

ALL ON A SUMMER DAY

It was unquestionably a hot day. Perhaps if Burnham had known that the next morning's papers would send it down into history as the hottest day in years he would have remained in the comparatively cool solitude of his mother's dining-room for the sake of his reputation. As it was he found the uptown streets in a state of desertion which made him wonder irritably if the city had retired for a siesta.

Burnham thought regretfully of a certain dusky corner under a Persian canopy where there were many pillows and much lemonade, and incidentally, a girl's face, cool and sweet above the fan she held. Yesterday the face had been so temptingly near—too near. And to-day it was so hopelessly remote.

He acknowledged to himself the shameful motive of his pilgrimage. He had come—he had seen the house which had been open to him yesterday to-day closed to him forever. And the face in the dusky corner—suppose she were looking at him now from behind the heavy curtains. The wonderful eyes, hiding their merciless laughter under their drooping lashes! Burnham lifted his gloomy young face haughtily and looked severely at the house across the way.

But he did not pass on. Instead, he stopped with a whistle of surprise as what he might have taken for a broken parcel of laundry on the stone steps resolved itself into a little lady with penwiper skirts and exceedingly long black legs, who shot up from her coil and shook a mop of moist and disheveled hair away from a tear-disfigured face.

"Why, Topsy!" exclaimed Burnham amazedly. It was impossible to go on and leave Topsy crying on the hot steps. He dropped on one knee beside her and tilted up the little face. "Why, what's the matter, dear?" "Well—the tears came flooding back into the blue eyes—'Aunt Dale wouldn't take me to the park, and I wanted to see the new polar bear. They say he just sits round on ice all the time—and then they're scared he'll die."

Topsy's curls whipped into Burnham's eyes smartly as she buried her agitated countenance in his freshly starched bosom and wailed. "Oh, hush, Topsy, dear! Do, for heaven's sake hush!" Burnham looked anxiously toward the house, whence at any moment Topsy's howls of newly stirred injury might fetch Topsy's mamma, who would invite him in, or—Topsy's aunt, who wouldn't look at him.

"See here! Stop crying! Listen! Is that your sunbonnet on the walk? Well!—desperately—'put it on quick, and we'll go to see the polar bear!'" Topsy's piercing shout of rapture was more dangerous than her weeping, and Burnham buried her off down the street, comforting himself with the reflection that all children were more or less salamanders, and that they would take the first carriage they found stirring.

"Don't you think Aunt Dale's horrid?" demanded Topsy, revengefully, as she clasped Burnham's hand moistly and affectionately, and trotted beside him in solaced contentment. "Oh, I don't know," he answered hesitatingly. "It's a pretty strong word—but I guess it's satisfactory," he added ungalantly.

"Did she promise to take you to the zoo?"

"Well, no-o," said Topsy, honestly. "Not exactly. But I thought she would, and when I went to her to-day—and it's such a nice, sunshiny day (as if the previous twenty-eight days of August had passed in Arctic gloom)—she—she told me to go away and not bother her. And—next time I asked her to come she shook me!"

"Don't cry now, young 'un," Burnham implored. "I didn't cry when she shook me."

Topsy stared at him with very round eyes from the depths of a limp sunbonnet. "When did she ever shake you?" she asked, whisperingly, surveying her stalwart friend with awe.

"Yesterday," said Burnham, gloomily.

"Did it make you feel bad?" The clear child eyes had seen the pain under the smile.

"Yes, I'm afraid it did."

Topsy slipped her other hand into Burnham's, hopping along beside him like a comforting little bird.

"I'm awful sorry," she said, earnestly; and then, after a pause: "Was Aunt Dale crying yesterday when she was mean to you?"

"No," said Burnham, grimly; "she wasn't. I think she laughed."

"That's funny. To-day she was crying. She said it was so hot it made her head ache. But I think she was just crying because there was so much naughty in her. I do sometimes—and they lick me," said Topsy, evidently pondering on the injustice of things.

Burnham's clasp tightened on the little fingers.

"Was she crying much?" he asked, curiously.

