

OLD FAVORITES

The Death of the Flowers.
The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread,
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beautiful sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of flowers,
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchids died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague of men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The southwind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side,
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

The Diner Hour.
O hour of all hours, the most blest upon earth,
Blest hour of our dinners!
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends, and venom of foes;
The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
The money he borrow'd, the money he spent;
All of those things a man, I believe, may forget,
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
Never, never, oh, never! earth's luckiest sinner,
Hath, unguessed, forgotten the hour of his dinner!
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and persecute him with some ache
Or some pain, and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live with out dining?
—Owen Meredith.

Song.
Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lie;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise,
—William Shakespeare.

NEW-STYLE CATTLE-PUNCHING.

Is Now Done by Electricity, with Remarkable Results.
The employees of the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Packing Company here now employ electricity to drive the cattle into the beef beds instead of shouts, clubs, whips and prods.
The application of electricity is made by two insulated wires connected with the light wires over the catching pen and the knocking pens. The current passes through a stick and connects with two brass points on the end.
"Punchers" is the name given the sticks. There are two punchers, each six feet long, in the catch pen, and five, four feet long, in the knocking pens. The insulated wires are about twenty feet long, thus covering a distance in the pens of about thirty feet each.
One hundred and twenty-five volts of electricity are turned on. It is enough to make a sharp, stinging sensation, without leaving a mark or

bruise on the beef. It is said fifty volts would be as effective.
The work is done in one-half the time and with half the exertion. The effect on the steer of the magic touch is amusing to see. A steer touched on the left hip immediately throws his hinderquarters as far as he can to the right. He cocks one ear straight ahead and one straight back, switches his tail and starts straight ahead, not caring for a second shock.
There is a look of surprise in his eyes, and he seems to know that all the trouble lies in the end of the stick. He doesn't stop to get mad or howl. He has urgent business at the other end of the pen. That is exactly where the drivers and knockers want him.
It completely does away with all back rushes and dragging in with chains, for just as long as the puncher is behind, the steer is just as far as he can get in front. The savings of time and of bruised meat are also items to be considered.
This novel instrument, says a Kansas City special to the New York Herald, is the invention of L. E. Unroe, the machinist in the beef beds, who has made several other useful improvements in the machinery.
Superintendent J. L. Sterrett says "The cattle puncher is a great money saver, as well as an instrument for saving breaths, muscle and morals. Many actual dollars are saved because bruised beef is kept at the lowest minimum ever reached."

DO NOT SCOLD.
Women of that Temper Are Disagreeable to All and Usually Unhappy.
No one is so disagreeable as the habitual scold, who is continually criticizing and finding fault with those who surround her in daily life. Sons, daughters and husbands have been driven away from home because of her, and thousands fall into dangerous temptations. The scold sows seeds which bear a rich harvest for the saloon and clubrooms, says a writer in the Pittsburg Press.
All women in authority, be it at the head of a home or a business department, should study consideration of other people's feelings. The common scold or the continual fault-finder is perhaps the most disagreeable person in the world, not only unhappy herself but making others so.
Scolding, in one light, is really an accomplishment—that is, when used for the proper correction of servants and children. If you feel called upon to deliver a rebuke to a servant make it clear to that offender that your displeasure is justified; never lose your temper, but be calm and dignified, for remember that your bearing has much to do with the respect that you are held in by those under your authority. Never let a scolding degenerate into nagging, for if you do you lose all claim for respect from the delinquent and the person at fault becomes your critic, and a very scornful one at that.
Let all scolding be gauged by the error, but do not make any one rebuke long drawn out. Give each a hopeful ending.
When properly administered a merited scolding quickly bears the fruit of better behavior on the part of the offending one.
Many wives have spoiled the good nature of their husbands by seizing upon some fault, trivial perhaps, and constantly dwelling upon it.
The art of pleasing consists in making our daily lives agreeable to others as well as to ourselves. To throw a grain of the ideal and of poetry into our surroundings is going to make them less commonplace and more congenial. If a woman has the tact of making others comfortable, then she is endowed with the gift of making life happy. The gracious woman shines through a collection of beautiful qualities. She not only pleases the eye by her outward air of freshness and health, but she charms the mind by a characteristic worth. The cultivation of the physical body produces the bloom of health; but quip as necessary in making a woman beautiful is the cultivation of the intellect which gives her the inimitable attraction of knowledge. Then there is the cultivation of the heart, which gives her those gentle graces which are to her what the perfume is to the flower.
Where home is made unhappy by a great fault of the husband, if he is worthy of loving and saving, he is more effectively appealed to by tenderness than by denunciation or scorn.

