

You say the hymns is doggerel—that they ain't refined enough;
That all the time we've sung 'em they've been nothin' else but stuff;
You say they need revisin'—we must make 'em more polite;
'On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand' is not constructed right;
But, just the same, I think that you had better let 'em be—
The Lord—he understands 'em—so they're good enough for me.

I s'pose there's nothin' finer than that good old "Beulah Land,"
And when our Lizzie sings it you can see the glories grand;
When "Rock of Ages" rings out from the hallelujah shore,
I tell you this old sinners ain't a-goin' to drift no more;
And when they strike "Amazing Grace," each feller singin' free—
The Lord—he understands it, so it's good enough for me.

It isn't what you're singin'—why, I oftentimes forget
And praise the Lord to music with the good old alphabet,
Until I strike the words again, and I don't think it's wrong—
It isn't what is in it, but the soul behind the song.
So, I tell you, it seems to me, you'd better let 'em be—
The Lord—he understands 'em, so they're good enough for me.

—Baltimore American.

The Prince's Wooing.

BUT, your highness," I interposed, raising my hands in consternation, "there will be war if you do not marry the Princess Clothilde." And, besides, it was your regenerated father's wish that you should wed her."

"Am I heir to all my father's whims and fancies?" exclaimed Prince Amagon, bringing his dainty foot emphatically down on the floor. "Shall I marry a woman whom I have never yet seen, who has never yet seen me, who may be ugly, who—"

"But, your highness," I again suggested, mildly, "the Princess is said to be very beautiful."

"Beautiful, indeed!" he cried, mockingly. "Why, all princesses are beautiful. There was our sister of Cleves, who of all women was the most ill-favored. Yet even she was said to be beautiful. Else how would our poor brother of England—poor Henry—ever have been brought to marry her? This Clothilde, likely enough, is just such another ugly, fat person,

With a cast in her eye,
and her mouth all awry,

as the old rhyme goes. But even if she were beautiful as the day and brilliant as the sun, I would not wed her. For when I marry I shall take me a wife of my own choice."

"But what shall I tell the Princess, since she is already in the palace?" I asked, helplessly.

"Oh, tell her anything—anything to get rid of her," he answered, carelessly, as if getting rid of the Princess were the simplest matter in the world.

"But wait," I added, as I was about to go; "there is still something else I wish to tell you. Now, I know," he began, thoughtfully, flicking the flies with his riding whip, "it is time for me to get married. I owe it to my people and my realm. But I shall choose a wife who suits me, whom I love and who loves me for myself as well as for my possessions."

"Therefore, I have determined to disguise myself as a common workingman and go among my people in search of such a woman. I shall set out to-morrow morning, and you shall accompany me. So, after having performed my commands as regards the Princess, also assume the garb of a laboring man and meet me in the market place by the fountain. You will know me by a green patch upon my sleeve. That is all. You may now go."

The final words were accompanied by a significant sweep of his arm towards the door.

There was nothing more to be said. Bowing and scraping, I backed out of the audience chamber.

However, I had no intention of letting the Prince have his own foolish, sentimental way. It is true, he said, that a stubborn beast must take his own path. But in this case the rule—may I be pardoned for my irreverence—was dragging along with himself to destruction two kingdoms, with their several hundred thousand inhabitants, besides bringing ruin to myself, his humble Prime Minister—which latter fact, you may be sure, was by far the most important to me.

Therefore, as I proceeded to the Princess Clothilde's apartments, I pondered in my mind how I could bring about the marriage of the Prince and Princess, and at last I hit upon a plan by means of which, I congratulated myself, this much-to-be-desired event could be accomplished.

Finally, after hurrying through the winding passages of the palace, I reached the Princess' ante-chamber, whence, upon mentioning my business, I was immediately ushered by a rosy-cheeked, laughing little maid of honor into the audience chamber itself.

As I entered, a tall, Venus-like young woman, presumably the Princess, came towards me with an eager, radiant smile.

"You come from the Prince, do you not?" she asked.

