

BUT IS THAT ALL?

A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day,
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy—and that is life.

AN ENEMY TO ELECTRICITY

If Miss Selina Emmons had known just a little more about the company...

When there was a rumor that the electric wires were coming through Brooklyn...

But when the company wrote and wanted to know if they might buy a strip of her land...

Sell her land for an electric line, forsooth! She wouldn't have the horrid things within sight...

She thought of the scathing replies she might make to them, repudiating their proposal...

She smiled when she had done this. How they would feel when they got that answer!

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ment on the weather. There was one young motorman who was her special favorite...

"Any time you want to try it," he told her, "just come along on my car, and I'll be extra careful of you."

Miss Selina laughed and told him that she would go on his car when she went, but that she didn't think either one of them would live long enough to see the day.

In August he told her one day: "You'd better go with me tomorrow. It's my last day on the line. I've been transferred."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Bally," said Selina. "So am I," he answered.

On his last trip in the afternoon he said: "Be ready at 7 sharp," then laughed and swung onto his car and clattered away.

The next morning at 7:15 she was all ready, her work done and the door locked behind her as she sat on the step waiting.

"Going?" he called. "Well, that's good. Sit on the front seat here, then you can see and get the air."

"Do you usually go faster?" she asked. "Oh, just about the same, I guess."

"I was going to say you needn't go any slower on my account. It doesn't scare me a bit. I like to go fast."

When he stopped at her house she sat motionless. "I guess I won't get out yet," she said.

The next time there was a wall she seemed abstracted. She was busy with a problem in mental arithmetic.

"I can get along without the carpet," she said to herself, "and the paint and paper don't look very bad, anyway."

Canary Birds and Consumption. Almost every week the medical papers add another item to their list of deadly dangers.

"Among cage birds, pigeons and poultry, tuberculosis is a common disease, and there is a strong probability that avian infection can be conveyed to human beings who keep birds within the house."

"Feeding and nursing sick birds and blowing the dust and husks from their seed and cleaning the cage are not without danger. In my opinion the canary or any other bird kept in the kitchen is a positive peril to the household."

"Parrots can also be attacked by tuberculosis, which is characterized frequently by new growths of horny skin, which sometimes attain a considerable size."

"Pittacoids, an infectious disease of parrots, has already been observed to cause a serious and fatal pneumonia of a special type transmitted by these birds to man."

"Taking into consideration the unnatural and unhealthy life to which man subjects the domestic animals, especially birds confined in small cages, it is not surprising that these captives should become diseased and pollute the air with pathogenic microscopic organisms."

Abraham White, the successful bidder for Boston's new loan of four millions, started out early in 1894 with a capital of one postage stamp.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

The Great Chinese Wall Soon to Be Torn Down.

The great Chinese wall is to be torn down. The most famous feature of the Celestial Kingdom, known to every schoolboy and schoolgirl in America...

The dowager empress of China has decreed it, and contracting firms in New York and Chicago have undertaken to do the stupendous work.

The tearing down of the great wall along China's northern border is like the task of raising all the buildings of New York, Boston and Chicago.

The Chinese wall is 1,500 miles long. It would extend from New York to the city of St. Paul, Minn. In places it is thirty feet high, twenty-five feet thick at the base and fifteen feet wide on top.

It is the greatest example of useless labor and oriental stupidity and exclusiveness ever exhibited. By this means the Chinese in the year 214 B. C.—2,100 years ago—thought to fence in their kingdom and forever keep out invading strangers and foreign customs.

Now the shrewd empress has decided to turn the great wall to some use. Its stones and bricks and mortar will be used to build levees along the rivers which yearly devastate China's most fertile valleys and bring starvation and death to myriads of her people.

Where the great wall runs near cities its material will be used in the construction of long needed public buildings, aqueducts and other public improvements.

It is estimated that there is enough material in the great wall to build one hundred cities the size of Peking. China's capital, besides constructing all the levees and aqueducts needed in northern China.

