

# Spring Song

The hillways and hollows are dreaming of May,  
An' a heigh-ho!  
The wood-paths we follow are warmer each day,  
An' a heigh-ho!  
The winds are all winging to west, to west,  
(The birds are yet singing of last year's nest),  
An' a heigh-ho!

There are violets peeping from under their hoods,  
An' a heigh-ho!  
And brown blossoms deep in the dark of the woods,  
An' a heigh-ho!  
There's a long mid-meadow green-sloping before—  
Oh, glad will the gardens be seven days more,  
An' a heigh-ho!

The children are playing in roadway and lane,  
An' a heigh-ho!  
A-laughing and saying, "Here's summer again!"  
An' a heigh-ho!  
Oh, mother-hearts lighten when little ones sing,  
And all the world brightens at stirring of Spring,  
An' a heigh-ho!

The drowsy brook's humming steals over in waves,  
An' a heigh-ho!  
The lilies are coming up out of their graves,  
An' a heigh-ho!  
The syringa is swaying at swing of the door,  
The world goes a-maying in seven days more,  
An' a heigh-ho!  
An' a heigh-ho!

—Sicily Thorne.

## A Gentleman and a Gambler.

BY MILTON B. MILLER.  
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"I am a believer," said the Colonel, "in man's natural goodness. I had the pleasure once in knowing an honest gambler, and I liked him, too, for he was a gentleman. The days of this class of gamblers, however, are passed."

"Moore—but that wasn't his name—was a Mississippi River gambler, one of those gamblers of the old school, who played a straight and honest game. He traveled, in fact lived, on the big river steamboats. He wouldn't have felt at home anywhere else. In no way did he attempt to conceal the truth about himself. It was simply, 'Gentlemen, I am a gambler by occupation, and a good one. If you care to have me play with you it will give me great pleasure. If you don't, it doesn't make a particle of difference.'"

"I was then doing some newspaper work in some of the larger southern cities, and my business frequently carried me aboard the vessels, and in this way I came to know Moore very well. I occasionally took a flyer or two, but I knew that the games were far for my reach. I discovered that when Moore played with the average man, luck being equal, he would win ninety-nine times out of a hundred. I liked Moore's society, and he was a wonderfully entertaining talker. On summer nights the steward used to serve dinner on deck to those who preferred to have it there. After dinner we would go up to the hurricane deck, and when Moore was on board he would bring out his flute and play for us. When the moon was out, and threw a thin blue veil over the water, or when the boat carving the darkness swept so close to the shore that it brushed the dark willows on the banks, the rising and falling notes that came from his instrument were gentle music to the ear. I never knew him to propose a game at cards. He would play his flute until some one suggested a game, when he would take his instrument apart and put it away in an indifferent manner.

"I watched him at play one night



"You are a coward!" when Satan seemed to throw every card to this calm, self-possessed man. There was a cool, matter-of-fact way about him which froze the ardor of everyone else except a young man about twenty-five years old. This player was in ill-luck, but with flushed face and feverish eye he made his bets furiously, only to lose every time. It soon became evident that he was playing beyond his means. Moore must have noticed it, for he ceased to bet heavily against the younger man. This angered the other no little.

"There was a pot of \$300 once and everyone had dropped out except Moore and the young man. Moore had been playing his hands passionately, but sure, no man except his opponent, perhaps, could doubt that he held the winning hand. Suddenly when his rival bet \$50, Moore laid down his hand, saying, 'I won't bet. I have nothing. You played that well.'"

"The young man reached out feverishly for the pile of money, and then his hand lay on the table.

"That is not true," he said. "You have a good hand and you are afraid to play it against me."

"Moore shot a hot glance across the table at him and two red spots flashed into his cheeks.

"I lay down my hand," he said slowly.



"I loved his mother once," he said, but with a slight tremor in his voice.

"And I say," added the other in a low tone, "that you are a gambler, and therefore a coward."

"Hush," I said, laying my hand on the young man's sleeve. "You don't know what you are saying. He is not a coward by any manner of means."

"The young man shook off my hand vehemently, and exclaimed, 'He is a coward, and I'll answer for my words at the first landing.'"

"I looked at Moore. I had seen him sit on the hurricane deck, a revolver in hand, and as a waiter threw champagne bottles over the rail, raise his arm swiftly and shatter the falling glasses with a bullet. There were graver stories, too, about his deadly aim in duels. He sat stiff and motionless with a terrible fire in his eyes. I was amazed by his next words:

"Does the game go on?" he asked quietly.

"Not with you," said the young man, bending forward, the veins in his forehead swelling. "Not until I prove that you are afraid to bet," and with a sudden motion he threw his hand across the table and seized Moore's cards turned them face upward on the table.

