WANDERLUST.

By Gerald Gould.

Beyond the East, the sunrise, beyond
the West the sea,
And East and West the wanderlust
that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, near,
to bid me say good-by!
For the seas call and the stars call,
and oh, the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs
nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for friend
and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when
once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls,
and oh, the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and
there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again,
the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and
if men ask you why,
I may put the blame on the stars
and the sun and the white road
and the sky!

—From the London Spectator.

O-Ume

The Story of a Little Japanese Girl and the Cherry-Blossoming.

The sun was warm on the thatched roofs and the groves of trees, and a merry crowd filled the streets of the little Japanese village, for it was the festival of the cherry-blossoming.

In Japan the "Sunrise Kingdom," as it is called, the calendar is divided into the time of the blossoming of the flowers. The camellia, sometimes shrouded in snowflakes, helps to usher in the New Year; then, after a few weeks of cold rains and dull skies, the branches of the withered old black plum trees are starred with fragrant white flowers, followed soon by the cherry-blossoming, and until November, when the brilliant maple leaves light up the scene, this gentle people count the seasons in flowers.

In this little village most of the cottages had thatched caps on their heads. Some were worn with age and rain, but Dame Nature had patched them with velvety mosses until the whole village looked like a picture. There were only two streets and these ran almost at right angles like a rude cross. The sea, curving far inland, hugged the houses with caps of thatch on two sides, so that one could hardly help looking out over the water wherever he stood. Even though they wearied of the sea's rough caresses they could not run away, for great hills guarded them at the rear, and only stepped away a little at one side to let the smiling rice fields climb down, terrace by terrace.

If you have never seen a Japanese rice field you would be surprised to see one. The plants are set out in the mushiest mud that you can think of. The workmen wade up to their knees in this thin mud and set out the plants; then, as they grow up, there are men and boys who weed them, stooping all day until their backs are weary. At first the field looks like a great pond or lake; then some morning you look across it and it is all emerald green. A week or so later, the wind blowing across it ripples the rice stalks like long, green waves and it is beautiful. Raised paths cross the field and inclose them, and in the corners are great beds of pink lotus flowers, something like pink water-lilies, with broad, flat, pad-like leaves. If you look across the fields at nightfall, you may occasionally see a crane standing on one foot, and looking like a bird stuck down on a long black stick. If the crop matures early in the season you will hear more frogs croaking than you ever heard before, for the fine, fat bugs that live in the mud are just to frog taste. Looking down on the fields from high up on the mountainside it looks as though someone had made them to order, leveled off a terrace on the steep slope and shoved each one in, for there is a level space with a rice field slid over it, then a climb and another field, sometimes four or five in succession. When the rice begins to ripen the birds must be kept away by boys with wooden clackers, something like those our boys play with. But the fields are wide and the birds so hungry and aggravating, that it could not by any stretch of the word be called fun for a wide-awake boy.

But we must go back to the little village with thatched roofs and the merry crowd in the streets. There were women in gay kimonos of silk and crepe, with huge sashes and wooden clogs, their hair piled high in black coils. There were little maids like women of small size, only the wee maid's sash was soft and the grown-up sash was stiff and wide. The babies were strapped on the back of mother or sister, but some learned to cling and get a comfortable position. Their heads, bare and shining, except for a few tufts of black hair, wobbled and bobbed as if they would roll off, but their soft, tiny hands clung tightly to the neck of the bearer, and they never cried.

There were little men in long robes, jinriksha runners in washbowl-shaped straw hats, laborers with bare brown legs wearing blue coats with big letters stamped on the back, and overhead danced gay banners and lanterns.

Of all the crowd, only the little brown babies were silent, all the others were chattering and laughing.

As I went up the street at a good pace in my two wheeled baby cab, which they call a jinriksha, with the gay crowd dodging out of the way of the runner who held the shafts and acted as my horse, I felt just like a page out of a story book, or like one of the pictures.

We were all going to see the cherry trees at the park. Now I had seen the cherry trees at home, but nothing like those pink-tinged double blossoms as large as a double rose, covering every branch and twig; nothing like these clouds of odorous pink, caught and held down by the clinging black branches. There were no green leaves, these come later on the cultivated trees; only the fleecy pink cloud of bloom, and under the trees was a drift of pink snow from fallen petals.

