Happiness

Happiness is not in wealth,
Not in greatness, not in fame;
Not in power, not in health,
Not in praise nor lack of blame,
Happiness is but to know
How to cherish, how to prize
That which is our own. The glow
That we always fancy lies
On the dear forbidden thing
Never was nor will be there;
For the slave and for the king
Joy is but to know or guess
That the treasures they possess
Seem to others rich and rare.
—S. E. Kiser.

THE EATING OF THE APPLE

BY PAUL BLAKE

VII

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Hand in hand they walked down to the edge of the great world into which he was going; walked through the clover and the daisies, across the little foot-bridge over the sparkling creek, through the old apple orchard, over the stile, down the dusty road, up the broad walk right to the two great iron rails which marked the omega of the old life and the alpha of the new. As they walked they talked earnestly. He was all enthusiasm, courage, purpose, eager to try the metal of his blade with the unknown contestants awaiting him out yonder. She was brave, patient, hopeful, hiding with womanly instinct her grief at the parting in order to further encourage and cheer him on.

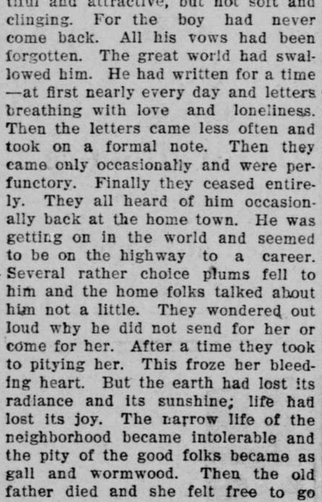
They were but children—Calvin was 18 and Mattie 16—but all their lives had they been lovers and this was the first parting. Calvin was going out to carve a place for himself in the great world and to make a home to which Mattie was to come. Opportunities were too limited in the country and Calvin was going out to hurry matters. Ah, the plans they laid and the castles they builded during that last walk. Then came the whistle of the train, the last words of farewell, the last squeeze of the hands and the last look into each other's eyes—his flashing with anticipation, her's bravely keeping back the tears.

* * * * * * *

Ten years later a single figure walked down the same path to the edge of the great world, walked the same path through the clover and daisies, across the same foot bridge, over the same sparkling creek, through the same old apple orchard, over the same stile, down the same dusty road, up the same broad walk and right to the same iron rails. It was the figure of a woman and she walked with a defiant step and held her head rather too high. Her face showed traces of suffering, but her expression courted no sympathy. All the soft lines of the girl of sixteen were gone and all the sweetness and joy of a decade ago had fled.

It was the same girl who had walked to the edge of the world with the boy and she still was beautiful and attractive, but not soft and clinging. For the boy had never come back. All his vows had been forgotten. The great world had swallowed him. He had written for a time—at first nearly every day and letters breathing with love and loneliness. Then the letters came less often and took on a formal note. Then they came only occasionally and were perfunctory. Finally they ceased entirely. They all heard of him occasionally back at the home town. He was getting on in the world and seemed to be on the highway to a career. Several rather choice plums fell to him and the home folks talked about him not a little. They wondered out loud why he did not send for her or come for her. After a time they took to pitying her. This froze her bleeding heart. But the earth had lost its radiance and its sunshine; life had lost its joy. The narrow life of the neighborhood became intolerable and the pity of the good folks became as gall and wormwood. Then the old father died and she felt free to go away and bury her hurt heart, her wounded pride and her broken life in the great world. Where or how she cared not.

And so she had traveled the same old path along which she had swung so happily and hopefully and trustfully with him ten years before, to the edge of the world. Ah, but how bitter the thoughts, how different from those on that other walk. And the whistle of the locomotive sounded just as it did ten years before—and she, too, swung out into the great world to help feed its capacious maw, which demands ever and ever



They were but children.

human hearts and hopes and ambitions and hates and fears and souls.

* * * * * * *

Ten years after the woman walked alone to the edge of the world, a man sat listlessly at a table in a concert hall in the great city toying with the mug of untasted beer before him. He heard not the crash and bang of the cheap little orchestra and saw not the bedizened dancers on the tawdry stage, for his eyes were turned inward and his ears were ringing with words and sounds of other days. He was thinking—thinking of a bootless life, of failure, of disgrace of misspent hours and years, of forgotten obligations and broken vows. His face bore the evidences of dissipation and his clothing the marks of poverty—not biting, grinding poverty, but shabby, genteel poverty.