It Was a Hopeless Case.
A balky horse is an annoying creature under any circumstances, but the story of an incident which happened during a regimental drill raises the question whether such a horse may not simply be overconscientious.
The sun blazed down on a field of hot, tired horses and excited men, all waiting for a big, raw-boned animal to succumb to the urgings of the starter and get into line.
"Bring up that horse!" shouted one of the officers at last, his patience having given out. "You'll get into trouble if you don't!"
The youthful rider of the refractory horse looked at his officer despairingly. "I'm as tired of it as you are, sir," he said, with dull resignation, "but I can't help it. He's a cab horse, sir, that's what he is. He won't start till he hears the door shut, sir, and I haven't got any door to shut!"
The time comes terribly soon to people when they quit staying out late nights, and join those who lie wide awake worrying over those who are out.

The girls named Lillie never agree on the spelling. Some spell it Lilly, others Lilly, and others Lillie.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.
Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.
Britannia rules the wave—when Mr. Morgan walves his rule.
People have died for love that would have made them miserable if they could have had it.
Peary says the north pole can be reached. There are others who say that perpetual motion can be solved.
Miss Snow Flake lives at Pilot Point, Texas. Let us hope that she is always able to keep cool under the most trying circumstances.
We still insist that the greatest of all American heroes is the taxpayer. His is the sort of heroism that keeps the government going.
Lieutenant Peary says he found much ice. If he thinks the public is going to get excited over that sort of a discovery he is a poor guesser.
It is safe to venture the assertion that in most cases the people who kill themselves because they fear losing their minds have mighty little mind to lose.
Bee sting is now considered a cure for rheumatism. A man who runs counter to the little insect's ideas of its personal rights usually forgets his rheumatism.
The Boer generals were said to be deeply interested in the London chorus girls. But this may simply be a rumor invented for the purpose of injuring them at home.
Prince Victor Dhulep Singh asserts that if his allowance had been sufficient he would not have run in debt. That's just the way it is with most young men and some old ones.

A Massachusetts man sent King Edward some verses on appendicitis, and Edward has sent him a letter of thanks. There is no doubt that England wants to be friendly with this country.
There is a story going the rounds of a man who saw an advertisement offering, for thirteen stamps, to tell you how to win the girl you love. He sent the stamps, and the reply was, "Get a million dollars and let her look at it." Yet he had no case against the scoundrel, for any court would see that it might influence the lady's choice.
Of 23,000 children placed in families by the Children's Aid Society, only six have been arrested and sent to reform schools—New York letter. This ought to stagger the old notion of incurable hereditary tendency. Common sense application of kindness and moral training still maintains its position as the most potent force in the world.
The truth is that the Newport set is made up of silly, jaded people, with no resources in themselves, who are eager in their quest for a new sensation. They mean no wrong because they do not mean anything. The trouble with them is not that they live vicious lives, but that they do not know what morality means. We have no doubt that a sensational press exaggerates their misdoings, but it is impossible to exaggerate their lack of stability or their failure to appreciate the responsibility that rests on them.
"Do a large portion of the sons of ministers not turn out as well as the sons of other people?" This was the interesting question discussed by the Society of the Sons of Ministers of the Church of Scotland, at its recent session in Glasgow. The chief speaker, who is the Moderator of the General Assembly, declared that the "sons of the manse" had given more ornaments to art, literature and science than any other class. It is probable that any American who takes the trouble to count up the children of ministers known to him, and to weigh them in the balance, will come to the same conclusion.
The history of Arctic exploration has been an unbroken chronicle of scandal and disaster, ever since the abortive craze first found lodgment in the mind of man. Some of the chapters are too frightful to even think about, much less discuss. All of them are testimonies of failure, tragedy, often horror and disgrace. The record is without a redeeming feature so far as concerns the happiness of mankind or the increase of human knowledge. Untold thousands of money have been expended in this crazy quest. Innumerable hundreds of lives have been vainly sacrificed, scandals, hatreds, animosities without number have been spawned. But the world is no wiser, no better, no more prosperous in consequence.

