

# LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Charles Marriott, the author of "The Column," is now finishing a new novel which is entitled "The House on the Sands."

"Old Paths and Legends of New England," by Katharine M. Abbott, is shortly to appear with the imprint of P. Putnam's Sons.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is now at work on a biography of Henry Ward Beecher, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to publish next September.

Mark Twain is making haste to put the finishing touches to his papers on Christian Science that a book may be made of them for early publication.

Miss Alice Brown, the author of "Meadow Grass," has written a third novel, "The Mannerings." The action passes in a country house and includes a double love story.

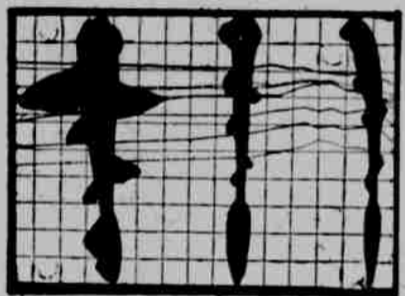
The author of "The Story of Mary McLane" is at work upon a new book. It is said to be quite different in character from the first one, and to be written with more reserve. It is difficult to imagine what form the girl's ideas will take now that she is two years older and has seen more of the world.

Henry Holt & Co. have in press for immediate publication a handbook on "Money and Banking," by Professor William A. Scott, of the University of Wisconsin. While intended primarily for educational use, it will be serviceable also to the busy general reader who wishes a clear statement in compendious form of the first principles of modern currency.

The little magazine which the Scribners have published for so many years under the title of the Bookbender, has been transformed and given the title of the Lamp. It has been made a little weightier, leading off with an article on "Macaulay's First Essay," by Professor Wilbur L. Cross, and the department called "The Rambler" has been relegated to the pages at the back.

John Lane will soon publish a novel by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward called "The Light Behind." Mrs. Ward is a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, the premier British Duke. Her father was James Robert Hope Scott, the parliamentary barrister, and a close friend of Gladstone. He came into possession of Sir Walter Scott's home, Abbotsford, by his marriage with the romancer's granddaughter and sole descendant, Miss Lockhart. Mrs. Ward's childhood was passed at Sir Walter's home. She published an earlier novel some time ago, called "One Poor Sample."

## PETRIED FOSSIL FISHES.



Recent geological research has discovered a series of wonderful fossil fishes among the shale deposits of Wyoming. Their original forms have been somewhat flattened and changed. They measured from 20 to 30 feet long, and were in life exceedingly ravenous and dangerous. That they fought among themselves is almost positively known, for a specimen has been taken from the rock the stout back plate of which had been completely crushed in two, bearing in its solid bone deep imprints and gashes which fit the jawtips of this species, which had jaws set with a bristling row of teeth. These formidable creatures are found along with others in what are known as the "Bad Lands" or fossil beds of the West. This whole section was, ages ago, a great lake, which, through changed geological conditions, was drained, leaving the mighty monsters of the deep to sink and become buried deep, away from the destructive elements of the air and flesh-eating animals. By piling up successive layers of sediment nature has thoroughly embalmed and preserved their remains these millions of years, until the pick of the fossil hunter has cut and chiseled out their petried forms.

## THE NAVY AS A TRADE.

Secretary Moody Points Out Its Opportunities for Young Men.

"Not only the man behind the gun, but the man behind the coal shovel, the man behind the wheel, the man in front of the engine, and, not by any means least of all, the man in front of the galley range—each of these is the subject of solicited thought by men who are distinguished as brilliant commanders of ships and of squadrons," said Secretary of the Navy Moody, apropos of the departure of enlistment parties for the navy, to cover the Middle West and Southwest.

"I mean by that to convey forcibly that each of the many trades, callings and occupations which constitute the industrial life of a modern warship is being scrutinized for avenues of improvement; that there is a consistent and comprehensive effort being made to improve the conditions surrounding the enlisted men afloat, an effort which has already borne such fruit that I think I am justified in saying that in no navy are the conditions of comfort which surround the men of the navy of the United States approached.