He thought of the hopes and ambitions and resolutions of his youth of his early successes and triumphs, of his first mad dip into the waters of forbidden and soul-destroying pleasure, of the gradual transfer of his allegiance from the stern and upright God of Duty and Ambition to the frail and seductive Goddess of Pleasure and Folly, of his

There were two white faces in Mlle. Madeline's room a moment later.

slipping just a little here and there in the faithfulness of his work and the rigidity of his integrity, of the stopping of his upward climbing, of his long struggle to stand still and hold what he had attained, of his gradual slipping, slipping on the downward path, of his loss of position, his acquiring of another, his loss of that and ever and ever landing in poorer and poorer and yet poorer places until now here he was without work, without money, without friends, without reputation, his brain seared by dissipation and his hand unsteady to any task. Failure, failure was the word which glowed with electric brilliancy before his vision and from the shadows all about projected the horrid heads of the reptiles he had crushed out of sight all the years—Reproach, Self-accusation, Guilt, Remorse, Shame. With difficulty he stifled a cry of agony and brought himself back into the reality of the present. His eyes, again turned outward, rested on the stage.

A woman was singing in a cracked voice and dancing to the more or less lively bars of the music. She was painted and powdered and padded and her scant clothes were tawdry and cheap and not of the freshest or cleanest. And yet there was something about the woman which arrested the man's attention and filled him with the scent of apple blossoms and new-mown hay and green fields. He stared hard at her, then grabbed at the printed program which announced "Song and Dance by Mlle. Madeline." He laughed harshly and murmured to himself that he was "seeing things." But he stared hard again at the stage and just then the singer made her bow and ran off into the wing.

In her closing salute she made a little gesture which sent the blood back on the man's heart and brought him to his feet. "Mattie," he gasped and hurried, not knowing why, to the stage door, where he pushed by the protesting keeper and fiercely demanded to see Mlle. Madeline.

There were two white faces in Mlle. Madeline's little box of a room a moment later and later on there were confessions and self-reproaches and long stories of sin and suffering and misery—yes and tears and repentance, which must have made the angels glad. After all had been told, Calvin took Mattie's hand and said:

"We have both sinned and suffered and failed. It is my fault, but you have had to bear a part of the burden. Youth has gone, but the years yet stretch out before us. Father is dead and the old farm is mine, although it is mortgaged to the last limit the money-lenders will give. Let us go back and start over. No matter what people say. We will live it down together. We can never do it here in this accursed atmosphere of sin and soddidness."

* * * * * * *

And so a few days later a man and a woman of middle age, poorly clad, wan, thin, white-faced, came over the line at the edge of the world and walked hand in hand back down the same board walk, back up the same dusty road, back over the same stile, back through the same apple orchard, back across the same little footbridge, over the same sparkling creek, back through the same clover and daisies, to the same old farm house they had walked away from so happily and hopefully two decades before. Their eyes did not shine with the hope and joy and courage of the other journey, but in the place of hope there was knowledge, in the place of joy there was content and in the place of courage there was resolve.

Not Enough to See Snakes.

"And you never saw any sea serpents?"

"No; there was a big party of us and one barrel didn't go far."

VALUE OF KEEN OBSERVATION.

"Scotty" Cites Billy the Kid as an Example of Shrewd Deduction.

"Scotty," the alleged Death Valley millionaire cowboy, was regaling a circle of friends the other night with anecdotes of the plains. Previously some one had spoken of the clever capture of two alleged sisters of charity who had been arrested for soliciting funds. Detectives who were watching the supposed sisters as they climbed the stairs of the elevated road say that they wore red stockings and high heeled shoes, and their arrest was made on the strength of that discovery.

"That reminds me of Billy the Kid, when he was floating around the Panhandle country," said "Scotty." "There was a reward out for his capture and a slick detective from the East thought to corral it. He located Billy all right at a ranch and rode up bold enough. Billy was suspicious of every stranger and kept a sharp eye on this chap, who let on that he was a granger looking for a site to cultivate. He was waiting his chance to find Billy alone and get the drop on him.