Benches were set close together under the trees, and people were drinking tea served by tidy maids from the teahouse near by. Yet they were not benches, they were tiny low tables, about like a doll table, before which they squatted on their heels. Now my muscles are not limber enough to sit long or comfortably in that position. Even the babies of that land are taught to sit on their heels, instead of putting their feet out in front of them, as our babies do, so their muscles are trained to it. But I went a little to one side and sat down on the grass with my American walking shoes sticking their toes out in front of me and enjoyed the scene.

Japanese people are very polite and kindly, and as I watched the darling children in scarlet, yellow and lavender, chattering and catching at their odd toys of paper and feathers, one solemn little girl, looking like a bit of rainbow, came timidly toward me with a cup of tea and some sweetmeats.

I quickly went down into the pocket of my memory for some of my best Japanese, and came up with enough of it to say, "Thank you; come and sit by me," and she squatted beside me. Everyone is gay and ready for fun when the cherry trees bloom, so I was soon surrounded by a crowd of curious little people, all looking wonderingly at the strange foreigner who seemed so unusual there, and yet could talk with them, and we were soon quite well acquainted. I drank the tea and ate the sweetmeats, which were round balls made of rice, and they showed me their toys. Japanese children have no pockets in their quaint, long gowns, but the sleeves, wide and reaching to the knees, made an excellent substitute, and out of them came tops and balls, little toys made of paper and rice straw to imitate figures and boats, and we had plenty to talk about for awhile. Then the gay little butterflies flitted off to chase each other down the long aisles of the tree trunks. All but one, a maid whose name, as she told me, was O-Ume, which means Honorable-Flower-of-the Plum. In that country they name little girls after flowers and graceful things, the O meaning honorable, a title of respect. There are many such names as Ear-of-Young-Rice, Bamboo, Chrysanthemum, Spring-time. O-Ume, with her kimono of yellow crepe embroidered in pale green leaves, sat beside me, as eager to hear about American girls as you are to hear about her. So I told her of one and another; of Margaret, who lived in a great city and took long rides on street cars to our own parks; of Elizabeth, who lived on a farm and fed the chickens, cared for the baby turkeys and learned to make butter.

We talked so long that the shadows deepened, and the sunset turned the clouds of cherry blossom golden rose, like real clouds, and over the brow of the hill came the Japanese mamma to take her little daughter home. After a few moment's conversation I found that O-Ume's home was near mine, so I begged her company in my jinriksha, for she was a little mite, and I am not large, so we could easily ride together.

Hand in hand we walked down the avenues of trees to the granite gateway, where the sturdy runner sat with a group of others. Climbing in, we snuggled close together and joined the gay colored, chattering crowd homeward.

Over the curved bridges and past the lotus lake we rolled, the funny washbowl-shaped hat of the runner bobbing up and down in front of us. At one side of the road in the distance was the sea, and now and then under the glow of the sunset flashed the running of the surf. At the other side was a sea of green reaching to the far-off mountains, a vast sea of rice fields, rippling into waves when the breeze blew across it. Beyond was Fujiyama, shadowy in the twilight, and as we came into the village with its houses in their thatched caps lights were twinkling far out on the horizon line from the fishing boats riding at anchor, and nearer lights gleamed from the open houses.

Then O-Ume slid a little brown hand into mine, with a soft Sayonara, good-bye, as the runner stopped, and I went in to my supper of rice, fish and tea, served by a quiet maid with hair as black as the night that was about us.

The Homeless of London.

From an investigation made by the medical officer of the London County Council it is estimated that one in every 2,000 of the population of the City of London is homeless.

A census of the persons who could not pay for a night's lodging in the cheapest of lodging houses and passed the night out of doors in the streets, or under arches, or in the recesses of front doors, or on landings and staircases of tenements where the doors had been left open, revealed such a number in a certain district that the officer felt justified in making the estimate presented to the council. On the night this investigation was undertaken there were 6,000 vacant beds in the lodging houses.—New York Medical Record.

Woman Predicted Her Own Death.

Near Cynthiana, Mrs. Lula Devers, while in the enjoyment of her usual health, stated that she would fast ten days and at the end of that period she would die. From that time she refused to eat, drink or to see a physician. She persisted and promptly at the end of the period she was dead.—Dover (Ky.) Messenger.

Of course, nobody need be surprised to find that the modern highwayman has taken to the motor bicycle as a means of holding up the passengers in an automobile. The incident offers fresh and exciting material for the messenger boys' favorite authors.

YOUNG INDIANS AT PLAY.

Amuse Themselves in the Same Fashion as White Children.