"I was on my feet at that instant to arrest Moore's right arm, for I felt that he would draw his revolver at the insult. But a hush fell over those around the table, and the hot-headed young man was gazing stupidly at the cards before him. Four aces lay there—an invincible hand, for straights were not played. There was a blue tinge in Moore's white lips and the young man looked bewildered. Quickly the young fellow burst into tears.

"We can't play together any more," he cried. "You threw money into my pockets because I was losing too much. I can't take it," he said, arising from his chair.

"You can," said Moore in an even voice. "I laid down my hand. The money is yours. Besides," he added

with a little shiver, "I held out an ace on you."

"Every man at the table knew that Moore had lied. We all got up and left the young man sitting there over the money. I found Moore shortly afterward on deck, looking into the darkly whirling water.

"Give me your hand," I said. "What in the world did you mean? You never cheated at cards in your life."

"Tut, tut," he answered, with a laugh that was slightly harsh, "he's only a boy, and—and—I loved his mother once."

## LONG TERM IN PRISON.

Curious Case showing Separate Systems of the Government.

A most curious case, showing how the separate systems of the government may take on confusing shape, has just come to light in Indiana. A man who has for nineteen years been confined in jail at the expense of the nation, has during all these years been in receipt, or intended receipt, of a considerable sum of money from the same nation. It is because the man fought in the great war that the complication was made possible. At least, his services in battle were responsible in part for the situation. It once occurred to the same man that after having fought the good fight for freedom and unification it might be the graceful thing for the country to recognize his worth by a monetary consideration, so he put in an application for a pension. It was allowed, and the man's name was written on the book of fame, after which he was entitled to dollars. Shortly following this period another man passed on to the great beyond, under circumstances which the corner's jury considered called for the trying of somebody on a capital punishment charge. It so happened that the pensioner was the person fixed upon as the active agent assisting the earthly exit of the deceased. Although the pensioner stoutly maintained his innocence, the proof was so strong as to lead the jury to a verdict of guilty and the committing judge to a sentence of life imprisonment. This was in the year 1880, and for nineteen years the prisoner worked out his destiny behind the bars. At the conclusion of this time the man who had committed the murder took to his last bed, and it occurred to him to make a confession. So the pensioner is free now. But he still has troubles. There are some thousands of dollars in pension money which the wardens have failed to turn over to him, and he is obliged to sue for their recovery. Besides, there are the wasted nineteen years, because of the implicit judicial faith in the infallibility of circumstantial evidence.—San Francisco Call.

## Seeking After Knowledge.

Figures recently compiled by the registrar of Columbia university show that as a whole the institution stands second to Harvard in membership, the respective enrollments being 5,740 and 4,392. After Columbia came the University of Michigan, with 3,813 students; the University of Chicago, 3,774; the University of Minnesota, 3,423; the University of California, 3,216; Cornell university, 3,064; the University of Pennsylvania, 2,573; and Yale, 2,544. Columbia is one of the lowest numerically in the size of its men's undergraduate college, which, however, has increased more than 50 per cent in a single generation. In the scientific schools she is surpassed in numbers only by Cornell and Yale; in her graduate departments she stands first in this respect, with 422, against 398 at Harvard. The statistics further show the peculiar prominence of Chicago, with her theological seminary of 180 students; of Pennsylvania, with a school of 417 dentists, and another of 60 veterinarians; of Minnesota, with a college of agriculture, numbering 590 in attendance; of California with her school of art, attracting 208 students; of Cornell, whose division of forestry is established with a registration of 22, and of Yale, the only university having a separate school of music.

## Elephants Once Roamed in England.

While excavating for the foundations for the new buildings of the Victoria and Albert museums in South Kensington a carload of fossilized bones was brought to the surface by the workmen. These were taken in charge by Dr. Woodward of the geological department, who pronounced them the remains of the primitive denizens of the soil that lived there before man came to interfere with them. The bones belonged, he said, to a London newspaper representative, to the elephant the stag and the primeval horse, and date back to a time before Great Britain became isolated, ere yet the Straits of Dover had been cut through. The excavators at South Kensington also unearthed a fine specimen of the sarsenstone, weighing 1,300 pounds, which must have been transported hither by ice floes in preglacial times.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

## Another Old Goose.

A goose on the farm of Mr. Watkins Olfraich Maen, South Wales, reached the extraordinary age of forty-one years last spring. Up to ten years ago this goose laid regularly, and has hatched and brought up hundreds of goslings. For some time now she has not mixed with or taken any notice of the other geese and the solitary journey of the poor old thing toward the end of its long and useful life is pathetic to behold, although she is treated with every kindness by her kind-hearted owner.

It is not the height some men attain that makes them giddy—it is looking down with contempt on the crowd beneath them.

