OLD FAVORITES

Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've passed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be—
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea—
Yet, somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.
—Nancy Priest Wakefield.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
—Thomas Moore.

TRIALS OF THE ASPHALT GANG.

The Foreman Has Hard Work to Keep Public Off the Soft Pavement.

Said the foreman of a repair gang working on Eighth avenue: "People have an idea that a foreman has an easy time; that all he has to do is to stand around with his hands in his pocket and swear at the men at regular intervals. Aside from the fact that a foreman superintends the job and is therefore responsible for any mistake, he has the duty of policing the strip of asphalt being laid down—that is, of keeping pedestrians and vehicles from running over it before it's hard. The gang knows how to do its work without being eternally cussed at. I could go to sleep, and while they might loaf a little the work would be just as well done. But if I should go away for half an hour I'd find when I came back that half the population had either walked or driven over the new patch.

"You'd suppose that citizens who are forever complaining about the condition of the streets would at least not delay the work; yet they're like children who want to poke their fingers or their feet into everything that looks soft. Once in a while a man will come up to the edge of a fresh strip and dig his toe into it to see how soft it is, I suppose. Then he'll try to smooth the impression away, but you can't do that with asphalt—make a hole in it and you've got to pour in more stuff to level it off.

"The inquisitive man isn't the only troublesome one. Probably the man who's in a hurry and doesn't like to go out of his way is the worst. When we are working at crossings where thousands of people pass every hour it would take a 'fire line' to keep them off. They cut right through the middle with the air of a small boy with a chip on his shoulder. Women are the hardest creatures to manage. Only a day or two ago I caught a shopper attempting to break past me. I spoke to her, as I thought, very quietly and respectfully. She jumped as if a horse had suddenly stuck his nose in her face. The tongue-lashing she gave me before an amused crowd would have made a grease spot of any man less hardened than I am.

"'Don't you speak to me—don't you dare speak to me,' she cried. 'You have no right to frighten people out of their senses. You wouldn't dare to talk to my husband like that.'

"It doesn't do much good to put up barriers of barrels and planks. I've seen a few lunatics crawl right under them or vault over them in order to kep in the straight line in which they were going. Of course after we have laid a stretch, we always put a fence up, and take it away later when the asphalt has thoroughly hardened. Then's the time when he merry truck driver gets in his fine work: he whips his horses up and catches one of the barrels or boxes with the hub of his wheel, and down tumbles the whole business. This is his joy and especial care, for, if his truck be big enough and heavy enough, he owns the streets.

"Our troubles are not always with laying asphalt. Sometimes when we're chopping out old asphalt we clash with the 'man in the street.' Then little chips bmristling all over with sharp points fly in every direction, and the citizen who feels the sharp sting of an asphalt crystal seems to lose all control of his temper. His line of reasoning, if he reasons at all, is that we are intentionally throwing things at him. But he takes it all out in talk and fist shakings, and goes off vowing to report the matter.

"As a sort of dumping ground for the bad tempers of people," concluded the foreman, according to the New York Times, "we certainly deserve to be given a place with the motorman and the conductor."

SCHOOLBOY IN ANCIENT TIMES.

How a Roman Pupil of 2,000 Years Ago Set Down His Day's Doings.

Something quite new in the form of an exercise book for budding Greek scholars has made its appearance in Germany. Into this "Greek Reader" have been packed all sors of delightful and almost unknown specimens of the literature of ancient Greece, such as fables, fairy tales, stories, etc., adapted for young people. There are also examples of the work done by the pupils of the Graeco-Roman schools some twenty centuries ago. The following, for instance, is the account of his daily routine work by a Roman schoolboy. He writes:

"I wake up before sunrise, leave my bed, sit down with my straps and shoes and put on my shoes. Then water for washing is brought to me. I wash first my hands, then my face, take off my nightcap, put on my undergarment, anoint and comb my hair, arrange my neck cloth, put on a white upper garment and a wrapper. Then I leave my bedroom, together with my tutor and my maid, salute my father and mother, and leave the house." The mixture of Spartan abstinence in leaving home without a breakfast and of the altogether un-Spartan luxury of an attendant tutor and maid is suggestive.

