

USE FOR SORROWFUL SONG.

Oh, what is the use of a sorrowful song?
Thoughtful knows enough of sadness.

Oh, what is the use of a sorrowful song?
When we might sing one of thanksgiving.

Oh, what is the use of a sorrowful strain?
That brings but tears and grieving.

Oh, what is the use of a sorrowful song?
That comes not one heart's aching.

—Detroit Free Press.

JERRY'S CHOICE.

"Now, see here, Jerry," exclaimed Farmer Johnson to his man of all work,
"Ye needn't git oneasy jest because old Podgers has offered ye a dollar a month more'n I'm payin' ye. I reckon I've got about ez much money an' kin afford to pay ye about ez much ez Podgers kin or mebbe a little more.



"MEAT D'YE SAY TO THAT, JERRY?"

gers offered ye, an' at the end of the two years I'll give ye the best critter on the place. Yes, sirree, Jerry, ye kin take yer pick of any critter on the hull face, from a sheep up to a horse, or ven a giraffe or elephant, if I happen to have one of 'em on hand when it comes time to take yer choice.

"What d'ye say to that, Jerry? Is it bargain?"
"I'll do it," answered Jerry Brant, wisely, "and there's my hand to bind the bargain."

No further mention was made of the bargain between Jerry and his employer until they were seated at the dinner table, later in the day, and then Mr. Johnson, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, glanced across the table at his better fraction, and said:

"Well, mother, I had to discharge Jerry an' hire him over agin to-day."

"You seem to be in very good humor about it, so I judge the difference couldn't have been very serious," commented Mrs. Johnson, who used to be a Yankee schoolmarm before she married and therefore didn't handle the U. S. dialect with the off-hand familiarity of her husband.

"Serious? Ye kin bet it is," exclaimed Mr. Johnson. "Wags, I've got to pay him a month more'n I did before, an' at the end of two years, if he stays right along, he's to have his pick out of the critters on the place to take along with him and keep for his own. I expect he'll take a horse, but I can't help it. I wasn't gonn' ter let old Podgers hire him away from me, an' then go around chubb'n' over it behind my back for the next six months."

"Mr. Podgers made an attempt to hire him, did he?"

"Yes, an' a pretty nifty attempt at that. Offered him \$1 more a month, but I scented the matter in a hurry by pickin' the best critter on the place on top of that. But if he stays the hull two years I reckon he'll earn it—eh, Jerry?"

Jerry blushed, and answered that he would do his best.

"Didn't you exempt my pony, papa? I really can't think of allowing Mr. Brant to run off with that, even if he does earn it," exclaimed Farmer Johnson's pretty 18-year-old daughter, May, with a sidelong glance of admiration at Jerry's broad shoulders and manly features.

"Yes, you may keep your pony," agreed Jerry, with an undignified glance of admiration at the pretty face opposite him.

May's eyes fell before him, but not until they had flashed back a look that caused his heart to beat high with hope.

The fact of the matter was that staid, good-looking Jerry had long admired his employer's handsome and accomplished daughter, but to-day was the first time he had dared to let her know it, either by look or speech.

After that, however, their acquaintance rapidly ripened, and a few weeks later Jerry surprised Mr. Johnson by asking for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Mr. Johnson was engaged in the pastoral occupation of milking a cow at the moment this question was sprung upon him, and he nearly fell off the stool in astonishment.

"Want to marry my darter, May?" he gasped. "I guess not, young man! Not if the court knows itself. I've bin edyeratin' her fer suthin' higher than marryin' her father's hired man."

"O, if that is the only objection, it can easily be removed," interposed Jerry. "I don't expect to remain anybody's hired man after my two years are up. I believe I told you when I came here that I had just graduated from college, and intended to make the pursuit of agriculture my life business, instead of going into medicine or law, or any other of the already over-crowded professions. I believe a man with brains can put them to as good use in farming as in anything else, and I propose to prove it."

"I am studying the practical side of the business now, and at the end of my two years I propose to go West and buy a ranch and strike out for myself. As far as my education is concerned, I don't think I shall ever give your daughter occasion to be ashamed of me, and as to supporting her comfortably and in becoming style, I believe I shall be abundantly able to do so, and—"

"Can't help that, Jerry?" broke in Mr. Johnson. "I hain't gonnin' have ye luggin' May off jest because ye two young folks imagine ye'r in love. A woman is a mighty queer an' onsertin' sort of critter, anyhow, as ye'll find out soon enough when ye get hooked up in double harness ter life with one of 'em, an' if I was in your place I wouldn't be in any hurry 'bout takin' a yoke of that kind on my shoulders."

