

ABANDONED.

Around the house rank weeds are thickly growing. Tail sunflowers fill the field. Yet on this calm young lives, once, hopes were sowing. For all the years might yield. And in strong hands, the sturdy hoof pursuing. A plow share turned the sod—the tiller brave drank deep the fresh air's brewing. And sang content to God. A woman fair and sweet has smiling-striven Through long and lonesome hours. A blue-eyed babe—a bit of earthy heaven—Laughed at the sun and flowers. A bow of promise made the prairie splendid. This home their pride. But what began so well—alas, soon ended. The promise died. Green is the spring when rich her gifts bestowing. An hundred fold. But when hot winds are 'cross the parched earth blowing. Young hearts turn wan and old. Their plans and dreams—their cheerful interior wasted. In dry and mispent years. The spring was sweet—the summer bitter tasted. The autumn salt with tears. Now weeds and sunflowers hide their sometime yearning. 'Twas theirs, 'tis past—God's ways are strange—we take so long in learning. To fall at last.—Oklahoma Magazine.

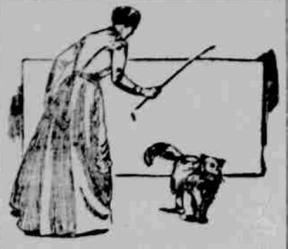


AN aunt of mine left me an Angora cat, the most stupid animal I ever knew. Listen to a tale he told me one winter eve before the glowing embers: "I was at the time 2 years old and I was the fattest and most ignorant cat imaginable. At this tender age I still showed all the presumption of the creature who disdains the luxuries of a home and hearth, notwithstanding the gratitude I owed kind Providence for placing me with your aunt, for the good woman adored me. I had in a closet corner a veritable bed-chamber, a down cushion with soft quilted coverings. The food was as fine as the sleeping; no bread; no soup; nothing but meat—lovely rare meat. "Well! Amid all these comforts I had but one desire, one dream, and that was to slip from the half-opened window and escape over the roofs. Careless were stale to me; the softness of my bed—nauseating; and I was so fat as to turn my own stomach. I sighed for freedom the day long. "I must tell you that once in looking out I had seen on an opposite roof four cats fighting with ruffled fur and bristling tails. They rolled on the blue slates in the warm sun, screaming with joy. "At daybreak the tom-cat, seeing that I staggered, asked me, with a strange air: 'Have you had enough?' "Oh, yes," said I. "Do you wish to return home?" "Certainly; but how find the house?" "Come. This morning, on seeing you start out, I realized that a cat as fat as you was not made for freedom's rough joys. I know your house, and I will drop you at the door." He said this simply, the worthy fellow! When we arrived, without the slightest emotion, he said adieu! "No," I cried, "we will not part thus. You must come with me. We will share the same bed and the same meat. My mistress is a kind woman. "Be still," he said brusquely: 'you are a fool. I should die of your silly high living. Your life is all right for such as you, but a free cat would never buy your down cushion at the price of a prison. Adieu! "He climbed to the roof, and I saw his great gaunt silhouette quiver gratefully under the caress of the rising sun. "When I entered your aunt took a switch and administered a correction, which was received by me with deep joy, for the feeling of being warm was pleasant. While she was beating me I thought with delight of the meat I would have afterward. "You see," concluded my cat, stretching out before the embers, "true happiness, true paradise, my dear master, is to be shut up and beaten in a place where there is meat." I am speaking for cats.—Translated by Lucy Martin.



I HAD SEEN FOUR CATS FIGHTING. Never had I contemplated so extraordinary a spectacle. From that time my beliefs were fixed. True happiness was on that roof, on the other side of that window they closed so carefully. As proof of this I remembered how they also closed the door of the closet where the meat was hidden. "I conceived the project of escape. There must be more in life than raw meat. It was the unknown, the ideal. One day they forgot to close the kitchen window and I jumped from it to a little roof beneath. "How beautiful the roofs were! Large gutters bordered them, exhaling delicious odor. I followed these gutters, my paws sliding in a soft pine mud which was infinitely warm and agreeable. It seemed as though I were walking on velvet. And the sun's heat was so good; a heat that melted my fatness. I will not conceal from you that I trembled in every limb; there was fear in my joy. I especially remember a terrible emotion that nearly caused me to spring over on to the pavements. "Three cats who had been rolling on a house-top came rushing towards me mauling frightfully, and as I stood quaking they gazed me and said it was all for fun, so I joined them and maulowed too. These jolly fellows were not clumsily fat like me, and they chafed me when I rolled like a ball over some pieces of zinc which had grown hot in the sunshine. "One old tom-cat of the band was particularly friendly. He offered to undertake my education and I accepted eagerly. "Ah! how far away did the luxury of your aunt seem! "I drank from the gutters and never was sweetened milk so sweet. Every thing was good and pleasant. A cat

passed on, a ravishing cat; she filled me with delight. Only in my dreams had I so far seen these exquisite creatures so adorably supple of spine. We dashed forward to meet the newcomer, my three comrades and I. I distanced them and was about to compliment the lovely charmer when I was most cruelly bitten in the neck by one of them. "Bab!" said the old tom-cat, drawing me away; 'there are others. "After an hour's promenade I felt a