"The system under which the navy

department is training material for crews is, I believe, if continued along the present lines and with the improvements that experience will enforce, certain to give us the finest man-o'-war-men the world has ever seen. A boy from 15 to 17 years of age who enters the navy as an apprentice at \$9 a month receives a good English education and a thorough training in seamanship. He has certain preferences in the matter of rating, and may easily, by good conduct and continuous service, work his way up through successive ratings, which will give him from \$30 to \$65 a month; the latter pay, with the quarters and rations, equivalent to at least \$85 a month in shore employment. He is added at all times, if he evinces an ambition to perfect himself in his profession, by instruction on board ship and in special schools established for the instruction of petty officers and advanced seamen, and is eligible under certain requirements to take the examination for warrant officers, positions ranking next after ensigns, and with pay ranging from \$1,200 in the first five years of service to \$1,800 after twenty years of service, with allowances and permanence of position and employment that makes the rank quite as satisfactory in a financial way as a very large proportion of the better-paid positions ashore. There is also the possibility of securing a commission as ensign, a possibility that has been realized within the past year by an apprentice."—Washington Post.

## Ways of People Who Steal Dogs.

Dog stealing in London has increased to a very large extent lately, and the professional dog stealers, of whom there are many, are having a very prosperous time. A well-known West End veterinary surgeon explained some of the methods of the dog stealers. "These men," said he, "are by no means ragged loafers, but well-dressed persons of some address, many of them well off." says the London Express. "They find out that a well-known society lady or gentleman has a dog which is taken for a walk daily. They cultivate that dog's acquaintance with surreptitious feeds, and then one day the man finds himself round a corner alone with the dog, and the theft is accomplished.

"Sometimes a decoy dog is taken out, especially in case where it is desired to steal an animal of the larger kind. Kensington Gardens are the happy hunting grounds of the dog thief and scores of pets are there stolen from their owners. I should say from my knowledge that at least fifty dogs a month are stolen in the West End. Generally speaking, a lost dog can at ways be recovered if one goes the right way about it. For instance, I got to know a dog dealer who, though he would never steal a dog on his own account, must, I am morally certain, be in touch with those who do. A client comes to me with a tale of a lost dog and prepared to spend money to get it back.

"I go to the dog dealer, describe the animal, and ask him to keep his eyes open for it. Very shortly he comes to me and tells me for what sum he will be able to produce the dog. Sometimes negotiations go on for months. Where rewards are not forthcoming, or where the police are hot on the track, the stolen dogs are sent down to Club Row in Bethnal Green, where there is a sale every Sunday morning."

## SADDEST KIND OF POVERTY.

Mental Destitution Worse than Lack of Spending Money.

No other form of poverty can compare with mental destitution. Though a man own neither houses nor lands nor money, yet, if he has a cultivated mind and a broad mental horizon, if the door of his intellect has been opened wide, so that he drinks in beauty and intelligence wherever he goes, and if he has developed his sympathies so that he is in touch with life at all points, he has found the secret of success and happiness.

On the other hand, if a man merely accumulates millions of dollars, though he own broad acres and live in a palace, if his mind has been starved, if he is intellectually poor, he will know nothing of the world beautiful in books; he will see nothing to admire in art, nothing to soothe or elevate in music, says Success; if he has been wholly absorbed in crowding and elbowing his way through the world to the total neglect of his higher nature, in spite of his houses and lands, his palatial residence and all his costly surroundings, he is the most despicable and pitiable kind of pauper.

Saving money and starving the mind is the poorest business that any human being can possibly engage in. Wear threadbare clothes, if necessary; sleep in a bare attic, if you must; sacrifice legitimate but unnecessary amusements; do anything in reason rather than starve your mind. Feed that at any cost short of injuring health.

A youth who has learned the alphabet has the key to all power. He can make royal investments, for mental investment is the greatest any one can make. It is a form of wealth that will stand by one when panics or other misfortunes have swept away property, when friends fall away, when the whole world seems to have turned against you. No matter what happens, if you have a rich mind, if your intellect is a storehouse of precious knowledge, you can never in reality be poor.