"Anyhow, if ye insist on gettin' married in spite of my warnin' ye'll haffter pick out some other partner besides the one ye've got yer eyes set on at present. My darter is gonn' back to college next week to finish up her edyercation, an' when she gets through her schoolin' it will be plenty time enough fer her to commence thinkin' 'bout the men. She'll forgit ye by that time fast enough, so ye might as well give up all hope right now of ever gittin' her."

"I like ye well enough other ways, Jerry, but I don't care fer ye in the role of a son-in-law. There, now, ye've got yer answer fair and square, and if ye want to stay an' work out the balance of yer time, we'll drop the love bizness right here, an' I'll treat ye as well as ever; but if ye don't care to stay under the circumstances it is all right, an' I shan't blame ye any fer goin'." "No, which is it to be, Jerry, stay or quit?"

"I'll stay," said Jerry, quietly.

And stay he did, performing his duties as conscientiously and thoroughly as ever, although the farm life suddenly grew so dull and dull when May went back to her college studies.

The months rolled swiftly round, however, as months have a habit of doing, until eighteen of them had been crossed off the calendar of time. Then May, as bright and winsome as of old, came home with her dimples and diplo-ma, and though he did not even dare to look his admiration, Jerry was straightway transported to paradise.

Jerry's term of service finally expired, and he regretfully announced that the time had come for him to strike out in life for himself.

"That's so, Jerry," said Farmer Johnson. "I had clean forgot 'bout yer two years bein' up to-day. Want, I'll look over accounts an' settle up with ye after dinner, an' in the meantime ye kin be lookin' round an' sorter makin' up yer mind which one of the critters on the place ye want. I believe ye was ter take yer choice when ye quit."

"Well," said Jerry promptly, "it won't take me long to make up my mind."

Just a moment, if you please, Mr. Johnson," interrupted Jerry Brant, drawing himself erect, with proudly flashing eyes, and still retaining May's hand. "Haven't I heard you allude to the women as queer critters, conserned critters, plaguey critters, and I don't know how many other kinds of critters during the past two years and upwards that I have been with you?"

"Yes, I s'pose ye have," acknowledged Mr. Johnson, "but—er—"

"All right, sir," interposed Jerry, briskly. You promised me the best critter on the place, and this is the one I want—and the only one."

Farmer Johnson gazed at the handsome and smiling young couple before him, in a half-indignant, half-indulgent sort of way for a moment, and then the latter feeling got the better of the struggle, and he quietly remarked:

"Waal, a bargain is a bargain, an' I s'pose I'll haffter keep my word; but I say, young man—and Mr. Johnson's eyes twinkled mischievously—"don't ye think ye sorter missed yer vocation, not bein' a lawyer instead of a farmer?"—Utica Globe.

HE COULD KICK.

A Mule that Would Be Very Unpopular on the Avenue.

At rare intervals along the mountain roads of West Virginia and Kentucky the traveler may come upon a blacksmith shop, but he is much safer in the shoeing of his horse if he will carry a few nails and tools in the bottom of his buggy. On a trip by Round Gap on one occasion I found a blacksmith shop at the forks of the road, and, as usual, a half dozen or more men sitting around it in the shade. My turnout needed some repairs and as the smith was pottering about it inside, I made talk with the men outside. One of them wanted to sell me a mule which he had hung up on the fence and I started in for a dicker. After we had been talking for perhaps a quarter of an hour, the smith asked me to step inside and show him something about the work he was doing. As soon as he got me away from the crowd he came close and grew confidential.

"Yain't thinkin' uv buyin' that critter, air you?" he asked in all sincerity.

"Well, I don't know. I want a mule and that one looks all right," I said.

"You can't tell a mule by his looks, mister. Mules is fer all the world like women."

"What's the matter with him?" I inquired, quite ignoring the comparison.

"He ain't safe. Course I ain't got nothin' agin' the mule ner the owner and I'd be glad enough fer him to git the shoein' uv him, but I don't like ter see a stranger truck in an' done up like he's tryin' to do you."

"But you haven't told me what's the matter with the mule," I insisted. "Will he kick?"

"That's his weakness, mister," responded the smith, letting his voice fall to a whisper. "You won't believe me, praps, but I'm tellin' you he's the kickin'est critter in the mountains. He shore is, mister, and I hope I may die right here, if he can't kick the soley out of a biscuit, an' never crack the crust. He kin, mister, er I'm a brother to him."

A Rainbow in the Moonlight.

