

## AN OPTIMIST.

Shall I, by Life's close commonplaces hedged,  
Misrate the casual sunbeam, or, austere,  
Regard the wild flower pale, chance-rooted here,  
Scorning the song-bird this dull thicket fledged?  
Nay! Heart's ease, Fortune, I have never pledged,  
A hostage for thy favor all too dear.  
Ah, Heaven's light downshineth strangely near,  
When outward view hath long been casement-edged.  
Though grim mischance with evil hour conspire,  
The balanced soul they shall not oversway,  
Nor circumstance abash, nor failure bar,  
They vex me not, the lamps of old desire,  
Unlighted in the bare room of to-day.  
Somewhere the morning waits! Meanwhile a star.

—Century.

## Love Me, Love My Dog

**M**Y name is Persephone, and I am said to resemble my mother, Pandora, who, as far as her puppies go, certainly holds the traditional gift box. For all my brothers and sisters are prize-takers. I myself don't go to shows, because I am nervous and hate being stared at.

I am proud of being the poodle, and a French one into the bargain. 'Tis only jealousy that makes other dogs sneer at me, just as I have seen human canaille sneer—at a safe distance.

My young mistress is the prettiest creature living. I used to think her one of the most sensible until she got friendly with Mr. Roft, who then was, and I thought ever would be, my pet abomination in trousered males.

Phyllis and I live with an old lady who is fond of us both, but she is very strict with Phyllis, who calls her—behind her back—"the ogre-aunt."

Mr. Roft laughed until his eyes were lost when she first said it to him. I longed to tell him what I thought of him, and wondered how he would look then.

Phyllis had been getting very thick with this young man—whose laugh startled me almost out of my skin—when one day she fell from her bicycle.

I was following her when the accident occurred, and Mr. Roft was riding by her side. Something he said made her color hotly, then pedal down the coming hill with all her might.

Suddenly she rode over a stone, swerved to one side, and before I could reach her fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

I scampered to the spot and began to howl for help, while Mr. Roft jumped off his machine, as white as death, and stooped over her.

"Be quiet, you brute!" he muttered, glaring at me, and I knew that if he could he would put the blame on me and say that I upset her.

But of course, I paid no attention to him, but howled again, until at last some passerby came and fetched a cab and took them home.

The house was very quiet for many days, and I felt wretched. The "ogre-aunt" crept about weeping. Once she put her arms round my neck and wept over me. I suspected from that that she was getting short of handkerchiefs and took care to keep out of her way; for I do not like to have my neck curls made all damp and untidy. I was very neglected. No one brushed me.

At last I was summoned to my darling's room and crept in nervously. My heart was beating very loudly and my eyes were dim with tears of joy. Such a thin little hand patted my uncombed head, such a weak little voice said: "Dear doggie, do you miss me very much?" Miss her! Of course I did. And with her all my pet tibbits, my little walks, my scampers after balls. So I wagged my tail and smiled up at her.

Little by little she got better, and well enough to comb me and send me for my ribbons. I knew the colors well and always brought the one she said.

But one morning my feelings received a shock. Phyllis had a letter and was very silly about it, kissing it as though it were a dog or two-legged being. Still I minded that less than if it had been Mr. Roft.

"Oh, Phoney, listen!" she whispered, as she combed my hair. "I am sure you will understand, you dear old thing! I've such a dear letter from him, and he wants my answer, Phoney—the answer I would not give the day I met with my accident."

I dropped my ears and lowered my tail. By him I knew she meant Mr. Roft. But what answer did she allude to? I looked inquiringly into her gentle, blue eyes.

She laughed and kissed me on the nose.

"You dear old thing! I will read it to you, Phoney."

And she pulled it from her pocket and read out a lot of rubbish that seemed quite unintelligible to me. But, then, I always thought Mr. Roft half an idiot, and wondered at Phyllis liking him. Then came a few words that made me sit up. I can tell you.

"Let that poodle of yours be made

use of for once. If it is to be 'yes' put on her a blue ribbon. If 'no' a yellow one. I shall call to-day, and if I see the color I long for on that black creature's head I shall at once beard the lion and assert my rights."

"Phoney, it shall be blue! Fetch blue, darling," said Phyllis, with a joyful smile.

And I walked slowly out of the room to the boudoir beyond. When I brought the blue ribbon back she laughed again.

But I had laid my plans. Whatever this "yes" was to mean, Mr. Roft hoped to read it in the color of my ribbon. But I meant him to read "no." I would show him that a dog of my breeding could be something more than a mere catspaw in his plot.