"Billy sort of edged around to the fellow and, suddenly whipping out his gun, ordered hands up. The detective threw up his hands all right and Billy took a squint at the palms.

"'You're a ——— of a granger with them hands,' says Billy. 'Why, they never done a day's plowin' in their life.'

"Billy's gun cracked just about then and the detective went to trail ghosts in some other sphere. Nothing like observation in this world. Here, give us another drink."

ONE ALWAYS WELCOME GUEST.

Thoughtful Woman Whom It Is Pleasure to Entertain.

It has been said that women may be divided into two classes, that of the "born hostess" and that of the "born guest," and that neither fits into the other's role with any degree of success. There is one charming woman who is known among her friends as "I. G.," which mysterious appellation stands for "ideal guest!" She explains her unique title by saying: "It is so silly! Any one can be a perfect guest if she only tries. All you have to do is to be pleased with your entertainment, and try to help your hostess make things agreeable for the others. Yes, I do visit a great deal, and I make it an inviolable rule never to repeat in one house what I have seen or heard in another."

The "ideal guest," for instance, makes the care of her room as easy for the maid as possible. When she leaves it in the morning the bed is stripped and the mattress turned to air. When she leaves it for dinner or supper in the evening, all her own belongings are carefully put away in closet or drawers, thus making no "picking up" after her—work which is wearing to the maid and which takes much time. The "I. G." also remembers at noon, or when the guest room has the most blaze of sunlight, to close the blinds or drop the awnings, thus helping to keep fresh her hostess' dainty furnishings.—Harper's Bazar.

"Corkage" Not Now Needed.

There is one enduring tradition of the hotel business in the United States, and its outward symbol is the printed line on the country hotel bill "Corkage." At an earlier period, when wine drinking at meals was less common, it was the custom of hotel patrons to bring their own wines.

As every hotel keeper had, or was supposed to have, wine for sale at a profit, it was to the hotel keeper's interest to discourage the bringing of wine to table by guests, and therefore the practice originated of a charge for corkage, usually one dollar, which was in excess of the wine at the hotel.

The effect was to compel wine drinkers to buy from the hotel. In these days there is little reason why hotel patrons should "bring their own wines," and the fact is that few do so. Though the reason for the line "corkage" on hotel bills of fare is passed, the line itself has not.

Answering Abernethy.

Although one of the main characteristics of the famous Dr. Abernethy was the readiness with which he could administer a sharp and witty retort when occasion arose, he was once considerably nonplussed by the remark of a medical student.

"What would you do," the doctor asked the student at an examination, "if a man was placed in your hands with a broken leg?"

"Set it, sir," was the reply.

"Good, very good; you are a witty young man; and doubtless you can tell me what muscles of the body I would move if I were to kick you, as you deserve, for your impertinence?"

"You would put into motion," replied the student, not in the least abashed, "the flexors and extensors of my right arm, for I would forthwith knock you down."

When She Means Business.

"I have noticed," said the serious, offhand philosopher, "that a woman will get a golf dress when she has no intention of playing the game."

"That's so," admitted the man with the low forehead.

"And," continued the offhand philosopher, "she will get a ball gown when she cares nothing about dancing, and a tennis dress when she wouldn't play tennis for fear she would freckle, and a bathing suit when she has no idea of going into the water, and a riding habit when the very thought of mounting a horse gives her chills, and—"

"Yes," interrupted the man with the low forhead, "but when she gets a wedding dress she means business. Ever notice that?"

A Little Heaven.

A little white house on a little green hill,
With a little blue brook that babbles by,
And a little red earth to tend and till,
And a little gold glimpse of wheat or rye;
A little fond wife with eyes of brown,
And a little wee bairn with toes of pink;
A little kind kiss from lips that drown
Gloom in their dew—'twere to touch the brink
Of the azure ocean of love, and have
One's soul in the splendors that lift and save!

—Portland Oregonian.

The STAGE

Memory of Charlotte Cushman.

Fred Wren, a veteran comedian, recalls in a recent paper having played with Charlotte Cushman, and of his conviction that her life had been saddened by an unrequited love, he writes:

"There was a song I used to sing in Guy Mannering (as Bertrand) which Miss Cushman was very fond of. It began with these words:

Soft, love, 'tis I;
Relief is near.
Where art thou now?

