



Cost of Bad Roads.

The Board of Trade in a Tennessee town, in a recent memorial to the Legislature, demonstrated, according to the Engineering Magazine, that bad roads were costing the people of that commonwealth more than \$7,000,000 annually. Prof. W. W. Carson, of the University of Tennessee, after careful investigation, found the average cost of hauling to the Knoxville market by wagon to be \$7.50 per ton—aggregating \$1,250,000 a year on the total tonnage hauled. He maintained that this hauling could have been done for half the sum over good dirt roads and for one-sixth of it over good macadam roads, saving \$1,000,000 annually. Prof. Richard T. Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University and secretary of the American Economic Association, affirmed that poor roads cost this country over \$20 a horse, and Prof. Jenks, of Knox College, Illinois, thinks \$15 a horse a low estimate for this loss.

The Cost of Macadam.

The cost of building roads has been greatly reduced within three years in New Jersey, as the width of the country roadways first laid was not less than 16 feet, now 12 feet wide, stoned 10 to 12 inches deep. Another style of road for heavy travel is only 10 feet wide, stoned 10 to 12 inches in depth, with grass wings on the sides. Such a roadway has been in use three years and is in good order, even where loads of five tons are transported over it. On roads where there is no heavy travel the width may be only 8 feet, stoned 10 to 12 inches, with wings 2 feet on each side, stoned 6 inches. It has been ascertained that the cost of a telford road is no more than a macadam, though at first contractors charged from 10 to 12 cents more per square yard for telford.

In Camden County in 1836 it cost \$1.15 to lay a square yard of 12-inch stone road, but in 1894 the cost of the same was only 79 cents. For 6-inch stone roads in Camden County in 1836 it was 80 cents; in 1894, 42 cents, and in Gloucester County 39 cents a square yard. This reduction in the cost would make it possible to have stone roads in many sections where before they could not be had. Yet, in justice to some portions of the State, Mr. Burroughs, the Public Road Commissioner, thinks the present laws should be amended so as to allow hard materials other than stone to be employed in road improvement. He also believes that in the future—say, fifteen or twenty years—national assistance will be given as well as State.—Exchange.

The Children of Athens.

The ball was a universal plaything with the children of old Athens. As they grew older there came the hobby horses, the game with dice, and spinning tops both in the house and in the open air. Toys and go-carts and "mud pies" engaged the interest of Athenian children as of all European nations. Then followed a somewhat more advanced age a game which consisted in throwing slantingly into the water small smooth stones, and counting how many leaps they made before sinking (which we call "skimming" or "ducks and drakes"), blindman's buff, trundling hoops, and all kinds of games with the ball, walking on stilts, leap-frog, life-flying, see-sawing on logs, swinging, etc. Girls had dolls made of wax or clay and painted. Blindman's buff was played thus: The boy with his eyes bandaged moved about calling out, "I will catch a brazen fly." The others answered, "You will hunt it, but you won't catch it," all the while striking him with whips till he managed to catch one of them.

Intelligent Swallows.

Dr. F. H. Knowlton, of the Smithsonian Institution, has published an account of observations made on the habits of the common swallow or cliff swallow, which show that this bird possesses a remarkable degree of intelligence. Early swallows, as is well known, usually select the eaves of a building for their nesting site, and sometimes as many as a hundred nests may be observed under one projection. Doctor Knowlton's observations are as follows:

Within my collecting grounds is a shed open only on one side, where for many years cliff swallows have attached their nests to the sleepers of the raft. In the spring of 1878 they returned as usual, and soon began repairing old nests or building new ones. One day it was noticed that one bird remained in her half-finished nest, and did not appear to be much engaged. Soon a neighbor, owning a nest a few feet away, arrived with a fresh pellet of clay, and after adjusting it in a satisfactory manner, flew away for more. No sooner was she out of sight than the quiet bird repaired to the neighbor's nest, appropriated the fresh clay, and molded it to her own nest.

When the plundered bird returned, no notice was taken of the theft, which was repeated as soon as she was out of sight. These movements were repeated many times, with the result that the nest of the stay-at-home bird grew larger.

