

THE BOURBON NEWS. (Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.) Published Every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMP, BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners.

SPARROW FIGHT.

Caused a Run on the Bank—Queer Human Nature. The recent expose of the swindling speculative concerns in Wall street has shown how remarkably unsuspecting and gullible the average man and woman with small savings is," said a prominent New England savings bank official recently.

"It is just as funny, when yours is not the bank involved, to see how suspicious and fearful these same people become when there is the slightest sign of something wrong in the case of such ordinary reputable financial institutions as savings banks. People never stop to think about the most impossible advertisements of 'what syndicate,' etc., until after it is all over. They usually do all their thinking about solid savings banks before and not after something has happened.

"One day last week a most amusing thing occurred in connection with one of our smaller savings banks. It was during the noon luncheon hour. Two sparrows had been having a fierce battle in the street in front of the bank in question. The traffic on this particular street is quite heavy, particularly while clerks, merchants and others are on their way to and from the midday meal. The sparrows made a considerable noise and their movements finally landed them on the roof of the bank building. First one pedestrian stopped to watch the fight, and so on until a fair-sized crowd stood on the opposite side of the street and looked up intently toward the low bank building.

"That was enough. Late arrivals guessed at once something was the matter, and soon there was a rush from the outskirts of the crowd. A few were on their way to get their bank books and others to warn their friends. In the afternoon 38 depositors had appeared inside of half an hour, many of them humble, foreign-born workmen, and it took the best efforts of the entire bank force to quiet them down and induce them not to withdraw their deposits. As a matter of fact, four were paid off in gold to prove that they could have their money if necessary. Then they didn't want it."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

NIGHTMARE OF ROYAL COURTS.

Mourning for Rulers and Princes Keeps Royalties in Perpetual Black.

Court mourning may be described as the nightmare of European court life, as well as that portion of the official world and of society which is more or less intimately connected with the court. No entertainments can ever be organized, no festivity planned, without the everlasting dread of some royal death taking place to render necessary a postponement or an abandonment of the entire affair. Annoying for the men, it is still more so for the women, since they never know until the last minute whether they can wear colors or whether they are condemned to garments of sable blue. For even when the relationship of the dead prince or princess of the blood is so remote as to render unnecessary the postponement of social and official functions and entertainments, court mourning is, nevertheless, necessary for a period ranging all the way from ten days to three months, during which time every woman with pretensions to social standing is expected to array herself in black and to relegate her diamonds, her rubies, her sapphires and her emeralds and her turquoises to her casket, and to wear nothing in the shape of jewelry but pearls, which are the symbol of tears, while the men are expected to add a mourning band to their hats, to restrict themselves to black ties for day wear, and, if entitled to wear a uniform, to adorn the sleeves thereof with an armband of crape.

Royal persons and court officials are great sticklers about such matters as these, and, while any lady who ventures during a period of court mourning to attend a drawing-room or court function in colored attire exposes herself to an ungracious reception on the part of the royal personages present, there have even been numerous occasions where women have actually been prevented by the officials of the lord chamberlain's department from entering the presence of royalty at all, in consequence of their being dressed otherwise than in the prescribed black toilets."—N. Y. Tribune.

Petroleum Lakes.

Lakes of petroleum exist at Balakani, in the district of Baku, on the Caspian sea. A traveler on his first visit to these regions is astonished to see these dark-looking, almost illimitable lakes, and still more surprised when he learns that these lakes are filled, not with water, but with petroleum. The whole soil around Baku is impregnated with petroleum, which now and again bursts forth in great fountains. One tapped in September, 1896, began to spout oil with extraordinary force, deluging the whole district. Nothing could be done to stop the outflow, which on the eighth day had reached a daily rate of 11,000 tons, or more than the entire product of the world at that time. Another gigantic fountain burst out in March, 1887, rising to a height of 350 feet, and, after forming an extensive petroleum lake, forced itself into the sea. The "Pitch lake of Trinidad" is the largest deposit of solid or semi-solid bitumen known. It has an area of 11,467 acres. The surface is not level, but is composed of spherical, polygonal and mushroom-like masses. The softer parts of the lake constantly evolve gas. It was from Trinidad asphalt that Mr. Gesney first prepared kerosene by distillation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A man would rather look at a photograph of himself than at the finest painting on earth.—Acheson Globe.

MATILDA ANN AND ME.

When the nights are getting longer, And the frosts begin to fall, While the early pippins ripen, By the mossy garden wall, Then I take my easy rocker, In the kitchen after tea, And we're happy as two lovers, Just Matilda Ann and me.

