byzantine empire in the beginning of the thirteenth century and the present revenues of the empire of the Ottoman Turks brings before the mind's eye a picture of the lost grandeur and wealth of provinces over which now broods the silence of desolation. At the period mentioned the dominions of the Greek emperors at Constantinople had been impoverished by the invasion of the Frank Crusaders, and the chief part of Asia Minor, with its flourishing cities, had been wrested from the Byzantine monarchs by conquering Islam; yet the annual income of the successors of Constantine amounted to $650,000,000. The revenues of the sultan's empire have shrunk to $90,000,000 per year. Such is the blight which Turkish misrule has brought upon some of the fairest regions of the earth.—Philadelphia Record.

That Idiotic Look Accounted For.

Maj. Shutah (of Kentucky)—It is said that a camel has seven stomachs, kuhnel.

Col. Bourbon—What in the world does the brute do with so many stomachs, majah?

"Kerry watah in them, suh."

"Watah? Well, that accounts for the blame-fool expression, suh, I hev always noticed on a camel's face."—Judge.