"You bet she was. Mamma's green pillow was all wet. And the picture she was looking at was all over speckles."

"What picture was it, Topsy?"

"Burnham saw the long, do-what picture in a hour of father."

"What picture was it, Topsy?"

"Burnham saw the long, do-what picture in a hour of father."

poodle, with a big Y on the front of him. Say, do you think the polar bear might die while we look at him?"

"I don't know," said Burnham, absently, in his turn. There had been an ultra haired young fool once who had given that football picture to a girl who had laughed at it frankly and to his mortification. But now Topsy's description did not trouble him. The latter, speculating morbidly on the chances of being the happy spectator of a tragedy, trotted in silence by her escort. Suddenly Burnham halted.

"Topsy," he said feebly, and then paused in embarrassment.

"Yes? Well, why don't you say it?" Topsy gave his hand a suggestive tug.

"It's—it's so beastly hot, dear, and it seems too bad to leave Aunt Dale alone if she—if her head aches so."

Topsy's chin puckered dolefully, and her bright eyes grew pathetically dim.

"It ain't hot—she ain't alone—and we've come eight blocks—and I—I want to see the polar bear."

Burnham laid a stern hand over the cavernously open mouth.

"Now, Topsy, hush! We'll go to see the polar bear, but here's an empty carriage—see? And we'll drive back after Aunt Dale."

Topsy hesitated, blinking back the tears for which she found she had no use.

"She won't go," she objected. "Her nose and eyes are just as red! And she thinks it's hot, and she says she just hates polar bears. But we'll have the ride, won't we? And will you go to the park just the same if she won't?"

"Yes," said Burnham, smilingly; "just the same."

But when the carriage stopped in front of the gray stone steps all his assurance left him, and he pushed Topsy out imploringly.

"I won't go in, Topsy," he said tremulously. "You tell her we thought perhaps she might be sorry—no, good Lord, don't say that! Oh, see here; just—just say we'd like to have her come to see the polar bear!"

Then he shrunk back into the carriage, crimsonly conscious that the thermometer stood at unknown heights in the shade of Topsy's veranda; that Topsy herself was very dirty and he very wilted, and that the driver had stared at him as he issued his invitation. Never mind, if only Dale was sorry, and her sense of humor keen.

Topsy flashed out of the house jubilantly. "She's coming!" she shouted vociferously. "She'll be ready in just a minute—she's putting powder on her nose. And mamma says I'm a perfect spectacle, and I've got to get a clean dress and my face washed, so you're to come in and wait. Aunt Dale says you know the coolest corner, and mamma can't come down 'cause it's too hot to dress. Mamma wants us to wait till to-morrow, but Aunt Dale says it's such a nice, sunshiny day, and she does want to see the polar bear!"

So eager was Aunt Dale that when her news, although she chose the short and speedy route of the banker, came riotously into the parlor, she found her repentant relative in the shaded corner before her.

It was only Topsy who was struck by the great tragedy of the empty cage with its dripping ice blocks. "Chloroformed him two hours ago," explained the keeper crudely. "Lord, but it's a hot day!" He looked curiously at the perspiring bear-hunters. "They ain't been much of anybody in here to-day, 'ceptin' kids," he reproached, with an undercurrent of reproach in his tones.

"We only came to bring my little niece," explained Aunt Dale with dignity.

"You didn't," interpolated Topsy suddenly, as she sat down wearily on a block of ice outside the cage door. "You wouldn't come at all till we went all the way back for you, and then you said you wanted to see the bear. And now he's dead, and you don't care a bit—and oh, dear me, it's so hot and I'm so tired—and this ice is just water," added Topsy as an afterthought, examining her skirts with discouraged interest. Her accusing eyes caught the laughter in Burnham's and she began to weep.

"You don't care, either—I don't believe you care for a single thing, only that Aunt Dale's sorry."

Burnham shouldered her peremptorily and bore her away to the carriage. "You have come a long way, Topsy," he told her seriously, "and it was very hot and the bear was dead. But at the end of the journey was contentment."—New York News.