The Chinese officials realize that it would probably take another 2,000 years to accomplish these things by Oriental methods. So they are letting contracts to American firms on condition that this great work shall be done in five years.

Already steam drills are at work at the huge wall, and dynamite charges are breaking up the masonry that has withstood twenty centuries of progress.

The great wall was built by the emperor Tsin Chi-hwangti, two centuries before the Christian era, in order to repel the Tartar hordes of horsemen from the north, and to keep out all foreign influence from his empire.

This idea of shutting China up within a wall was not altogether original with this emperor. Other rulers had built walls along certain exposed frontiers to keep out invading nomads.

It took ten years to do this, and the labor of two million men during that time. This same mighty emperor who built the great wall is also notable for another deed. He burned all the books and written records of China, in order that the written history of his empire should date from his reign.

The part of the great wall which is most interesting is Nankow Pass and the Pataling Gate. The wall here forms a dividing line between the rocky hills of China and the barren plains of Mongolia.

In this way it extends in an irregular zigzag up and down their sides runs this endless chain of masonry until lost to view on the farthest range.

In the most distant parts the wall degenerates into a simple stone and earth embankment. But for the most part its sides are faced with solid stone and brick masonry.

From time to time Chinese rulers of the Christian era have repaired and built additions to the great wall. In the seventh century 300,000 men were employed in strengthening the part of the wall which crosses the Nankow pass just northwest of Peking.

At the same time 200,000 men renewed another portion of it. Again, five hundred years ago, in the dynasty of the Ming emperors, vast armies were employed in building additions to the wall and adding new battlements and parapets.

In explanation of the present Chinese government's change of policy indicated by the tearing down of this ancient landmark, Chi-Yuen-ti, a Chinese mandarin from Peking, who was in New York last week, made this statement: "The mighty undertaking that is before our government in this destruction of the eighth wonder of the world is a proof that China is about to take a giant stride toward a better and stronger civilization."

THE POET.

His home is in the heights; to him Men wage a battle weird and dim, Life is a mission stern as fate, And Song a dread apostolate.

He presses on before the race, And sings out of a silent place, Like faint notes of a forest bird, On heights afar that voice is heard;

O men of earth, that wandering voice Still goes the upward way, rejoice! —Edwin Markham.

ROMANCE OF A WINDOW.

The other evening one of the members of the very exclusive Kinloch club of this city, relates the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, pointed up to the beautiful colored glass window immediately over the fireplace and asked the group if they knew the story of the window.

It was the evening on which the reception was given to Captain Coghlan of the Raleigh, and there were many invited guests, in addition to the members of the club. They all gathered about the fireplace and gazed up at the stained glass. Those who had glanced carelessly at the window before looked at it carefully, and commented on it as a genuine work of art.

It is not an ordinary window, with its part joined by frames of lead, but is of the finest kind of colored cathedral glass, so perfectly joined that the seams are not visible. It is paneled in shape, and in the colored glass appears the face and form of a beautiful woman. She is in the costume of a dancer and her skirts fall but little below the knees. The figure is perfect in its proportions, and the face is one of surprising beauty.

A close inspection tells of the worth of the window, and convinces one that the production is a real work of art, of rare value, and not the chance idea of a window designer.

The story of the window, which is known to but few outside the circle of the club itself, was told as follows by the clubman: "You see, when it came to the decoration of the clubhouse, on its completion, we wanted something out of the ordinary and we appointed a committee to go to Chicago and select a number of articles which we thought could be selected to good advantage there."

We got the notion of securing some good colored glass in the way of fancy windows and the like, and the three of us dropped into a State street store for the purpose of picking out something of the kind. We looked at a lot of pictures and designs, and heard the dealer expatiate on the merits of different kinds of colored glass until we had a hopeless and confused idea of the whole transaction and felt that the buying of colored glass windows was something that ought never to be attempted by anyone but an expert.

