Pera's Beggars.

Several beggars in Pera own a large amount of property. One well known man has houses worth ten thousand liras, and yet is to be seen begging in filthy rags. A poor governess, who was very charitable, used to give him a piastre twice a week. One day she missed a lira (pound) and thought she must have given it to the beggar by mistake. He had gone home for the day, so she followed him to his house on the Taxime. He received her graciously, looking like a pasha at least in his magnificent robes. "I never like to lose a good client," he said, and sent for his bag of takings; "If there is a lira here we shall find it." Sure enough, the lira was there. "Take it," he continued, and the poor girl, full of thanks, was hurrying away when the beggar stopped her. "Wait a moment; you haven't given me the piastre."

His Ready Answer.

The German emperor, while recently inspecting a body of naval recruits, noticed an unusually stalwart man in the ranks, and asked him where he hailed from. The recruit, in broad Bavarian dialect, replied: "From Wiesbach, your majesty."

"Did you understand whom I meant," the emperor asked, "in addressing you sailors about the foreign foe?"

Recruit—"Yes, Russians."

The emperor—"And enemies at home?"

Recruit—"Prussians, your majesty."

Edison's new telephone, a sample of which he had given to Li Hung Chang, does away with the receiver, and permits a business man to carry on a conversation at a distance of a few feet from the instrument, which is placed against the wall of a room, without leaving his desk or touching the instrument, which works automatically.

It was once told to a certain king of England that Lord Blank was his politest subject. "I will test him," said the king, and showed Lord Blank to the carriage, holding the door for him to enter first, which he did. "You are right," said the king, "a lesser person would have troubled me with ceremony."

We always admire a man who works much and talks little.

The White Violet.

(The inhabitants of far Cathay have a pretty little legend which accounts for the origin of the white violet. The following story is an accurate translation from the Chinese.)

At Nantai, close under the great south wall of Fuhchan, lived Suen Moi, the violet girl, in the house of her father, the maker of baskets. But he was old, his hands had lost their skill, and he was like a blind fowl picking at random after worms. They would have been poor had he not been as careful with his cash as a bee with its honey. Suen Moi did not know, so she sold violets that heaven might bestow upon her the hundred blessings. Her flowers grew in front of the house, which faced the north, and she knew the flowers loved her, because when they blossomed they always turned their heads toward the door.

She called the flowers her children, gave them water, when the hot sun tried to scorch them, and kept the weeds away. Every day she picked the best ones and sold them, that her parents might not die poor. Whenever she sold a bunch she always whispered: "Ni-ho-chi-lok," that they might find comfort in the parting.

"The flowers of Suen Moi have souls," those at the market said. "They know her voice and her touch, and when they pass into strange hands they droop their heads and die."

But Suen Moi said they only wanted water.

She gathered her flowers early in the morning before the sun was up, and she kept them in a basket made of bamboo shoots.

One morning, just as she had finished, a young man stopped at the gate.

"Do you sell flowers?" he asked.

"Yes, honorable sir," and she bowed low, for she knew by his dress that he was a man of rank.

"I want to buy some of you."

She took the basket to him and held it out that he might please himself. He took one flower. Then from the purse at his belt he brought out a coin which he dropped into her hand. It was a long piece of yellow metal shaped like a knife. Upon it were characters which Suen Moi could not understand.

"It is too much," she said, like a child that cannot calculate.

"I give it to you because you love your flowers and are good to them," answered the stranger.

She watched him curiously as he walked away, and then she looked at the coin. When she went into the house she showed it to her parents.

"It is very ancient," said her father. "There is one like in in the museum at Fuhchan."

"It is gold," said her mother. "If we had three more we should be rich."

The next morning the stranger came again. He came over to whre Suen Moi was gathering flowers, and said to her:

"Suen Moi, Suen Moi, give me a flower."

"I have picked the best one for you," she answered, blushing.

"Why have you picked the best one?" he asked.

"Because I know you love flowers, too," she answered.

"Do you know you are a flower?" he said.

She hung her head. No one had ever spoken like this to her before.

"You are as beautiful as the flowers," he said. "Your heart is pure and sweet. I love you as you do the flowers."

"The stranger one is at the gate talking to her," said the father to his wife.

"I wonder if he will give her another coin!" she answered. "Perhaps he wants to buy her."

"DO YOU SELL FLOWERS."

"You are like one who looks at the heavens from the bottom of a well," he answered.

As he spoke she went to the door.

"She is bringing him in," she said, sharply. "We shall be disgraced."

Suen Moi entered with her basket. The stranger followed. The old couple kneeled and knocked their heads on the floor because they could easily see that he was a man of rank.

"I have come to announce my betrothal to your daughter," he said.

They were so astonished they could say nothing.

"You are not to send her to the market-place to sell flowers. You are to find a sin-shang, who will teach those things which she ought to know."

"But we are poor, honorable sir," said the old woman, who could not help thinking of the knife-shaped coin of gold.

He took from his belt an embroidered purse and laid it on the table.

"You are more wealthy than your neighbors," he said.