In the same place a nest remained

undisturbed, and was occupied by probably the same pair of birds for several seasons. One spring they returned and all appeared prosperous until one day it was noticed that a number of swallows were engaged in walling up the entrance of this old nest.

This work, as well as the outline of a new nest over the old, was soon completed. The closed nest was then broken open, and within was found the dead body of a swallow.

The bird had probably died a natural death, and the friends, being unable to remove the body, and knowing that it would soon become offensive, adopted this method of sealing it up.

Two Old Clergymen.

Many stories are told of the happy faculty of saying a word in season, possessed by Dr. Hall, an old clergyman of Princeton, N. J., years ago.

At one time a difficulty had arisen in the Presbyterian Church at Cranberry. The presbytery convened to hear and adjust the matter. They met at Cranberry, and the discussion became so very hot that a good deal of unpleasant feeling was discernible in the tones and faces of those who were carrying on the arguments. Just at the most critical point old Dr. Hall rose to pour oil upon the troubled waters, as was his invariable custom.

"Mr. Moderator," said he, in his gentle voice, and with no suspicion of a smile on his fine face, "Mr. Moderator, I rise to offer a resolution, which is that a little sugar be put into this cranberry tart."

The effect was instantaneous; the laugh came at just the right moment, and the bitterness that had begun to gain ground was checked then and there.

Another old New Jersey clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination was Dominic Comfort, who was known as a man of great drollery out of the pulpit, as well as a most excellent preacher and much loved pastor.

On one occasion the well-known Dr. Cannon, professor of theology and church history in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church, heard Dominic Comfort preach at Kingston.

"Brother Comfort," he remarked at dinner, "I heard an old lady say this morning that the dominie's sermon was very comforting."

"Only a natural consequence, my good brother," replied the dominie, modestly. "But how remarkable when we hear of comfort coming from a cannon's mouth."

Taking the Lead as Socialists.

The most active socialists in New York just now are Russian Jews. Some of the most vigorous and courageous of the socialist agitators in this city are English Jews, and in the development of the socialist party here Germans, as leaders, have gradually been falling in the background. A very considerable number of the Hebrew socialists on the East Side are anarchists as well. A majority of them are of Russian birth or lineage, and their hostility to established government and the forms of legal authority is based on conditions which exist in Russia and have no existence here. It used to be said a few years ago that the rallying point of the red flag socialist in New York was always a German lager beer saloon, and the establishment of Justus Schwab's beer tunnel in 1st street—came into great celebrity in consequence. But nowadays one does not look in New York for anarchists among the Germans, but among the Russian Jews on the East Side, and the same is true of socialists. Several small papers, published in the Jewish jargon on the East Side of town, keep alive the sentiments of hostility to established forms of government, and have recently largely added to the number of socialist recruits.—New York Advertiser.

An Alpine Lake.

Medical Lake, so called on account of the remedial virtues of its waters, situated on the great Columbian plateau, in Southern Washington, at an altitude of twenty-three hundred feet above the level of the Pacific, is called the Dead Sea of America. It is about a mile long and from a half to three-fourths of a mile in width, and with maximum depth of about sixty feet. The composition of the waters of this Alpine Lake is almost identical with that of the Dead Sea of Palestine, and like its Oriental counterpart, no plant has yet been found growing in or near its edges. It is all but devoid of animal life, a species of large "boat bug," a queer little terrapin, and the famous "walking fish" being its only inhabitants. This walking fish is an oddity really deserving of special note. It is from eight to nine inches long, and has a finny membrane extending from head to tail, even around both the upper and lower surfaces of the tail. It is provided with four legs, those before having four toes, the hinder five.

Cost of the Queen's Holiday.

It has leaked out that the rent paid by the Queen for the Hotel Climes is somewhere in the neighborhood of £1,000—a fairly moderate sum, as rents for villas fit for royal occupation. The rent paid, however, is an insignificant item in the cost of these annual trips to the South. This year, for instance, it is estimated that the expenses of the Queen's spring holiday will not fall far short of the respectable figure of £20,000.—London Figaro.

Holland's Queen May Marry.