Man is made of dust—and the average girl is looking for the manufactured article.



# EDITORIALS



## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### The Passing of the Beard.

NOTHING is presently plainer in a world that loves its little mysteries, and likes to keep the observer in a state of tremulous suspense about a good many things than the fact that it is beginning to shave again. It has always shaved, more or less, ever since beards came in some fifty years ago, after a banishment of nearly two centuries, from at least the Anglo-Saxon face. . . . The flowing whiskers have long vanished; the beard that once streamed meteor-like upon the wind now streams only from the cheeks and chins of rustic sages; the imperial and the goatee are rarer than the mutton-chop whiskers; the square-cut chin-beard has ceased to be significant of our nationality. It is so inadequate to our numbers; all other dots and dabs of hair upon the human countenance have been gathered confluent into the full beard, or have perished before the remorseless sweep of the razor. The gain of manly beauty through the fashion of clean-shaving, has not as yet, it must be confessed, been very great. Those who had not grown beards, of course remain as they were. In their native plainness; but it is in the case of those who had worn beards, that the revelations are sometimes frightful; retreating chins, blubber lips, silky mouths, brutal jaws, fat and flabby necks, which had lurked unsuspected in their hairy coverings now appear, and shake the beholder with surprise and consternation.

To our own taste, we think the average man looked better in his beard. It was natural, and it was dignified. It hid certain things, certain features, expressions, that were best hushed up. That smirk, that sensual pout that bull-dog clinch, they were all mercifully hidden or they were at least so much palliated that they remained a dark suspicion, and not this dreadful conviction with which they now afflict the spectator. It can be said that there is a gain for honesty, if not beauty, in the new fashion of shaving, and this cannot be denied. But it appears that the Creator could not trust the human countenance to itself, at least as it was given to men, and found it best to hush it up in a jungle of hair. Women were fashioned so fair that they could be allowed to look what they really were, but with men it was another story.—Harper's Weekly.

### Mistakes in Modern School Methods.

TWO theories have worked no end of mischief in the graded schools of our cities. One is the theory that oral instruction is superior to the old-fashioned study of books. This is at the bottom of most of the bad spelling which is fast coming to be a general defect. There are no rules for English orthography. A child cannot learn to spell by ear. The only possible way to learn spelling is through familiarity with the appearance, not the sound, of the word. And so long as correct spelling is one of the commonest tests of education, it certainly seems as if every effort should be made to secure it in the schools.

The other theory is that methods are more important than results; that a child should be taught in a certain way, whether that way is the quickest and easiest or not. The important thing in education, and one would think that the veriest simpleton could see it, is that the child shall be able to read about correctly, to write a good hand, to use the rules of arithmetic with ease and accuracy, to tell something of the countries of the earth on which he lives and their history, and to speak and write his own language without making any serious mistakes.

It should be obvious that this is enough to occupy the whole attention of the average child up to the age of twelve or thirteen, without any extraneous and ornamental studies. If school committees could be convinced of this fact, the

### HE MADE A SNIPE TRAP.

Illinois Farmer Tells of a Successful Contrivance.

"Nope, snipe huntin' ain't what it used to be," said an Illinois farmer while in the city with a train load of live stock the other day. "Fer a real lively Nimrod the Illinois prairies is high onto the slimmest pickin' in the land. I used to be as poor as Job's turkey—didn't have a blamed cent—but I had more fun shootin' snipes than I now get out of figurin' up my bank deposits. When the snipes disappeared, I sold my ole blunderbuss and went to work, and, by George, I own a section of black land, and there ain't a snipe been on it in five year."

"There wasn't anything a few years ago that afforded more genuine sport than snipe huntin'." I've killed a bush-legged mudders and jacksnipe in a day. I used to hunt while the burrs was a-bokin' the daylight out of my corn crop and my horses were so all-fired poor they had to stand in the same place twice to make a shadder. I didn't have no time fer burrs and horses while the snipe were snickin' around them prairie ponds and ditches.