The youth goes on to explain, with a deliciously pedantic air: "I reach the school, enter and say 'Good-morning, my teacher.' He returns the salutation. My slave hands slates, penbox and pencil to me. I sit down in my place and write, and then I cross out what I have written. I write from a copy and show it to the teacher. He corrects and crosses out what is bad. Then he makes me read aloud. Meanwhile the small boys have to learn their letters and spell out syllables. One of the bigger boys reads to them. Others write verses and I go in for a spelling competition. Then I decline and analyze some verses. When I have done all this I go home to breakfast. I change my clothes and then I eat white bread and olives, cheese, figs and nuts and drink some cold water. After breakfast I go back to school. I find the teacher reading aloud, and he says, 'Now we will begin at the beginning.'"

This schoolboy performance, says the Westminster Gazette, goes a long way to show once more that there is nothing new under the sun, not even the trivial round of the modern schoolboy.

An Absent-Minded Painter.

An authoress of note was in Naples and very much tdesired to know Morelli, the famous painter, but could find no one to act as intermediary. At last she resolved to introduce herself. When she paid her visit she found the studio door open, and, pushing a curtain to one side, stood before the artist at work, who, looking at her absent-mindedly, said: "These lines seem to be all right, what do you think?" And to her murmured response went on: "But the eyes of the nuns do not suit me; pray sit down a moment—yours are just the thing!" With inward delight the lady sat down and acted as model for an hour and a half, during which time the writer and the artist talked as though they had been friends all their lives. Suddenly Morelli stopped, took off his glasses, and peered at his handsome model. "But, excuse me, who are you?" he asked.

The vital question of to-day, according to the women's journals, is this: "When is a garment a gown and when is it a dress?" Those who want to keep abreast of the times should read the women's journals.

A critic is, first of all, a liar. He does not hesitate to tell an untruth to make a good point.

Hall Caine's "The Eternal City" has reached a sale of 325,000 copies.

Funk & Wagnalls Company announces the publication of "The Socialist and the Prince," by Mrs. Fremont Older. It is a novel of Californian life during the anti-Chinese labor agitation.

The new novel with which Lucas Malet is to follow her success with "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" has been completed and will soon be published both in England and this country.

The monumental "Dictionary of Slang" upon which W. E. Henley and John E. Farmer have been working for some years past is almost finished, and the final volumes are to be published at an early date.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published "The Truth and Error of Christian Science," by M. Carta Sturge, a Cambridge graduate, with a preface by Canon Scott Holland. The author has given the matter very serious study.

The Century Company is about to issue a book of fiction dealing with the lighter phase of life at a girls' college, by Jean Webster, a recent recruit to the ranks of story writers. The distinctive quality of her work is its spontaneity and humor.

Herbert S. Stone & Co. announce for early publication a story by a new writer, called "Brewster's Millions." The hero is a New York fellow of good parts who, to save an inheritance of $10,000,000, starts out to spend a fortune of $1,000,000 in a year.

A nature book of some moments is soon to be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is to be upon "Trees, Shrubs and Vines of the Northeastern United States," and its author, H. E. Parkhurst, will give therein a general account and botanical details of the subject, aiming especially to interest those readers who have never made a study of botany.

The University of Chicago Press publishes a volume entitled "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters," by Robert Francis Harper, professor of Semitic languages and literature in the University of Chicago. They cast much light upon the administrative methods of the Assyrian government and upon the practical workings of the state religion, and furnish valuable information concerning Assyrian and Babylonian life and customs.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is one of those sincere and unpretentious people whose work is often undervalued because it is left to make its own place and select its readers without blowing of trumpets and beating of gongs, says the Outlook. In the little group of writers who deal with real things in a real way in this country she holds a secure place. She has various gifts—skill in characterization, feeling for her background, a good sense which shines in well-phrased reflections; but her most original gift is humor—unforced, spontaneous, kindly, full of human tenderness. The story of Napoleon Jackson, aptly described in the subtitle as The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker, is, in its way, a little masterpiece. It is a bit of life reproduced with contagious mirthfulness, with genuine skill, and with a keenness of insight into character which commands our respect while it compels our laughter. A more beguiling story has not appeared this season, nor a more real one.