It is understood in London that Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, is likely to be betrothed to the young Queen, Wilhelmina, of Holland. The young Queen was born at The Hague, on August 31, 1890, and the young Prince was born in London on October 15, 1874. The mother of Queen Wilhelmina is regent of Holland during the minority of the Queen.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A KINDLY TALK TO BEGINNERS IN LIFE'S BATTLES.

The Soul, the Body, the Intellect, the Aspiration, the Goal and a Glance Ahead—An Inspiring and Forceful Sermon to the Young.

Words to Young Men.

In his audience at the New York Academy of Music Dr. Talmage meets many hundreds of young men from different parts of the Union and representing almost every calling and profession in life. To them he specially addressed his discourse last Sunday afternoon, the subject being "Words With Young Men."

Reverend Sir—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons "Advice to Young Men." Yours respectfully, H. K. Millott, F. O. Millott, J. L. Sherwood, Charles T. Rubert, M. E. Elder, S. J. Altman.

Those six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battle of life, and who have more interrogation points in their mind than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up. But few people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Too many begin their counsel by forgetting they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not understand May time blossom week. The oat wind never did understand the south wind. Autumnal goldenrod makes a poor list at lecturing about early violets. Generally after a man has rheumatism in his right foot he is not competent to discuss juvenile elasticity. Not one man out of a hundred can enlist and keep the attention of the young after there is a bald spot on the cranium.

I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia, assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian Association of that city might be made more attractive for young people, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such ingenuous tone of voice and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, when an old friend of mine, at 75 years as young in feeling as any one at 20, arose and said: "Brother, you will excuse me for saying that a young man would do sooner good and spend an evening among such funeral tones of voice and funeral ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted than he would go and spend the evening in Laurel Hill Cemetery." And yet these young men of Ohio, and all young men, have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world to give helpful suggestion as to what theories of life one ought to adopt, and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men!

The First Step.

First, get your soul right. You see, that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. Let me be usher to your entire nature. Put the best music under its walls. Put the best music under its walls. It is important to have the kitchen right, and the dining room right, and the cellar right, and all the other rooms of your nature right; but, oh, the parlor of the soul! Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut its doors in the faces of those who would despoil and pollute it. There are princes and kings who would like to come into it, while there are assassins who would like to come out from behind its curtains, and with silent foot attempt the desperate and murderous. Let the King come in. He is now at the door. Let me be usher to the King of this world, the King of all worlds, the King eternal, immortal, invisible, Make room. Stand back. Clear the way. Bow, kneel, worship the King. Have him once for your guest, and it does not make much difference who comes or goes. Would you have a warranty against moral disaster and surety of a noble career? Read at least one chapter of the Bible on your knees every day of your life.

The Second Step.

Word the next: Have your body right. "How are you?" I often say when I meet a friend of mine in Brooklyn. He is over 70, and alert and vigorous, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of a well-spent youth." On the contrary, there are hundreds of thousands of good people who are suffering the throes of early sins. The grace of God gives one a new heart, but not a new body. David, the Psalmist, had to cry out, "Remember not the sins of my youth." Let a young man make his body a wine closet, or a rum jug, or a whiskey cask, or a beer barrel, and smoke poisoned cigarettes until his hand trembles, and he is black under the eyes, and his cheeks fall in, and then at some church seek and find religion. Yet all the praying he can do will not hinder the physical consequences of natural law fractured. You six young men, take care of your eyes, those windows of the soul. Take care of your ears and listen to nothing that depraves. Take care of your lips and see that they utter no profanity. Take care of your nerves by enough sleep, and avoiding unhealthy excitements, and by taking outdoor exercise, whether by ball or skat or horseback, lawn tennis or exhilarating bicycle, if you sit upright and do not join that throng of several hundred thousands who by the wheel are cultivating crooked backs and cramped chests, and deformed bodies, rapidly coming down toward all fours and the attitude of the beasts that perish. Anything that bends body, mind or soul to the earth is unhealthy. Oh, it is a grand thing to be well, but do not depend on pharmacy and the doctors to make you well. Stay well.