While she washes out the dishes, In her soft and dainty way, 'Tis a pleasure just to watch her, And I haven't much to say, As she sets them in the cupboard, And we both of us agree, Not to light the parlor burner, For Matilda Ann and me.

So we put our feet together, Closer to the glowing hearth, And declare there never existed Such a home as ours on earth. Then sometimes she lets me kiss her; Shades are down and none can see, Else I'm sure they'd stop to envy My Matilda Ann and me. —Lalla M. Mitchell, in Housekeeper.

CAPTAIN GLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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XVI.—CONTINUED.

Then, when May came round and Lambert asked for three days leave. Minor hummed and haved and looked at his staff officer and finally requested that it be submitted to writing; and "it" came back with a curt indorsement to the effect that Lieut. Lambert would be expected hereafter to show more interest in matters connected with his regimental duties; the application was disapproved.

All this time he had written every few weeks to Glose, and got a very nice letter in reply, written by a young fellow who announced himself as the captain's brother, Wallace. The captain was getting better—very much better—but the eye doctor's bill was a big one, and he thought the government ought to pay it. He had bought some land up there six years before, and what with schools and roads and bridges, the taxes were awful. What he wouldn't mind doing would be to come back to the regiment as quartermaster; but in those days there was no four-year limit to staff positions, and the incumbents, both adjutant and quartermaster, proposed to hang on as long as possible, and Lambert replied that he feared there would be no chance.

And then one day there came a telegram from the commanding officer of Company "G" at the barracks with the brief announcement that a soldier serving in the Twenty-sixth infantry under the name of Roberts had been identified by Corporal Floyd Walton, Fourth cavalry, as Private Riggs, a deserter from the—tenth. Please send charges and descriptive list. Two weeks later Lieut. Lambert was summoned to Austin as a witness before the general court-martial appointed for his trial. The Morgan line steamer would not sail until Saturday night. There was time to run over and see if the Waltons had not something to send to their soldier boy in Texas, and Lambert sent his trunk to the Morgan wharf while the Mobile boat paddled him away through the Rigolets and out into Mississippi sound and landed him at the familiar pier at Pass Christian just at twilight of a lovely May evening. Ten minutes' walk along the shore brought him to an inclosure wherein the moonbeams were beginning to play among the leaves of the magnolia and to throw a huge black shadow, that of the grove of live oaks, over the veranda of an old, white-painted southern homestead bowered in vines and shrubbery at the end of the broad shell pathway leading from the gate. Somewhere among the foliage a mocking bird was carolling to the rising moon, and the music of soft, girlish voices and subdued laughter came drifting out on the evening air. Lambert's heart gave a quickened throb or two as he recognized Kate Walton's unmistakable tones. He had to traverse the length of the moonlit walk. She, with her unseen friend, was in shadow, so there was no possibility of trying the effect of surprise.

"Well, whayuh'n the wide wuhld'd you come from?" was her nonchalant greeting. "Ah supposed you were day'd'n buried." (There is no such thing as spelling that word as pronounced by the rosiest, sauciest, and possibly sweetest little mouth in creation. He could not take his eyes from it, and she knew it.)—"Miss Awgden, this is Mr. Lambert. Ah think you've heard sister Esthuh speak of him.—Ah suppose you were down right in to see huh. Ah'll call huh down."

So Lambert made his bow to Miss Ogden, who had her own womanly intuitions as to the extent of his eagerness to see sister Esther, and who presently declared she had to go home, and went without much delay over the leave-taking, in spite of Katesie's voluble remonstrance and well-feigned disappointment. Miss Walton, in fact, hung on to her all the way to the gate and made every proper and apparent effort to detain her there; but a wise head had Miss Bettie Ogden: she would not delay. She had heard sister Esther talk of Mr. Lambert time and again, and had read in Katesie's significant silence or simulated scorn a whole volume of information. She went tripping lightly, laughingly away, and Katesie watched her until she was out of sight, then came dawdling slowly back. She well knew it would be unlike Esther to come down inside of 20 minutes.

Lambert was seated in the big wicker chair, amusing himself with a kitten. He did not even look up when she finally returned.

"Hasn't Esthuh come down yet? Ah told huh you wuh hyuh, ten minutes ago."

"No. Possibly she didn't understand. I didn't hear her answer. Indeed, I could hardly hear you call."