I bowed a funeral bow, and said, in a most tragic tone:

"I do indeed come from the Prince. But would that I did not, for the message that I bear from him is but a sorry one. Your highness," I continued, "the Prince has been seized by a sudden madness. In spite of all I can say or do, he insists that he will not marry you. Nay, he will not even see your highness nor hear your name mentioned."

As I spoke, the Princess drew herself up haughtily, and her face lost all its sunshine.

Her mouth, tight shut, looked as if it had been chiseled in marble, and her laughing blue eyes were turned to cold flashing steel.

I paused.

"Well," she sneered, tapping the floor impatiently with her foot.

"Well," I answered, mournfully, spreading out the palms of my hands, "if you do not marry the Prince, your royal father will undoubtedly make war upon Andalusia."

"And do you think that I shall make overtures to the Prince?" she asked, scornfully.

"No," I answered, rapidly, "I do not. On the contrary, if you follow my advice, you will first avenge yourself upon him and then marry him."

At this point the Princess' face relaxed somewhat, and she showed signs of curiosity.

"To-morrow," I continued, "the Prince in his madness is going to disguise himself as a workingman, and go out into the city to find a wife for himself. Now, not many streets distant from the palace, there is a tavern called the 'Black Boar,' the proprietor of which is a very good friend of mine, since in my youthful days I frequented his tavern, and once in later life was of slight service to him when charged with some trifling offense. If your highness were to disguise yourself as a barnmaid and come to this tavern to-morrow morning, I would take the Prince thither, also; and then it would be an easy task for you to bring the Prince, who is young and inexperienced in matters of beauty and love, vanquished, to your feet. Thus would you obtain your revenge and at the same time prevent a terrible war."

"But—" faltered the Princess.

"And," I urged, "he said such shameful things about you. He said that you were as ugly and fat as—
—and he sang a ribald rhyme—which I blush to repeat—
She's a cast in her eye,
And her mouth's all awry,
about you.
"But are you sure the tavern is safe?"
"Your highness," I answered, "the tavern is wholly at your service. You may bring your own retinue."
"And how shall I know the Prince?"
"He will have a green patch on his sleeve."
"Then," she said, resuming all her former haughtiness of demeanor, "I shall consider your proposition. To prevent a war I may do as you desire. You may now go."

But before I reached the door she called me back, and, bending down, anxiously asked:

"Did he really say those horrid things about me?"

I bowed.

"You may go," she said, drawing herself up frigidly.

At about ten o'clock the next morning the Prince was kneeling at the feet of the Princess Clothilde in the little side chamber of the "Black Boar." By what means the Princess had brought him to this position I cannot say, for I had been sitting in the large guest chamber while she was practicing her arts upon the Prince in the room next door.

But just now, tired of awaiting further developments, I had, so to speak, taken matters into my own hands, and was peering through the doorway.

That is how I knew the Prince was on his knees.

Evidently the Princess had not revealed herself, for the Prince, with outstretched hands and upturned face, was crying, passionately: "Grisette, Grisette, I love you."

The Princess flung back her head and laughed a shrill, mocking laugh.

"Why, who would ever marry such a ragged vagabond? My Karl is a thousand times as pretty a fellow as you."

"And who is this Karl?" eagerly demanded the Prince.

"Oh!" she said, "he is a master carpenter, and only twenty-three of age. And when he comes of a Sunday to take me to church he wears a fine new silken doublet and a long feather in his cap. You," she said, contemptuously, "look like my old grandmother's patch-quilt, with that great green patch on your sleeve."

"But," pleaded the Prince, ardently, "if it is honor and wealth and fine clothes you desire, I can give you more than anyone else in the country. If you will marry me you will have your own coach and four, and your own maids to wait upon you."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Princess, "I'll be glad if you do not run off without paying the reckoning. Why, to hear you, anyone would think you were the Prince himself!"

"And I am the Prince; I tell you I am Prince Amagon himself," said he, proudly.

Again the Princess' mocking laughter ran through the room.