When the novelists get through re-writing history shall we have to revise our ideals? They have reconstructed Pterius and Aaron Burr, "Bloody Mary," Henry VIII, and other "shady" characters, almost persuading some of us that these were gentle-hearted, high-minded creatures who have been scandalously vilified. But suppose the novelists should take to "writing down" Washington and Martin Luther, Sidney and Bayard and Joan of Arc? Then the next generation might find itself worshipping new heroes and heroines. Seriously, however, there is something to be said in favor of attempts to lift the load of obliquity that rests upon many a historical character. A man's

contemporaries seldom see him as he really is, and they do not at all see him as he thinks he is or as he wants to be. They put their own interpretation upon his deed, and give him limited credit for his aspirations. But such personal prejudices die with those who hold them. In the clear white light of history one who chooses to look may see the actual character—a compound of good and evil, like all the rest of us. The danger that really threatens from the new fashion of rehabilitating historic personages is that an author who in good faith undertakes such a task may become a partisan and an apologist. Then the infatuated man assumes that his hero's acts were justifiable because his hero performed them. Then every page he writes sets up a false standard of conduct, and confuses the difference between right and wrong. The thing to be borne in mind by both the writer and the reader of historical fiction is that a tendency to extense ill-doing is not an "amiable weakness," but a betrayal of principle.

Librarians are now busily engaged in "weeding out" the works of Oliver Optic and all that class of juvenile books, and are substituting others of a higher literary finish. Probably the reform deserves all the adult enthusiasm and praise with which it is accompanied, but the librarians are liable to err if they reckon without the boy in this matter. There are worse books than the Oliver Optic kind, and it may be well to consider the danger that too high a literary standard may drive boys to reading behind the barn rather than in the library. The point in question appears in the statement of a Pittsburg boy of 15 who said: "I like Conan Doyle, but he comes high; you can get a lot of this for a nickel"—"this" being a second-hand copy of "Jesse James." But, as Harper's Weekly points out, "Sherlock Holmes" can be had at the public library for less than a nickel. One suspects that the Pittsburg boy was not quite frank in stating his reasons for preferring the tempestuous biography of the American bandit to the carefully analyzed exploits of Sherlock Holmes. The truth is that a boy of 15 has not yet arrived at the age when analysis of motives appeals to him. What he wants is action—something doing on every page. He does not read "The Life and Adventures of Jesse James" because he likes the criminality in it, but because the robber keeps things moving. He reads Oliver Optic for a similar reason. When it comes to a choice between the yellow backed story of crime and the trashy but harmless tales of the current "juvenile" writer, there is no question as to which is preferable. The raising of the standards of juvenile literature is very desirable, but the moment the standard is elevated above the plane of youthful interest it closes the library doors to the boys and sends them to the literature of the back stairs and the street corners. The line that excludes Oliver Optic is not far from the region of ultra reform. Librarians will do well, at any rate, to remember that a boy must have action, and plenty of it, in the books that he reads voluntarily. If he cannot get it in a wholesome or at least a harmless form he will get it in robber romances.