"That's because you were listening to Bettie Awgden." (Pause for reply or denial; none offered.) "She doesn't like Yankess any better'n I did—do."

"Then it was on my account she left so suddenly. Where does she live? I'll

ren and call her back and tell her—what shall I tell her?—that I only wanted to say good-by to Mrs. Scroggs?" "You haven't said how-de-do yet." "I haven't? How utterly stupid of me! You see between Miss Ogden and the cat, you were so engrossed that I deferred that ceremony until you should have time to devote to me. Permit me." And carefully depositing pussy on the chair, he quickly bent low and seized Miss Katesie's hand, which he raised toward his lips: "Miss Walton, I am so glad to see you again. This fortnight has seemed a year."

Indignantly she snatched her hand away.

"Fawntight! It's five weeks to-day since you were hyuh." Then, suddenly conscious: "Not that I say."

He started up in feigned astonishment. "Five weeks? You amaze me! and how sweet of you to keep count!" (Something more than mere teasing and merriment now in the sparkle of his eyes and the twitching about the corners of his handsome, sensitive mouth.) Those five weeks have been five years."

But she had sprung to the doorway, wrathful at being so artfully trapped. "Ah didn't keep count. It was Moh; 'n Ah don't cay'uh how long you stay away, or how soon you go. Esthuh! ain't you ayvuh coming down? Mr. Lambert says he's got to go."

"You haven't told me how Mrs. Walton is, and Mr. Scroggs, Miss Katesie. And how's Cousin Bart?" "Cousin Bart's up at Quitman; so's Walton; and Moh's 'bout the same. She'll nayvuh be any better so long's Floyd's wuhh he is—weahing-a Yankee jacket."

"That is queer, isn't it? The queerest thing about it is that he's just been made corporal in the very troop he changed into at Selma. A classmate of mine is second lieutenant in the same troop, and wrote me about it."

"Floyd ought to be the lieutenant."

"Miss Walton, you continually surprise, and now you delight me! This is really promising! A southern girl says her brother ought to be a Yankee officer."

But she flew at him from the doorstep, her eyes flashing fire. He seized the kitten and held the struggling quadruped, paws foremost, between him and the impending vengeance.

"Oh! Ah do despise an' hate you maw an' maw ev'y time you come. You're mean, spiteful, hateful! You know Ah nevuh meant any such thing. Ah'd seon' him if he was! Ah'd tuh'n mah back on him—as Ah do on you now an' Ah wish it was fo'evuh!"

And, suiting action to word, the tumbling, elustering ringlets which fell upon her pretty shoulders were flouted almost in his face as she whirled about and marched back to the doorway.

"Well," said Lambert, mournfully, "it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good. Your wish bids fair to be granted. I think I won't disturb Mrs. Scroggs to-night, and if you'll tell her where to find Miss Ogden I'll bid her come back to you, so that you can resume the fun I interrupted. Kindly say to Mrs. Scroggs that if she has anything to send to Floyd and can get it ready before ten to-morrow morning I'll be glad to take it with my baggage. The hotel porter will come for it. Good-night, pussy. You don't seem to object to Yanks. Good-by, Miss Katesie. When your wishes are so promptly granted and you so easily get rid of a fellow you might shake hands with him, but pussy'll have to do."

With that he solemnly took the kitten by a furry paw and with ludicrous gravity gave it a formal shake, then turned deliberately away. He was down the steps and crunching along the shell walk before she started from the stupor which had seized her. Then she sprang to the edge of the veranda, and he, treading lightly now and listening for the sounding of the summons for a parley, heard, as he expected, the half-tremulous, half-truquent hail: "Aw, Mist' Lambert!"

"Yes?"

"Whuh you going?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm ordered to Texas."

Then he listened, wickedly, maliciously, and vouchsafed no further word. For a moment not a sound came from the shaded veranda. Slowly, therefore, he turned, and, treading as though on china teacups, went on towards the gate. Did he hope she would call again? Did he know or realize the deep-rooted, stubborn pride of the southern girl? Slowly, more slowly still, he faltered to the gate. Nearing it, still eagerly listening, he shortened step, only pretending to walk. Still no sound, no summons to return. His hand was on the latch, and there it waited, reluctant to open, but waiting was in vain. He glanced back over his shoulder, and, vague and shadowy, he could just distinguish the outline of the slender form he had grown to love with such longing and tenderness and passion. It clung there motionless. At least, then, she had not turned indifferently away. But the word, the whisper, he prayed for and craved to hear, and would so eagerly have obeyed, came not to recall him. Fifteen—twenty seconds he waited, then, in sudden pride, or pique, or resolution, threw open the white barrier, slammed it after him, and strode briskly away, startling the mocking birds into sudden silence with the lively whistling of an old West Point quickstep.

