Will the robin sing in that land, That land so fair and so far, That lies as our souls fondly dream, In the depths of the uttermost star?

Will the violet bloom in that land, And the mosses so sweet and so shy, All the dear common things that we love, In the dim, distant deeps of the sky?

Will the children sing in that land, All the sweet, simple songs of the earth, And shall we rejoice and be glad In their music and frolicsome mirth?

Oh! will there be friends in that land, Friends who love and rejoice in our love, Will they look, will they speak, will they

Like our own 'mid the strangeness above?

Oh! shall we have homes in that land To return to where'er we may roam? Oh! the heart would be lonely and sad E'en in heaven if we had not a home.

I love not the new and the strange, But a friend and the clasp of his hand, Oh! I would that my spirit could know That the robin will sing in that land. -Woman's Magazine.

MUGGINS.

Van Gaiters bought his famous bull pup when bull pups were in fashion. and paid a good round sum for him. The pup came of a long line of fighting ancestors, and his noble name was Muggins.

Inside of a week Muggins had Van Gaiters completely in subjection. Muggins slept on Van Gaiters' bed and chawed Van Gaiters' feet when he moved them in the night; Muggins breakfasted on Van Gaiters' cuffs, lunched on Van Gaiters' boots, dined and supped on choice bits of Van Gaiters' friends.

Muggins, plus Van Gaiters, walked down Fifth avenue of an afternoon. and was sure to become involved in some street brawl before Van Gaiters got him home again. Generally Van Gaiters got mixed up in the row as well, and once the two landed in a police station and had to be bailed out.

Not that Muggins picked quarrels Far from that. But Muggins was so bow-legged that he walked in a chainstitch pattern from one side of the walk to the other, and Muggins was of an ugliness that appalled one; like the reflection of a respectable dog in a convex mirror with a kink in it.

There was something about the crooked, yet jaunty advance of him, something in the slanting leer of his bulging brown eye, that set other dogs' teeth on edge. Hence battle for Muggins brooked no criticism. Pugs and such things he rolled about on the cobbles until their tails were out of curl. But when big dogs went home minus an ear or a section of tail or with badly lacerated leg the owner merely groaned, "It's that beast'y bull pup of Van Gaiters'."

So much for the valor of Muggins. For intelligence Muggins was a wonder. Humor-Muggins' sense of humor was

He used regularly to charge upon the blind man who sold pencils at the foot of the "L" station and grab the handful of his wares the old fellow so pathetically extended. Then Muggins would retreat to the cable track to devour them, leaving Van Gaiters to pick up the poor old chap, set him on his camp stool and make good his loss. The blind man never came to endure Muggins' onslaughts with equanimity, though he profited largely by this novel method of sale.

Muggins went about Brooklyn in a cab with Van Gaiters at the time of the trolley strikes, when Van Gaiters was hunting up sensations and various regimental friends of his. Muggins escaped from the cab in Hicks street and upset a whole company of the Thirteenth Regiment boys, who were drilling in front of a Chinese laundry, their temporary quarters. Muggins started to run around the block and dashed between the legs of company K, then changed his mind and dashed back again, bowling over the whole line. The boys were angry enough to have bayoneted him if Van Gaiters had not caught him in the rebound and hauled him into the cab.

Then Muggins was the sworn enemy of the young De Peysters, next door, who were always playing tricks on the passers-by. They were trying the cobblestone trick one day, and had set on the walk a granite block done up in his path, Muggins came trotting down | Marie refused him out and out. The the steps and made for it. The boys little thing even seemed to take a cold charged him, but Muggins kept them delight in his discomfiture. Only when off. He tried his jaw on each of the Van Gaiters sulkily announced his infour corners of the block, and a howl tention of going abroad and forgetting of derision went up from his foes. Then her she offered to take charge of Mug-Muggins tried to carry it off by the string and failed. Finally, with infinite difficulty and low growls he rolled it to the foot of the Van Gaiter steps and stood guard over it, nibbling it pensively the while till his master appear-

It was "tamale" year that year and tamale men were on every corner. Muggins has ideas on the subject. He liked the smell of the hot tamales and | mate of the steamboat to take charge the grateful warmth emanating from the big tin cans in which the tamales were stored. If he found a tamale man absent from his post for a moment Muggins would squat down like a Chinese idel in front of the can, and take charge of it for the rest of the evening, while customers waited and the tamale man shricked and swore, afraid to approach and Van Gaiters enjoyed the fun.