As soon as the Seminole child is four years old he is set to work at some light task about the house. He stirs the boiling soup, watches the fire and replenishes it with sticks of wood, aids in kneading the dough for bread, washes and pounds the "koonti" root, a sort of potato, and contributes in many ways to help his mother in her work, says the Minneapolis Times.

But the children have plenty of time for play, too. The little girls have dolls made of sticks, with pieces of rag wrapped around them, and they are as fond of them as white girls are of their wax dolls with winking eyes.

The Indian children build little houses for their dolls and call them "camps," while the boys take little bows and arrows and go into the woods to shoot small birds, saying when they return: "We have been turkey hunting."

Boys and girls sit around a piece of earth into which they stick blades of grass and call it a cornfield.

One amusement of which the little Seminole Indians are fond is playing with teetotums. They take a dried deer skin and peg it out tight on the ground.

Then they take the round roots of a peculiar grass called "deer foot" and thrusting through them little sticks about as thick as a match and twice as long, they set them whirling on the deer skin by rubbing the upper end of the stick quickly with the palms of the hands. This they call "having dance."

The Seminole boys and girls have a bad habit of eating between meals. A big kettle filled with stewed meat and vegetables always stands ready with a big spoon in it for anyone who happens to feel hungry, and they will sometimes even get up in the middle of the night to take a spoonful of stew.

The streams of the Seminole country abound in fish, and the Indians soon become good fishermen. But their ambition is to be trusted with a shotgun and as soon as they are old enough they are allowed to take one and go into the woods to shoot wild turkeys. When the Seminole boy is allowed to do this he counts himself no longer a child, but a man.

A COOL OFFICER.

He Faced an Angry London Mob and Got Fair Play.

During the reform riots in Hyde Park, London, in 1866, the mob on a well remembered night began tearing down the fences of Hyde Park for fires and barricades. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells in the Atlantic Monthly of an English officer who was dining with a friend, all unconscious of the impending danger. Presently he received a summons from the war department, telling him that his regiment was ordered out to deal with the mob.

He hastened back to his own house but when he called for his horse he found that his servant had received permission to go out for the evening and had the key of the stable in his pocket. The officer hastily donned his uniform and then had to proceed on foot to the guards' armory, which lay on the other side of Hyde Park. Walking hastily in that direction, he came out unexpectedly at the very headquarters of the mob, where they were already piling up the fences.

His uniform was recognized, and angry shouts arose. It must have seemed for the moment to the mob that the Lord had delivered their worst enemy into their hands.

There was but one thing to be done. He made his way straight toward the center of action and called to a man who was mounted on the pile and was evidently the leader of the tumult:

"I say, my good man, my regiment has been called out by Her Majesty's orders. Will you give me a hand over this pile?"

The man hesitated a minute and then said, with decision: "Boys, the gentleman is right. He is doing his duty, and we have no quarrel with him. Lend a hand and help him over."

This was promptly done, with entire respect, and the officer in brilliant uniform went hastily on his way amid three cheers from the mob. Then the mob returned to its work, to complete it if possible before he whom they aided should come back at the head of his regiment and perhaps order them to be shot down.

Education.

"J'know John Dorrington?" asked Judge Bradshaw. "You ought to know him. He is a newspaper proprietor hisself. He is owner and publisher and managing editor of the Arizona Weekly Sidewinder. Whenever he writes an editorial they take it to the cold storage room of the ice plant to keep the office from catching on fire. His words is like a branding iron. He is long-loined, long-gaited and he has a long, honest face, like a horse.

"I visited him about a month ago. 'Judge,' says he, 'has you seen my new dog? Come along and take a look at him.'

"He takes me out to the barn, which is built on stilts, and commences to claw on a log chain. Pretty soon evolves a yellow cur, with his hind feet stuck back like a fighting mule. John holds him up by the chain for about a minute and kicks him frequent in the side. He was about the mangiest Indian cur I ever see. Finally John lets him go and the dog runs under the barn to the length of his chain. 'Stay there, you brute,' shouts John under the barn.

"'What d'ye think of my dog?' he asks me.

"'Finest dog I ever saw,' says I.

"'Now, you won't believe me, Judge,' says he, 'when I first got that dog he didn't know a thing.'"—San Francisco Call.

General Kuroptskin, the Russian commander, is a devout member of Greek church.

WROTE HIS TITLE CLEAR.

Humorous Indian Tells Good Story on His Superior.

Gen. Pratt has quite a fund of interesting experiences from his twenty-five years' service as Superintendent of the Carlisle Indian school.