TIGERS LOVE LAVENDER.
Experiments of a Naturalist with Herb on Members of Cat Family.
Lions and tigers dearly love lavender. They like it quite as well as cats like catnip. The naturalist Rev. J. G. Woods tells this: "Wanting to be on good terms with the leopard Old Man, I took some lavender water with me. Before giving it to the leopard I thought I would try the effect on Bessy, a fine tigress, who has for some time been very gracious in her conduct toward me. I poured a few drops of the perfume on a small piece of brown paper and held it out to her. She first gave a prolonged sniff, and then scraped the paper out of my hand and laid it on the floor of the cage. First, she sniffed at it repeatedly, raising her nose high in the air after every sniff. Then she tore it into little pieces, which she strewn over the floor. Then she rolled over and over on the perfumed fragments, giving a series of muffled yelps of delight, and then began leaping all over the cage, springing up until her head struck against the roof, turning over in the air and coming down on the boarded floor with a mighty thump, as might be expected from an animal weighing more than 300 pounds. Next I tried the effect on the leopard Old Man, who occupied the next cage, and found that he was even more powerfully affected than the tigress, sobbing over the perfume until the floor of the cage was quite wet, and rolling over and over, exactly as his neighbor had done. Meantime Empress, who occupied a cage on the opposite side of the building, had scented the lavender water from a distance and was loudly expressing her opinion that she had been shamefully neglected. So I gave her a liberal dose of the perfume, and she, being only a young thing and unaccustomed to self-control, straightway proceeded to go mad over it."

What a Horse Power Is.
A horse power is the force required to lift a dead weight of 33,000 pounds one foot a minute. To find the horse power of an engine, multiply the area of the piston in inches by the average steam pressure in pounds per square inch. Multiply the product by the travel of the piston in feet per minute and divide that product by 33,000. If an engine is rated at seventy-three horse power it will raise 33,000 pounds one foot seventy-three times in one minute.
The light comedian nearly always weighs more than the heavy tragedian.

COUNTRY BOYS RISE.

WHY THEY EXCEL LADS BROUGHT UP IN THE CITY.
Lack of Opportunity the Best Equipment for Serious Struggle of Life—The Town-Bred Boy Is Likely to Early Become Bland.
A country boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggle of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest hindrance a city boy has to contend with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him till he begins the real business of life—a business which each individual must carry on for himself. For the city boy everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his teens. Brought up in the feverish rush of a place where great things are happening day by day, he sees the world with a cynic's eyes and despises the small things which, like the bricks in a house, go to the upbuilding of characters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value he has little taste and scant regard.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast, perhaps, as those trained by a system; he may not be able to jump so high or so far, or excel in any of the sports upon which hebestows so much time and from which we get so much of pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed, and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred racehorse has a fine flight of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time.
Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something not only interesting but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is too apt cynically to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the use?"
Of the men who have achieved great prominence and high influence in our affairs of state the country boys are at least twenty to one over the city lads. Nowadays, indeed, our cynical city lads look upon men who take an active interest in public affairs as rather low fellows and quite beneath their associations and notice. But the country boys are at the top in other lines of endeavor. In finance they are pre-eminent, and the great bank presidents of to-day in the great cities nearly all learned to read and to cipher in country schools where birch and fern had not succumbed to the civilizing influences of scientific pedagogy. Our great railways were in the main built by them, and to-day the administrators of these great companies are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where work began in early infancy, and a sense of duty developed while still the tisp of childhood lingered.

Some city boys, however, are of such sturdy stuff, and endowed with such natural gifts, that they succeed by reason of their inherent superiority; others succeed abundantly because they have used their opportunities wisely, and in real life have pursued the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places; though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of country birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for.—John Gilmer Speed, in Brandur Magazine.

YOUTH AND CRABBED OLD AGE.
Young Men Who Would Not Allow Themselves to Be Squeezed.
Our respect for age dwells in us side by side with enthusiasm for youth. Nothing gives one more of a glow than when a young man deservedly beats a man of an older generation. It is that glow which has made a familiar quotation of Pitt's famous retort to Walpole, that crushing sentence beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man."
A judge named Robinson was noted for his peevish, sneering manner. Hoare, the Irish lawyer, was once arguing in a case before him. The judge was unusually stern, and finally roused the young barrister by accusing him of intending to bring the king's commission into contempt.
"No, my lord," said Hoare; "I have read in a book that when a peasant, during the troubles of Charles I., found