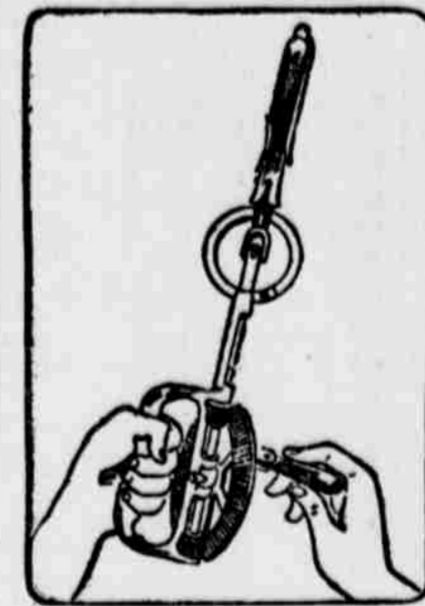
## DO YOU PLAY PING PONG?

Do you ping-pong? It's the latest game. While "Bridge" is the pastime par excellence for brainy folk, ping-pong is the one for those who like an indoor recreation to remind them of their favorite outdoor game, lawn tennis. Bridge apes whist, and by devotees is said to be ousting that ancient and honored exercise of the wits altogether. Ping-pong apes lawn tennis and seems to be trying to rival it in popularity, says the Philadelphia Times.

That is one point of likeness between the issue of the games; but there are many differences. Ping-pong is as innocent an excitement as eating cake, while the other invites the measure of gambling that appeals to the majority of card players. Again, while bridge is so difficult to those not gifted with the type of intellect that takes to whist and chess and such abstruse diversions, that they must pay large sums to "professors of bridge" to be taught it, ping-pong requires merely a modicum of practice to secure its disciples efficiency. As for its rules, they can be committed to memory.

Hence the two games appeal to two very opposite factions in society, though there are in bridge coterie many bunglers whom those who play well would fain hand over to the ping-pong players.

ing provided with clamping devices for securing locks of the hair. In practice a number of these sleeves are used independently, the locks of hair being wound around the outside and



GENERATES ITS OWN HEAT BY FRICTION.

fastened with the clamps. Then the electric generator is inserted in the end of each sleeve in turn and by rapidly revolving the crank the sleeve is soon brought to the desired tempera-



## HERE'S HOW PING-PONG IS PLAYED INDOORS.

What, then, is ping-pong? It has another name, and that is gossima, and gossima gives a clue to its identity. Translate the word into gossamer, and you have the net that is stretched across the table at a height varying from eight to six inches. Instead of tennis rackets you have battledores, and for balls small things made of white celluloid, wherefore it is well to learn speedily to aim straight over the net and not at the fire. But the balls are quite a cheap item, and, indeed, the whole game can be purchased now at prices varying from 25 cents to \$5, though the cheapest "regulation" game on the market is about \$1.50. It is surmised that an epidemic of ping-pong is imminent.

Ping-pongers play in twos, one at one end of the table, the other at the other. The server is the man who first delivers the ball, and the striker-out is the other. At the end of the first game the parties change, the striker-out becomes the server and the server the striker-out. The player who tots up six games to his credit first wins the set.

The game can be extended to take in several more players, just as bagatelle can, and battledores can be passed from one player to another. Then, to make it a more scientific form of amusement for the dining room table, which is usually converted into the lawn, there can be substituted a board surface, painted black, with a narrow white boundary line at the edge.

Ping-pong clubs and ping-pong matches are springing up all over the country, and ping-pong tea parties are rivaling play-teas among the fair sex. Women find the task of batting an elastically nimble little ball across a net much more entertaining than the process of racking their brains to discover what enigmatical labels of the most cryptic forms, signifying the titles of theatrical plays, can possibly mean. Imagine the brain fag necessary to translate a round O on a card pinned to a woman's bolero into "The Second in Command!"

## Electric Hair-Curler.

Novelty and practicability seem to be combined in the electric hair-curler, which we show below, for which a patent has just been granted. Instead of requiring connection with an electric light system, as is the case with most electric curlers, it generates its own current while in use and applies it direct to the heating iron without the aid of wires, switches, etc. The main advantage of the implement is that it can be packed in a traveling outfit and used without the aid of a lamp or other means of heating the iron, and as no soot is formed on the curler it also does away with the danger of soiling the clothes with which it comes in contact in packing in the traveling case. The curler consists of the frictional electric generator, as illustrated, and a series of thin copper sleeves, similar to the one shown at the top of the curler, each sleeve be-

what I could do in the way of lion hunting. We had not gone far when we espied a superb beast with a glorious mane. I fired and he ran further into the scrub. I felt sure I had wounded him, and went to look for him. After beating about some time in the jungle, I came to a small clearing, and saw fifty yards off the lion facing me, and lashing his side with his tail. I dropped on one knee, aimed at the head, and fired. The brute, roaring awfully, bounded forward toward us, and my tirailleur ran off into the scrub. I fired again and hit the lion, but without killing him, and in a moment we were face to face. I was then knocked over and felt my right leg crinkle as if squeezed in a vise. I vainly tried to seize the brute by the throat, but was too firmly held down. The feeling that I was lost came home to me with terrible force. Suddenly I felt the grip on me relax, and, what seemed to me miraculous, the lion moved off a few feet and stood looking in the direction to which my man had fled. 'If he thinks me dead,' I thought, 'perhaps I may be saved.' While he stood I was able to get hold of my rifle, and rapidly aimed and fired just as he was turning round to finish me. He fell dead. My leg was in a fearful state, and so were chest and shoulder, but no bone was broken and no main artery cut. This is the twentieth day after the accident and I am still in hospital."