I GOT A TERRIBLE WHACK. ferocious appetite. "What do you eat on the roofs?" I asked my friend. "Whatever you find," he replied shortly. "This embarrassed me, for I had been looking and had found nothing. At length I perceived in an attic window a young woman preparing her breakfast. On a table under the window was laid a beautiful chop, appetizingly red. "There is my affair!" I thought innocently, and jumping to the table I seized it, but the young woman had seen me and I got a terrible whack on my back from her broom. I dropped the meat and fled, swearing my worst. "Are you just from the country?" said the tom-cat. "Meat which is on tables is only to be desired. You must hunt in the gutters." "Never could I comprehend that meat in kitchens does not belong to cats. The tom-cat helped to dishearten me by saying that we must wait till nightfall; then we could descend to the street and rummage in the garbage. "Wait for night!" He said it tranquilly, like a hardened philosopher. As for me, I felt my self weakening at the thought of this prolonged fast. "Night came slowly, a night of fog which froze me. Rain fell, fine and penetrating, whipped by sharp gusts of wind. We descended by a sheltered stair. No longer the welcome heat, the great sun, and the airy roofs where one might stretch so deliciously. "We were hardly in the street when my friend began to tremble. He made himself small, small, and crept slyly along the houses, telling me to follow swiftly. He took refuge in the first doorway and heaved a purr of satisfaction and relief. "I questioned him about our flight. "Did you see that man with the club and the great basket on his back?" he asked. "Yes." "Well, if he had seen us he would have stunned us, and we would have been eaten in brochettes." "Eaten in brochettes!" I cried. "Let us leave the street. We do not eat, but are eaten here."

"Meanwhile garbage heaps had been emptied in front of the houses. I searched them despairingly. I found two or three lean bones covered with ashes. Then I realized how succulent fresh meat is. My friend, the tom-cat, scratched the rubbish piles like a professional. He kept me running till morning, visiting each side of the way and not hurrying at all. For nearly ten hours I shivered in the rain—awful street! Awful rain! "At daybreak the tom-cat, seeing that I staggered, asked me, with a strange air: 'Have you had enough?' "Oh, yes," said I. "Do you wish to return home?" "Certainly; but how find the house?" "Come. This morning, on seeing you start out, I realized that a cat as fat as you was not made for freedom's rough joys. I know your house, and I will drop you at the door." He said this simply, the worthy fellow! When we arrived, without the slightest emotion, he said adieu! "No," I cried, "we will not part thus. You must come with me. We will share the same bed and the same meat. My mistress is a kind woman. "Be still," he said brusquely: 'you are a fool. I should die of your silly high living. Your life is all right for such as you, but a free cat would never buy your down cushion at the price of a prison. Adieu! "He climbed to the roof, and I saw his great gaunt silhouette quiver gratefully under the caress of the rising sun. "When I entered your aunt took a switch and administered a correction, which was received by me with deep joy, for the feeling of being warm was pleasant. While she was beating me I thought with delight of the meat I would have afterward. "You see," concluded my cat, stretching out before the embers, "true happiness, true paradise, my dear master, is to be shut up and beaten in a place where there is meat." I am speaking for cats.—Translated by Lucy Martin.

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A Dance Alphabet. A dance alphabet has recently been invented by a Russian professor, who has devoted 52 years of his life to teaching dancing in the Russian Imperial College. His invention consists of minute figures which represent every conceivable position the human legs can assume. This Year's Ravages of Plagues. Fire losses in this country and Canada so far this year are \$57,274,900. May's record was small, the losses being only \$7,761,350, some \$3,000,000 below the record of last year; but the aggregate so far in 1895 exceeds 1894, same time, by about \$4,000,000.

THE COUNTRY'S HOPE.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES GUARD THE NATION'S LIFE.

The Summer School as a Factor in America's Educational System—Statistics of New York City Schools—Exhibit at Atlanta—Notes.