Unique Geographical Globe.

In the Academy of Sciences at Tsarskoe-Selo may be seen one of the most interesting relics in the world. It is a geographical globe eleven feet in diameter, made of copper. It was commenced in the year 1654 and was completed ten years later, during the reign of Duke Frederick of Holstein. The outside represents the earth and the interior the celestial spheres. There is a door giving access to the interior of the globe, and in the center is a round table, which is so large that twelve persons can easily sit around it. By means of old-fashioned but trustworthy mechanism the globe can be made to revolve upon its axis. This curious relic weighs about three and a half tons. Ever since it was made it has been regarded as entirely unique in its way, and, though its value for geographical purposes is not now very great, it is still prized by scientists as a striking evidence of the interest which was taken in geographical matters two and a half centuries ago.

The King's Perquisites.

There are many perquisites to the crown of England. The King is entitled, for instance, to every sturgeon brought to land in the United Kingdom. One of them, caught in the Thames, was on the table at Queen Victoria's wedding banquet. The King should receive too every year from divers persons a tablecloth worth three shillings, two white doves, two white hares, a catapult, a pound of cumin seed, a horse and a halter, a pair of scarlet hose, a currycomb, a pair of tongs, a crossbar, a coat of gray fur, a nightcap, a falcon, two knives, a lance worth eight shillings, and a silver needle from his tailor.

Mails in China.

China has decided to establish a general postoffice and to turn over the administration of it to the marine customs service, under Sir Robert Hart.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Shall We Fly by 1904?

THE United States Commissioner of Patents declares that in his opinion one of the chief problems in progress to be dealt with in the coming years is aerial navigation. Experience, he asserts, has "demonstrated its practicability;" and he ventures the prediction that when the difficulties that stand in the way are overcome, American brains will do the work.

This assumption may be rather far-fetched, for it must be confessed that the greatest advance made in this direction has not been scored by a citizen of the United States, but by a young Brazilian, Santos-Dumont. But the head of the Patent Office doubtless has in mind the numerous applications for patents for flying devices which have been made by Yankee inventors, and it may be that sooner or later, the nation which has done so much to forward useful invention will succeed in solving this problem also.

At any rate, a generation which has just seen trans-Atlantic messages exchanged without the medium of wires should not be unduly skeptical regarding future achievements. Whether really useful flying machines are devised by Americans or foreigners is a minor matter. The possibility that within the next twelve months some material advance may be made toward their construction is one of the phases which promises to add to the interest of life during that period.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When Should a Man Marry?

NOT, When should a young man or an old man or a middle-aged man or any astronomical edition of man marry? but, When should a man marry? Marriage presumes youth. The bride particularly is never old. The groom may have white hair, but, bless your soul, it's the violet under the snow that tells the season. The widower with six children who is going to marry the widow with five may seem mentally superannuated, but who can say? Matrimony despises calendars and age distinctions. All people about to marry are young—and that ends the first part of the discussion.

Now the second part is more prosaic. General Corbin still pleads that army officers should not marry too early. Love, he intimates, cannot thrive on a lieutenant's pay. A bishop stands before a conference in the South and says preachers should avoid early marriages. In four recent articles we have read rich men advise the juniors to go slow on the matrimonial market. So it runs. Some of these advice-givers married early, and when brought to book by that fact, think they save themselves by declaring that conditions nowadays are different. But it is a million to a cancelled stamp that if they had it to do over again under modern conditions they would be ahead of their first records. When should a man marry? About half-past after he falls in love.—Baltimore Herald.

The Proper Use of Leisure.