the crown in a bush, he showed it all reverence. In like manner I shall respect the king's commission, though I find it on a bramble."
Robinson was reported to have risen to his rank by the publication of some slavish and scurrilous pamphlets. Once in the days when Curran was poor and unknown, struggling against great adversity, he appeared before Robinson. The judge tried to extinguish him. When Curran declared that he had consulted all his law books, and could not find a case that did not support his position, Robinson answered:
"I suspect your law library is rather contracted."
This brutal and unnecessary remark stung Curran's pride and roused him at once.
"It is true, my lord," he said, after a moment's contemptuous silence, "that I am poor, and the circumstance has curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope I have perused them well. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones."

The Tradition of St. Swithin's Day.
Somebody at Boston has taken the trouble to expose Saint Swithin, who is shown to be a pious old fraud, and incidentally some rather interesting figures are collected showing the number of rainy days in various summers since 1872.
Saint Swithin's day, it will be remembered, is July 15, and the reputation of the saint is staked upon the tradition or adage which runs to the effect that if it rains on Saint Swithin's day it will rain on each of the forty days following. This did very well before the days of rain-gauges and weather bureau records, but now it does not go down. In point of fact, the tradition came nearer being true this year than for twenty years past, says the New York Evening Post. Out of the forty days this year it rained on twenty-two. This was nearly equaled in 1896, when it rained twenty-one out of the forty days. In 1880 and 1900 the record was nineteen days, in 1872 and 1891 eighteen, in 1886 seventeen, in 1892 fifteen, and so on. As to the amount of rain, 1872 was much the wettest at this particular season, nearly twice as much rain falling as in any of the years since. The next rainiest year was 1884, when St. Swithin's day was fair and clear, with not a drop of rain in Boston at least. There seems to be no relation between the amount of rain on St. Swithin's day and the amount of rainfall following. The best the saint could do of late years was in 1886, when .99 inches of rain fell, yet it was only an average wet season for the next forty days. This year's St. Swithin's day was rather wet, .70 inches falling in Boston, yet since August 1 the rainfall has been only about the average. The year 1884, when the saint's day was dry, had 3.65 inches of rain during July and August.

Plants Which Cough.
Man has not a monopoly on coughing. Before there was a vertebrate on the earth, while man was in process of evolution through the vegetable world, Etna Tussien—that is what the botanists call him, while we know him as "the coughing bean"—coughed, and blew dust out of his lungs. Recently botanists have been giving special attention to this bean, and tell interesting things about it. It is a native of warm and moist tropical countries and objects most emphatically to dust. When dust settles on the breathing pores in the leaves of the plant and clogs them a gas accumulates inside, and when it gains sufficient pressure there comes an explosion with a sound exactly like coughing, and the dust is blown from its lodgment. And, more strange still, the plant gets red in the face through the effort.—London Exchange.

Testing the Sermon.
The minister of a parish in a part of New England where doctrinal points are considered of great importance says that his test of a satisfactory sermon is the opposite of that which is commonly applied.
"My clerical friends in the city tell me that so long as their congregations appear wide-awake and interested they feel encouraged," he said to a visitor, "but with me it's different."
"Of course I wish to interest the congregation, but if I look over to Deacon Drew's pew, and then to Deacon Snow's, and see them with their eyes closed and heads nodding, I feel that all is well. Just as surely as I discover them wide-awake and alert after I've been preaching for ten minutes I know that there's something wrong, to their minds, and that I shall hear what it is as soon as the service is over."

A Fish Story.
A large pike was recently caught at Gondor, in the Netherlands, and sent to Paris packed in ice.
When it arrived it was discovered to be still alive, notwithstanding the many hours since it was caught.
The pike was plunged into water and quite revived. It has been placed in the aquarium of the Trocadero.
Such tenacity of life in a fish is said to be remarkable. But they who say so cannot be acquainted with fishermen.—London Express.

A Hot One.
The amount of heat generated by a man's body in a day's work is sufficient to raise sixty-three pounds of water from freezing to boiling point.—London Answers.