Depew on Patriotism and Education. "Patriotism and Education" was the text of Chauncey M. Depew's instructive address at the Vanderbilt University commencement last week. The central thought of the address was that our schools and colleges were the strongest hope of the country as it had been of all nations in modern history. "In the darkest hour of German history," said Mr. Depew, "Stein, the incomparable statesman, appealed for advice. He could not ask for help, because the resources of his country were exhausted and the rest of Europe was either allied to or under the heel of Bonaparte. The answer came, not from camps or cabinets, but from the lecture-room of the most remarkable educator of his time, Prof. Fichte. 'Educate the Germans,' was his cry. 'Teach them not only the glorious traditions of their race, but give to them the trained intellect and the disciplined mind which will unite the German peoples into a resistless power and make them the leaders of Europe.' Von Humboldt seconded Fichte, Stein saw the opportunity, and upon the smoking ruins of the Napoleonic conquests they built the University of Berlin. In eighty years, with their incomparable gymnasiums and their magnificent seats of learning, the German people became the best educated in the old world. Their leaders in camp, in cabinets and in Parliament were the graduates of their universities and the best fruit of their liberal education. The crowning of William Emperor of Germany at



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Versailles, the triumph of Bismarck in the unity of the Teutonic peoples into one great nation was the fulfillment of Fichte's and Von Humboldt's prophecy that in education lay the salvation of Germany and the future of her progress and power. "American independence and the founding of our nation upon constitutional lines, which embodied the experience and the lessons of the ages, was the work of the graduates of the colonial colleges. Harvard and Yale and Princeton, Columbia and William and Mary were the architects of the Declaration of Independence, of the Constitution of the United States, and of the incomparable system of executive, legislative and judicial independence and interdependence which have survived so successfully a century of extraordinary trial and unprecedented development. Samuel Adams, in his commencement thesis at Harvard, struck the keynote of colonial resistance. John Morin Scott brought from Yale to New York the lessons which prepared that rich and prosperous colony for the sacrifices of the rebellion. Alexander Hamilton, a student of Columbia, although only 17 years of age, in fiery pamphlets which were ascribed to the ablest and oldest patriots, educated the popular mind to the necessity of the struggle, while the pen of Jefferson, of William and Mary, wrote that immortal document which lives and will live forever as the most complete charter of liberty. "The central thought of Washington, the main spring of every utterance and action of his life, was the inseparable connection between the union of the States and American liberty. He foresaw the storm which was impending, and like the great German, whose methods has resulted in such a phenomenal triumph in our time, he believed that civil war and domestic strife could be averted by education; not by provincial, or State, or sectional, or isolated teaching, but by a university at a common center and under the guidance of a broad, healthy, patriotic and national spirit."

The Schools of New York City. By the figures of the recent school census as submitted to the Board of Education, says the New York Sun, the number of male children in New York City of school age was 168,920 on May 1, and the number of female children of school age 171,736. Of the former 99,945, and of the latter 98,834 were, at the time of the census, in attendance at the public schools maintained by the city. By the figures of the school census of the parochial schools of New York recently prepared by Rt. Rev. John M. Farley, vicar general and chairman of the Catholic school board, the number of children in attendance at the 100 parochial schools was 33,658. The number of children attending private schools, academies, colleges, trade

schools, and other institutions of instruction was 20,000. The number of truant is 50,000. These are the figures in detail: Boys of school age in New York City..... 168,920 In public schools..... 99,945 In parochial schools..... 15,429 In private or trade schools..... 14,850 At work..... 13,888 Truants..... 23,938 Girls of school age in New York City..... 171,736 In public schools..... 98,834 In parochial schools..... 17,929 In private schools..... 14,578 At work..... 14,564 Truants..... 26,131 Included in the number of children in attendance at private schools, so-called, are 7,900 at charitable institutions under commitment. For these the city pays an average of \$2 a week each, rudimentary instruction being included. The designation, truants, is not a correct one technically, for many of the children so described are deprived of the benefits of public instruction by reason of the insufficient accommodations provided. It is computed by officials of the Board of Education that \$5,000,000 will be requisite for new schools in New York before the evil of truancy can be disposed of, or greatly mitigated. The city is now expending \$18,000 on the salaries of truancy agents, but so long as the overcrowded condition of the schools in some populous districts continues, the services of the truancy agents are of comparatively little value. The city of New York is expending for its public schools this year \$3,100,000. The parochial, private and State-aid schools give instruction to over 900,000 children, and at the same ratio of cost the sum disbursed for the purpose of education in New York in a year is probably not less, with the expenditures of colleges added, than \$8,000,000. An additional expenditure of \$5,000,000 to be obtained from the issue of bonds, would do away with the pres-

AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

Before the Revolution the True Sentiment Was Little Known.