TIME, as somebody has said, is the stuff that life is made of, and we ought to keep a strict account of how we spend it. The evening is the leisure time of most men, and leisure should not be wasted in idleness, but should be turned to use: Every man and woman ought to read some good book for an hour or two hours each day. Having resolved to do this, a man ought to make it a solemn duty, as it were a religious office, to stick to his resolution. Nothing should be permitted to interfere with his reading If, on any day, he must be otherwise employed during his reading hour, let him make it up at some other time in the same day. And if he cannot read the full time today, let him make up for it to-morrow. Perseverance will make reading a habit and a pleasure. The keenest pleasures of life are drawn from books, and a man that has the reading habit would rather have it than fifty thousand dollars. . . . The expression "killing time," is abhorrent. Why should we wish to kill time? Time is given us for a purpose. We ought to make the most of it. The man who says he has nothing to do is ignorant or negligent of his duty to himself—the duty of making himself a better, wiser, broader-minded man day by day. Killing time is intellectual and moral suicide. Moments are precious. They are not to be thrown away. There is always something to do.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Co-Education.

THE University of Chicago will hardly regret its decision to separate the sexes in their pursuit of their studies. They have hitherto mingled in this great Western institution of learning, but with Jan. 1 the "segregation" system went into operation, and women students henceforth will be guaranteed freedom to enjoy all the privileges of the university. The new plan will, it is said, permit co-instruction only in those courses offered to junior college students for which the registration is not sufficiently large to warrant division on an economical basis. For example, at the present time one-third of all the courses offered to junior college students, roughly speaking, will be offered to men, one-third to women, and one-third will be open to both men and women. As students increase, the number of courses retained as co-instructional will be diminished. The plan makes necessary the provision of separate classrooms and laboratories, and implies that officers of instruction shall divide their time with approximate equality between men and women. This seems like a sensible reform. Co-instruction is all right, probably, in kindergartens and primary academies, but when young men and women have attained the age and the habit of thought of university students it looks like an axiomatic proposition that each sex will give the curriculum better attention when the other sex is not around.—Pittsburg Press.

The Risks of Shaving.

IN spite of the fact that those who use the razor frequently cut themselves yet it is rarely that anything more serious than a cut follows, the slight wound generally healing quickly, and the risk of septicaemia arising in this way would seem to be almost nil. In the majority of cases therefore it is clear that the razor blade must be bacteriologically clean—i. e., free from septic matter—which may be attributed to the fact that probably it is dipped into hot or sterilized water before its use, or else that the soap lather is antiseptic. The latter explanation seems the more probable of the two. The amount of soap rubbed on the skin is considerable if the shaving is to be in any degree comfortable, and soap has considerable antiseptic powder, a six per cent solution being sufficient to destroy the typhoid bacillus. . . . In a word, soap in the operation of shaving not only facilitates the process but plays the same valuable role when the shaver is unlucky enough to cut himself as does the antiseptic in surgery.—London Lancet.

SHE KNEW HISTORY.

How an Indiana Girl Surprised a Young Man in Chicago.

At the athletic club the other night this was George Ade's contribution to the stories that went around the table:

"Dear papa struck a gas well down on the Indiana farm," said he, "and Maybelle and mother came to Chicago to see life. The first night dear Maybelle went into society she made good with a young fellow who was home from college for the holidays. His father owned four or five banks and a few railroads, and he was the catch of the season. He had his name down on Maybelle's dance card so often that all the other girls began to talk about her. About the time they began to call for carriages Archibald said he wanted to call at her hotel the following night.

"'I must ask mamma first,' said she. Mamma said she was foolish—to grab him and hold him tight. Wise mamma had sized him up as a catch. Maybelle had a scheme, though, and told him he mustn't call for two days.

"Then Maybelle hunted up her dearest Indiana friend, and asked what she ought to do to make herself solid with Archibald. Maybelle was a little shy on polite conversation and she wanted pointers.

"'He's a college man, and I must be careful what I talk about," she declared.

"'History is always a good topic,' said her friend. 'Put in all your time from now until to-morrow night reading some history. English history is a cinch.

"Maybelle got an English history and never let loose of it for two days and most of both nights, and by the time Archibald was due she could tell the date of everything from the reign of Alfred the Great to the Boer war and back again.

