

WHEN YOUR EYES SMILE TOO.

When your eyes smile too—when your eyes smile too, It's then I know your hidden heart is laughing out with you. It's often I have seen your lips go searching up a smile. And, oh, I somehow knew your heart was grieving all the while. And the sky was dark and gloomy and the bird songs were so few, And the sun forgot its shining—till your eyes smiled too!

When your eyes smile too—when your eyes smile too, Oh, the listen of the willows and the glisten of the dew! Oh, the brightness of the meadow and the lightness of the grain, And the music of the little winds that laugh along the lane! Oh, the whisper of the valley and the deepness of the blue, And the glory just of living when your eyes smile too!

—New York Press.

FIRING ON THE MOB.

The Scene After the Death Dealing Volley Had Done Its Work.

The yelling mass below neared the walls. A whistle pierced the tumult. From the windows jetted swift lines of flame, and a shattering volley tore the air.

A crash, and then stillness on the mob, an intense hush, a swift paralysis; a blue gray smoke cloud floated up the walls and out over the jailyard. Men gasped, then held their breath. From their nests in the caves startled sparrows flew above the crowd with frightened twitterings.

In the jail corridor sounded the clink, clink of empty shells falling to the floor as nervous fingers fumbled at boxes or shoved fresh cartridges home with a snap snapping of breechbolts, while staring eyes were fixed upon the scene outside.

From below came a new sound, the noise of agony. On the outskirts of the crowd men were running. The mob surged back from the jail walls. In the space left clear lay prostrate forms outstretched or huddled in attitudes of grotesque horror on the stone paved way. One figure half arose, wavered backward and then fell toward the retreating mob with a gasping cry. Men running back from the crowd with apprehensive glances at the windows carried off the limp forms. In the crowd men bore up other men who reeled and staggered to and fro.

The corridor was very still. The guard stood in silence. Here and there one drew a long breath, with a slow heaving of the chest and a lifting of the shoulders. Turning their eyes with an effort from the mob, they glanced at each other as though seeking confirmation that all this thing had happened, that the dark forms on the pavement below had been a grim reality. A slight, pale faced private threw his rifle to the floor and turned his face from the window, with a burst of shuddering sobs. Others swore apparently at nothing and busied themselves with their weapons. No one paid any heed to the private who wept except that his next rank man stooped and picked up his rifle. The smell of burned powder hung in the air.—H. H. Bennett in Lippincott's.

Doghouses and Dog Kennels.

Doghouse is the name applied to a house made for a dog to live in out of doors; dog kennel to a house or box built for a dog's quarters indoors. The doghouse is likely to be for a big dog; the kennel, in private houses, for a little dog. There are few doghouses used in the city, and in proportion to the number of pet dogs not a great many kennels, but still the number of kennels in the aggregate is considerable.

Doghouses are made with a sloping roof to shed rain. No such necessity exists in the case of the kennel, and kennels are always made with a flat top. Things may be placed on top of them. The kennel is practically an oblong box made of yellow or white pine or of whitewood, and customarily painted white and without ornamentation. The kennel has a grated opening in the top for purposes of ventilation, with a cover to put over to prevent draft. Formerly the doors of such kennels were made of wire cloth; now they are all made with bars of a very small sized gas piping.

The kennel of this kind is so made that it is raised at the corners enough to make the bottom clear the floor, and it is often mounted on casters, so that it can be conveniently moved about from room to room. Such kennels are made by carpenters, and they cost \$5 to \$10 each, according to the size.—New York Sun.

What "Goes" on the Yukon.

In The Century there is an article on "The River Trip to the Klondike," written by John Sidney Webb. Mr. Webb says:

Alaska is a country of more square miles than square meals, and the legendary governor of North Carolina would have found little else but muddy Yukon water, assaying 60 per cent solids to the liquid ton, in which to quench his celebrated thirst. "Do as you please" is the motto. In civilization coats are worn for various reasons, "on the Yukon" because it blows up cold or rains. Napkins, tablecloths, sheets and pillows do not "go" on the Yukon, or have not heretofore. Even the Klondike millionaire packs his blankets and takes what he can get.

Song and Talk.

"What is a song recital, Uncle Christopher?"

"A song recital? Well, somebody sings all afternoon, and an audience of women talk through the whole performance."—Detroit Free Press.

The "Prisoner of Chillon" did not suffer in the cause of liberty. He was a troublesome rogue sent to prison for mischief making and spent his term there in making indecent verses.

