

SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it.
Let their comfort hide from you
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather:
You will soon forget to moan
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile till rainbows span it.
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver:
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river!

His Freshman Romance.

BY ANNIE FARWELL BROWN.

Appropos of finding photographs, did you fellows ever hear about Briarwood's romance. In our freshman year it happened.

Briarwood was not exactly in our crowd, you know, but we all came from the same fitting school, and so at first we saw a good deal of him. I remember I went over to his room that first evening after he was settled and found him sitting in his big armchair before the open fire. He jumped up quickly when I came in and laid something slyly on the mantelpiece. It looked like a photograph, and I began to blow him about being homesick so soon and asked if he was looking at mother's picture.

He flushed up quickly and said it was nothing to be ashamed of if it had been his mother's picture, but that as it happened it was no such thing. Then he changed the subject and asked how I liked the room.

"Have you noticed my desk?" he asked, pretty proudly. "I bought it of Thorne, the fellow who had this room last. He was first marshal last class day and a first-rate fellow, too, I judge. Great, isn't it, Stockton?"

It was a handsome desk—mahogany, roll-top, with brass knobs and all that. He unlocked and rolled up the top for my benefit.

"Thorne gave me the key himself, with his alumnus blessing, today," he said, "and when I asked if 'finding was having' he laughed and said I was welcome to whatever I found in the old ark, for he was pretty sure there was nothing but undergraduate dust in the cracks."

"But you did find something after all?" I asked quickly, for though he is a good lawyer now, he never could keep a secret in those days.

"Oh, well, not much," he said, carelessly; but I saw him glance toward the mantel. I guessed in a minute what it was, and before he could stop me I sprang for the photograph at which he had been looking when I entered. He jumped up angrily. "Give me that photograph!"

"Oh, ho! So it's a girl, is it? And a mighty pretty one, too."

The girl was evidently tall and dark, with a splendid figure, a strong face—almost masculine, but perfectly featured—and great big, dark eyes full of fun. She had a huge shade hat hanging by its ribbons and was smiling so as to show the prettiest teeth I ever saw.

"Thorne was a lucky fellow. I wonder—ah, here's a name on the back," I went on, composedly. "Rose Thorne. Pshaw! So she was only his sister! What a fake!"

Briarwood had the picture by this time and after putting it away in the desk turned upon me indignantly again.

"You had no business to meddle with it," said he.

"She's a stunner," I answered, "and if 'finding is having,' Briarwood, I advise you to hunt up the original pretty quick, old man."

With this parting shot I hurried out of the room, dodging the curve on a Greek lexicon that came tumbling after me. After that I saw more or less of Briarwood, principally less, for he soon grew too popular to stay in our set. He was easily the man of his class and no wonder, for take him all around, he is about as fine a chap as I ever saw.

It was one evening along about the first of June, I think, when one of the fellows—Goodrich, expelled the year we graduated—came running into my room all out of breath for laughing and threw himself into my chair, so weak he could hardly speak.

"Oh, it's the rich joke on Briarwood," he gasped at last; "it's the photograph he always carries around with him—'Rose Thorne'—oh, my eye!" And he exploded again. "That picture—it's Thorne's own photo, taken last year in the Pi Eta theatricals. Here's a duplicate of it. I found it in Van Ruyter's room today." And he pulled out of his pocket another likeness of the fair Rose Thorne.

The joke was too good to keep. The idea of dignified old Briarwood being in love with another fellow—a shaven and bewigged "Rose" blossoming on the Thorne tree!

"And he carried that thing around in his vest pocket next his heart!" roared Goodrich. "I saw it the other day at the gym. Oh, the soft meat! He'll never hear the last of this!"

Then we concocted the fine scheme. We agreed that the crowd should meet around at Briarwood's rooms some evening, quite accidentally, and manage to bring "Rose Thorne" into the talk somehow, till he fired up, then we would give it all away and explain that his lady-love existed only as a strapping alumnus, and the joke would be on him for the benefit of the whole college. For we planned to get a ver-

sion of it into the "Lampoon," with portraits.