"But the moos' fun was not in slaughterin' the birds with a gun. It was in trappin' them. Hain't you never heard of a snipe trap? Oh, well, then, that's different. Well, sir, a snipe trap was the simplest thing you ever saw. It was nothing but an enlarged mouse trap with modern ideas put into use. Now, you know, a snipe runs along the edge of a pond where the mud is sort of soft.

"Well, I rigged up a flat box and took the murderin' devices out of a lot of mouse traps. I fastened 'em in the box. Then I bored a lot of holes in the top of the box just over the little traps inside. I covered the box over with mud and took a dead snipe and stuck its head in one of the holes in the box. It would take a purty smart bird to see anything under the mud, and there was nothing there but a dozen little holes in the ground.

"A snipe is like a monkey. What one does they will all do. If one sticks its head under a board and pulls out a worm, every other one will stick its head under. Well, as I said, I set a dead bird at the trap. Before long a drove of the birds settled around the pond. When they saw the dead bird with its head stuck down a hole in the ground they thought he was holdin' a banquet. They hustled over and ought to stick their heads into the other holes. I was hid in the tall grass and I heard the wires clinkin' and saw the bird's droppin' their wings

as they were choked. In two minutes every trap had a snipe. I walked out, dug up the box and took out my game. There's no limit to huntin' like that if you can find the snipes, but they ain't in my section of the State no more."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### BURNS A THOUSAND YEARS.

Lamp First Lighted Ten Centuries Ago Is Now Going Out.

Since the reign of King Alfred, something like a thousand years ago, Towneley hall and park in England have been in the possession of the Towneley family, which traces its origin back for more than a thousand years. The members of this family have a distinct claim to celebrity, for it is to be feared that the famous lamp of Towneley Chapel was the last of the so-called ever-burning lamps in England. At the beginning of the last century there were some half a dozen known to fame still alight and which had been burning for centuries, while at the time of the reformation and the dissolution of the monasteries by King Henry VIII, there were many hundreds of them that had been burning without interruption from the time of the Norman conquest.

Doubtless these perpetual lamps were a remnant of that form of pagan worship known as the everlasting fire, which was kept alight by guardians, both male and female, the latter known as vestals, and who were punishable with death if they allowed the fire to go out. How much importance was attached even after the reformation and well on into the seventeenth century in Europe to these ever-burning lamps is demonstrated by the fact that some of the greatest scientists of those days devoted both much time and labor to the discovery of some species of illuminant that would burn forever. Many works have been written about the matter by French, Italian and English writers, some of whom vouch for the most extraordinary details on the subject. Thus, for instance, it is solemnly asserted that at the opening of the tomb of Tullia, the daughter of Cleero, in Rome, in the Via Appia, in the sixteenth century, a lamp was found burning there, which, if the story authenticated by records at the vatican and bearing the signature of Pope Paul III, are to be believed, must have been burning for more than 1,500 years.

Bailey in his English Dictionary of 1730 tells that at the dissolution of the monasteries in the time of Henry VIII, there was a lamp found that had then burned for more than 1,200 years—that is to say, since the second century of the Christian era—and declared that this lamp was in his days to be seen at the museum of rarities at Leyden, in Holland. Shakespeare in his address of Pericles refers to "ever-burning lamps" and Spenser, too, alludes to "lamps which never go out." From a purely antiquarian point of view, therefore, it must be a source of great regret that the owners should permit the extinction of a lamp which, according to tradition, had been burning without interruption since the days of King Alfred—that is to say, for more than 1,000 years—in the chapel on the Towneley estate.

### Relic of John Brown's End.

One of the interesting curios on view at the late Middle States and Mississippi Valley Negro Exposition at the First Regiment armory was owned by Henry Washington of 591 West Lake street. It is a piece of the rope with which John Brown's existence was ended at Harper's Ferry. Washington vouches for the authenticity of this remnant of the martyr, whose spirit "goes marching on." He bases his credence on the following circumstances, as related by him:

His mother, Harriet Duckett, a free woman, was married to a slave owned by Edward Stonebreaker, of Pleasant Valley, Md. Because of the difference in the social condition of the two she was compelled to live apart from him at Harper's Ferry. When John Brown made his appearance at that place his arrival was known only to a few free colored people thereabouts. Notable among these was Harriet Duckett.