The vineyards of Italy cover nearly 8,000,000 acres.

BEGGING EASIER THAN WORK.

At Least That's Why One Man Sold Out a Street Stand.

I once got a rather curious confession from a professional beggar, which if true and I believe it was, opened my eyes to the reckless ways in which American beggars are made. "I had been keeping a sidewalk stand for years," said he. "I worked hard and earned from \$3 to \$4 a week. On that I lived. One night when I started to go home by the Mission street cars I found that my pocket had been picked. It was too far to walk, so I decided to borrow a nickel. The first man to whom I told my story gave me a quarter without hesitation. All the way home I thought it over. A quarter was as much as I made clear at my stand many a day. It all ended by my selling out and going to begging, always telling my first story. I have done pretty well since then and like the business."

One day I met him in Union square. "How's business?" I asked. He was leaning against a tree, deeply intent on some figures in a book. He slipped the book into his pocket and began to whine. "Never mind your regular story," I said. "I know it. Answer my question like a man, and you may add a dollar to your bank account."

After a little preliminary skirmishing he waxed confidential. "I make it a rule," he said, "never to walk less than 100 blocks each day. It is a very poor block that doesn't average 2½ cents. Two blocks will more often net me 10 cents." He consulted the book. "Yes, the average of the last six months is \$5 a day—that is, just 5 cents a block. I have been on this beat nearly a year now, and I have my regular customers. Excuse me a minute."

He passed through the fog to the other side of the street and touched his hat to an elderly acquaintance of mine who was coming down the broad steps of the Pacific Union club. In a moment he returned with a bright new quarter in his hand.

"I told him my wife was better today," he said, smiling pleasantly, "and that she prayed for him night and day. Well, so long! Your dollar passes the limit today—and business is over."

Can you blame him? Five dollars a day is the wages of a first class mechanic. Why should not begging become a profession when people are so easy game?—Overland Monthly.

Disraeli's Manner.

I have no doubt Disraeli loses friends by his apparent insouciance and the method in which he walks to his place—without looking at anybody—but I surmise from my own experience that it arises from nearsightedness. I perceive that he cannot tell what o'clock it is without using his glass, and somebody told me lately that he saw him hailing a police van, mistaking it for an omnibus. His face is often haggard and his air weary and disappointed, but he has the brow and eyes of a poet, which are always pleasant to look upon.

He generally says the right thing at the right minute and in the right way, and he is justly cheered, but sitting among the opposition I have abundant reason to note that he is not completely trusted. It is said that young Stanley and other youngsters of his class believe in him and that the man who is so tactful in parliament is a charming companion among his familiars and is a gracious and genial host. Some of his postprandial mists steal out and, I should think, make fatal enemies. Somebody asked him lately if Lord Robert M. was not a stupid ass. "No, no," said Benjamin, "not at all; he is a clever ass." "My Life in Two Hemispheres," Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

A Picture of Zola.

This is how Zola is described by Stuart Henry in "Hours With Famous Parisians": "A business man, no emotion, no ideals, no imagination, no poetry, in his personal intercourse. He does not try to win or entertain you. He takes no personal interest in you and does not expect you to take any personal interest in him. He talks frankly and freely about everything, but in a secular way. He makes life seem to you merely a commercial career. Fiction for him is editions of 100,000 francs a year. His magisterial and magnificent panoramas of descriptions, unequalled for their kind, are all measured off in his mind as so many rods of printed matter at so much a rod. No personal magnetism, no sentiment, no perfume, no rose colors. Life has been for him a blunt, rude, brutish thing. He has conquered merely because he has worked harder than any one else. With him naturalistic literature succeeds only by the sweat of the brow. What loins of strength nevertheless! What Titanic capacities to achieve! He towers over all his Parisian contemporaries, as Victor Hugo towered over his epoch."

The Elephant Corps.

An English newspaper, in an article on the Siamese army, says: "In one respect the Siamese army is superior to every other, and that is in its elephant corps. Eight hundred of these animals, which are stronger, though smaller, than those of India, are organized into a special corps, commanded by a retired Anglo-Indian officer, and their heads, trunks and other vulnerable parts are protected against bullets by india rubber armor."

A Costly Dish.

"Oh, mamma, do Christians eat preachers just like the cannibals?"

"Why, no, my child. What put that notion into your head?"

"I heard Mrs. Deekon say this morning that she was going to have her minister for lunch."—Brooklyn Life.