I rolled over and scratched until the ribbon came off and lay on the ground. Then I trotted into the garden with it and buried it in my favorite corner, where I hide my best bones.

I knew I was doing wrong, but Phyllis would not really mind, and I owed Mr. Roft a grudge or two.

Often when my ribbon came off I used to take it to my friend the parlor maid and get her to put it on again. So now, as I sneaked down from the boudoir with a yellow one in my mouth and met her at the foot of the stairs, she said with a laugh:

"What, your fine bow off again, Phoney? What an untidy dog!"

I wagged my tail as she tied it on. For civility lowers no one, and she is a nice girl. Then I sat down on the doormat to watch for Mr. Roft.

At last the gate clicked and he came up the steps with a light spring. But as his eyes fell on me such a look of astonished despair crept into his face that my heart quaked within me and I hung my head.

He stooped over me as though he could not believe his eyes, and as I felt his warm breath on my face I rolled over on to my back in terrified submission.

"Silly brute," he murmured, "get up. Have you been stealing? Don't give yourself away like that, Phoney."

He looked at me fixedly without saying anything. Then, stooping again, he took off my ribbon and stuffed it into his pocket.

That night Phyllis was worse, and no one could understand why. And the next day she lay silent, looking out of her window with such distressed eyes that I could not bear to look at her.

And Mr. Roft did not come near the house, which proved that he had really meant goodby.

At last I could stand it no longer. Surely Mr. Roft could make things right again. I would go to him.

So one afternoon I crept silently out into the road. He did not live far off, and, as fate would have it, I came across him outside his garden gate. He smiled when he saw me.

"Why, Phoney! Come to see your friend," he exclaimed; "you're only just in time, my girl. I start to-night."

I wagged my tail and opened my mouth. At his feet I laid the earth-soiled blue ribbon. He stared at me in amazement. "Phoney, you're a brick! You're trying to tell me there's been some mistake. I'm coming back with you to make sure. Lead on, you imitation Mephistopheles, and may the real one have you if I'm misreading you!"

What a race that was! I felt myself really warming to him for understanding me so well.

And, when we got to the house, I crept stealthily in through the open door, enticing him up, until we stood like two thieves within the boudoir, where Phyllis lay on a couch by the window.

As she turned her head to look at me her eyes fell upon him, and she crimsoned with delight. Then suddenly she became quite pale, and said in a cold voice:

"Good evening, Mr. Roft."

He stepped up to her, and held out the ribbon I had given him.

"Phyllis," he asked, "is this the ribbon you put on Phoney that morning?"

She stared from him to me. I crept beneath the couch, but I kept my ears open.

"Yes," she murmured. "But—" The words were never said, for with a sudden exclamation he threw himself on his knees by her side, and took her to his arms.—St. Louis Star.

## NEGROES OWN TOWN.

**Goldsboro, Fla., with Three Hundred Souls, Has No White Person.** Society folk from the Northern and Western cities who have visited Florida during the past season have displayed a keen interest in the Florida negro, writes a correspondent for the New York Telegram.

A unique town in Florida is Goldsboro, a place peopled entirely by negroes. Goldsboro is 127 miles from Jacksonville, on the Atlantic Coast Line railway, between the Florida metropolis and Tampa. Within its precincts no white person nor member of any other nationality is found and a negro mayor and negro council dictate the destinies of the community. A negro postmaster appointed under a democratic administration has charge of the mail service and dark-skinned night watchmen look after the stores and shops between sun and sun.

The school system is, of course, operated under the regular guidance of the public school laws of the state and applicants for positions as pedagogues are examined by the Orange county school board.

Withal Goldsboro, which has 300 population, is well governed. There are few radical discords. The town jail is in great disrepute and the population pays its taxes about on an average with the ratio of whites in other Florida communities. With only few exceptions negroes' own every foot of land in Goldsboro, and that which they do not own they are purchasing on the installment plan from white people who hold deeds for the properties.

The town is ten years old from the point of incorporation and there have never been any riots or unusual disorders to mar its records.

The community is very religious and has three churches with rapidly growing membership rolls. A unique spectacle on Sundays during the spring and summer of each year is to see the devotional exercises attendant upon the administration of the rites of baptism, which is not conducted without loud and fervent crescendos of thankfulness.

Goldsboro, however, has its sinners. It has one chronic sinner who belongs to no church in particular and it is reported among his own people that Uncle Abe professed religion twenty-one different times in one spring and summer—and was baptized that number of times, or seven times by each church in the settlement—each time falling back in the mire of the wicked.