We set one night just before class-day for our seance, and all the boys promised to be there to see poor old Briarwood through with it. Well, sirs, that evening Harry was in his best mood. He had just finished his last examination and was feeling pretty fine altogether, for his year's rank was a sure thing; however, the profs might play the deuce with the rest of us. He did the honors in great shape and showed no sign of caring for any girl, let alone the photograph whose original he had never seen. The boys began to put up the game before long. Goodrich was the one to start it off.

"I say, fellows," he called across the room, "don't you remember little Thorne? Yes, you do, at Adams' spread a year ago—little Rose in the red dress?" We had all come on for class day the year before.

"Oh, yes," said another fellow, with a grin; "you mean the girl who took too much champagne—"

"And couldn't walk to the carriage," chimed in Eddy, with his horse-laugh. "I remember that, fellows; I carried her."

"She was more than a handful for Thorne, that little sister of his," said another. And so they went on with their jokes about "Rosie," as they called her, each growing more personal in his hits, which were received with roars of laughter and assenting grins of delight.

Briarwood was all this time sitting glum and quiet by the window, with his head bent in his hands, pulling fiercely at his pipe without a word. Then Goodrich said, suddenly:

"I say, fellows, how many of you have her picture? She only gives 'em to the ones she loves best, sweet Sozodent! I got mine the night I took her to Marliave's for a little dinner after the theatre. How's that, Briarwood? Is that the way you got yours?"

Harry jumped up quickly and stood facing Goodrich defiantly, with his eyes flashing.

"Oh, you've got it there, we know," went on Goodrich, tapping his breast pocket. "I've seen it; isn't it like this?" And he pulled the duplicate out of his own pocket triumphantly.

But Goodrich overdid the thing—he always did. He was a coarse brute, and the faculty was all right to get rid of him as soon as they did. He made some other remarks which were quite unnecessary for the purposes of our joke and which we were all of us ashamed to hear, and then he stepped forward as if to grab the photograph out of Harry's pocket.

But Briarwood was thoroughly waked up now. With a gesture he flung away his pipe and then, planting his big fist squarely between Goodrich's eyes, sent him tumbling back with a crash against the door.

"It's a lie; it's all a—lie," he said, steadily and in a low tone. "She is Jack Thorne's sister, and I know she is a fine girl. I'm not ashamed to wear her photograph, but I won't take it out for you fellows to see. If any of the rest of you dare to say that Goodrich spoke the truth, let him step out and say it, and then I'll knock him down."

Just then there was a knock on the door. We must have made a terrible racket there with our laughing and jollying, and when Goodrich fell he made a big crash, for he was a heavy fellow—half-back on the team until he was expelled.

At any rate, as we all stood there looking sheepish enough, in walked Mr. White, the proctor. He stood holding the door-knob in one hand and looking first around at the crowd of us, then straight at Harry, who was still standing with his fists clenched, glaring down at Goodrich on the floor. Then Mr. White asked, sternly:

"What's all this row, Mr. Briarwood? Did you knock this man down?"

"I did, sir," said Harry, firmly.

"Why, may I ask?"

"He insulted a lady."

"A lady? What lady?"

Harry made no reply, and some of the fellows snickered. But Harry looked around quickly with a glance that made us all keep quiet.

"This is the lady's photograph," he said at last, steadily taking the picture from his breast and handing it to the proctor with much dignity. "She is the sister of a man who is an honor to the college. You know him, Mr. White."

No one said a word, even to explain the joke. Mr. White started when he saw the face, turned it over and read the name as if puzzled. Then, as if suddenly comprehending, he glanced around the circle of us with a quiskal look and a half contemptuous smile.