On the day that Brown became a martyr to the cause which he believed to be right throngs of curious people came to view his execution. After the hanging the rope was cut up and the pieces distributed among the owners of the near-by plantations as souvenirs. Among those who secured a piece of the rope was the master of Henry Washington's father. When freedom finally came to the slaves this black man found himself in possession of this historical relic, which at his death he left to his son.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Her Devotion.

"I believe Angle married that rich perfumery manufacturer for his money."

"She says she didn't—swears she'd stick to him if he didn't have a scent."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When you hear a man say that every man has his price he is looking for a buyer.

## SON WAS MOURNFULLY LATE

The old farmer died suddenly, so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go up to the farm for the funeral. It was difficult to do even that, for the judge was the leading lawyer in —, and every hour was worth many dollars to him.

As he sat with bent head in the grimy little train which lumbered through the farms, he could not keep the details of his case out of his mind. He had been a good, respectful son. He had never given his father a headache; and the old man died full of years and virtues, "a shock of corn fully ripe." The phrase pleased him.

"I wish to tell you," said the doctor, gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour, but his cry was for John! John! unceasingly."

"If I could have been with him!" said the judge.

"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half-yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life," said the doctor.

"Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."

"I urged him to run down and see you on your return, but he would not go."

"No, he never felt at home in the city."

The judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars; and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portuguese Hymn" every night. The judge humored his children and had ceased to ask his father to the house.

The farmhouse was in order and scrupulously clean; but its baroness gave a chill to the judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant sat grim and tearless by the side of the coffin.

"Martha was faithful," whispered the doctor, "but she's deaf. His life was very solitary. The neighbors are young. He belonged to another generation."

He reverently uncovered the coffin, and then with Martha went out and closed the door. The judge was alone with his dead.

Strange enough, his thought was still of the cold bareness of the room. Those lacked wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable—to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings, and pored over them!

Looking now into the kind old face with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice before—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the comrade, whom he had needed so often! He had left him with dear old Martha for his sole companion!

There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The judge saw the strength in his face.

"My father should have played a high part in life," he thought. "There is more promise in his face than in mine."

In the desk was a bundle of old account books with records of years of hard drudgery on the farm; of work in winter and summer and often late at night, to pay John's school bills, and to send him to Harvard. One patch of ground after another was sold while he waited for practice, to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meagre portion of the farm was left.

John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this is the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and worked, won fortune and position—and how did he repay him?"

He knelt on the bare floor, and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. "Oh father! father!" he cried. "But there was no smile on the quiet face. He was too late.—Youth's Companion.

### Eggs Exported from Egypt.

A remarkable feature of Egyptian trade is the great expansion in the exportation of eggs. According to the Egyptian customs returns, the total quantity shipped during the first eleven months of last year, January to November inclusive, was 64,262,500, valued at £E.75,650, England taking 58,724,000, Germany 683,000, Austria-Hungary 2,205,000, France 2,109,000 and Italy 75,500. The exports during December also, it is understood, were exceptionally enormous, England being a large buyer. As a result the price of eggs is rising in Egypt. Egyptian eggs are said to be gradually ousting Russian eggs from the English market.

### The Man Who Rose.

"An old college chum of mine located down this way several years ago," said the Eastern tourist. "He was rather unscrupulous, but bound to rise. We considered him a good man to tie to, Jenkins, his name was—"

"Ah, yes," replied the Texan. "We considered him 'a good man to tie, too—to tie to a tree. Oh! he rose all right.'"—Philadelphia Press.

### Just a Reminder.

Guest—I used to come in here several years ago.  
Waiter—Yas, sah; an' I sarved yo'.  
Guest—That so? I don't remember you.  
Waiter—But yo' useter; yas, sah, ebry time yo' useter remember me, sah.—Philadelphia Press.