"Well, Mr. Archibald called. Maybelle was a trifle disappointed when, instead of putting on a lot of dog, he seized her hand and shook it like any ordinary person, without assuming the expected abstracted air and running his fingers through his hair. In fact, he started right in giving Maybelle her own bunch of talk about what a pretty dress she had on, and how he liked her dancing, and regretted that she did not have him call the previous night as well, and a lot of the regular line that she would have enjoyed down home.

"But Maybelle had not read English history without an object, and she never budged even when the strangle hold got Archibald's conversation for a minute. But Archibald got his second wind pretty quick and continued the hot air until suddenly he was all in.

"Then came Maybelle's chance. She had listened for twelve and a half minutes to Archibald's commonplace, and now she was going to show him that she knew a thing or two. So in the middle of a painful silence she gazed conqueringly at Archibald and exclaimed:

"'Wasn't that awful about Mary, Queen of Scots?'

"Archibald started, stared, and stammered:

"'Why! What about her?'

"'My goodness! Didn't you know that the poor thing had her head cut off?' asked Maybelle proudly.

"And then Archibald asked for ice water."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE PLANTATION MULE.

He Is Sagacious and Quick-Witted in Many Respects.

"The plantation mule has a curious and interesting way of calling out the time of day," said a man from Mississippi to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and with men who have spent any considerable length of time on a big plantation in any section of this country south of Mason and Dixon's line I suppose the observation is very common. Mules are wonderfully sagacious and quick-witted in some respects. They are particularly apt in learning things which have to do with bodily comfort; such things, for instance, as relates to feed time, watering time, and so forth. But the particular thing I had in mind was the habit of mules along about turning in time at the noon hour, and in the evening. They have a way of telling the time, and when more than one mule is to be found in the field, they have a way of calling out to each other. They bray at each other. One curious fact in connection with the habit is that they are never behind time with their braying. At the noon hour they never wait until the time for the dinner horn to sound. They call out to each other, and in a short while you will be certain to hear the horn blow. As a rule they are only a few minutes ahead of time with their braying, which shows how accurately they reason with respect to the time of the day. This habit furnishes a part of the music of the big plantation, and it may be said that the mule is the leader of the farm orchestra, for the negroes invariably follow the first call of the mule with a halloo peculiar to the negro farm hand, and the sound is taken up again and again until every mule and every negro on the place has joined in the strange orchestration. You can imagine what this means on a plantation containing thousands of acres, and where many mules and many negroes are scattered over a vast cultivated plateau. It is an inspiring sort of thing to the man not familiar with plantation life, but a man long accustomed to it becomes dead to the sounds, and scarcely notices them. The point I had in mind, however, was the shrewdness, and good sound sense of the mule with respect to matters immediately concerning his welfare and comfort. He is a wonder in some respects and is not to be judged by the dullness of his appearance."

Indian Smoke Signals.

The traveler on the American plains soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground—a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat if that seemed advisable. The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not mistaken for the smoke of some campfire. He made the rings by repeatedly covering the little fire with his blanket. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within thirty miles, "Look out, there is an enemy near!" Three columns close together meant danger. One column merely meant attention. Two meant "Camp at this place." To any one who has traveled the plains the usefulness of this long-distance telephone is at once apparent. Sometimes at night the settler or the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling. He might guess that these were signals of the Indians, but unless he were experienced he might not be able to interpret the signals. One fire arrow, an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark, meant the same as the column of smoke puffs—"An enemy is near." Two arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us."

Her Idea of It.

"Mrs. Geezer intends to have a number of literary evenings," said Mrs. Tenspot to Mrs. Hojack.

"What is her idea of literary evenings?"

"Well, she's to give a Ben-Hur progressive euchre followed by a Longfellow ping-pong."—Detroit Free Press.

The story writers have much to say about "rebellious curls" escaping from the pins and combs a girl uses to hold them. Out of the books, when a curl escapes, it means it is a bought one, and that it fell off.