"Well, every night going home to her hotel she would have me sing this, as she said it soothed and reminded her of her youth. Here was indeed a noble soul. She, of course, had her sweet love's dream, but what or who it was no one ever knew, although it was said many, oh, so many years ago, the object was an unworthy idol that broke, as did Charlotte Cushman's heart. I believe Miss Mary Wells was the only one who could speak of this matter, if she were alive. There are many alive to-day who knew both women intimately, but none I am sure who knew the cause of Miss Cushman's unhappiness, for unhappy she was, that I knew. But she was a Christian in all that the word implies, and was the embodiment of that beautiful trinity, 'Faith, Hope and Charity.' She was not only a student but a thinker, and she could expound the Bible and get more real sense and everyday religion to the square inch than all the preachers I ever knew, except Henry Ward Beecher, but, after all, he was more of an actor than a preacher.

"If alive Beecher wouldn't mind being associated with an actor in these sketches, for he loved the breed and I knew him well."

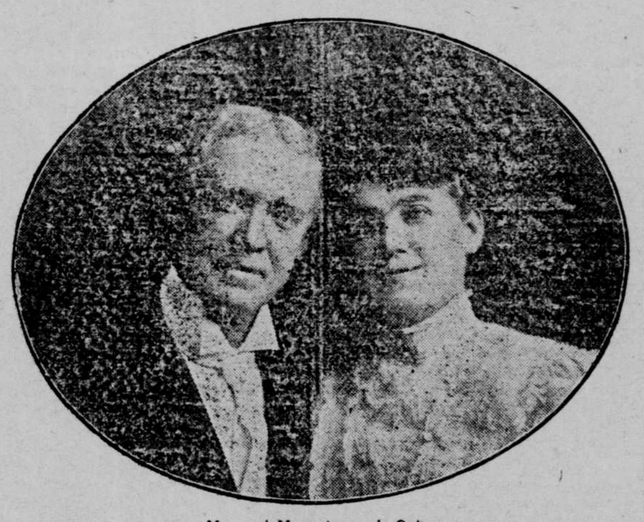
Turns the Other Cheek.

The Rev. Forbes Phillips, the London playwrighting vicar, is applying Christian virtues to dramatic work. He has pluck and perseverance and is not easily discouraged. His "Church and Stage," which was produced at the Savoy theater in the big city a few months ago, with Mrs. Brown Potter in the leading role, was a failure.

Pious folk, who were scandalized at the idea of a person writing plays, devoutly hoped that would deter him from repeating the experiment, and that henceforth he would stick to the pulpit. They have been sadly disappointed. Instead of accepting the popular verdict in a contrite and humble spirit as a providential chastisement designated to keep him to the straight and narrow path of clerical duties, he immediately set to work writing another play, "Lord Danby's Love Affair."

In a surprisingly short time he finished it, and it is now being tried on the provinces. In strength and vigor it exhibits such great improvement over his former play that kindly critics are predicting he will yet make a much higher mark as a dramatist than he is ever likely to achieve as a preacher.

TWO STARS OF "LITTLE JOHNNY JONES."



Mr. and Mrs. Jerry J. Cohan.

Gillette's Frog Hunt.

Charles Frohman's plans for the appearance of William Gillette in Paris have been arranged. He will be the first American star this manager has ever presented in Paris. Mr. Frohman has expressed himself as being very glad to have been able to arrange Mr. Gillette's first appearance there under his management, because it was Mr. Gillette's plays, personality and productions that first made success for Mr. Frohman in England, and the introduction of Mr. Gillette to Paris, he believes, will be equally successful.

It is part of Mr. Frohman's European plans to introduce American plays and American stars in Paris, and Mr. Gillette's visit there is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

Francis Wilson, Author.

His love for literary work has led Francis Wilson to write another book. His little brochure on Eugene Field, which was published some years ago, met with so much success that the publishers have persuaded the comedian to write his reminiscences of Joseph Jefferson. "I don't know what to call it," said Mr. Wilson—"perhaps 'Talks With Joseph Jefferson.' I knew Mr. Jefferson many years, and we have talked together on every subject under the sun. As we had many tastes in common, I think these recollections of him will be interesting to those who knew him personally, and to his great host of admirers who knew him as a player. I have divided the papers into a dozen parts: Jefferson as an actor, as a painter, as a story-teller, etc."