Then Muggins prevented his master from proposing to Miss Emilia Remsen. The night of Mrs. Van Gaiters' empire ball Muggins had concealed himself in | words: the conservatory some time during the

and it was all very tender and touching. Muggins changed all that by pretending to start a rat or a cat or any old thing and chivvying it round and there was an end of that. Very glad | self. Van Gaiters was of it, too, for just then

he fell in love with little Marie. Marie was the only person whom Muggins feared. She was a second cousin and poor, and visited the Van Gaiters most of the time. You can judge of her status in the family by the fact that the children alternately hugged and bullied her, and the elders made her handsome presents when

they remembered her existence. Marie was little and fragile and sensitive, but by no means a coward. She remained dependent because she had been brought up to believe that she would be doing a deadly injury to the family if she attempted to earn a living for herself. She had the courage of a dozen men in her slender body and was only withheld from rash plebeian enterprise by her loyalty to the great Van Gaiters line.

Muggins was rather nice to Marie. True, he affected her society when she didn't want him and deserted her when she most needed consolation, yet he paid considerable attention to her commands and came to her after his battles to be bathed, healed and lectured.

Van Gaiters, perhaps, might have explained this partiality. Marie had not been anxious to make Muggins' acquaintance. Indeed, Muggins had been obliged to introduce himself. He entered into Marie's room one day and seized a pair of slippers. Marie shrieked and Muggins fled down the hall, his mouth full of red morocco. Marie pursued and caught him just outside Van Gaiters' door.

Van Gaiters, hearing the scuffle, rushed out and was astonished to find Marie kneeling on the prostrate Muggins and pommeling him violently with both little fists. Muggins was snarling like a fiend, and his face was screwed up like a withered apple, but protect | would soon stop all that. himself he could not unless he gave up his prey, and relinquish it he would not while life lasted and anyone opposeu. So Marie continued to beat him.

Van Gaiters grasped Marie by one thin little wrist and drew her to her feet. She was crimson and out of breath, and more than a little ashamed of herself.

"I hope I haven't hurt you, Gerard," she said, apologetically.

Van Gaiters could have roared, but he asked very seriously what Muggins his feet. had done.

"Stole," said Marie briefly. Van Gaiters looked, but was unable to ascertain the nature of Muggins' mouthful.

"Something valuable?" "To me, yes," said little Marie, with a sob in her throat, and then she turned and hurried away.

Muggins started after her, his big under jaw hanging. Then he let the slipper fall and followed her silently. apologetically, his bullet head dropped upon his massive chest. Marie slammed the door in his face, and Muggins sat down outside. Presently he began to claw energetically at the woodwork, and Marie opened the door on a crack. Muggins frisked grotesquely and pawed the door. It was opened a little wider and Muggins shot in.

"By Jove, that's a bright dog," declared Van Gaiters, picking up the discolored object from the floor. "If it isn't one of the Turkish slippers I bought Marie at the fool bazaar last summer. Well, well," and Van Gaiters walked into his room, reflective, and set the poor, little, mangled slipper in the place of honor on the mantelpiece.

He had never noticed Marie very much, but he always had been kind to her in a careless way. Now he noticed her a great deal, for there seemed to be something uncanny in her ascendency over Muggins. His own attempt to discipline the beastly bull pup had been a dismal failure, and here was little Marie ordering the brute about as she pleased. He tried to find out her methods, but Marie was reticent on the subject and so was Muggins.

Still Muggins relapsed from grace occasionally. Once when he ate Marie's best hat Van Gaiters heard of it and wanted to buy her another, and little Marie refused, almost rudely, to allow it. There was never a more astonished wrapping paper with a pink string. man than Gerard Van Gaiters when he While they lurked in the areaway, found he had fallen in love with little waiting to hoot at the first unfortunate | Marie, except when he informed little who should attempt to kick it out of | Marie that he wanted to marry her and

So Muggins went down to Long Island by boat along with little Marie and the particular Van Gaiters' aunt with whom she was to spend the sum-

mer. No word came from Marie, but his aunt wrote Gerard a letter of grievance against Muggins. Muggins had disgraced himself. Marie nad bribed the of Muggins for the night, and the man had chained Muggins to the leg of the lower berth in his stateroom.

Muggins had promptly chawed-no other word expresses Muggins' method -chawed it through and when the mate turned in at 3:30 in the morning he found Muggins peacefully snoring in the lower berth with his head on the pillow. The man was afraid to wake Muggins, and afraid to climb over him to the upper berth, so he turned the quilt over Muggins and, in his own

"Chucked him out. An' he runs all ance equal to a three-night run."

day and appeared when Van Gaiters over de boat and in ter de ladies' cabin was starting in. Emilia looked very and scares de wimmen half ter det', well under the light of the fairy lamps, | till d' engineer catches him and makes him fast ter der capstan."