The great lunar rainbow seen from the houses on the cliffs at Nahant and along Marginal road on the night of a recent great storm was, on the word of an astronomer, a most unusual, as it was a most splendid and impressive, sight. Halo rainbows about Lady Lunar or bits of rainbow on "the little clouds sailing around the moon" are not uncommon, but a full bow spanning the heavens is not often seen by night. It needs a full and brilliant moon and a small shower. The one which hung in the heavens above Swampscott and Beach Bluff showed with peculiar radiance across the water to the people at Nahant whose backs were to the big bright moon that came out of her flying storm clouds long enough to show a quarter hour of the phenomenon. The red and blue in the great bow were fairly pronounced, the orange was fainter and it required help from the imagination to distinguish any of the other four prismatic colors before the rainbow began to fade. Then the most distant right end of it glowed with increasing yet "ineffectual fires." If a "rainbow at night is the sailor's delight," 'tis surely the solar bow which is so often seen before sunset. The astronomer who has never seen but one full arching moonbow in his observant career notes that the chances are few indeed for mortals to observe this glory of the Lady Luna. In the first place, there must be a full moon, and there are only about thirty-six chances in a year, a tenth of the chances to see a solar rainbow, and these may be quartered by the fact that most people are not up all night, as they are all day. If there were quite as many moonbows as sunbows proportionately—and this is improbable—we have only one-fourth as much opportunity to observe them.—Boston Evening Transcript.

A Woman Mint Farmer.

A woman living in Louisiana is supporting herself comfortably on the proceeds of a farm on which she raises nothing but mint. All the principal hotels and restaurants in New Orleans purchase their mint from her, and she makes enough during the summer months, when juleps and other cooling drinks containing mint are in demand, to enable her to live comfortably through the winter.

When Salmon Were High. On June 12, 1775, upward of 2,400 salmon were taken above the bridge in the River Tyne, and sold in Newcastle at 1d and 1 1/2d per pound.

ONCE A PLACE OF GRANDEUR.

Remains of the Deserted City of Uxmal, Mexico, Shrouded in Mystery.

Professor William H. Holmes, curator of the National Museum at Washington, has recently explored the ruins of the deserted city of Uxmal, in Mexico. Countless centuries ago it was the abode of a highly civilized race, but saw the once massive buildings are fast crumbling into dust and this former metropolis of a people who long ago ceased to exist will soon have faded into nothingness. Uxmal lies amid dense swamps, the wild and unstrained forest growth of ages. The ancient city was a pile of ruins when Columbus discovered the "new world," and it is shrouded in the deepest mystery. A few hardy explorers have penetrated the wilderness and caught a glimpse of it, but it remained for Professor Holmes to give a detailed description of the wonders of the deserted city. Over Uxmal hangs the spell of death. Here, as Professor Holmes says, may be seen the walls of enormous palaces slowly rotting away under the unrelenting hand of time. A mighty pyramid, with a base 240 feet long by 100 feet wide, rises to a height of eighty feet, and upon its summit are the ruins of what was once a gorgeous temple. A broad stairway leads from the base of the pyramid to the structure which rests upon its top. The facade of the temple is a most ornate piece of composite architecture. Among the ornamentations are a colossal face twelve feet square, a pair of tigers placed together, with heads turned outward, and groups of devices resembling glyphs. This mammoth pile of stone, pyramid and temple, was exquisitely hewed, a piece of workmanship of which the most skilled modern artisans might be proud.

An immense structure, fairly well preserved as ruins go, is the governor's palace, of which Professor Holmes gives a most interesting description. Nowhere on the American continent can such another ruin be found. The building rises majestically upon the summit of a broad, triple terrace. Court upon court, rows of mighty pillars, space upon space of empty chambers present themselves to the view. All are tattered before the irresistible forces of decay, but they bear eloquent testimony to the boldness and originality of the ancient architects and builders. From the top of a pyramid, grander even than that which was surmounted by a temple, Professor Holmes and his party were enabled to get a view of the entire city as it lay before them in swamp and plain. This pyramid is 300 feet long by 200 feet wide at its base. Its height is 70 feet, and at the top is a summit platform 75 feet square. From this point the explorer could see ruined temples and palaces, enormous stone buildings, once the residences of long forgotten lords, and the houses of those who were less powerful, many of the buildings being roofless and half buried in the deep forest growth that has sprung up around them. The walls of all the larger structures bore evidences of elaborate architectural ornamentation, indicating that in its prime, numberless centuries ago, Uxmal was an art-loving as well as wealthy and important city.

