



Six lilies turned to the west,
In a garden fair,
And the south wind sowed in a jest
Some poppies there.

Down came a storm of hail
In ruthless showers,
And the sun looked wan and pale
For love of the flowers.

The lilies, like stately dames,
Stood still and cold;
But the poppies lay like flames
On the dark brown mould.



SIDELIGHTS IN CONGRESS

Anecdotes Related of and by the Gathered Statesmen at Washington

Judge Bartlett of Georgia, illustrating the way in which the Hill currency bill was framed, told the story of how the master and his former slave settled up after the war. The old slave was farming on shares. At the end of the season he was settling up for his provisions, implements and supplies. The master took down a big book and showed the darky the debits and credits.

"Now, you understand, Mose, don't you," he asked, "your share is small, but everything is plain?"

"Yas, sir, des as plain as day," answered the old darky, looking at the columns of figures, "des as plain as day—

"Nought is a nought,
Figger is a figger,
All for de white man
And none for de nigger."

"That's the way it is with the Hill bill," said Dr. Bartlett.

"Nought is a nought,
Figger is a figger,
All for the banks,
And nothing for the government."

When Representative "Birdie" Adams of Pennsylvania was making his impassioned plea in the House a day or two ago demanding the whipping post for wife beaters in the District of Columbia, a group of members discussed the orator.

"You wouldn't think," said one of them, "that Adams is the man who, single handed and alone, declared war on Spain."

"Who says so?" asked a new member.

"He says so himself," the other replied, and he got the congressional directory and read from the biography prepared by Adams himself these lines:

"In the Fifty-fifth Congress, as acting chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, Mr. Adams reported, conducted through the House, and had charge of (in conference with the senate) the Cuban resolutions, and drafted, introduced, reported, and passed through the House of Representatives, in one hour, the declaration of war against Spain."

After the New Year's reception at the White House one of the younger members of the diplomatic corps called on Secretary Hay to say that he was called to Chicago for a few days.

Laughingly he wanted to know of the secretary if he might draw for money in the event that he should go broke while seeing the stock yards out west.

At the time the two were standing close to a window that was open to let in the delicious afternoon air, which was refreshing, though a trifle warm. The sun was just coming out from a bank of clouds. The weather was as spring-like as it has been for some days.

"Ah, if this weather keeps up," replied Mr. Hay, "blackberries will soon be ripe, and you then can pick your way back home."

"The meanest man I ever knew," said Representative Ryan of Buffalo, "was a chap who one night came to the house of a doctor, who is trying to build up a practice on the east side in Buffalo, during the Christmas holidays. It was snowing and very cold. 'Doctor,' he said, 'what are your terms?'

"'One dollar for an office visit and \$2 for a call,' the doctor replied.

"'Have you a horse?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, hitch up and I'll go along with you. I need you out in West Seneca a ways.'

"The doctor had his horse brought around and the man got in the buggy with him. They drove about four miles out into the country.

"'Here's the place,' said the man, as they reached a farmhouse. Then he handed the doctor \$2.

"'You needn't go in,' he said. 'A liveryman wanted to charge me \$5 to bring me out here, but I thought I would rather give you \$2.'

Former Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia, recently Democratic candidate for the vice presidency, called on the president to pay his respects. The president greeted Mr. Davis cordially, saying:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Davis. Walk right into my office. You are entitled to precedence over all others."

The president and Mr. Davis had a pleasant chat about matters of mutual personal interest.

There were two senators and two representatives at luncheon at Har-

vey's. One of the senators ordered cold roast beef, potato salad and a mug of ale.

The beef was slow in coming. The senator grew impatient. Finally he hailed the ponderous George Harvey, who has fed all the famous men in the country for the past forty years. "Harvey," said he, querulously, "I ordered cold roast beef fifteen minutes ago."

"Good gracious!" Harvey replied; "I must see about that. It ought to be cold by this time."

"PUSS" GOT A SCALDING.

Humorous to the Audience But Painful to Actor.

O. E. Lennon, one of the noted "animal actors" of England, has some interesting stories to tell of his experiences on the stage. Seeing an advertisement for a man to play the Spider in "The Silver King" young Lennon wrote to the manager offering his services. Of course, he had heard of the popular melodrama, but having no idea of the character of Capt. Skinner, he explained that he had just made a success as a cat in pantomime, and felt "perfectly sure he could act a spider to everybody's satisfaction."

Apocryphal cats at Christmas, Mr. Lennon has a vivid recollection of introducing a most realistic and painful—from his own point of view—piece of acting into "Dick Whittington," at the old Adelphi, London, some years ago. One of the comedians had to carry a tub of hot water onto the stage. The property man, determined that there should be plenty of steam, heated it to boiling point. The comedian, believing it to be only comfortably warm, purposely tipped half pint over the cat as he ran past. The children in the audience shrieked with laughter, and when the poor puss, severely scalded, executed a frenzied dance round the stage all the grown-ups joined in. Mr. Lennon was the only person who could not see the joke.