It Costs Nothing.

Thackeray tells of a lord who never saw a vacant place on his estate, but he took an acorn out of his pocket and dropped it in. Never lose a chance of saying a kind word, of doing a kindly act. It costs nothing.

GAME BETTER THAN GOLF.

The Man From Jersey Lowers His Record For Train Catching.

His countenance suffused with satisfaction and his walk expressing triumph, the man from Jersey made his matutinal descent upon the metropolis. Without waiting for questions he began the pean of his joy.

"Knocked seven-eighths of a second off my record this morning," he said. "I simply can't be beat. Nineteen and a quarter minutes from the arms of Morpheus, through ablutions, vestiture, nutrition, conjugal admonition and a half mile of geography to the confines of a car, and there you are. Giving all proper handicaps, by this performance I win the cup, and I'm going down to the engine house tonight to get it."

"Mebbe you thought we didn't have any sporting blood out in my country? You never heard of a links from me, and you never saw me going around like a gosh binged umbrella mender with my arms full of shiny sticks. No, siree! But we have a diversion that beats golf all hollow in making time for the trains—one that lasts all the year round too. Records? What are the records of putting little pills into little holes to the records pinned up in our little depot, records of honest toil that appeal to the instincts of all industrious men? I tell you that the detsicated individual who thinks he abides in joy when he has quartered over a county in one stroke less than he ever did before is an object of pity to the man who is trying to cut off a fraction of a second from the passing from sound sleep to the busy railroad."

"He is engaged in a useful occupation. He is trying to demonstrate the capacities of the wonderful human engine and at the same time adding to the well being of the race by lengthening the hours of sleep. Any scientist will tell you that the great fault with man is that he doesn't sleep enough. You take my advice and quit golf and come live in the country and keep tab on your transits like me, and if that ain't enough you can go down to the engine house on Sunday afternoon, when there ain't any trains, and pitch quoits."—New York Sun.

GARFIELD'S STRUGGLES.

How He Burned the Midnight Oil When at Williams College.

Garfield was said to be only one of a very few who kept up their literary studies while in Washington. He never did so well but it seemed he could easily do better. He always gave the impression that he had much more power than he used. As Trevelyan said of his parliamentary hero, Garfield succeeded because all the world could not have kept him in the background, and because, once in front, he played his part with an intrepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserve of energy on which it was in his power to draw.

"When I was a freshman in Williams college," said Garfield, "I looked out one night and saw in the window of my only competitor for first place in mathematics a light twinkling a few minutes longer than I was wont to keep mine burning. I then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation. I did so and passed above my rival. I smile today at the old rivalry, but I am thankful for the way my attention was called to the value of a little margin of time well employed. I have since learned that it is just such a margin, whether of time or attention or earnestness or power, that wins in every battle, great or small."—Success.

Prototype of the Du Maurier Girl.

On the mantelpiece in my studio at home there stands a certain lady. She is but lightly clad, and what simple garment she wears is not in the fashion of our day. How well I know her! Almost thoroughly by this time, for she has been the silent companion of my work for 80 years. She has lost both her arms and one of her feet, which I deplore, and also the tip of her nose, but that has been made good.

She is only three feet high or thereabouts and quite 2,000 years old or more, but she is ever young—

Age cannot wither nor custom stale Her infinite variety—

and a very gianness in beauty, for she is a reduction in plaster of the famous statue of the Louvre.

They call her the Venus of Milo or Melos. It is a calumny, a libel. She is no Venus except in good looks, and if she errs at all it is on the side of austerity. She is not only "pootiness," but "wirtue" incarnate (if one can be incarnate in marble) from the crown of her lovely head to the sole of her remaining foot—a very beautiful foot, though by no means a small one—it has never worn a high heel shoe.—George du Maurier in Harper's Magazine.

Easy.

"Oh, see here! Come and look at Dickinson's manuscripts!" were the first words that fell upon my receptive ears. Dickinson! Such is fame! The speech fell from the lips of a middle aged lady comfortable in appearance, admirably dressed. "Dickens—Dickens," proclaimed her spouse rather sharply. "Didn't I say Dickens? Well, I meant Dickens." Then she went on: "Fancy him making all those corrections—such a famous writer. Why, I always thought it was so easy, John."—London News.

Only three people know the password of the Tower of London, and they are the queen, the lord mayor and the constable. This password is sent to the lord mayor quarterly, signed by her majesty. It is merely a survival of an old custom.

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