Then he went out, while the old woman began counting the coins.

Every day he came at sunrise and stood at the gate, while Suen Moi picked one violet for him. One day she asked him:

"Where do you live, honorable sir?"

"In the Temple of the Seven Genii," and he pointed toward Fuhchan. "My home is in the Temple, but because you have asked me the question I must go away. When the moon shines bright and round again I will return."

He walked down the road with the violet in his hand, while Suen Moi walked sorrowfully into the house.

For three days she grieved. The flowers which grew in the garden turned their faces toward the door, as if looking for her, but she did not come to them.

The black monster laid his hand upon the village. The curse of smallpox raged. It crept like a thief through the gate and up the path between the flower beds of Suen Moi. It stole into her room, and laid its hand upon her fair forehead, and chained her to her couch. The fever came into her face, then the spots appeared, and, last of all, the marks of the monster's claws. The flowers in the garden knew, and hung their heads in sorrow.

In her delirium Suen Moi found her lover. He had returned, and she was searching for a flower to give him. But they all drooped their heads. So she raved:

"Raise up your heads; don't you know that—that——"

She did not know his name. She turned to him.

"I cannot call you 'he,'" she said. "What is your name?"

The blush seemed to come over her face because she was bold, but it was only the fever.

"I am called Wong-Fa," he answered.

"That is the name of the God of the Flowers," she said.

"I am that one," was the reply.

But the memory of all this passed from her.

The black monster has no mercy. It has no soul, so it is continuously searching for human ones. It took the soul of Suen Moi, and left the body for the parents to shed their tears on. But as the soul passed down the path to the gate the flowers raised their heads and demanded it, and it went to them.

When the sun shone on them the next morning a young man stood at the gate waiting for Suen Moi. He had returned. He waited until he saw the white cloth across the door. Then a terror came over him. He walked up the path.

"Where is my betrothed?" he asked of the old woman.

"She died of the scourge last night."

He turned and looked at the flowers.

"You bloom in purple?" he asked, softly. "You raise your heads in joy when she, who loved you best is dead?" He waved his hand gently over them and they bowed their heads. "Why should you not mourn?" he asked them, and they shivered in the morning breeze. "Mourn for her forever."

The old woman went in to light the candles, that the soul of Suen Moi might find its way through the darkness of eternity, and when the funeral procession passed down the path the violets were white.

NOT OF MUCH CONSEQUENCE.

His Ultimate Destination Did Not Concern the English Traveler.

From the Troy Times: Rev. Dr. John Watson, "Ian Maclaren" has a clever way of telling a story, as the readers of his books know full well. In a recent lecture to the Yale students he amused those young gentlemen with a number of excellent anecdotes. One of these concerned a railroad trip which Dr. Watson once took. Sitting near him in the carriage wer ean elderly gentleman and a good, worthy man who believed he had the care of every human soul in his keeping. The worthy man leaned over to the elderly man, who was a rugged type of John Bull, and asked him: "Do you know where you are going to?" "What?" exclaimed the elderly gentleman. "I say, do you know where you are going to?" "Liverpool," was the reply. "Oh, I didn't mean that," exclaimed the worthy man. "Didn't mean that!" shouted the elderly gentleman, now thoroughly aroused. "If this is the Bradford express it must be stopped. I want to go to Liverpool," and with that he made a dive for the bell rope. "He probably would have reached it," continued Dr. Watson, "and stopped the train had I not intervened and told the elderly man he was on the train for Liverpool." "What did you mean, then?" inquired the elderly gentleman, rather sharply. "I simply wanted to ask you if you knew whether you were going to heaven or hell," was the reply. "Oh! that's all right," exclaimed the elderly gentleman apparently greatly relieved, "but I thought you were speaking about a far more serious matter."

Ahead of the Game.

The old man is a great favorite on Newspaper row; his only failing is that he has asthma, which he has to drown out occasionally. Last week he started out to drown his hay fever on pay day. When he left the office he counted among his possessions $25 his week's salary. Just what happened to him is a mystery, because he never gained consciousness until he woke up in the station house the next morning. He searched his pockets—they were empty. Eight o'clock came and the stationkeeper came to let him out. There was no charge against him; he had only been locked up to sleep it off. Stationkeeper Collins called out Bob's name, and then began to hand out things that had been taken away from him when he was locked up, of which Bob had no knowledge. First his watch, then $37.50, half again as much as Bob had when he started out; then a new suit of clothes, an umbrella, a box of paper collars and a basket of grapes. Bob is still wondering where they came from. But he entertains the highest opinions of the police department and the board of safety.—Louisville Commercial.

MEDICAL AND ARMY RED TAPE.

English Military Surgeons Who Made Themselves Ridiculous.