"Briarwood," he said, "you were quite right. I excuse your action and

thank you in the name of the lady before all these gentlemen. Goodrich, get up and out of here as quickly as you can." Then turning to Harry again, he said, pleasantly, as if nothing had happened:

"Mr. Briarwood, there are a lady and gentleman waiting outside who would like to look at this room, if you are prepared to receive visitors now."

We all stood mute and awkward while the proctor, after receiving a puzzled, but gracious assent from Harry, turned and spoke to some one outside the door.

"Mr. Briarwood," he said, re-entering, followed by the two strangers, "I think you have met Mr. Thorne before. He wished his sister to see his old college room. It is the first time she has ever been to the college. I assure you, Miss Thorne, it is not usually so noisy here. The boys were having a little frolic tonight."

One by one we slunk silently out of the room, fixing our dazed eyes to the last upon the feminine counterpart of the unlucky photograph—a sweeter, far lovelier version of the handsome brother, by whose side she stood chatting graciously with Harry and looking coldly at us from under half disdainful eyelids.

We said little more to one another that night, but we all wondered, and wonder still, how much of that racket she ever heard. She had come to C— early for her first class day, for she had been studying abroad for the last three years and so had missed her brother's spread. But she had wanted to see his old room, now Briarwood's, and had stumbled upon our joke.

No, it didn't get around the college. I don't know whether Harry himself ever quite understood it. You see, we naturally did not care to have it noised around much, for even Goodrich agreed that the joke wasn't exactly on Briarwood.

Oh, yes, her name really was Rose. Thorne had written it on the photo because its resemblance to her was so perfect. We saw it still more plainly on class day, when she wore a big leghorn hat as she walked about the yard with Harry, the lucky dog! We hung around them anxiously, the whole crowd of us, hoping for an introduction, but neither of them paid any attention to us. That was only Harry's freshman year. You should have seen him at his own class day.

What's that? Of course, he did. Harry always got whatever he tried for, in college and out. Besides, hadn't Thorne himself agreed that "finding was having?" I rather think that Harry found something worth having on class day evening. It looked so. —Woman's Home Companion.

WORKED ALL ENDS.

How Senator Peffer Made a Little Fortune—Creditable View of His Office.

It is said that Peffer made money in the Senate. He lived in a very frugal style. For the term his salary was \$30,000; he received \$2100 mileage and \$750 on stationery account. His wife or daughter was his private secretary, for which he received during the term \$7200. Another member of the family was borne on the payroll of the Senate, and as \$1000 per annum is a moderate salary for a Senate employe, let it go at that—\$6000. Thus the Peffer family received from 1891 to 1897 the sum of \$46,050. Add to this the amount the senator received for contributions to newspapers and you have a snug little fortune. It is not to his discredit that he saved his money. It is to his credit, on the other hand, that he looked on senatorial life as a serious business, and not as a continuous junket. He was never seen about the ticker that recorded the stock prices on the Wallstreet exchange. He attended no swell receptions. He was not known in places haunted by the diplomatic corps. If he went to the seashore it was to restore his health, not for a good time. All his life he had labored. He was a farmer, and so painstaking, you may be sure that when he shucked an ear of corn he left not one silk on the grain. He was a school teacher, and you may be sure he kept the lazy pupils on the move. He was a soldier and did his duty. He studied law in the camp, was admitted to the bar in 1865, and for a long time practiced his profession and edited two newspapers the while. The greatest calamity that ever befell letters was that Thackeray did not have the ceaseless industry of Peffer. Intellectually it is a long step down stairs from Jim Lane or John J. Ingalls to William A. Peffer, but there were many worse senators than Peffer in the Fifty-second, Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth Congresses. —Louisville Courier Journal.

A Clever Swindler.

Gullible farmers of Allen county, Ohio, have been bunched by a swindler who went through the country exhibiting an enormous ear of corn, from which he sold choice kernels at choice prices for seed. The ear was made from several smaller ears carefully cut up and ingeniously glued together in the natural form of a big ear.