The negro municipality is the home of the independent voter. Each individual votes as his conscience dictates. The absence of white citizens has removed the source that frequently contaminates the negro voter, although it is told that upon one occasion an aldermanic election was bought through the influence of a barrel of whisky.

The relations between the town of Goldsboro and the neighboring town of Sanford, two miles distant, peopled mainly by whites, are friendly and there is an interchange of business between the two municipalities.

## The Personal Equation.

Mr. Ames entered with his nose unequivocally turned up. "Those people in the flat below are cooking onions again," said he. Mrs. Ames lowered one of the windows before she replied.

"I wish you wouldn't say 'those people,'" she said. "Their name is Watson."

"Phew!" said Mr. Ames, lowering another window.

"I don't think the odor is so very disagreeable," she said, cheerfully.

Mr. Ames looked at her amazed. "Why, I thought you couldn't bear the smell of onions!"

"I don't really like it, of course, but it is such a little thing to be disturbed over."

Mr. Ames looked indignant and injured, and felt so; he could not understand his wife's attitude. "I wish you had felt that way sooner," he said, dryly. "Last week you made me tell the janitor that if those people didn't stop cooking onions every night we should move."

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Ames, candidly; "but that was before I knew Mrs. Watson. We have exchanged calls this week, and I like her very much."

Mr. Ames made a curious noise which his wife was able to interpret.

"I expected you'd take it that way," she said. "But even you must admit that there's a great difference between the smell of a friend's onions and those of people we don't know."

## Matrimonial.

"Did she have any money when he married her?"

"No; he took her at her face value."

—Detroit Free Press.

No man need hope to pass through the pearly gates on the strength of the epitaph on his tombstone.

## OLD FAVORITES

**The Girl I Left Behind Me.**  
The dams of France are fond and free,  
And Flemish lips are willing,  
And soft the maids of Italy,  
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;  
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,  
Their charms fail to bind me,  
And my heart flies back to Erin's isle,  
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,  
And purer than its water,  
But she refused to be my bride  
Though many a year I sought her;  
Yet, since to France I sailed away,  
Her letters oft remind me  
That I promised never to gain say  
The girl I left behind me.

She says: "My own dear love, come home,  
My friends are rich and many,  
Or else abroad with you I'll roam  
A soldier stout as any;  
If you'll not come, nor let me go,  
I'll think you have resigned me."  
My heart nigh broke when I answered  
—No!  
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave  
A life of war and toiling;  
And never as a skulking slave  
I'll tread my native soil on;  
But, were it free, or to be freed,  
The battle's close would find me  
To Ireland bound—no message need  
From the girl I left behind me.  
—Thomas Osborne Davis.

## Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I,  
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by

Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state

Mortal's desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,  
I answer not, and I return no more.  
—John J. Ingalls.

## BOY REFORMED BY SURGERY.

**Surgeon Removed Part of Skull Pressing on His Brain.**

London is just now very much interested in two surgical cases which promise to render valuable assistance in pointing the way to the reformation of criminals, says the New York Times. One of the patients was a boy of good family who had developed brutal instincts which seemed to be beyond control. He gave his time to the invention of malicious mischief, delighted in killing or wounding, was the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived and promised to grow up a desperado and a criminal.

A surgeon took him in hand, examined his head with care, located what he considered the seat of the trouble, removed a portion of the skull and thus relieved the deforming pressure. The change was immediate. The lad forgot his previous tastes and habits and was restored to his parents a normal and lovable boy, the complete antithesis of his former self.

The other was a soldier who was injured in a skirmish and after his discharge for disability became a thief and burglar. His previous character had been unexceptionable, his military record was the best and the change was naturally attributed to the injury to his head, caused by a blow from the butt of a musket. When he was taken in hand by the surgeons he had about come to the end of a career of crime, being paralyzed on one side and unable to get about except on crutches. A depression in the skull sufficient to bring an abnormal local pressure upon the brain was found and an operation was decided upon, which restored his physical powers as well as his mental and moral faculties. His discharge was secured and he has since lived an industrious and honest life, with no evidence of a disposition to go wrong.