But Esther, coming forth from the open doorway to greet and welcome their friend, saw the erect, soldierly figure marching off in the moonlight; saw her little sister standing as though rooted to the spot, heard the ostentatious spirit and swing and rhythm of "Buens noches;" heard a faint, questioning, incredulous, tearful little voice piping: "Mr. Lambert! Mr. Lambert!" and the woman had learned in that instant what the lover would have given worlds to know.

XVII

"Lieutenant, there's no use trying. We're only twenty, and there must be

two hundred of 'em. They've got that stage load long before now, escort and all. The whole thing's over with. If there were any women 'twould be different; every man of us would go then to try to rescue them; but there were only men. I'm as sorry for Col. Sweet as you can be; but we can get his body when the Indians have gone. We can't afford to lose any more of our people."

The speaker was the captain of a party of Texas frontiersmen—rangers they were afterwards called, when their organization was more complete; but these were the days when the Lone Star state was uninvaded by railways and when to its very heart—far as the capital—the savage Kiowas and Comanches often raided in full force, ravaging the scattered settlements far and wide. Lieut. Lambert, his duty finished with his testimony in the case of the deserter Riggs, had obtained permission to delay his return a few days and taken stage to Lampasas, where Floyd Walton was stationed with his troop. Lambert would not willingly return without seeing him and delivering in person the little packages so hurriedly prepared at the new home. Then, too, there was no man in the army in whom the young officer now felt so deep an interest. Was he not Katesie's brother, and might not that brother have some influence over that obdurate heart?

It was not the porter of the hotel who went for these packages. It was Lambert himself, hoping, of course, to see the young lady whom he had so successfully tormented the evening previous; but his scheme had been checked in most absurdly unromantic fashion. The New Orleans evening paper among its military items contained a brief paragraph to the effect that Lieut. Lambert was ordered over to Austin as a witness before a court-martial there in session, but would return to the barracks in a week or ten days, and this paper he had been careless enough to leave on the veranda. Katesie had gone miserably to her room, Esther had lit upon the paragraph, and in ten minutes Lambert's melodramatic scheme was exploded. Never would he forget the saucy merriment in her pretty face when he appeared upon the scene that morning, hoping and expecting to find her penitent, piteous, and mutely begging to be forgiven before he went away. He had come prepared to be grave, sorrowful, dignified, and then to be disarmed by her distress, to lead her away under the magnolias to the shaded recesses of the

old southern garden, there to assure her that she was pardoned, and then to tell her how she was loved. A charming chateau en Espagne was that which the boy had builded; a sweet, sad, blissful, ecstatic parting was it all to be as a result of his skillful use of his "sudden orders to Texas;" but, like many another well-laid plan, it went ludicrously aglee. She was there on the veranda, romping with her kitten, when he came and never made the slightest reference to his departure. He alluded gloomily to the fact that the boat would be along in less than an hour, and she cheerfully responded: "Yes; Ah thought Ah hudd its whistle just a moment ago," and raced pussy to the far end of the gallery. He tried other announcements with no better success, and was bewildered and defeated and stung by her apparent heartlessness and indifference when at last he had to go, and went away miserably jealous and wretchedly in love, fairly beaten at his own game.

So gloomy and unlike himself was Lambert that the two or three classmates who happened to be at Austin were much surprised, and so absorbed was he in his own woes and pangs that not until he reached Lampasas did he learn that the soldierly-looking man who rode all the way from the capital with him was no less a person than the Brevet Lieut. Col. Sweet of whom he had heard so much at Tugaloo, and who, promoted to the rank of major, was now on his way to report for duty at a frontier post. The stage with the colonel rumbled away on its journey for supper. Lambert went on out to camp, only to find that Corporal Walton with four men had gone as escort to that very stage, as there were rumors that the Comanches and Lipans were on the warpath again. It might be four days before they returned. It would be two before a stage went back to Austin, and it was now nine o'clock at night.