News of the Actors.

Charles Cherry, Nellie Thorne, Felix Edwards, Herbert Standing and Mathilde Cottrelly are to be in Maxine Elliott's company.

Mme. Modjeska is to make another farewell tour next season, playing in "Macbeth," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Mary Stuart."

Guy Bates Post recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in New York. He was dangerously ill, but is now reported as steadily improving.

Louis James, sturdy exponent of the deep-sea rumblings style of heroic acting, will appear this coming season in revivals of "Virginius," "Ingomar" and "Richelieu."

Aubrey Boucicault intends to remain in Europe this winter. His health has not been of the best, so he is to undergo a course of treatment by a London specialist.

Leo Mars, an English singing comedian, has been engaged for an important role in "Mlle. Modiste," a musical comedy in which Mme. Fritzi Scheff will star next season.

E. H. Sothern is taking preliminary steps for the production of "Fenris the Wolf," a poetic tragedy by Percy MacKaye, after his joint starring tour with Julia Marlowe is ended. It was written for Mr. Sothern and has recently been published.

It is not definitely announced that Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern will appear next season in "The Taming of the Shrew." "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night." Miss Marlow's Viola was long ago acclaimed a work of perfect beauty, but the roles of Kathrine and Portia will be new to her.

Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, has returned to this country, and begun a four weeks' engagement at Hammerstein's Paradise gardens in New York. For several years past Carmencita has been living in Spain enjoying the luxuries afforded by the possession of the large sums of money she made in America.

Miss Viola Allen has acquired the rights of a play by Comyn Carr which she will reserve for future use. Mr. Carr was long associated with Sir Henry Irving in the management of the Lyceum theater, London, and his dramatization of "Oliver Twist" was lately present by Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's theater, London.

Reginald De Koven and Frederic Ranken, who recently formed a partnership, have signed a contract with Henry W. Savage, which is of five years' duration. The manuscript of one new American opera has been delivered and each year this new team will see at least one opera produced by Mr. Savage, and perhaps more.

Sir Henry Irving's plans, according to the latest London rumor, have been entirely changed. His tour in this country, which was to have started at the commencement of 1906, has been postponed till the autumn of that year. As a consequence of this readjustment of dates he will spend the whole of next season in England.

Yvette Guilbert, who is now in London, is telling her friends that she expects to go to America in the autumn. For some months, she says, she has had a conditional arrangement with a manager in New York, and now both are ready to fulfill it. She is not going back to the music halls. Her plan, which she hopes to accomplish, is to give here the same sort of recitals in costume that she has been giving for two or three seasons in London and Paris.

Charles Frohman's latest announcement includes the news that the name of George Ade's new play for Joseph Wheelock, Jr., is "The Varsity Man;" that Miss Fay Davis will star in a new comedy, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy;" that he will present a new poetic play by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "Mizpah;" that Francis Wilson will have a one-act comedy, "The Little Father of the Wilderness," and that Virginia Harned has been supplied with a play by Henry Arthur Jones.

Mis Fanny Brough, whose acting added so much distinction and interest to that rather infantile play, "The Duke of Killicrankie," disclosed by John Drew at Powers' theater last spring, has begun a brief tour of the English provinces in a new light comedy called "An Angel Unawares." It is by Robert Vernon Harcourt, son of the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt. In the event of its favorable reception Miss Brough proposes to take the play to London. Miss Jane Van Buskirk, an American actress, is a member of the company.

Corinne, the little comedienne, who is making a personal hit in "Lifting the Lid" at the New Amsterdam Aerial theater and gardens, New York, will be the leading woman in support of the Rogers brothers in "The Rogers Brothers in Ireland" next season. Corinne is temporarily taking the place of Fay Templeton, who will shortly return to the cast of "Lifting the Lid." Miss Templeton rehearsed with the company for several weeks, but the day before the opening was forced to retire for an operation on her throat, which had become imperative.

Pranks Played by Neptune

An appearance of a new island in the Japanese seas calls to mind other rapid risings of land in the ocean. An island suddenly came to light off the coast of Sicily, remained two months and as quickly disappeared. Sabrina, near the Azores, retired from public life before it was fairly charted. The Gulf of Mexico has witnessed the advent and subsidence of small islands. These upheavals of the bed of the ocean suggest all sorts of mysteries connected with the unknown depths. An uncanny experience is related.