"That is a good joke!" she cried. "Your highness, indeed!" and she swept him a mocking courtesy. "Why, if you be the Prince Amagon, I am the Princess Clothilde."

"But Stein, my Prime Minister, is here, and he will bear witness that I speak the truth," persisted the Prince.

"And Stein will bear witness that I, too, speak the truth," mocked the Princess.

"Stein!" called the Prince.

Being near the door, I did not take a long time answering his summons.

I was in the room in an instant.

As I entered, the Prince caught me by the sleeve.

"Am I not the Prince Amagon?" he demanded. "Do I not speak the truth?"

"Your highness does, indeed, speak the truth," I answered, bowing gravely.

"And I," the Princess cried, clutching me with mock eagerness by the sleeve, "am I not the Princess Clothilde? Do I not speak the truth?"

"Your royal highness also speaks the truth," I repeated, with a bow for her.

The Prince stared.

Suddenly the Princess broke out slinging shrilly:

I've a cast in my eye,
And my mouth's all awry,
Then the Prince understood, and he did the wisest thing that could be done under the circumstances. He said nothing; made no excuses or protestations; but silently he drew her, laughing, blushing and half resisting, to his breast.—Short Stories.

CURIOUS USES FOR PAPER.

Employed in Building of Houses Yachts, Roads and Other Things.

In the rebuilding of the king of Corea's palace, which was recently destroyed by fire, papier-mache will be solely employed. To obtain sufficient quantity for the purpose there has been engaged a staff of 1,000 Coreans possessed of strong teeth for chewing up paper.

At Saporoska, in Russia, is a paper house. It has been built entirely of blocks of papier-mache, even the foundation and roof being made from that material. So, too, are the chimneys, although the paper used in their construction was first mingled with a fire-proof material. The house, which is of considerable extent, and will, in the opinion of its architect, outlast such as are built of stone and brick, was erected at a cost of over \$40,000.

In certain towns of Russia, too, the experiment is now being made of utilizing paper for paving the roads and streets. In this case also blocks compressed to great solidity are employed and are said to stand excellently the wear and tear of traffic. The cost, however, is at present too great to permit of anything like their universal adoption. For courtyards of mansions and similar purposes, where expense need not be of such consideration, paper pavement, it is averred, will soon come into vogue.

Out of the sheets of an Austrian daily paper an ingenious Viennese engineer has lately constructed for his own use a small yacht, fifteen feet long, decked all over and provided with a centerboard. In the making of the hull, deck, masts, sails and rudder several thousand copies of the journal were used—each plank requiring no fewer than 2,500 leaves—and enormous pressure had to be employed before the necessary solidity could be obtained. The inventor has already made several excursions on the Woerth sea, and even in squally weather his boat is said to have behaved admirably.

With all the modern ingenuity of man, boots are as hard as ever to get on.



"If you're not good, a great, big Jap will eat you up."

—Cincinnati Post.

PLEA FOR EARLY MARRIAGES.

English Scientist Advises Men to Do Love-Making While Young.

In the first of a series of lectures on "The Evolution of Man," delivered at University College, London, Prof. Chalmers Mitchell referred to the modern tendency to defer the age of marriage, and said that this was physiologically undesirable. People should get over their love-making early in their history. Then, when they have become sane, they should turn to the more serious problems of improving themselves and doing the work of the world.

"There is no doubt," said Prof. Mitchell to a London Graphic interviewer, "that our statistics show that early marriages are out of fashion, except among the poor. Economic and social conditions generally prohibit most men from marrying before they reach the age of 30. To my mind this is a bad thing for the well-being of the nation."

"The social philosopher Metchinkoff has endeavored to prove that the age of maturity may be considerably prolonged, and that the life of natural decay may be considerably postponed. There is no reason he thinks, why, in the future, a man may not produce his best work up to the age of 90 or a hundred, instead of becoming senile so early as he now does. At present, however, according to our pathological knowledge, very few men are in a perfect state of health after the age of, say, 25. They have traces of gout, of anemia, of blood troubles, and the effects of smoking and drinking. It is, therefore, inadvisable that they should marry when they have reached that stage of life. It seems to me far better that they should do so when they are practically children, and get over the disturbance of love so early that they may use their full powers for the other business of life, when they are in the finest physical condition."