A steel bird's nest is one of the curiosities lately added to the museum of Solare, Switzerland. It was made by a wagtail of parts of watchsprings, which it had found behind a factory.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Mushrooms generally consist of 90 per cent. water, but the remaining 10 per cent. is more nutritious than bread.

A French experimenter has succeeded in grafting tomatoes upon potatoes. The hybrid plant produces tubers underground and tomatoes on the stalk.

The Smithsonian institute has just come into possession of the Hallett Phillips collection of Indian implements and antiquities from the Potomac valley.

The eagle is able to look at the sun without blinking, by means of a thin, semi-transparent veil, which the bird can draw instantaneously over its eye. It does not obstruct the sight.

An electric locomotive in a Canadian coal mine shows a saving over mules of \$5528 in 200 days, and an electric pump in the same mine shows a saving over steam pumps of \$1573 in 970 days.

A new style of boat for use on the Yukon river is on exhibition in Seattle. It is composed entirely of iron and canvas, weighs less than 125 pounds, and can be taken to pieces and packed in a very small compass.

In the manufactures of Great Britain alone, the power which steam exerts is estimated to be equal to the manual labor of 4,000,000,000 of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

The official reports show that the highest temperature ever recorded in California was 130 degrees, this being at Mammoth Tank, in the desert of San Diego county. Close to it was 128 degrees, at Indio, in the same county.

A new method of testing steel bullets has been devised in Germany. The balls are dropped from a fixed height onto a glass plate set at an angle. If properly tempered, they rebound into one receptacle; if they are too soft, they drop into another.

Electricity, where unretarded by atmospheric influences, travels at the rate of 288,000 miles a second. Along a wire it is, of course, vastly slower and a perceptible period of time is occupied by the electric current in sending telegrams over long distances.

A proposal has been made by M. Gabriel Viand, a French chemist, to obtain easily assimilable iron tonics from vegetables by feeding the plants judiciously with iron manures. It would be interesting to know whether a suitable amount of iron could be absorbed in this manner.

According to the experiments of MM. Seguy and Quenisset, the X-rays cause dangerous palpitations of the heart. The experiments were made on medical students and upon themselves, and they describe the palpitations as violent and unendurable unless the rays were intercepted by a metallic plate.

Paper has been used for a large variety of purposes, but one of the newest is for the glazing (if one may use the term) of windows. The new paper panes have the appearance of "milky glass." They intercept the light rays while letting the heat rays through. This feature is considered by the inventors to be a great advantage for greenhouses. Paper "glass" is cheap and is said to last for years.

A Convict's Moral Code.

The leading article in a recent issue of the Monthly Record, published at the state prison, is entitled "The Borderland" and is written by No. 18 H and has a decidedly religious tone. Five rules for conduct are laid down, and the author says they are principles by which his life is governed:

(1.) If possible, be well and have a good appetite. If these conditions are yours, the battle of life is already half won. Many heart and soul troubles arise really in the stomach, though it may seem strange to you.

(2.) Be busy. Fill the hours so full of useful and interesting work that there shall be no time for dwelling on your troubles, that the day shall dawn full of expectation, the night full of repose.

(3.) Forget yourself. You never will be happy if your thoughts constantly dwell upon yourself, your own perfections, your own shortcomings, what people think of you, and so on.

(4.) Expect little. Expect little of life, not too much of your friends.

(5.) Trust in God. Believe that God is, that He really knows what is best for you; believe this truly, and the bitterness is gone from life. —Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

Rosy Cheeks at Eighty-Two.

There is an old lady in Connecticut, who at the age of eighty-two has the rosy cheeks that were one of her chief charms when a young girl. She is of a cheerful disposition, and laughed as she told the following story the other day:

"At a church sewing society meeting," she said, "one of the members came up to me and exclaimed: 'Oh! Mrs. B., some of the ladies have been talking about your wonderful color. I said that I was positive it was not paint; I didn't believe it was liquor, but I thought it was erysipelas.'" —New York Sun.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

Sweet, never think on this,
Nor dream with an unquiet mind
That I shall new attractions find;
Where true love is
There wants no daily vow to bind.