Not Wholly Frank.
"Can you sincerely say that you never descended to hypocrisy?" asked the man of severe standards.

"Well," answered Mr. Bilgins, "I must confess that I once sat and listened to my daughter's commencement essay and pretended to be as much entertained as if I were at a baseball game."—Washington Star.

He Knows the Man.
"What will my wife do if you send me to jail?" pleaded the prisoner.

"I think she'll do better," returned the judge.

Have you been suggested for Vice-President?

The efficacy of the club has never been fairly estimated.

DAUGHTER'S SHOWER BATH.

Volume of Water Almost Drowned an Adventurous Youth.

A story is told in the World's Work of a youth who, partly from ignorance, partly from a spirit of foolhardy adventure, put his life in jeopardy. He and his companion were spending a vacation in the Yosemite Valley, and had been fishing for mountain trout on the Illioullette.

"To-morrow," he said, "I shall take a shower bath under the 1,700-foot fall."

"You are a fool!" said his companion.

"Not at all," came the reply. "The river is very low. What there is of it turns to spray in the first hundred feet; it will simply come down like rain. Why, you'd go under the Bridal Veil yourself! Only that's prosaic. This is something big. Come on."

"Not I."

But I was there to see. The water, as he had said, came down, a considerable part of it in rain and spray that flew out on the wind incredible distances. But to crawl down, dressed in a bathing suit, closer to the main stream that falls to the pool and upon the rocks, with a murderous swish in the air and a roar in the ears like a railway train, was daring to foolhardiness. At any moment a veering wind might swing the whole mass upon the tall, slim figure backing tentatively on all fours down the jagged tall slope, his eye-glasses glinting cheerfully. A steady breeze kept the fall swung out a little the other way, and the spray burgeoned out far up the other slope. The roar was deafening.

All at once the wind shifted. The water swung back, and in a flash the human figure was blotted out in a deluge that turned me sick. For a second, that seemed an hour, it played on the spot fleshily, it seemed to me, standing horrified there, and then slowly it swept away.

And then there was a movement, a painful, crawling movement down there on the slope, and I scrambled down the slippery rocks to help a blinking, creeping, much-surprised youth, bleeding from a hundred cuts, up to where his clothes lay. He was still too dazed to speak. When his breath returned and his extra glasses were perched again on his nose, he said: "The oceans fell upon me. Come back to New England."

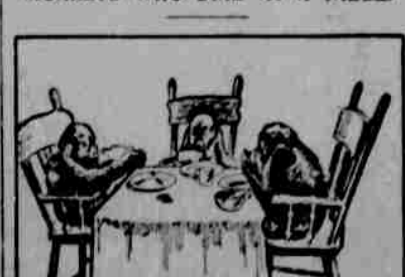
EMERSON'S TRUE PLACE.

"Shares with Hawthorne and Poe Primacy of American Letters."

Emerson shares with Hawthorne and Poe the primacy of American letters. Whitman must be counted with them as an original force in poetry. His imagination had more volume and flow; he had command, at his best, of a telling freshness and effectiveness of phrase; but in power of organization, in discernment of spiritual qualities, he falls far below the Concord poet. For it is as a poet that Emerson must be reckoned with; the limitations of his prose, the lack of order in his thought, and of thorough and large structure in his style, are due to the poet's method in dealing with his subjects. He has enriched our literature with a few poems of such directness of vision, such captivating simplicity of imagery, such ultimate felicity of phrase, that they will lay hold of the imagination of remote generations. He was not great in volume of emotion. In tidal force and sweep of imagination, in that fullness of life which comes to the poet whose genius is charged with elemental power as was Dante's and Shakespeare's. He did not look at Christianity with the fresh and original insight which he brought to other subjects. He saw the disorder of society, but he did not seem to realize the tremendous significance of sin as moral evil. And although he said striking and profound things about Christ, he failed to take the measure of the divinest personality in history—a failure due in part to the force of the religious reaction in which he lived, and in part to his fundamental view of life.