That Rising Infection.

She needn't be handsome, she needn't be witty,
She needn't be filled with the arts of the city;
She needs only one thing to pass my inspection;
Her remarks mustn't end with a rising infection.

If you ne'er knew a maiden with this affectation,
Stop reading this, turn to your own rumination!
But, ah, if you've met her, you'll fathom the reason
I hold her a girl that's not fitting to freeze on!

For a sentence or two, say, you don't find the question
Concluding each statement too hard for digestion,
But when for an hour the same thing continues,
It gets every nerve in your bone and your sinews!

You feel like a witness a lawyer's been quizzing
In the box for five hours; and there's something a-sizzling
In ear and in brain when you're ready to leave her
Suggesting you're taken with quinine and fever!

And when in the hallway "good night" you are saying,
A speedy escape from the agony praying,
"Good night?" she replies, the infection adorning,
Suggesting a doubt if it's night and not morning!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Why They Moved On.

Two Irishmen, evidently laborers with a day off, were peering through the iron fence into Trinity churchyard the other morning. They were on the Broadway side where the big skyscraper under erection overhangs the quiet of the graves.

A concealed steam pipe runs out from the foundation excavations, and with a hissing, sizzling sound lets out the steam in such a way that the vapor seems to rise from the earth and curl cloudily around the monuments. All this must have visualized something to one of the laborers. Half fascinated, he turned to his companion and said:

"We'll be lavin' here, Mike. There's minny a cheerfuller soight nor that f'r a man as sets off dinnymite blasts f'r his livin'."—New York Sun.

WOMEN OF INDIA TOIL HARD.

Have to Share in Endless Struggle for Existence With Men.

In the lower stratum of Hindu society women do not live the life of luxury and ease that is common among the upper classes, says the Calcutta Statesman. The great masses of small farmers, artisans and coolies earn so meager a livelihood that their lives are merely an endless struggle for existence, in which their wives have of necessity to do their share.

Not only is this true in the domestic affairs to which the women must attend, but not infrequently they are called upon to do the work of men, upon occasions even hiring out to perform various tasks, such as hauling a roller up a steep incline, doing mountain road repairing work. The team grasping the tugs fastened to either side of the huge heavy roller, drag it along the steep mountain road. While there workers perform their toilsome task, oftentimes there are men standing by who for various reasons may not lend their assistance. One perhaps is an overseer, another a water seller—a trade in itself—while others might be perfectly willing to carry hods, chop wood, or carry burdens—but haul a roller? Nay, nay! their caste would forbid it!

A curious custom obtains among the Coorgs. When one of them kills a tiger or a panther, he is married to the dead animal, regardless of its sex. Propped upon a framework of wood and bamboo, the animal is carried in procession and the marriage ritual is strictly observed, while lavish hospitality is dispensed.

FEARFUL SIGHT AT LIAOYANG.

Horrors of the Battlefield Depicted in True Colors.

Never will the few foreigners who saw the battlefield of Liaoyang on the morning of September 4 be able to dismiss from their memories the fearful sights they witnessed. Already, in the mists of early morning, hundreds and hundreds of crematory fires dotted the plain. Just a layer of firewood, then a layer of dead bodies, and above them another covering of fuel. As the flames crackled the dead shrank and shriveled and rose up, tortured, to sink back in ashes, while hideous skulls, with empty sockets, grinned through the quivering heat. The air reeked with the fumes of burning flesh, and the smoke blew scalding into one's eyes. Fuel was scarce and the dead numbered thousands, so as many more of the stiffened corpses were thrown thudding into the hollow trenches, in rows a hundred yards long, and covered from sight with a blanket of earth. The living, gaunt and tired, shuffled stumbly as they wearily dragged in the dead to pyre and pit, or piled up the rifles and ammunition belts of comrades who had served their country for the last time into huge stacks. Poor chaps! Eleven days of a carnival of war, and, after all, they had failed to accomplish their great purpose—the forcing of Kouropatkin into a decisive battle. —William Dinwiddie's War Correspondence, in Leslie's Weekly.

Changes.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill dark night draws near,
Thy sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart
The hours are flying.

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast!
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the East
Birds weary night depart,
And pain is past.
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast.
—Adelaide Anne Procter.

Adopt American System.

The London fire department has been experimenting with the American "quick hitch" system and is delighted with it. One company boasts that it can now hitch up in fifteen seconds. From three to four seconds is New York time.