Considerable controversy still continues to be waged with reference to the titles of the army doctors, says the London Navy and Military Record. In its zeal for the cause which it has so much at heart, the British Medical Journal has dropped into a funny error. Deploring "the sad incongruities," our contemporary refers to two supposed army surgeons, belonging to the Royal Sussex regiment, who died in Egypt, who are, it is stated, mentioned on a monument at Brighton merely as "Drs. So-and-So," their names being placed between the Lance corporals and privates. As our contemporary, The Globe, points out: Every soldier will, of course, see at once that, as a contemporary points out, the "Drs." are not "doctors," but drummers. It is in this way that the friends of those army surgeons who glory only in the military half of their double-barreled titles, make their cause ridiculous, for they quite seem to forget that it is the other half of those titles by which they won their commissions and earn their pay. It is stated that there was a certain very military brigade surgeon lieutenant-colonel in M——, to whom a subaltern addressed a note as to "Dr. So-and-So." The note came back unopened, and superinscribed "No such person in M——." But the subaltern was equal to the occasion, and sent it back superinscribed, "To await arrival." It was the same medical officer to whom a captain's wife wrote a friendly note. "Dear Dr. So-and-So: Baby has a big boil. Please come round and bring your lancet." To this came a reply that the note should have been addressed "Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Col. So-and-So," and the lady wrote back: "Dear Brigade Surgeon Lieut.Col. So-and-So: Baby has a big boil. Please come round and bring your sword."

A Bicycle Freak.

The Eiffel tower bicycle is the newest sensation among the wheelmen of Berlin. It is a tandem, and a few weeks ago the strange machine, with one of its riders high in the air, made its appearance on the boulevards of the German city, and it at once became the tandem freak of the continent. The seat of the rider at the top of the tower is reached by a series of steps fixed to the rear frame post of the odd bicycle. The rider on the lofty seat helps in the propulsion of the wheel through a series of pedals, sprocket wheels and a chain leading down to the driver wheel of the bicycle. Strange as it may appear, the wheel can be ridden up and down hill and over the ordinary country roads with as much ease and comfort as the regulation safety.

Hanged and Varnished.

An English custom of not so long ago was to hang smugglers on gibbets arranged along the coasts, and then tar the bodies that they might be preserved a long while, as a warning to other culprits. As late as 1822 three men thus varnished could have been seen hanging before Dover castle. Sometimes the process was extended to robbers, assassins, incendiaries and other criminals. John Painter, who fired the dockyard at Portsmouth, was first hanged and then tarred in 1776. From time to time he was given a fresh coat of varnish, and thus was made to last nearly fourteen years. The weird custom did not stop smuggling or other crime, but no doubt it worked some influence as a preventive.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Three Balls.

Razzle—I thought you said that a mackintosh was impervious to water.

Dazzle—So they are.

Razzle—Not much. I had mine soaked before I had it a week.—Harlem Life.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

Cheerful giving always makes the giver rich.

The Christian should be a Christian in both walk and talk.

Unless the heart first gives, what the hand bestows is not a gift.

God's grace is as much beyond our needs as the air we breathe.

Don't try to be an assistant bookkeeper to the recording angel.

The revival must begin in the end of the church that contains the pulpit.

In wishing for his neighbor's possessions, the covetous man loses his own.

There is only here and there a man who praises God half as much as he should.

It is only by giving with the heart that any man can know what it means to be rich.

When we have a keen eye for the faults of others, we are apt to be blind to our own.

There is nothing like the word of God for changing a dark prospect into a bright one.

Strength is not a blessing when it is used to take advantage of a brother's weakness.

Open the door of your heart for Christ, and he will open the door of heaven for you.

When we are doing our prayerful best, let us remember that it is all God expects.—Ram's Horn.

Long Corridors.

The corridors of Farnham castle, England, the episcopal palace of the bishop of Winchester, are 1,794 yards in length, all told.

London Market Porters.

There are 400 licensed market porters in London.

One Job Not Enough.

When Du Maurier made an engagement with Harper Brothers to contribute a full page drawing each month, he received a protest from Punch, whose officials thought themselves exclusively entitled to his services. His reply was as follows: Dear ——: "Man cannot live by Punch alone."

A well trained wife is one who always laughs at her husband's jokes, no matter how often she has heard them.

The first horses in this country were brought here in the year 1518.

If a sick man is patient his women folks have every reason for believing that he will die.

Looking a difficulty square in the face will often kill it dead.

What a Man Cannot Do.

A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman can broil a steak and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that she does not steal the remnant of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy and set the table, and see to the toast and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once and not half try. Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it pull street cars, and light the great cities of the world. But he can't find a spool of red thread in his wife's workbasket; he can't discover the pocket in her dress hanging in a closet. He cannot be polite to somebody he hates. He can't sit in a rocking chair without banging the rockers into the base-boards. He can't put the tidy on the sofa pillow right side out. In short he can not do a hund things that women do instinctively.—New York Ledger.

He Didn't Want Them.

Agnes Strickland once urged Mr. Donne to introduce her to George Borrow, author of "The Romany Rye." Borrow, who was in the room at the time, offered some objection, but was at length prevailed upon to accept the introduction. The authoress commenced the conversation by an enthusiastic eulogy of his works and concluded by asking his permission to send him a copy of her "Queens of England." "For God's sake, don't madam, I should not know what to do with them," exclaimed Borrow.