The capstan had been freshly painted vermilion, and in the morning Muggins was a gory horror. The monster round the conservatory till he got Van | refused to get into the carriage which Gaiters laughing so that he couldn't awaited them at the landing, and none speak and another man came up and of the deck hands would go near him. claimed Emilia for the next dance, and | so little Marie had to boost him in her-

Van Gaiters didn't go to Europe at all. He went down to Long Island instead. His aunt was surprised to see him walk in one hot day.

"Well!" said the aunt.

"I came down," said Van Gaiters, "to look after Muggins."

"Muggins is out walking now," said his aunt, "and Marie is with him, I believe. They are inseparable." "Which way?" asked Van Gaiters,

after he had something cool to drink. "You are throwing yourself away, Gerard," said his aunt. "But if you follow the path through the field there. into the woods, you will find-Muggins."

"Thank you, aunty," said Van Gait-

Van Gaiters followed the path till it led him into the thick of the woods; still no Muggins, no Marie. He hoped Muggins would have sense enough to make himself scarce. He wanted to say something to little Marie, things no fellow could say with a frog-faced bull pup staring at him. That goggle-eyed Muggins would take the sentiment out of any man.

Still no Marie. Perhaps Muggins had cavorted off through the underbrush and led her away from the beaten path. Perhaps they were coming home another way. Perhaps-what was that?

A shrill scream, and another, and another. Van Gaiters set off at a run. That was Marie, as sure as fate. What could have happened? Was she hurt? Why was she so quiet now? And where was Muggins? Muggins should be taking care of her.

"Marie! Marie!" No answer. She must be hurt. What right had they to let her run about like this, little Marie with no one to look after her? He

A turn in the woodland way, and Van Gaiters almost fell over her. She was sitting in the middle of the path, with Muggins' head in her lap. She looked at Gerard with her mouth open and the big tears running down her cheeks. "Ah, Gerard," said she, "poor Mug-

gins!" "What has happened?" gasped Van Gaiters, kneeling down beside her. There was a distinct crackling in the underbrush. Van Gaiters sprang to

"No, no," said Marie, catching at his arm; "it's too late now-the man-oh, oh, such a brute! If it hadn't been for

Muggins--' Muggins tried to lift his battered head, but dropped it with a queer, gruff moan. He was covered with blood, and so was Marie.

"The man sprang out and caught my arm, and I called Muggins, who was some way behind, and Muggins flew at his throat, and the man let go. And then Muggins got him by the arm and hung on and wouldn't be shaken off. And the fellow beat him with a great stick, and finally Muggins dropped."

Muggins quivered and wagged his stump of a tail feebly, and Marie took one of his clumsy paws tenderly and held it in her small hand.

"Poor Muggy, poor, bad, brave old Muggy, who loved me!"

"Rook!" said Muggins, faintly. "Arook, a-rook! Woof," and so, with that hoarse bark, he died, game to the last, and most sincerely mourned.

Van Gaiters buried him there under a big oak tree, and cut "Muggins" in the bark, and proposed again to little Marie on the way home.

"Please, Gerard," said little Marie, another day."

"To-day," said Gerard, stoutly. But t was not that day, nor for many a long day, that little Marie made an-By that time Muggins' epitaph had

extended until it climbed up into the

branches. Van Gaiters added something to it every time he and Marie visited Muggins' grave. "That beastly bull pup," said Gerarjealously, one day, when Marie was

reading the finished epitaph aloud: We've made him out a regular angel." "Poor Muggy," said Marie, softly, putting her frail little hand on his sleeve. "Poor, bad, brave old Muggy, who loved me!"

And that, I think, should have been Muggy's epitaph.-Vogue.

The Sistine Chapel. The chapel is a beautiful place in it self, by its simple and noble proportions, as well as by the wonderful architectural decorations of the ceiling, conceived by Michael Angelo as a series of frames for his paintings. Beautiful beyond description, too, is the exquisite marble screen. No one can say certainly who made it; it was perhaps designed by the architect of the chapel himself, Baccio Pontelli. There are a few such marvels of unknown hands in the world, and a sort of romance clings to them, with an element of mystery that stirs the imagination, in a dreamy way, far more than the gilded oak tree in the arms of Sixtus IV., by which the name of Rovere is symbolized. Sixtus commanded, and the chapel was built. But who knows where Baccio Pontelli lies? Or who shall find the grave where the hand that carved the lovely marble screen is laid at rest?-Century.