In spite of these limitations, he remains in many respects the finest product of the old race in the new world; the loftiest interpreter of its fundamental idea and mission; one of the deepest and noblest of its teachers; of a life so simple, so blameless, so nobly poised between vision and task that to recall it is to catch a glimpse of the spiritual order of life, and to believe in the dreams of the pure and the great.—Hamilton Wright Mabie in the Outlook.

MONKEYS WHO DINE AT A TABLE.



The New York zoological garden in Bronx park boasts three very intelligent monkeys—Donong, Pretty Peggy and Polly—who were caught by the camera while enjoying a meal at fresco. Their table manners may not be of the best in the world, but they have learned to use a fork and to drink out of cups and mugs without disgracing themselves or their tutors, Curator Ditmars and Missis Keeper Miles. The trio dine in public only twice a week, on Saturdays and Sundays, and on those days are watched by admiring hundreds.

The efficacy of the club has never been fairly estimated.

Science AND Invention

The Kew Herbarium, begun fifty years ago, is estimated to comprise considerably more than two million specimens, attached to 1,300,000 sheets.

Seeds of the castor-oil plant are surprisingly common in Egyptian tombs. Professor Lanit, a recent French investigator, finds that some seeds from Thebes must be at least three thousand years old, and from an ancient papyrus concludes that the oil was used for much the same purposes as now.

The arsinotherium, the new fossil monster of Egypt, had a head nearly a yard long, with a pair of small horns near the eyes and an enormous double bony horn on the nasal region. Prof. E. May Lankester, however, finds that it differs from the rhinoceros and was probably descended from the early elephants.

In order to supply the Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie gold-fields in Western Australia with water, an aqueduct is under construction, leading from a reservoir on the Helena river, 328 miles distant, and 2,700 feet below the level of the district to be supplied. The water is to be carried in a 30-inch pipe, and elevated from table-land to table-land by means of eight pumping stations. The cost of the work is estimated at \$15,000,000, and the annual expense for operating and interest at \$1,700,000; but those who have undertaken it believe that the gold fields for the benefit of which they are working are the richest in the world.

George Henschel tells in Nature of a musical feat by a canary bird, which, he says, seems to him so wonderful that he should consider it incredible if he had not, with his own ears, heard it, not once, but dozens of times. A bullfinch had been taught to pipe the tune of "God Save the King," and a young canary learned it from him. Finally the canary became so perfect in its mastery of the tune that when the bullfinch, as sometimes happened, stopped after the first half a little longer than the proper rhythm warranted, the canary would take up the tune where the bullfinch had stopped, and finish it. This happened when the respective cages containing the birds were in separate rooms.

Of the slugs, or lung-breathing snails with too small or internal shells or none at all, about one thousand species and five hundred varieties have been described. Most of these have been brought together by Walter E. Collinge, an English collector, who shows specimens ranging in size from that of a grain of wheat to a length of several inches, and in coloring from dull, repulsive tints to the gorgeous hues of the butterfly. All slugs lay eggs, the numbers varying from ten to a hundred or more and the sizes from that of a pin-point to that of a sparrow's egg. A beautiful and very rare South African species is a veritable tiger among its kind, preying savagely on other slugs and on insects, and several other species are carnivorous and friends of gardeners.

BATTLE OF RAT AND SNAKE.

Ended in a Draw at the North Carolina State Museum.

At the last State fair held in Raleigh, N. C., a traveling showman exhibited a woman snake charmer. He had several hundred live snakes in boxes for the use of his performer, which had been shipped to him by a snake farmer in Texas. The reptiles were of the nonpoisonous kind and many of them were five feet long and two inches thick.

One of the places of the show was in a booth between the county courthouse and the United States post-office building, writes a correspondent of the New York Times. One day after the show was over and the snake charmer and company had gone a bull snake of the size stated crawled out from where the booth had been to the sidewalk and was caught and carried to the State museum and turned over to the curator. The snake was pronounced a fine specimen of his species and appeared to be vicious. He fought when captured and would strike at every person who came near the cage where he was confined.