Before the Revolution the true sentiment of American nationality can scarcely be said to have existed. The history of the colonies down to the time of the resistance to imperial taxation shows hardly a trace of such a sentiment. Pennsylvanians were content to be Pennsylvanians; New-Yorkers to be New-Yorkers; Virginians to be Virginians, Carolinians to be Carolinians. Even without any real and strong drawing toward a common form of government, we might fairly have looked in the history of this time for at least some prophecy of Americanism. It might have been the dream of poets, the theme of orators, or at least the toast of students, like German unity from 1848 to 1866. But we do not find so much as this. Neither for practical nor for sentimental reasons did the union of the American colonies appear a thing practically to be desired. It is not necessary to take time to refer to the differences of history and political organization, the differences of race, of speech, and of religious belief, the differences of social ideas and customs and modes of living which tended to keep the colonies apart. The imminence of hostilities with the mother country sufficed to draw the colonies together for the purposes of a common resistance, and acts were done and decrees and declarations were made and pledges and promises were given in 1774 and 1775, which looked toward a permanent union of the insurgent colonies, and which doubtless had a certain effect in impressing the public mind favorably to that result. The momentous Declaration of Independence, in the mid-year of 1776, must have had a still greater influence in convincing the public mind that, in the words of Benjamin Franklin, "All must hang together, or they would hang separately," and the fortunes of war, sometimes joyful, but more commonly painful, during the five following years, undoubtedly produced not a little of true American sentiment. Common experience of that sort, whether of victory or defeat, must, it would seem, have a great power to generate instincts and feelings of common interests and a common destiny. Indeed, had there been no intermediate stage before the formation of the constitution, during which the feebleness of the ties formed in war for the purposes of common resistance to the mother country were painfully demonstrated, we should naturally have assumed that the sense of American nationality was developed during the Revolution to some very high point.—Francis A. Walker, in The Forum.



Shall It Be the New or the Old Sphere?

The Disposing of Wedding Presents. A regular trade now exists in the purchase of duplicate wedding presents. "A gentleman, temporarily peculiarly embarrassed, is forced to offer his magnificent cabinet of table cutlery for sale. Full particulars given on application." So ran the advertisement, the chance perusal of which brought the writer into communication with the person who had inserted it in the paper, and led to a visit being paid to his house, which was discovered to be more liberally stocked with plated and silver articles of all sorts than is many a shop. "You are quite right," confessed the gentleman temporarily peculiarly embarrassed, "after a short chat had established a feeling of confidence, 'the advertisement is only a dodge to get rid of the goods, every article of which, I assure you upon my honor, is very well worth the figure asked. Wedding presents form my entire stock, but presents that, being made in duplicate, the possessors are delighted to exchange for cash. In one way or another I manage to keep myself well posted in the latest news concerning fashionable weddings. Sometimes my advances are indignantly repelled by people to whom presents, whether in duplicate or not, are looked upon as sacred things never to be parted with, but more often my enterprise is rewarded, and, even if unsuccessful at the first application—usually made a month or so after the end of the honeymoon—I have had cases without number where my services have been sought later on, when the need of money pushes sentiment to the wall."

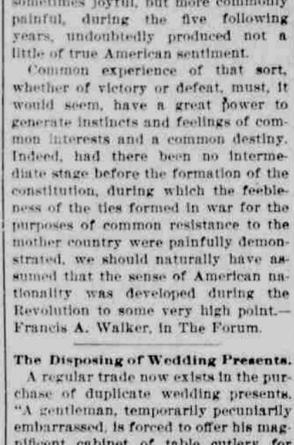
Losses from Lightning. The Government Weather Bureau is to be commended on its investigations into the extent of damage from lightning strokes and the means of protection of life and property from this destructive agency. A report just issued by the bureau brings the statistics of the question up to the end of 1894. In that year 336 persons were killed by lightning in the United States and 351 severely injured. In the few years covered by the bureau's reports the fatalities have been increasing. In 1893, the number of deaths from lightning was 209; in 1892, 251; in 1891, 204; and about 120 in 1890. In 1894, 298 barns, 55 churches and 261 dwellings and a number of oil tanks, elevators, etc., were struck by lightning and damaged or destroyed. It appears that the risk is about five times greater in the country than in the city. Ordinary dwelling houses in the city need little protection, but the bureau's experts are of the opinion that all barns and exposed buildings should have lightning rods. Sheets of iron are as good or better for this purpose than rods of iron or copper. It appears that the Southeastern or Southern States are the most frequently visited by thunder storms, the area of maximum frequency being about Louisiana; while the area of least frequency is on the New England coast. The most dangerous places for persons during a storm are stated by the reports to be under trees, in the doorways of barns, close to cattle and horses, and by chimneys and fireplaces. Any one who keeps a note of people killed by