Compensation.

"I hear half the audience left the theater at the end of the first act of your play, Hicks."

"Yes," said Hicks, gleefully. "We sold their seats to late comers, and cleared enough to make the performEMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.



WITH BABIES FOR BAIT. Hunters in Ceylon Lure Crocodiles to

Their Death. The fondness of crocodiles for babies is used by hunters in Ceylon to lure the reptiles to death. A nice, fat baby is tied by the leg to a stake near some pond or lagoon where crocodiles abound. Soon the child begins crying and the sound attracts the crocodiles

within hearing distance. They start out immediately for the wailing infant. himself in the bushes or swamp grass near the baby, with a rifle in his han i projecting out and almost over the child. He remains perfectly quiet and the reptile, intent on its prey, notices

and speaking to each other in this sedate and meritorious fashion!-

"With ever new delight we now attend The counsels of our fond maternal friend."

"The Western Idea."

It seems just a bit strange and awkward that as we grow older as a people we cannot get away from this "Western idea," this stigmatizing a portion of our country because it is accomplishing with certain enterprising meth-The hunter in the meantime conceals ods what could not possibly be accomplished by any other. It cannot be that we are jealous in the East, because we attach so much importance to the West. It cannot be that we are ashamed of the West, because we like to speak nothing but the screaming and kicking with pride of it. Its people cannot child. As the monster approaches to differ so very much from us since half within a few feet of the bait the hunter of the American West is really made up sends a bullet directly into the alliga- of Eastern folks. But yet we go on and tor's eye, causing instant death. A miss on, and everything in the West that is would mean death for the baby, but not to our taste is "the Western idea of the hunters are expert shots and at the | things." * * Surfeited with sectionshort distance at which they fire a miss alism, we are full of the notion that is next to impossible. As a rule the one part of our country is superior to sound of the firearm scares the baby another. We have still to learn and imworse than the presence of the croco- bibe the idea that America is America, dile's jaws and the rows of sharp and | whether it be New York, Boston, Chiglistening teeth, but after being shot cago, Denver or San Francisco. .



USING A BABY FOR CROCODILE BAIT.

shot is fired.

School Theatricals a Century Ago. Miss Agnes Repplier writes a little sketch entitled "At School a Hundred Miss Repplier writes:

ed dolls; the school girls who came France; above all, the school plays-"The Search After Happiness," which puffed a cigar. they were permitted to act as a great treat, because Miss Hannah More had written it. If you know nothing about "The Search After Happiness" you have no real idea how dull a play can be. Four discontented young ladies go forth to seek "Urania," whose wisdom will teach them to be happy. They meet "Florella," a virtuous shepherdess, who leads them to the grove where Urania lives. Here they are kindly received, and describe all their faults at great length to their hostess, who sends them brimfui of good advice to their respective homes. Think of a lot plied the maiden. "He has a ship

over a few times the child takes the We have to learn in this country to acshooting as a matter of course and pays | cept a man as an American whether he little attention to it. So expert are lives in Chicago or in Portland, in New many of the hunters that they do not | York or in Tacoma! He lives in Amershoot the alligator until it has ap- ica, and that makes him not an Eastern proached to within a few feet of the | man, nor a Western man, nor a Southbaby. Then, with but a few inches of ern man, but an American, living not space between the muzzle of the rifle after an Eastern idea, a Western fashand the eye of the alligator, the fatal | ion, nor a Southern fancy, but under one central American idea: equality.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Their Customs.

A lady who dines with the family on years Ago" for St. Nicholas. Of one a German professor found the table form of diversion allowed the pupils, customs very odd. As soon as those at the table were helped they at once cut Few things more amusing than Miss | up all that was on their plates, and then Witford's "Early Recollections" have putting their knives down leaned on ever been told in print. We know ev- the table with their left hands, and erybody in that school as intimately as with their forks disposed of the food | died it broke me up." Mary Witford knew them in the year | with celerity and without interruption. 1796. The English teacher who was At supper the hostess ground and cookso wedded to grammar and arithmetic ed the coffee at the table, and the butter he was going away without looking at -Mary hated to study; the French | was taken with individual knives out teacher whom she both loved and fear- of an earthen pot that was used in comed, who had a passion for neatness, and | mon. Cheese was served and secured used to hang around the children's in a similar manner, and was smeared necks all their possessions found out of over thick slices of buttered bread. place, from dictionaries and sheets of When the eating was finished everymusic to skipping ropes and dilapidat- body still sat and watched the hostess wash the dishes, which she did at table, from every part of England and using the snowlest of napkins, without wetting her fingers, while the master

The Crook. In some parts of Scotland it was customary to carry a newly born child three times round the iron "crook" which hangs in the middle of an oldfashioned chimney, and serves to support cooking-pots, the ceremony being supposed to insure the infant's future prosperity. To double up the chain of the "crook" at night prevents witches coming down the chimney.