"We have got too much into the belief that the various states of life are fixed. But experiments with frog-like creatures and other animals show that the reproductive age may be rushed either backward or forward. I am not at all sure whether the state should not endeavor to push the marrying age of men and women forward, helping young people to marry early, if they are physically sound, by giving a bounty on healthy children of a high standard, while handicapping, if possible, the physically unfit."

"There is no doubt," continued Prof. Mitchell, "that love absorbs a great deal of the energies of any man and woman of a good intellectual and moral standard. Biology teaches us that love has a profound influence upon the body and brain while the passion lasts. And personally I think that the 'grand passion' is essential to the highest birth supply. In that way the novels which do much to foster this psychological turmoil have a healthy influence. I do not approve of the man of 25, who, meditating over his pipe, comes to the conclusion that it is time he should marry, and calmly looks round for a wife. That is not love in the highest sense. The 'grand passion' is a fever which, as I have said, should be got over and done with in youth."

"But all our social economy and our educational system is pushing the age of marriage steadily backward in life. Our polytechnics and evening classes, and university extension lectures, and all that sort of thing, tend to keep young men and women still unmarried. Of course, my theory reduces itself to the somewhat startling suggestion that boys should have married before they go to college. Then comes in the ques-

tion of children, and that raises a big economic problem; but I fancy some of our best thinkers and social scientists are of opinion that some alteration in our social code is necessary to promote healthy parentage."

BIG ISLAND WASHING AWAY.

Heligoland at the Mouth of the Elbe Is Rapidly Disappearing.

It is not probable that there is an area of land, considering size and location, in the world that is as important to the welfare of its mother country as is the island of Heligoland to the German empire.

The relation of Heligoland to Germany is unique. Situated as it is in the North Sea just off the mainland, it virtually commands the entrance to the Elbe, a river of Germany flowing in a northwesterly direction and emptying into the North Sea, and its acquisition from England was of such vital importance that thousands of miles of German territory in South Africa were not considered too great a sacrifice to effect its exchange.

The strategical advantages afforded by the location of this small island had been appreciated by England when it was under her rule, and consequently it had been strongly fortified and was intended to be used as a base of operations in case of war. After it became German soil the fortifications were increased until now it is a fortress that is well-nigh impregnable.

It has been noted with alarm that the size of Heligoland has materially decreased and that if immediate steps are not taken to prevent further destruction the time may not be far distant when it will disappear. A comparison of measurements taken from time to time shows that more than two-thirds of the total area has been gradually washed into the sea since the year 800.

Walking along the shore at the water's edge one can see that the island is composed of a thick clay, and from this fact it can be readily understood that the action of the waves would tend to undermine the shore to a great extent. The heat of summer causes cracks to form on the surface, into which water from rain and melting snow collects, and in winter the water freezes.

Freezing causes expansion, and thus little by little the island is worn away by an enemy that cannot be overcome by the force of arms nor yet by arbitration. In fact, this insidious foe has already isolated a large rock from the rest of the island, which, on account of its solitary appearance, has been called in the German tongue "Moneh," which means monk.

But as the ravages of war have been provided against by those skilled in the art, the Netherlands has found it necessary to appeal to the ability of engineers who are capable of preventing further destruction by the elements. It has been decided to build a wall which in time will surround the island, upon which the waves may beat with increased fury, but which will resist their onslaught for at least 100 years.

A Sea Without a Shore.

The native official may be relied on to contribute to the gaiety of a tour of the Emerald Isle.

This summer the passengers on a small boat were astonished and then amused to hear one of the men call out, as they were drawing away from the landing:

"This boat doesn't stop anywhere!"

There are not many men who can afford both cut glass and surgical operations, and wives shouldn't insist upon having both.