lightning will have observed that the places named above are the most dangerous and will embrace probably three-fourths of the fatalities. As an agency of destruction the statistics show that lightning is not so seriously to be considered as it is; but the dread of it is nevertheless so general and acute among mankind as to make a study of the ways to avoid danger by electricity of some importance.—Boston Post.

Not Surprising to Her.

Charity is one of the noblest virtues, but none is so liable to abuse.

A Philadelphia lady, whose warmth of heart is never chilled by the cold logic of facts, had among the pensioners on her bounty a seedy but affable elderly man, who called once a month with the regularity of a rent collector, and always introduced himself by saying: "You remember me, don't you, lady? I'm the reformed man." This slightly obscure reference to his past was always accepted as a guarantee of his present merit, with the result that a dime was handed out as an incentive to re-sain reformed. One morning he called as usual, and made his usual speech. "I am so sorry," said the good lady, "but I don't think I can give you anything to-day. I have nothing but a \$20 bill." The reformed man's countenance, which had fallen noticeably at the first half of this speech, brightened up visibly at its close. "Oh, I can change the bill!" he said, cheerfully. "Can you?" said the lady, just as cheerfully. "Then I'll get it." She brought the bill, and the reformed man counted out the change from a pocketful of notes and silver, and then went on his way, after a fervent "Thank you!" When evening came and the lady's husband returned home, the incident was related at the tea table, and the husband, after an amazed stare, lay back in his chair, and laughed till the tears stood in his eyes. "What is the matter?" asked his wife, in wonder. "I don't see anything to laugh at." And she does not yet perceive anything out of the way in a beggar changing a \$20 bill.



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The Great Air Whale. The natives inhabitants of the Fiji Islands believe thunder to be the belching of the great air whale, a mythical creature which, according to their folklore stories, inhabits the opposite side of all thunder clouds. If the regulation thunder cloud appears unaccompanied by the ominous rumblings peculiar to such phenomena they take it as a token that the great spirit is pleased with their past doing. If, however, on the other hand, the detonations be frequent and violent they are sure that the god of the elements is displeased and immediately engage themselves in all sorts of ludicrous incantations for the purpose of righting matters. Lightning is to them the result of the air whale gnashing his teeth together and thus striking fire. Another peculiarity of this primitive people lies in the fact that they will not partake of food while the thunder cloud is in sight, fearing that the air whale will pounce upon and devour them for such irreverence.

Sensible Woman—Sensible Girl. A young girl came to New York last winter to study art. She was alone, almost penniless and well-nigh friendless. The one person that she knew in the big, strange city was, however, a woman of means and influence. She was also a woman of sense, and so, instead of simply providing the girl with the wherewithal to study, she gave her advice. "Earn the money yourself," she said, "and your success will be all the sweeter for having done so." She further recommended domestic service as the safest and easiest means of procuring the desired capital. The girl accepted the advice and obtained a place as housemaid with a suburban family. Her wages were good, she had a comfortable home, her wants were few, and before long she was saving money. Next winter she will enter the art school. But how many young women would have been willing to do the same thing?—New York Evening Sun.

A Bride's Cook Book. A recent bride has among her many presents one which will serve the double purpose of reminding her of the home she has left, and also will be of great practical use of her. One of her friends armed herself with a blank book and went about in town where they both lived to all their mutual acquaintances, asking for cooking receipts. These she copied into the book, appending in each case the name of the giver, and classifying them carefully for future reference. One could scarcely imagine a more thoughtful gift. Where Women Bicyclers May End. Just how far this end-of-the-century fashion will be carried out it is difficult to tell, but there are some who affirm that before the present year is over New York will see women in plink tight walking and bicycling through the open streets.—New York Sun. Great Baths at Naples. Naples is to build permanent sea baths to accommodate 43,000 persons and to enable them to have hot and cold baths at all seasons of the year. Three points on the shore have been selected for the sites. Iron has for ages been a favorite medicine. Nearly a hundred different preparations of iron are now known to the medical chemists. Talk about agonizing spectacles! Did you ever see a 10-year-old girl when a rain falls on the day of her picnic?