The Third Step.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelties, 99 out of 100 belittling to every one that opens them. Here come depraved newspapers, submerging good and elevated American journalism. Here comes a whole perdition of printed abomination, dumped on the breakfast table and tea table and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper with able editorial and reporters' columns mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages and deaths and reformatory and religious assemblages, and charities bestowed and the doing of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases and stories of crime, which, like cobras, sting those that touch them. Oh, for more newspapers that put virtue in what is called grand primer type and vice in newspaper or agate! You have all seen

the photographer's negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from that same negative. He opens the great chest containing the black negative of 1885 or 1875, and he reproduces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of an immortal photography. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you till the judgment day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at and of all the debauched scenes you have read about. Show me the newspaper you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well being in this life, and what will be your residence 1,000,000 years after the star on which we now live shall have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last autumn I was in India in a city plague struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We went to the cemetery's to go some preventive of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindoos. The mail train was to start Sabbath evening. I said, "Frank, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train," and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable till we were hundreds of miles away. I felt we were right in flying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck through with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds and souls of a multitude which, if stood in solid column, would reach from New York Battery to Golden Horn. The plague! The plague!

The Fourth Step.

Word the next: Never go to any place where you would be ashamed to die. Adopt that plan, and you will never go to any evil amusement nor be found in compromising surroundings. How many startling cases within the past few years of men called suddenly out of this world, and the newspapers surprised us when they mentioned the locality and the companionship. To put it on the least important ground, you ought not to go to any such forbidden place, because if you depart this life in such circumstances you put officiating ministers in great embarrassment. You know that some of the ministers believe that all who leave this life go straight to heaven, however they have acted in this world or whatever they have believed. To get you through from such surroundings is an appalling theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and besetting efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snow-bank with his rum jug close beside him. But the minister did the work of happy transcendence as well as possible, although it did seem a little inappropriate when he read: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." If you have no mercy upon yourself, have mercy upon the minister who may be called to officiate after your demise. Die at home, or in some place of honest business, or where the laughter is clean, or amid companionships pure and elevating. Remember that any place we go to may become our starting point for the next world. When we enter the harbor of heaven and the officer of light comes aboard, let us be able to show that our clearing papers were dated at the right port.

The Fifth Step.

Word the next: As soon as you can, by industry and economy, have a home of your own. What do I mean by a home? I mean two rooms and the blessing of God on both of them—one room for slumber, one for food, its preparation and the partaking thereof. Mark you, I would like you to have a home with thirty rooms, all upholstered, pictured and stuccoed, but I am putting it down at the minimum. A husband and wife who cannot be happy with a home made up of two rooms would not be happy in heaven if they got there. He who wins and keeps the affection of a good practical woman has done gloriously. What do I mean by a good woman? I mean one who loved God before she loved a man. I mean one who can help you to earn a living, for a time comes in almost every man's life when he is flung of hard misfortune, and you do not want a weaking going around the house whining and sniffing about how she had it before you married her. The simple reason why thousands of men never get on in the world is because they married nonentities and never got over it. The only thing that Job's wife proposed for his boils was a warm politeness of profanity, saying, "Curse God and die." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley's manner in which he conquered domestic happiness. His wife had slandered him all over England until, standing in his pulpit in City Road chapel, he complained to the people, saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue except drunkenness," when his wife arose in the back part of the church and said, "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a man marries, he inherits for heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries. You six young men in Fayette, O., had better look out.

The Sixth Step.

Word the next: Do not rate yourself too high. Better rate yourself too low. You rate yourself too low, the world will say, "Come up." If you rate yourself too high, the world will say, "Come down." It is a bad thing when a man gets so exaggerated an idea of himself as did Earl of Buchan, whose speech Ballantyne, the Edinburgh printer, could not set up for publication because he had not enough capital in his title. Remember that the world got along without you nearly 6,000 years before you were born, and unless some meteor collides with us or some internal explosion occurs the world will probably last several thousand years after you are dead.

The Seventh Step.