## RED LYNX IS FEROCIOUS.

**When Famishing It Is an Animal to Be Shunned by the Traveler.**

California has in her hills the largest and most kind-hearted of the great fighters, the grizzly, and at the same time the smallest and most treacherous, the red lynx. Most hunters call them "wildcats," but they are not. The real wildcat has a long tail and lives only in Europe—in fact, he's about extinct now—and old hunters dread the wailing midnight cry of a hungry lynx more than they do all the growls a grizzly ever let out. For when a lynx is maddened by hunger he fears neither man nor beast, and most of the animals of the forest give him the road without waiting for him to ask it. In Canada and even in the northern row of States of this nation the lynxes grow to be much larger than they do here, in the warmer climate of the southwest. There, too, they are hunted for their fur, but here

that fur is worthless, and, save for those killed by an occasional hunter, the lynxes hold undisputed sway in the foothills.

No matter how soundly they may be sleeping, you can never "catch one napping," for at the slightest sound of your approach he will clear the ten or fifteen feet between his nest and the ground and be off like a flash in the undergrowth. About the only way to get these fellows is with hounds, and then generally one or two of the dogs gets pretty severely chewed up.

In the hills the lynxes usually stay in thick underbrush or in caves during the day, coming out to work havoc in the quail coveys by moonlight. Then, if the night be bright, the hound hunter has real sport rousing the round-eyed owls with his shouts of encouragement to the dogs, which are not always ready to rush into the teeth of an angry cat.

It is almost impossible to trap a cat, though a hungry lion may occasionally be caught in this manner. Now and then a cat can be run into a trap previously set along a runway, and in this way the lumbermen of the Canadian provinces take many of the cats that infest the great forests of the north. The further south you go the smaller the lynxes become, until the family winds up with the little pampas cat of the South American plains. Our lynx, however, is the most savage of all, and the hardest for any dog, no matter how good he may be, to master. In a fight a cat has an immense advantage over a dog, in that he can fight with all fours, and usually does so. There is little worse can befall a green pack of dogs than to shake an old lynx out of a tree into their midst. When a lynx fights he doesn't bite and let go like a wolf or dog, but bites and hangs on like a bulldog, while his claws keep up a sort of snare-drum accompaniment on the dog's ribs. It takes a mighty good dog to do up a lynx, and when a thoroughbred hunter gets such a dog it takes a mighty good price to buy him.—Los Angeles Times.

## STORKS HAVE NO VOICES.

**Greet Each Other by Clapping Their Long Bills Together Noisily.**

Storks are not often seen on the American continent, but are commonly found in nearly all the countries of Europe. In Holland, where they are particularly numerous and are protected by law, their nests are generally on the summit of a tall post, put up on purpose for them, on which is fixed an old cart wheel. A Dutch gentleman has one such post in his grounds within sight of his library window, but he improves on the cart wheel by having an iron framework for the reception of the nest. The first year it was put up, toward the end of June, a solitary young stork used to come daily and inspect this framework. He was seen there one day standing in an empty receptacle exactly like a would-be benedict inspecting an empty house, contemplating the view and wondering if the drains are all right.

The verdict was apparently favorable, for next season saw, the nest occupied by the newly wedded pair. Their power of wing is very fine, and on hot days they ascend spiral circles, hardly moving their broad, black wings, till they look no bigger than flies. After the young are hatched they appear to be suspicious of one another, and unwilling to leave the nest unguarded.

Storks have no voice. The only noise they make is "klapping" (snapping their great red mandibles rapidly and loudly). Thus they greet one another, generally by throwing back the head until the upper mandible rests on the back, but occasionally "klapping" is performed with the head and bill in the former position.

## Mormon Missionaries.

According to the Mormon authorities, upward of two thousand missionaries are constantly in the field, most of them young men, and all under the supervision of experienced leaders and directed from headquarters established at central points. Hardly a week passes that the newspapers do not contain some item concerning this invasion: Mormon elders stoned in Ohio, a rich convert in New York, a new irrigated valley opened and settled in Wyoming, a strong new church organized in Illinois. Utah is, of course, under Mormon political control, but it is not so generally known that the Mormons also control, or at least hold the balance of power, in Idaho, in Nevada, and possibly in Wyoming and Colorado, with a strong following in Arizona, Washington and other States, thus electing, or at least influencing, not a few United States Senators and representatives. Nor has the growth of the church been confined wholly to the United States. The Mormons are migrating in considerable numbers to the newly opened Alberta country in Canada, and they have taken up for irrigation considerable tracts of land in Mexico.—Century.

## An Americanism.

A good way to find out how small the world is is to do something crooked and try to hide. To get an idea of the earth's immensity try to spread the news of a good deed all over it.—Baltimore American.