Think not that I can grow
Indifferent, or inconsistent be.
Only when separate from thee
I truly know
How sweet, how dear thou art to me.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

HUMOROUS.

She—Mr. Beacon talks like a book.
He—Yes, like an autobiography.

Cholly—Are you positive she is not in? The Maid—I am; I'd lose my job if I wasn't.

She—Your friend Owen seems to have run into debt pretty deep. He—Run into debt? He scorched.

Bertha—Miss Spiteurils says she has remained single from choice. Belle—Yes; but she didn't say whose choice.

"Lend me a dollar, old man."
"Can't; only have a half." "That's all right; you can owe me the other half."

Jenkins—I wonder how it happens that Miss Kidd is always out when I call? Jones—Oh! just her luck, I guess.

"Yes, sir, I want to marry your niece." "Have you asked her mother?" "No, sir; I prefer the younger lady."

"I wish, my dear," said the professor, "that you could trim a lampwick as successfully as you can trim a hat."

She—Don't you think there should be music in every home? He—By all means! What I object to is music next door.

He—Yes, I loved a girl once, and she made a fool of me. She—Some girls do make a lasting impression, don't they?

The Artist (complacently)—This picture with the frame is worth \$325. His Friend—Come, old man, you never gave \$300 for that frame?

"There goes one of those Darlenton twins. Do you know which one it is?" "No; I never can tell them apart unless I see them together."

"Have you ever been at Cork?" asked a gentleman of Foote. "No," said the great humorist; "but I've seen many drawings of it."

Young Softleigh—Do you know, Miss Cutting, that I actually believe I am losing my mind? Miss Cutting—Indeed! Why, how can you tell?

"One of the leading Czechs rejoices in the name of Czwczek." "Say, I recognize that. It's the machine the dentist bores out the cavity with."

Impassioned Orator—A man should never forget the duty he owes his country! Auditor (sotto voce)—We won't—at least, not while there are customs inspectors left.

"How did Flimgilt get rich?" "By his shrewd speculation." "And how did Fucash happen to lose his little property?" "Oh, he went and dabbled in stocks."

He—Give me a kiss? She (decidedly)—I won't. He—You shouldn't say "I won't" to me; you should have said, "I prefer not." She—But that wouldn't be true.

"I hope they don't give my little boy any naughty nicknames in school?" "Yes, ma; they call me 'Corns.'" "How dreadful!" "And why do they call you that?" "Cause in our class, you know, I'm always at the foot."

A Chinese Breakfast.

The ordinary Chinese, writes an American resident of Shanghai, whether in city or village, takes his breakfast at the tea house or restaurant. It consists almost entirely of meat rolls or patties. They are dipped in vinegar, soy or a solution of red pepper, when eaten. Sometimes the steamed rolls, after they have grown old, are made palatable by being toasted on a grill over a charcoal fire. Another popular dish is doughnut fried in oil. Baking is almost entirely unknown, but there is a cake of the size and shape of an ox rib, which is baked by being stuck on the inside of a jar shaped furnace, in which there is a hot charcoal fire. These cakes are sometimes circular, but in every case they are covered with the seeds of the sesame, which add very much to the flavor. Another variety is a large, round cake cooked on a griddle, and which is divided into quarters when offered for sale. The Mohammedan Chinese make a similar cake, of which they are also very fond, without using any pork fat.

For the better quality of native pastry and confectionery, rice flour is used, but at the treaty ports and the cities to which foreign influence has extended many forms of sweet cake and biscuit are made of American flour. Even for purely native varieties of rolls and cakes the American flour is now preferred on account of its whiteness and wholesomeness.

There is a stone still existing in St. Swithin's church, London, which is supposed to be the centre milestone from which the Romans measured distance when in Britain.