Word the next: Do not postpone too long doing something decided for God, humanity and yourself. The greatest things have been done before 40 years of age. Pascal at 16 years of age, Grotius at 17, Romulus at 20, Pitt at 22, Whitefield at 24, Bonaparte at 27, Ignatius Loyola at 30, Raphael at 37, had made the world feel their virtue or their vice, and the biggest strokes you will probably make for the truth or against the truth will be before you reach the meridian of life. Do not wait for something to turn up. Go to work and turn it up. There is no such thing as good luck. No man that ever lived has had a better time than I or some. Yet I never had any good luck. But instead thereof a kind Providence has crowned my life with mercies. You will never accomplish much as long as

you go at your work on the minute you are expected and stop at the first minute it is lawful to quit. The greatly useful and successful men of the next century will be those who began half an hour before they were required and worked at least half an hour after they might have quit. Unless you are willing sometimes to work twelve hours of the day you will remain on the low levels, and your life will be a prolonged humdrum.

The Eighth Step.

Word the next: Remember that it is only a small part of our life that we are to pass on earth. Less than your finger nail compared with your whole body is the life on earth when compared with the next life. I suppose there are not more than half a dozen people in this world 100 years old. But a very few people in any country reach 80. The majority of the human race expire before 30. Now, what an equipoise in such a consideration. If things go wrong, it is only for a little while. Have you not enough moral pluck to stand the jostling, and the injustices, and the mishaps of the small parenthesis between the two eternities? It is a good thing to get ready for the one mile this side the marble slab, but more important to get fixed up for the interminable miles which stretch out into the distances beyond the marble slab.

The Ninth Step.

Word the next: Fill yourself with biographies of men who did gloriously in the business or occupation or profession you are about to choose or have already chosen. Instead of wasting your time on dry essays as to how to do great things, go to the biographical alcove of your village or city library and acquaint yourself with men who, in the sight of earth and heaven and hell, did the great things. Remember the greatest things are yet to be done. If the Bible be true, or as I had better put it, since the Bible is beyond all controversy true, the greatest battle is yet to be fought, and compared with it Saragossa and Gettysburg and Sedan were child's play with toy pistols. We even know the name of the battle, though we are not certain as to where it will be fought. I refer to Armageddon. The greatest discoveries are yet to be made. A scientist has recently discovered in the air something which will yet rival electricity. The most of things have not yet been found out. An explorer has recently found in the valley of the Nile a whole fleet of ships buried ages ago where now there is no water. Only six out of the 800 grasses have been turned into food like the potato and the tomato. There are hundreds of other styles of food to be discovered. Aerial navigation will yet be made as safe as travel on the solid earth. Cancer and consumptions and leprosy are to be transferred from the catalogue of incurable disease to the curable. Medical men are now successfully experimenting with modes of transferring diseases from weak constitutions which cannot throw them off to stout constitutions which are able to throw them off. Worlds like Mars and the moon will be within halting distance, and instead of confining our knowledge to their canals and their volcanoes they will signal all styles of intelligence to us, and we will signal all styles of intelligence to them. Coming times will class our boasted nineteenth century with the dark ages. Under the power of gospelization the world is going to be so improved that the sword and the musket of our time will be kept in museums as now we look at thumb screws and ancient instruments of torture. Oh, what opportunities you are going to have, young men all the world over, under 20. How thankful you ought to be that you were not born any sooner! Blessed are the cradles that are being rocked now. Blessed are the students in the freshman class. Blessed those who will yet be young men when the new century comes in in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century. I do not see how the old folks stood it. During this nineteenth century the world has by Christianizing and educational influences been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence.

A Look Ahead.

But the twentieth century! Ah, that will be the time to see great sights and do great deeds! Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest and grandest and most glorious century that the world has ever seen! Only five summers more, five autumns more, five winters more, five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century and the birth of the new. The then more than 1,700,000,000 inhabitants of the earth will hail its birth and pray for its prosperity. Its reign will be for ages. God and die." It adds to our admiration of John Wesley's manner in which he conquered domestic happiness. His wife had slandered him all over England until, standing in his pulpit in City Road chapel, he complained to the people, saying, "I have been charged with every crime in the catalogue except drunkenness," when his wife arose in the back part of the church and said, "John, you know you were drunk last night." Then Wesley exclaimed, "Thank God, the catalogue is complete." When a man marries, he inherits for heaven or hell, and it is more so when a woman marries. You six young men in Fayette, O., had better look out.

Proverbs.