When we had all finally reached the point where we were about to admit our helplessness, one of our number spoke of and, with as much dignity as he could muster declared that the photograph and plan business was all right, so far as it went, but what we wanted was to see something of the real thing in the way of work done by the firm.

The dealer looked surprised, hesitated and finally said he had something that might please us in a decorative colored glass panel window. He went to the back of the shop and carefully lifted from its box a beautifully colored window panel. It was in the richest of colors and depicted a dancing girl in short skirts. The dealer said that the glass had been prepared abroad and was left on his hands under most peculiar circumstances.

A rich Chicagoan had, immediately after marrying, decided that as a part of the decoration of his new home he would have a window in which the face and form of his wife would appear. He got together the necessary photographs in appropriate costumes and brought them to the glass window concern, where estimates were made as to the probable cost. He wanted naught but the best and was not content to have the picture painted or burned into the glass. He wanted the work done in the actual colored glass.

The dealer was obliged to send the photographs and an extended explanation of what was wanted abroad and there the window was made. It took ten months for its completion and when it was finished and returned the dealer notified his rich patron. But the window never found a place in the rich man's house. They had been married long enough to become estranged and divorced. The rich man had completed the house he had built for his bride and was living alone in it. There were enough sad memories about the house without having the face of the woman from whom he had separated looking down on him from one of the great windows, so the window was never accepted.

Some one thoughtfully took away the Rev. H. Abraham's new silk hat at the Cardiff Baptist college meeting of Tuesday and, of course, left a very poor one behind, says the London Telegram. With a view of finding the culprit, the reverend gentleman composed and had the following lines read out by Dr. Edwards at the luncheon: "I've sometimes lost my head, But there's not much in that; A sadder thing has happened here, For I have lost my hat; I'd like to find the thiefish sinner, Perchance he's sitting here at dinner."

Before the reverend gentleman left the table the hat was returned—a fine tribute to poor poetry.

THE SCARECROW APPENDICITIS.

It is remarkable how our forefathers managed to live "long and happy" in their ignorance of the vermiform appendix. Perhaps like the X-ray, this appendix is the creation of modern science, or the need of modern surgery.

Certain it is that this vermiform appendix or the knife of the new surgeon has largely curtailed the pleasures, if not the duration of life. We are in mortal dread of berries, grapes, figs and small seeded vegetables, lest that useless appendix or the ready knife of the surgeon will "do us up." Which is which? I confess I am in considerable doubt.

But one of the profession, Dr. Hutton, appears to attach much more blame to the knife than to the appendix. He may be right. He ought to know; I don't. I do know that the knife is fearfully fatal. This eminent and experienced Dr. Hutton gives some very cheerful encouragement to those chronic sufferers with supposed appendicitis in the Medical Record, from which I quote: "This paper is a protest against the current surgical theory and practice that all cases of appendicitis must be split open. The protest is based on twenty-seven years' experience as physician and surgeon."

My experience is that appendicitis and all other clychaches for which men now operate, are promptly amenable to proper medical treatment. I can recall one hundred cases treated with symptoms of this malady, but I have never yet met a case of it in which I felt it was my duty to cut, or which terminated fatally. I shall cite other unimpeachable practitioners who share my views that medical treatment avails in this malady, one showing forty-nine out of fifty-one cases successfully treated—being more than 96 per cent. My treatment for appendicitis is free calomel and soda purgation, supplemented by hot applications, to be followed by a saline if action is too slow."

Perhaps it would be well to forget the vermiform appendix and let science and surgery fight it out in their own sweet way.—Atlanta Constitution.

Dazzling Richness Prevails.

The Russian court, military and ministerial dress is costly and rich in the extreme, and this richness is carried out even to the liveries of the servants, their scarlet coats being literally ablaze with gold. It is a fact that no court in the world presents such a picturesque and magnificent appearance as does that of Russia. At any function, therefore, the show is brilliant, but more especially, perhaps, at a ball, when the rich evening toilets of the ladies, enhanced by jewels of priceless worth, add much to the already brilliant effect.