The very next morning brought direful news. A big band of hostiles had swooped down on the stage station at the crossing of the Caliente, 50 miles to the northwest, massacred everybody, and run off the stock. The cavalry troop in camp at Lampasas was miles away by the time the tidings reached Lambert at the tavern in town. Then came worse news. A settler rode spurting in from the Concho trail to say that he had seen the Indians when they attacked the stage with overpowering numbers, and had just managed to escape with his own life. He believed that not one soul was left to tell the tale. There were many gallant spirits among the Texans of the frontier—men who were accustomed to fight at the drop of the hat, and who, in defense of home and friends, were

indomitable. Yet even these well knew the hopelessness of the situation as described. They were far too few in number to undertake the pursuit and attack of such a band as this. Moreover, their own wives and children would be left in danger were they to take the field. It was even impossible to persuade two or three of their number to ride post-haste on the trail of the cavalry, who, at the first alarm and on receipt of tidings that the Indians had ridden away eastward towards the Brazos, had taken the road for Waco at dawn in hopes of heading them off or driving them should they attack the defenseless settlements. There were, therefore, absolutely no troops to go to the rescue of the stage party, if, as seemed beyond hope, any of them were still alive, and Lambert, burning with eagerness to do something and tormented with anxiety as to the fate of "Brother Floyd," found himself helpless.

A seagant and some semi-invalided men had been left in charge of camp, and from these he gathered a little information, but not of an enlivening nature. The nearest posts to the westward from which help might come were McKavet and Concho, each over a hundred miles away; but Concho, being on the left bank of the Colorado, and doubtless warned by this time of the Indian raid, could be sending cavalry down the valley in pursuit. It was expectation of this, probably, that started the raiders eastward towards the Brazos, where there were no troops, and where, sweeping northward again in wide circle, they might confidently expect to get safely back to their wild fastnesses, leading the cavalry a stern chase all the way. Shrewdest tacticians of modern warfare as they are, they had indeed already divided, one party riding eastward as reported after swooping down on the Caliente station, and driving some of the stock ahead of them, for the sole purpose of drawing the Lampasas troop off in that direction, leaving the settlers along the Colorado to the mercies of the other and larger portion of the savage force. There was no use now in sending couriers after the troop. It had five hours' start. It would be evening before the fleetest horse could overtake the command. Lambert urged the sergeant to give him a horse and arms, mount three or four men, and let them go with him, if only to reconnoiter. Then some of the Texans who had no families to defend might volunteer.

LAUGHTER IS A DISEASE THAT MAY KILL YOU. This has been proved by numerous cases which have come under the notice of eminent neurologists, who have declared even moderate laughter a symptom of nervous hysteria. People have died of laughing.

From Austria comes a curious account of a man suffering from a nervous disease that manifested itself in paroxysms of laughter. The patient, whose case was described before the Psychiatric and Neurological society of Vienna, was 30 years of age and had been subject for three years to fits of laughter, which occurred at first every two or three months, gradually increasing in frequency to a dozen or more a day.

The attacks occurred especially between nine in the evening and 6:30 o'clock in the morning, and in greater frequency between five and 6:30 o'clock. Some occurred also during the day, however the patient happened to be occupied.

In the intervals between the attacks and immediately before and afterward the man was perfectly well. The attacks set in with a tickling sensation arising from the toes of the left foot, and the patient would fall to the ground unless he could reach some place to lie down. When the feeling reached the level of the left nipple the patient lost consciousness for a few seconds.

Often the patient lay upon his face. The mouth and eyes were closed spasmodically, the eyeballs turned upward; the pupils were dilated and unresponsive to light.

At the height of the attack the patient at first smiled and then laughed aloud without other sign of merriment. The entire attack occupied about two minutes. On two occasions there was protracted loss of consciousness.—N. Y. Recorder.

Eyes See by Their Own Light. Helmholtz has shown that the fundi of the eyes are themselves luminous. In making an experiment he was able to see in total darkness the movements of his arms by the light of his own eyes!

Oculists and physiologists declare that this is one of the most remarkable experiments recorded in the history of the sciences. Probably there are but few men living who could satisfactorily repeat the experiment, for the reason that it is very likely that the luminosity of the human eye is associated with uncommon activity of the brain. It is the fluorescence of the brain, as it were.—St. Louis Republic.

Their Own Language. A good story is told of the late Archbishop Benson's coachman. On a certain day, getting into a tight block among some cabmen, he indulged in a hearty swear—a rather frequent habit with him. His master heard him, and putting his head out of the window sternly remonstrated. "Beg your pardon, my lord," the old reprobate replied, "but I heard you tell them 'ere gents as was ordained last Sunday that if you don't speak to people in their own natural tongue, you will never get 'em to understand you."—London Globe.