A sight so majestic and supreme, Professor Holmes says he has never witnessed. It was beautiful but dreary, for on all sides were desolation, decay and death. But it does not require a vivid imagination to people the ancient city again with bustling, pleasure-loving and cultivated inhabitants. The market places in which the merchants traded are now deserted, and the only sound which is heard is the roar of the Mexican lion. The temples and the palaces, the palaces of the nobility and the gymnasium, where the popular "jaco" congregated to witness the sports of their athletes, have been in ruins so long that even tradition does not say when they were peopled. But there the city stands, showing that centuries before Columbus landed in the "new world" there existed here a civilization so old it was in the last stages of decay. It is not necessary for us to go to the far east in search of ruins, for, according to Professor Holmes, there are mysteries on this continent which baffle us as much as Nineveh and Babylon. Uxmal was once a mighty city, but how long it has been since it was in the height of its glory no man can tell, and we must reckon by centuries to form even a faint conception of the time which has elapsed since it was the habitation of the living.—Baltimore Sun.

In Office Seventy-four Years.

Reuben C. Beavers of Campbell County, Ga., is the champion long-distance office holder of the United States. He has been holding office since he was 21 years old, and as he is now 95, has a record of almost three-quarters of a century as a public officer.

"Uncle Reuben," as he is called by all residents of the county, secured the position of clerk of the first court held in that part of Georgia. After two years the Legislature established an inferior court in Campbell County and Mr. Beavers decided that he would like to be clerk of that court. His ambition was gratified, and when a few years later, the court of ordinary was established, he was elected the clerk of that court. He has held that office almost continuously ever since.

By common consent it is now admitted that Uncle Reuben owns the job. It is his private property, and at the elections he is the only candidate for the office. No one questions his right. Last fall the Populists decided to nominate another candidate, but no man could be found to contest Uncle Reuben's claim, and again he was elected without any opposition.

Uncle Reuben has temporarily abandoned—but never resigned—the office on several occasions to go to war. He fought in various battles with the

Cherokee and Creek Indians to early years in Georgia, and afterward helped conquer that famous Seminole chief, Osceola, in the overglades of Florida.

He followed Gen. Scott through the Mexican war, and was present at the storming of Chapultepec and the capture of the City of Mexico. He fought during the rebellion and cried when Gen. Lee surrendered.

Then he returned to his home and resumed his interrupted occupation of holding office.



Joseph A. Armstrong, of Toronto, offers \$125 in prizes for the best poem on Niagara.

Bishop Spaulding, of Peoria, has a new volume in press with the McClurg Company, called "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education."

Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley's translations of Balzac have placed her in the front rank of American translators. She is now engaged upon Moliere's dramatic works.

Lamson, Wolfe & Co. announce a new historical novel of the civil war as it affected the mountain region of Kentucky. It is called "A Hero in Homespun," is written by William E. Barton, and is said to be an accurate and graphic tale of the loyal South.

"The Clash of Arms," Mr. Blou-delle-Burton's new romance of adventure, will be published in a few days. It deals with the attempt of the hero, an English free lance, serving under Turenne, to rescue a countrywoman of his from a fortress in the Vosges in which she is kept prisoner.

Mrs. Meynell is at work on an anthology of the best English poems to be published in one volume under the title, "The Flower of the Mind." It gives the Elizabethan poets a large space and deals liberally with the works of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge, the length of "The Ancient Mariner" being no bar to its admission among these "poems of genius."

While literature certainly pays marvelously well in England, literary men do occasionally go outside of literature to make money. A case in point is that of Mr. George R. Sims, who, though hardly a man of letters, is certainly a prolific and popular writer. It seems that Mr. Sims was once bald, and now he is not. The concoction used by him to restore his hair was made from a recipe which he possesses. The restoration was so marvelous that he has organized a company and is putting his nostrum on the market. The novelty of a writer becoming a patent-medicine man has attracted wide attention in England and given Mr. Sims more advertising than he could get by any other means, so that he now stands a chance of making more money than he has ever made out of literature.

Mr. Barrie is quoted as saying of a lecturer who wished him to speak in public of his experiences in Nottingham on the staff of the Express of that town: "I thank you for your letter and wish you had a better subject for your lecture. I don't know of any personal article about myself that is not imaginary and largely erroneous. But there is really nothing to tell that would interest any one. Yes, I was in Nottingham for a year and liked it well, though I was known to scarce any one. If you ever met an uncouth stranger wandering in the dark around the castle, ten or twelve years ago, his appearance unimpressive, a book in each pocket and his thoughts 300 miles deep north, it might have been the subject of your lecture." This recalls to an English commentator another anecdote of Mr. Barrie. "I am always at Thurins," he said, "except when the papers say I am."