The Russian dances are of a very stately description and both the emperor and empress take part in them very thoroughly.

The aspect of the armorial hall where the supper is often laid is grand beyond all description. This meal is not partaken of standing, as at the majority of courts, but the guests sit down at the long row of tables. A procession is formed, which is headed by his imperial majesty and the most distinguished lady present, and the room is then entered in the order of precedence. Of course, an immense quantity of plate is displayed. This, and the china that is also used are noted all through Europe for their richness and beauty. There is one service alone capable of dining 500 persons that is composed entirely of the purest silver overlaid with gold. Added to all this the use of a variety of the choicest fruits and the rarest flowers, among which orchids figure largely, makes the scene one of the most gorgeous magnificence.

During the evening a state progress through the suite of rooms is made by the imperial personages and the chief officers of the household, the guests forming up into a long avenue on either side. One special feature is that two or three of the largest halls in the palace are on the occasion of the ball fitted up as a huge conservatory, palms, exotics, ferns, banks of flowers and even fruit trees being transplanted thither with the most marvelous effect.

Electric light is carried throughout and glows down from myriads of globes and a variety of colors. In this veritable fairyland hundreds of seats are placed for the convenience of the guests between the dances. It would be utterly impossible to mention the rare works of art to be seen in this palace, comprising paintings, statuary, collections of jewels, antiquities and curios of every description. Everything is of oriental magnificence and to see it all the eye must be weary of the continuous dazzle.—English Magazine.

Brutes Not Deceived. "It's a singular fact," said a man in the show business, "that 'lusions' as we call 'em, don't fool animals. I've seen that proven over and over again. A few years ago I had what is known as the 'Mystic Maze' at the Nashville exposition. It was simply a small room filled with mirrors, so arranged that you seemed to be in a narrow corridor full of turns. It was very puzzling, and I used to get lost in the place myself, but it never bothered my dog a moment. He would run through it from end to end at full speed and never bump against a mirror."

"I saw something on the same line in 'Frisco not long ago. A friend of mine had an illusion called 'The Haunted Swing.' You get in what seems to be an ordinary swing, hung in the center of a good-sized room, and the thing begins to move. It goes back and forth and finally clear over the top—that is to say, it seems to. What really turns round is the room itself—the swing stands perfectly still. It is a good illusion, and when the room is revolved rapidly there never was a man who could keep his head in the swing. It seems as if he must certainly pitch out, and if the motion is kept up he gets deadly sick. But a pet cat belonging to my friend used to lie on the edge of the seat and never turn a hair, no matter how fast the thing was worked."

The elder Herrmann told me that animals were never deceived by false table legs, built up with looking glasses, and used in stage tricks. They always passed around on the other side. I guess they must see better, somehow, than men."

STORY OF ROBERT BONNER.

A story told of the late Robert Bonner is sometimes laid to the nimble wit of the inimitable William R. Traversa. Mr. Bonner was riding in a street car one day with his son, then a little boy. The car was crowded and Mr. Bonner had taken the little boy on his knee. Presently a handsome and stylish young woman entered and Mr. Bonner nudged his son from his knee.

"My boy," he said, gravely, "get up and give the lady your seat." Even the young woman had to join in the titter that followed.

The only time in his life that Mr. Bonner ever made a bet was when he was a typesetter on the old Hartford Courant. A "four" of the name of Hand came down the line with the advance reputation of being the swiftest compositor on earth.

"Maybe," said the Courant men, "but you haven't tried Bonner yet." "Huh!" said the "four." "I'll try him for \$10 a side." "I never bet," said Mr. Bonner. "You better not," laughed the challenger.