One of the employees of the museum was engaged in catching rats, and one morning he exhibited a large rat, much larger than is usually seen, and that looked like a good-sized squirrel. Seeing what a magnificent fellow the rodent was, it was decided to have a fight between the snake and the rat. The cage in which the snake was confined was about seven feet long and five feet wide and five feet high, with glass on the ends and on one side. This cage was cleaned out and the snake was put back, and he stretched out and lay as if asleep. The rat was then dropped in and he ran up into the corner near the tail of the snake to view the cage.

The snake apparently did not take any notice of the rat, but the rat soon took in the situation. His eyes were fixed on the snake and he was panting from excitement. Several minutes elapsed and neither antagonist moved, and the spectators had begun to think there would be no fight, when the snake almost imperceptibly moved, and at this instant the rat sprang from the corner to the head of the snake—a distance of six feet—and seized the snake just behind the head and sank his teeth into his neck.

Immediately the snake began to blow and hiss and to strike and throw his body about the cage in the effort to break the hold of the rat. This struggle lasted thirty seconds before the rat was dislodged and the snake then struck viciously at him and made every exertion to get the rat in his mouth, but the rat dodged and escaped and ran around the cage until he again found the snake stretched out at full length, this position being the opportunity which he sought, and he again sprang on the snake and fastened his teeth in the snake at the same place and held on.

Another struggle ensued more furious than the first one. The snake made frantic efforts to shake the rat loose. He lashed the cage with his tail, and gave out a sickening odor, but the rat clung to him with death-like tenacity with his teeth and feet. This round lasted one minute. The rat was then dislodged and the snake made for him the second time. The snake chased the rat around the cage, the rat jumping about and dodging the blows of the snake, and avoiding the mouth of the snake, until the snake presented another opportunity of being stretched out in full length, and then the rat took advantage of this opening and for the third time he sprang on the snake and riveted his teeth in the snake at the same place. The struggle of the two former rounds was repeated. The time was one minute and five seconds before the hold of the rat was broken.

The snake, finding himself free from his enemy, crawled into one corner of the cage and coiled up, but did not renew the fight. The rat resumed his place in the corner he had originally chosen and stood there panting and trembling, but did not make another attack, and the victory was awarded to the rat, which was unharmed. His ears were then cropped so that they would know him if he was ever caught again, and for putting up such a gallant fight he was turned loose to roam the museum. The cage was bloody and an examination of the snake disclosed a severe wound through the neck, but this was soon cured. The snake is still in the museum and does not appear vicious.

AN OFFICE HOLDER 23 YEARS

And Never Solicited a Vote Nor Spent a Cent for Campaigns.

For the past 23 years James S. Pierponnet has been an alderman or has sat in the mayor's chair of Wheaton, Ill., and during the same period he has served the city in other capacities, having been a school director, president of the School Board and president of the Library Board.

In all his political experience Mr. Pierponnet never asked one man to vote for him; has never gone out of his way so far as one block to influence any man's vote and has never spent the fraction of one cent for campaign expenses. Twelve years ago the people came to him and said they wanted him to take the office of mayor. He said he did not care for it particularly, but holding that it was a man's duty to serve his town when he could, he accepted the place.

Two years later he was asked to run again. He declined, but the people elected him. There was no opposing candidate. Since that time the elections have been simply matters of form. No one ever came forward to run against Mayor Pierponnet. Last April for the sixth consecutive time the people came to him and asked him to retain the office. His patience gave way at this and he protested against being called upon to fill the chair again. But his protest was unavailing. The people elected him and what is more he received every ballot cast for mayor.

Mayor Pierponnet does not suffer politics to enter into the conduct of city affairs. He looks upon the municipality as a big business corporation and he administers its affairs just as he would his own private enterprises.

An Unassuming Royal Personage.

The carelessness of the Duke of Norfolk about dress and his unassuming ways are very marked and have caused him to be the victim of many curious mistakes, relates an English writer. My friend had a house near Arundel, and when she and her family were removing to London the duke contemplated buying the place as a house for a member of his family. One morning Mrs. — was in her bedroom shortly after breakfast when a servant came up to tell her that a messenger from the castle had called. "Where is he?" she asked. "Oh! he's in the hall, ma'am." Knowing the duke's habits of activity in the country she felt some misgivings and hurried downstairs to find the Earl Marshal of England sitting quite patiently on a hall chair with his hat in his hands. She overwhelmed him with apologies, of course, but the duke was most amused and laughingly said that he delighted in an appearance which protected him from attentions which would make his life burdensome.