## ODD STREET PIANOS.

Provided with Drum, Tambourine, and Other Harmonic Attachments.

In street pianos progress comes like the seventh wave—after years of sameness some adventurous spirit introduces an innovation which catches the popular fancy and spreads gradually among the less original members of the guild. Recently there have been a few advances in the business, sufficient to give the children new delights and fill the pockets of the owners of the up-to-date machines. One piano has a drum and tambourine attachment, while yet another requires no turning at all, evolving its tunes of its own sweet will. Only within the last few months have these been in the streets of New York, and both of them, but especially the latter, attract attention from the public and respectful admiration from the profession. These new instruments come from abroad, London in particular. Dealers on this side of the water declare that there is no reason why they should not be made here, except that there is little call for them, and "handwork is dear," comparatively. They differ little in mechanism from the ordinary street piano. The loud sounding, drum beating one is merely provided with extra attachments like a merry-go-round organ, while the automatic piano is made like a small orchestration. Both use the ordinary cylinders. In spite of the financial success of the new instruments they are not likely to become general for some time. It takes a speculative spirit to forsake the solid, old-fashioned pianos for a delicate, high-priced instrument which will have to be repaired with discouraging frequency. A street piano's life is a hard one. The jolting of the pavement, the extremes of weather, and all the vicissitudes of its existence easily throw delicate machinery out of gear. The fact, too, that the new pianos are not rented, like the old ones, but must be paid for in hard-earned cash, is against their increase. They cost about \$350.—Chicago Journal.

## Holland Built the First Ironclad.

The first ironclad, according to records recently discovered, was not the Merrimac, but a ship built early in the sixteenth century, when the Dutch were fighting for their independence with Spain. The burghers of Antwerp built this first ironclad, which was protected by heavy iron plates nailed to its sides. On the masts were rooky platforms for sharpshooters. With this terrible vessel the burghers hoped to break the blockade—hoped it so confidently that they called the ship the Finis Belli, "the end of the war." But it proved unmanageable, and shortly after being launched ran aground on a sand bar and was then called the Perdite Expense, which means "thrown away money." Soon after than the Spaniards won a decisive victory, dragged off the maritime monster and renamed it the Finis Belli, for the war was then, indeed, ended.

## Lawn Tennis Revived.

The revival of interest in lawn tennis which was noticeable last summer after half a dozen seasons of partial neglect bids fair to take on new life this coming summer, judging from the extensive preparations that the clubs in this city are making.—New York Sun.

## Races Represented in Europe.

It is reported that Professor Denker has come to the conclusion, after examining 380,000 cephalic and cranio-metric indices of European peoples, that there are six principal and four secondary races represented in Europe.

## Percentages of Urban Population.

In England 29 per cent of the population live in cities of over 100,000 inhabitants. In other countries the percentage is lower—United States 19, Germany 16.17, France 12, Austria 8, Russia 5.

## PROTECTIVE MEANS FOR POISON CONTAINERS.

numerous and the field is open for improvement on past inventions for this purpose. One of the chief causes of the giving of wrong kinds of medicine has been the picking up of the wrong bottle from a number in a medicine cabinet and pouring out a dose of the fatal mixture without looking carefully at the label. To call attention to the fact that the bottle contains poison would be effectually accomplished with the cork shown in the illustration, as it would be impossible to get at the medicine without withdrawing the cork, and if this were attempted in a careless manner the injury to the thumb and finger, while comparatively slight, would surely accomplish the purpose intended. There are two ways of making this device—one by filling an ordinary cork with short barbed points and the other by attaching to its surface a strip of wire netting, from which the prongs project. One of the best recommendations for the device is that a little child will not be liable to extract a cork if covered with these barbs, as the injury to the tender fingers would soon cause it to desist in its efforts.

## WAS CHEWED BY A LION.

How It Feels to Be Gnauded by King of Beasts.

Lieut. Carpaux, son of the famous sculptor, is coming home from the Sudan on sick leave, says the London Daily News. He was long in hospital at Domson from the effects of wounds inflicted by a lion. In a letter to his family, which I have seen, he thus describes the accident: "One morning I started off with a tirailleur to see