Blonde Indians.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Maya Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre Mountains, in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel, wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the new world. But this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folklore tale current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

Sympathy of Dog Owners.

A woman arrested for keeping a dog without a license in London pleaded extreme poverty, and the Magistrate allowed her 14 days to raise the money. The newspapers spoke of the case, and within a week the Clerk of the Court received \$151 from British dog fanciers for her relief.

Trifles light as hair sometimes turn the whole course of a man's appetite.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

Extraordinary Action of a Flash on a Man's Body.

The effects of lightning as it passes to earth through the body of a man vary within an astonishingly wide range. It sometimes happens that a person is killed outright without any symptoms or sign of injury. It may be that death is preceded by collapse, paralysis or convulsion. Usually there are marks where the current has entered or left the body, or clothes may have been scorched, or hemorrhage may have occurred, and more than one case has been recorded where boots have been torn off the feet and nails driven out of the soles of the boots. Seldom does it happen that lightning leaves such appalling evidence of its transit as that disclosed at an inquest held at Hulford House, near Guildford. The evidence showed that the previous Wednesday there had been a single flash of lightning and a clap of thunder, and about half an hour afterward Maj. Jameson was found lying on his face in a field quite dead. Around him, in a radius of several yards, were his clothes and boots, which had been torn and scattered about in an extraordinary manner. The lightning appears to have struck him on the right side of the head, tearing his cap to pieces and burning his hair off. It then passed inside his collar down the front of his body and both legs into his boots, which were torn to pieces, and then passed into the ground, making a hole about eighteen inches in circumference and three inches deep. His collar was torn to pieces, the front of his shirt was rent into ribbons, the jacket and under-vest were literally torn to shreds, and the knickerbockers he was wearing were stripped from him and scattered on the ground. His stockings and garters were similarly torn in pieces, and on the boots the lightning had a remarkable effect. They were burst open, some of the brass eyelet holes were torn off. The skin had been torn off the chest, and the right leg was torn and blackened; blood was issuing from the mouth and right ear. In connection with this fatality two circumstances of a more or less unusual kind may be noted. There is, first, the single lightning flash, neither preceded nor followed by others in the neighborhood, and, secondly, the fact that the person who was struck was "in the open." The latter comparatively seldom happens, perhaps because shelter is instinctively and unwisely sought. Here there was no warning and no time for this, and so, without any neighboring object at hand to subdivide and share the discharge, the latter had only one route to earth, viz., the body of his victim. The wet or dry condition of the clothes is an important point in such cases. It often happens that in persons exposed to a thunderstorm the clothes are wet, and therefore afford a comparatively easy passage to any electric current. In the case above detailed the clothes were presumably dry, and therefore had electric conductors, and the destructive effect of the lightning would be in proportion to the resistance encountered in transit.—Lancet.

New Cycle Game.

After many experiments a really interesting and practical game to be played by men and women mounted on bicycles has been evolved. It is called "Royal" and meets with great favor at all cycling centers. The game requires two teams of nine riders each, two judges, a timekeeper, a scorekeeper and a referee. The field or court upon which it is played is divided into a right and left field. Riding courses are chalked out indicating the field. The cables form two upright sides. An alleyway constructed of cables extends from the upper to the lower field on the division line, between the right and left field. The cables form two upright sides, between which they play wheel rolls, and is driven backward or forward by the riders in passing at any point between the lower and upper field. This play wheel is a single twenty-eight-inch bicycle rim, having a four and a half-inch pneumatic tire. The idea of the game is to drive this play-wheel from the center field through attack of opponents to a goal ahead, riders using specially made sticks in striking or driving the wheel. The ends of the alleyways are the goals for the respective teams. Players ride in single file and always circle to the left. Then the two teams are constantly meeting and passing each other in opposite directions on opposite sides of the alleyway. The game requires much skill in riding and is very exciting.—Philadelphia Lanet.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Annals ought to have let his wife tell it first. "The trouble about falling in love is that you can't always light on your feet, like a cat."

Good society is one that requires ministers to be moral, women to act as men and men to look it.

Under certain circumstances champagne will affect a woman's brain almost as much as a new hat.

A woman that is clever enough to make a man think she is silly can do anything she wants to with him.

When a woman looks happy in church, as if she enjoyed the sermon so much, she has probably just thought of a way to have her old serge fixed over.—New York Press.

Plazza Amenities.

"Is your sister's husband coming down over Sunday?"

"No; it's too far."

"Too far? Why, the charm of this place is its accessibility."

"Yes; but my sister is a widow."

Puck.

If a friend comes to your office to borrow money and finds you in you will be out, but if he finds you out you will be in.