Pat's Strong Position. Pat—I tell you the old friends are always the best, after all, and I can prove it. Dennis—How? "Where'll you find a new friend that has stood by you as long as the old ones have?"—Cleveland Leader.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—A Strong Team.—"Almighty Voice should go into partnership." "With whom?" "The unspeakable Turk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—He (passionately)—"I could live with you for ever!" She (as the clock strikes 12)—"But you must not begin to-night."—Yonkers Statesman.

—A woman in humble life, returning from church, was asked if she had understood the sermon. "Wud I hac the presumption?" she simply replied.—Tit-Bits.

—Overheard at the Ball.—Parker—"What! That your mother? Why, she don't look old enough to have a daughter as—a—ahem—as—er—as young as you."—Harlem Life.

—Anxious Mother—"I don't understand how it is, Bertie, that you are always at the foot of your class. Bertie—"I don't understand it myself; but I know it's dreadful easy."—Boston Transcript.

—Properly Situated.—"They may say what they like against him," said the convicted one's defender, "but his heart is in the right place." "Yes," assented the other, "and so is the rest of him, for a few years."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Cause of the Rush.—"Why is that man dragging that poor little boy along that way. Gracious goodness! He'll jerk the poor, weeping little fellow's arm out of its socket! What do you suppose is the trouble?" "There's a circus parade up on the next street, and the man is probably afraid that the little boy will miss it, if they don't hurry."—Cleveland Leader.

—A poor woman who kept a small shop in a northern village, and who was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family, one day found herself a widow through the sudden demise of her spouse. Said a lady: "I am sure, Mrs. G—, you must miss your husband." "Well, mum, it do seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till!"—Tit-Bits.

MODERATION IN ATHLETICS.

Americans Are Believers in Plenty of Exercise. It can no longer be said that Americans are too sedentary a people. The advantages and pleasures of recreation in the open air are now so well appreciated in this country that a campaign of education in that direction has become superfluous. Both sexes are practical believers in the benefits of a frequent outing. Dwellers in cities are encouraged to seek the open air by the establishment of large and attractive parks and by low fares for long rides to pleasant suburban places. Of course the wheel has been a leading cause of the general revolution in favor of exercise in the breathing places of a city. So rapid has been the change that the hygienist is now more disposed to talk of moderation in athletics than to persuade people to get out of the house and do something for their health. The eager, nervous American temperament needs to be calmed a little, at least in the department of the more active athletics. It is far better to avoid the evils of overtraining, than be compelled to seek their remedy; a trite argument, but not uncalled for.

There is the wheelman, for instance, who is deeply interested in century runs. It is, perhaps, impossible to convince him that he is the victim of a ridiculous delusion that the arbitrary figure of 100 has any particular merit. But it must be admitted that this passion for setting fixed boundaries in the future is not confined to cycling. Many a money breeder is more anxious for the second million than the first. An English notability who resolved to win the derby, marry the richest heiress in England and become the British premier realized his hopes, but he cut rather a sorry figure as premier and the world has almost forgotten him. A run on the wheel, stopping short of serious fatigue, is the sensible thing to undertake, and the same rule of leaning to the side of reasonable conservatism holds good of all forms of active recreation. Prof. Sargent, of Harvard, says that the idea of carrying athletics to excess is most erroneous, and that "a great many young people do themselves injury by their excessive zeal in the practice of competitive exercise." Another authority contends that people who work hard either with body or brains need amusement for their leisure rather than active exertion.

Not long ago the papers mentioned the case of a number of boys of a larger growth who engaged in a tournament to see which could stick out his tongue the furthest. The one who triumphed injured himself to such an extent that he was in the hands of the surgeons for two weeks. It was an expensive century run," but perhaps the sense of having broken the record was an adequate reward and a vindication of the youth's American blood. Enthusiasts in athletics should remember that the average life attained by prize fighters is only 47 years, and they are men of exceptional physique and constitution. A careful and learned adviser on this subject says that instead of working under high pressure for a short time much more can be accomplished and with less risk to health by working under a low pressure for a longer time. If, Shakespeare asks, "sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue but moody and dull melancholy?" it will be noticed that the adjective qualifying the recreation means the opposite of violent or excessive.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wise in His Generation. A certain Paris photographer never says to a certain lady customer: "Now, look pleasant, madam, if you please." He knows a formula infinitely better than that. In the most natural manner in the world he remarks: "It is unnecessary to ask madam to look pleasant; she could not look otherwise." Then click goes the camera, and the result is never in doubt.—London Morning.