"I have a poem on the sea," said the lover. "I think I'll take John," reof real school girls acting such a drama, there."-Atlanta Constitution.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

Marco Polo's Account of the Plateau

of Pamir and Its Inhabitants. In leaving Badashar you ride twelve days between east and northeast, ascending the river that runs through land belonging to a brother of the Prince of Badashan, and containing a good many towns and villages and scattered habitations. The people are Mahommetans, and valiant in war. At the end of those twelve days you come to a province of no great size, extending indeed no more than three days' journey in any direction, and this is called Vokhan. The people worship Mahommet, and they have a peculiar language. They are gallant soldiers, and they have a chief whom they call None, which is as much as to say Count, and they are liegemen to the Prince of Badashan. There are numbers of wild beasts of

all sorts in this region And when you leave this little country, and ride three days northeast, always among mountains, you get to such a height that 'tis said to be the highest place in the world! And when you have got to this height you find a great lake between two mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain clothed with the finest pasture in the world; insomuch that a lean beast there will fatten to your heart's content in ten days. There are great numbers of all kinds of wild beasts; among others, wild sheep of great size, whose horns are a good six palms in length. From these horns the shepherds make great bowls to eat from, and they use the horns also to enclose folds for their cattle at night. Messer Marco was told also that the wolves were numerous, and killed many of those wild sheep. Hence quantities of their horns and bones were found, and these were made into great heaps by the wayside, in order to guide travelers when snow was on

The plain is called Pamier, and you ride across it for twelve days altogethed, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing, so that travelers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually.

Now, if we go on with our journey toward the east-northeast, we travel a good forty days, continually passing over mountains and hills, or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way you find neither habitation of man, nor any green thing, but must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called Bolor. The people dweil high up in the mountains, and are savage Idolaters, living only by the chase, and clothing themselves in the skins of beasts. They are in truth an evil race.-St. Nicholas.

In Hard Luck.

Just across from the depot was the town graveyard, and sitting on a baggage truck on the platform was a ragged, lonesome man, whom any one would have spotted at once for a tramp. There were a dozen of us walking up and down as we waited for the train, but for a quarter of an hour the tramp sat with his head in his hands and had nothing to say to any one. Then a passenger, who was evidently on good terms with himself, walked up to the man and said:

"Dead broke, of course, old man?" "Yes, dead broke," replied the man on the truck, as he looked up.

"Haven't had anything to eat in two or three days, eh?"

"Not since yesterday morning." "Willing to work, but your health won't permit it, I take it, as is the case with all the rest of 'em?"

"My health ain't overly good," replied the tramp, after a bit. "No, of course not," laughed the man. "Perhaps you are also worrying about

your family? Do you want to raise a dollar in time to get home to see your wife die?" "Come along, you-come along,

gents," said the tramp, as he rose up. and climbed the graveyard fence. Half a dozen of us followed him, and as we reached the fence and looked over, he pointed to three graves which were so new that grass had not taken root, and said:

"There's the family-wife and two children. A week ago I was 100 miles away, but I got to thinking about these graves, and I couldn't stay away. This morning I finished my walk, and I was waiting for the train to go before I came up here. Yes, I'm dead broke, and hungry and in poor health and a tramp, and there's the reason of it. When they

One by one we went back to the platform. The tramp came last of all, and us, when the man who chaffed him put the money we had raised in his hand, added a \$5 bill from his own pocket and

kindly said: "Take it, old man, and better luck go with you. I'm sorry I spoke as I did."-New York Mercury.

Her Little Mouth. Mrs. Hard-Do have some more rream, Miss Sweetooth.

Miss Sweetooth (hesitatingly)-Well, just a little, Mrs. Hard. Only a mouth-

Mrs. Hard-Bridget, fill up Miss Sweetooth's plate again.-Tit-Bits.

Always New Ones, Mrs. Illnow-Don't you doctors ever get out of patience? M. D.-Oh, of course; some die and others leave, but there are always new ones to fill in.-Detroit Journal.

Nine Feet of Mustache. A clerk at the Fort Hall Indian agency has a mustache that measures

nine feet from tip to tip.