A Dog Day Dialogue.

"I notice you've got your summer pants on," remarked the dog fancier. "Yes," gasped the exhausted terrier, "but they're not very loud; certainly not as loud as some of this season's flannels." "True. Nevertheless, what you need is muzzlin'."

EUROPE'S RICHEST PRINCESS.

Certain Distinctions Which Denmark's Future Queen Enjoys.

Crown Princess Louise of Denmark, as the distinction of being the richest royal princess in Europe. She was left by her mother, the late Queen of Sweden, a fortune of 90,000,000 marks—about \$15,000,000 in our domestic dollars—and this legacy, through being wisely invested, has increased to a more impressive sum. The future Queen of the Danes is also the tallest of European royal women and is well formed, which compensates somewhat for her rather plain face. These are not, however, the only fea-



PRINCESS LOUISE OF DENMARK.

tures in which Louise, crown princess of Denmark, is noticeable among women with royal blood in their veins. As the mother of no less than eight children, she would have the hearty approval of President Roosevelt, whose good opinion, by the way, is beginning to be valued on the other side of the water even by royalties. The crown princess has four sons and four daughters, the youngest of them all being little Princess Dagmar, who was born in 1890.

Most of the mother's fortune will pass to the princess' eldest son, Prince Christian, who married in 1898 Princess Alexandra, sister of the reigning grand duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The crown princess' second son, Prince Charles, also is a benedict. He espoused, in 1896, Princess Maud of Wales, the youngest daughter of King Edward VII.

EFFECTS OF MONEY.

Interesting Study of Results of Inherited Wealth on Families.

An interesting contribution to the study of the effects of money on families can be made by any person of statistical inclinations who will take the trouble to trace out for a few generations the history of a score or two of our very rich families, and learn what effect the acquirement of a big fortune by any individual American has had on the divorce record of that individual and his descendants. It is early yet to get results that would prove much, because most of the great American fortunes are pretty new; but already tendencies seem to be showing themselves which it would be worth while to trace back. There are believed to be about 4,000 millionaires in the United States; enough to give a statistician an ample field to work in. A fortune sufficient to make life easy and comfortable is probably a promoter of domestic happiness, but still it seems likely that rich people or their descendants get more divorces than poorer people do. In the first place, heirs and heiresses are more exposed to the wiles of the designing than the sons of poverty, and for that reason are somewhat more likely to make unwise marriages. Again, the rich, as a rule, have more leisure than the poor, are not so steadily and effectively disciplined by work, are less safeguarded by a wholesome routine, and cast about more widely and continuously for pleasures. Satan, as heretofore, finds mischief still for idle hands to do, and some of the mischief results in divorce. Moreover, the rich are somewhat more used to self-indulgence and having their own way than the poor. They can meet the expense of divorce, which is often considerable, can go as far as is necessary, stay there as long as is necessary to gain divorce on convenient terms; and they can afford to break up families without fear of want. Many a wife sticks to a bad husband because she and her children need his support; many a husband puts up with an unsatisfactory wife because he cannot afford to try a new one. Divorce, like the appendicitis operation, is a luxury, and comes high.—Harper's Weekly.

Health Commandments.

The requirements of health can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness and exercise and rest. The first two requirements affect the blood, and as the blood circulates all over the body, including the brain, every part is affected. Fresh air affects the purity of the blood. The freshest air is out of doors, and it is the duty of everyone to spend a certain amount of time in the open air. Good food is not necessarily expensive food. Exercise and rest should alternate and balance each other. It is quite possible to take too much exercise, and this side of the question must be guarded against as carefully as the other.

We always feel sorry for a boy whose father is so rich that his sons can't afford to go barefooted in summer.

The happiest person is one who is regardless of the future and oblivious of the past.