Mr. Bonner changed his mind. He put up \$10, got down to work, and besides consuming two pieces of custard pie, set 25,000 ems of solid minion type in twenty hours and twenty-eight minutes. The feat has never been equaled.

Mr. Bonner's greatest pride was that he never borrowed or owed. The only thing he ever borrowed was a maxim from Emerson—"Oh, discontented man! Whatever you want, pay the price and take it!" He did. Whenever he wanted anything he paid for it. The price sometimes came high. But Mr. Bonner got it all the same.

Mr. Bonner's place at Tarrytown was one of the finest trotting farms in the country. But, strange to relate, he never spent a night there from the time he bought it till the day he died. Why, no one ever knew. It was a notion of his—just that and nothing else.

Once Mr. Bonner wanted a place in Westchester. He found one that was satisfactory and asked whether there was malaria in the neighborhood. The agent said no; there was no malaria in Westchester, but over across the line there was plenty. Every household in the county told him the same thing. So Mr. Bonner bought the place and promptly got malaria. A few days afterward an advertisement appeared in the New York newspapers. Mr. Bonner offered his place for sale. In the advertisement he enlarged upon the fact that it was the only place in the entire county where malaria could be caught, but, notwithstanding this great and uncommon advantage, he would sell it at a reasonable price. In support of his statement Mr. Bonner called attention to the assertion of every real estate dealer in the neighborhood that there was no malaria in the county. He sold the place.

"It's too bad," said a friend to him one day, "that Charles Dickens won't write for American publications." "He won't, eh?" cried Mr. Bonner. "Just wait till I try."

He rushed down to his office, wrote to Dickens asking for a story and with the letter sent a draft for \$5,000. Dickens was carried off his feet. He accepted and at the same time asked whether this was the way American publishers did business.

"It's the way this one does," answered Mr. Bonner. A while afterward Mr. Bonner captured Tennyson by the same plan.

Mr. Bonner, with all the tens of thousands of stories he published, never read fiction. The only stories he ever finished were Dickens' "Hunted Down" and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.'s "The Gunmaker of Moscow." It was his custom to read merely the opening chapter, and if he found it satisfactory to have the story read through by his readers.

Once, when Mr. Bonner's capital was just \$8,000, he determined to make certain advertising. When the estimate was brought to him it was \$10,000. "Too much," said he to the advertising agent, "cut it down to \$8,000. That's all the money I have."

"Can't do it," said the agent, "but I'll trust you for the \$2,000." "I know that," said Mr. Bonner, "but I won't let you."

The agent cut the difference. "Am I a teetotaler? No," said Mr. Bonner in answer to the question. "No, I am not a teetotaler. I had a glass of sherry when I came to New York in 1844." It is not on record that he ever took another.

A Royal Love Story.

From a London cable letter: The quiet marriage of M. le Comte de Jarnet to the Duchesse Marie Mecklenberg-Birelitz is one of the most romantic royal unions of the century. Jarnet is the handsome and distinguished looking son of an apothecary at Fontainebleau, who made a considerable fortune. Young Jarnet went into the army, got in with the smartest French nobleman, became acknowledged as the Duc de Sagan's only serious rival for the position of the best dressed man in Paris, was made a count of the Holy Roman empire by the pope for his religious benefactions, and at the age of 31 has married a rooklooking daughter of one of the most exclusive of German princely families, has become hereditary duke and cousin of the Kaiser, grandnephew of Queen Victoria, and kinsman of every royal family in Europe. But he has got into serious trouble with his patron, the pope, over the marriage. The duchess is a Protestant, and the pope gave his dispensation on the usual condition that there should be no ceremony except that in a Catholic church, but after the Catholic ceremony the bridal party drove to a Protestant church, where the marriage was solemnized according to the Protestant rite, though Jarnet protests he thought that nothing more was being done than the recital of a prayer. The marriage took place after a month's engagement, the young duchess having fallen violently in love with Jarnet last May in Paris.