Practical wisdom avoids big words. It is easier to break silence than to mend it. To-morrow's advertising may be a day too late. Nature never hurries, never halts and never fails. Folks are sometimes sorry to get what they pray for. Effeminate men are ridiculous, masculine women repulsive. A title is something that can kick an American tony with impunity. The church cannot help you to trade tenement houses for heavenly mansions. There would be more murders if men hated persons as ferociously as they do opinions. The more laws the more pettifoggers. He that can reason with a child can argue with a sage.

The new photograph of the heavens

which is being prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers shows 48,000,000 stars.



A Spring Song.

Meadows—dreamy meadows, stretchin' far away; Thinkin' of the dewdrops on the daisies every day; An' the clouds are lookin' whiter, an' the sun is in the sod; An' the sun is beamin' brighter an' is colorin' the cloud.

Singin' of the mockin'birds where wild the blossoms blow; Fifty million roses in a perfect storm o' snow! An' all the groves rejoice, an' all the greenin' hills A-lookin' glad and giddy with the rattle o' the rills!

There's a twinkle in the maples, there's a whisper in the pines; An' the hummin' bird is bustlin' for the mornin' glory vines; There's a thrill of life pervadin' all the mountains an' the dells; An' music's in the breeze when the cattle shake their bells.

Oh, the country's glowin' brighter, an' the world in glory rolls; The sunshine's streamin' whiter through the windows of our souls; The Lord's unlocked His storehouse, with all He's got to give; An' if life would last forever we'd just live, an' live, an' live! —Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

The Spectre Riders.

The north wind bloweth bitter, The leaves are lost in snow; The pines are black upon the height, While swift across the ways of night The spectre riders go.

Their path is paved with azure And lit with lamps of gold; They revel in the stormy roar, They glory in the cold; Aloft, beneath the seas of air In frosty waves are rolled.

Their steeds are shod with opal, Of pearl each bridle rein; And like the new moon's silver floss Each tassel and tangled mane; As subtle as our dreams they are, That change and change again.

But, oh, the spectre riders! No mortal eye may see Or form or face, the while through space They guide their coursers free; Intangible they are as Death, Whose couriers they be. —Clinton Scollard in Leslie's Weekly.

Compensation.

If Helen love me, she does so After the cautious modern fashion, And urges like linkboys go To light the progress of her passion.

Say mine estate should dwindle, say The breath of scandal fogged mine honor, Helen would weep her love away, And bid me think no more upon her.

Say I fell ill, or lame, or blind, The counsel of her friends would more her, Regretfully, to prove unkind, And seek a less unlucky lover.

But these things happen not, that is, Not in such sort as frighten Helen, Whereas her dear small prudencies Make me a fenced demesne to dwell in.

Slumber Song.

Silently, tenderly, stilly night, Clothe her with quiet sleep; Pale stars, marking the daylight's flight, Watch o'er my loved one keep, Croon to her slumber songs, Doves of Peace.

Tell her of poppies and murr'ring bees, Whisper of sleepsome things.

Sing to her, sigh to her, lispin' leaves, Lullabies soft and slow; Mingle your music, O rustling sheaves, Fitful and faint and low. Cradle her softly until the morn In at her lattice peep; Hushed by all voices until day dawn— Hush! for my darling sleeps. —New York Tribune.

The Breath of Morn.

I like a cow's breath in sweet spring; I like the breath of babes, new born; A maid's breath is a pleasant thing; But oh, the breath of sudden morn!

Of sudden morn—when every pore Of mother earth is pulsing fast With life, and life seems spilling o'er With loveliness too sweet to last. —Joaquin Miller in Chips.

A Rose to the Living.

A rose to the living is more Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead; In filling love's infinite store A rose to the living is more— If graciously given before The hungering spirit has fled— A rose to the living is more Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead. —Nixon Waterman in Overland Monthly.

A Unique Suggestion.

An admirer of Edgar Allen Poe suggests as a means of increasing the contributions to the fund for the poet's monument in Baltimore, that roses be grown on his grave and be sold at fancy prices.

Some old-fashioned women who have no "book learning," have some knowledge gained by experience which would make the books appear insignificant.

The women do a good many things because of its "influence" on the men. The men are not "influenced" by women as much as women imagine.