One of the earlier students was Sam Six Killer, who took up the printer's art at the school and became not only quite proficient, but a universal favorite in the office and school because of his ready wit. One time it became necessary for the Superintendent, then Capt. Pratt, to discipline Sam for some prank, and he was taken out of the office for several days. When he entered the office on his return to duty Sam received quite an ovation from his brother typos, and said:

"Fellows, come here. I want to tell you a dream I had last night." When all the boys had gathered around, Sam said:

"I dreamed last night that the world had come to an end and everybody ran out of their houses and was looking up. I asked what for, and they said the names of all who were to be saved would be found written in the sky. So I looked and looked every place, but could not find 'Sam Six Killer' anywhere; but there was 'R. H. Pratt' written clear across the sky in the Captain's own handwriting."

Deaf Mute's Advantage.

At a social gathering, some time ago, a number of deaf mutes were present. Refreshments were served during the evening, and in handing a small glass of wine to one of the guests a deaf mute gentleman happened to spill a few drops on his wife's skirt. The wife is also a deaf mute, and it was evident that she took the mishap in a rather irritable way. She wrinkled up her forehead and at once made a series of remarkably swift movements with her nimble fingers. The husband, looking exceedingly apologetic, made a few motions in return.

One of the guests, who had noticed this little by-play, slyly slipped out a bit of paper, and penciling something on it handed it to a friend.

This is what the letter read:

"No matter how badly afflicted, woman can still scold."

The friend scribbled this in return:

"Yes; but in the present case the husband is luckier than the average. He doesn't have to look."

The United States leads all countries as a consumer of coffee.

The average cost of labor in the production of coffee is 4.7 cents a pound.

The Czar employs 30,000 servants.

China's Medical School.

The Dowager Empress of China has given a sum of money for the establishment of an institution for teaching medicine, the management to be confided to the missionaries.

His Just Deserts.

A Chicago railway ticket scalper must serve eighteen months in the House of Correction for fraudulently representing himself to be a clergyman to obtain half-rate tickets.

Probably the chief reason why children are so fond of fairy tales is because of the seeming reality such stories have for them. The enchanted palaces, the wonderful transformations, the mysterious people and animals that talk, is for the imaginative child much nearer the real than it is to the fantastic. Of course he admires heroism, and in these tales such heroic deeds can be done, and to him they do not appear as strange as we may think they do. In fact, the fanciful child takes the same interest in the fairy tale that the adult does in the book of fiction, where improbable but perhaps not impossible things happen.

Knew How It Was Himself.

They had just been married, and were on their way to Niagara Falls to spend the honeymoon. The bride was indifferent as to who saw her with her head resting on his shoulder. The bridegroom was also perfectly satisfied openly to squeeze her hand or encircle her waist when the inclination seized him. A little old man sat in front of them, and he looked around and smiled at the happy couple so often that the young husband finally said:

"We've only just been married, sir."

"So I thought," chuckled the old man.

"And we can't help being a little spoony, you know."

"No; of course not."

"It probably all seems very silly to an old fellow like you, though?"

"Does it? does it?" chuckled the old man. "Well, I can tell you it does not, then. I've been there three times already, and now I'm on my way West to get No. 4. Follow me up and you'll get a few pointers."

Milk Caused Wrinkles.

A writer on beauty in one of the society papers urges her readers never to wash the face with soap and water, as being certain destruction to a fine complexion. I cannot indorse this view.

Cleanliness is absolutely necessary to the beauty and delicacy of the texture of the skin. If soap is not liked, at least oatmeal should take its place, and pure or distilled water invariably be used. I once saw the result of only washing the face with milk in a lady who started life with a good complexion, but before she reached middle age had lost all freshness, and showed a faded skin covered with fine wrinkles. Nothing equals the complexion of the country woman who rises early, is much in the open air, and bathes freely in cold water. The homely idea of washing in the dew of the morning as an aid to beauty is simply a practical way of expressing this fact.—Lady Greville in London Graphic.

Necessary.

The other Sunday two boys were industriously digging in a vacant lot, when a man who was passing stopped to give them a lecture.

"Don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday, except it be a case of necessity?" asked the good man.

"Yes, sir," timidly replied one of the boys.

"Then why don't you stop it?"

"'Cause this is a case of necessity," replied the little philosopher. "A feller can't fish without bait."

Like Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia Fred M. Warner, Republican candidate for governor of Michigan, is of English birth. He was about three months old when his parents moved from Nottingham to this country.