Our ship was out twenty-three days from Manila to the Sandwich islands. It was a silent, dead-black night. The lead showed deep sea. Suddenly we felt as if we were grounded. The mate suggested a sunken wreck, but the skipper stuck to the theory of earthquake. Subsequent events showed he was right.

Daybreak revealed a low and misty sky. We lay as if becalmed in the midst of an oily sea, strangely discolored in patches. Suddenly the water trembled. I can use no other word. The ship rolled and in the distance rose a huge, balloon-shaped mass of vapor, steam or smoke. There was not the slightest sound, but a long line of chafing water stretched across the streaky calm. Then the vapor settled over all and we could hear, but not see, the seething and pouring waters all about us. The captain ordered a bucketful to be drawn up. It was hot and smelled like gas works.

"H'm!" remarked the old skipper as he sniffed it. "They're poking up a new continent. I wish we were out of it."

The air grew more oppressive every moment. The vessel gave a gentle side roll and word was passed that we were aground. Over went the lead and came up covered with blue, oozy mud. We were wallowing in sludge, the darkness was pall-like and the atmosphere suffocatingly close. Then the air was rent with reports, awful to hear in that blackness. There were three of the deafening, roaring blasts and all was again still.

When the light came, red and unnatural, a strange sight met our eyes. It was as if the bottom of the Pacific was laid bare. We were helpless in a sea of thick mud. The sulphur fumes were choking and we had to take refuge below. Hour after hour we gasped, facing the probability of death by suffocation. Suddenly we felt that we were afloat. Whatever the bank of mud that held us, it had disappeared, and after a time we made our way out of the grewsome spot.

When we reached Honolulu the crew deserted. "There's no luck in a ship that has seen the bottom of the sea," they said.—(Pall Mall Magazine.)

High Living Centuries Ago

A singular piece of fiction, by F. Rolfe, entitled "Don Tarquino," has been published in England. It attempts to describe the life of a nobleman in Italy in the time of Cesare Borgia, about 1495. The hero of the story thus tells of the rings he wore one day, selecting them from a trayful brought to him by a page: "I chose six for the adornment of my thumbs and my first fingers and my third fingers; videlicet a cockatrice intagliate in green jasper, for averting the evil eye; a fair boy's head well combed, intagliate in smaragd, for preserving joy; an Apollino with a necklace of herbs, intagliate in heliotrope, which conferreth invisibility anointed with marigold juice; the Kytheria and Ares, intagliate in chalcedonyx, for gaining victories; the Anadyomene, intagliate in sea-blue beryl, fine, brilliant, very large, also for gaining victories; a silver ring, set through on all sides with toad-stone and ass-hoof, for augmenting manlihood and for protection against venom; and, having thanked Ippolito, I sent him the rest in a tray."

At dinner Don Tarquinio began with beef and barley broth, went on to roast pig and venison. "The venison suited my taste, being fat and full of blood, and I signed for a third platterful." And he didn't pass the entrees; minced chicken livers in paste balls, goose breasts in batter, cockscombs on lettuce, leek parboiled and fried in oil, a dish of quails served with figs. It is pleasant to know that "the goose breasts and the cockscombs were the best." He knew something of dietetics, for he ended with a gigantic salad, remembering that "green meat is as efficacious for whitening the skin as are blood meats for rendering supple the sinews." A couple of hours later he sat down with keen appetite to "a boiled owl farced with asafetida, a roasted wild boar with sweet sauce and pine kernels, a bear's hams and a baked porpentine."

The mediaeval exquisite was dressed richly. He says he was "not unnotable in a knitted habit like a skin of nacre-colored silk embroidered with a flight of silver herons." When he pulled a page's ear he consoled the boy with a tip of "three silver ouches shaped like herons," which he tore from his coat. The author of the story says that this is the way to write history, describing the actual life of a former day so as to present it strikingly to the reader.

Among the Forlorn Hope

"Do you want to live forever?" yelled Jack Kelly in command,
"You can die but once, my hearties, for your own dear native land;
Do you want to live forever, skulk as cravens to the rear
When you hear the Mausers coughing and the Filipinos cheer?"

"We don't want to live forever," bawled a lad from County Pike;
"When we sashay on the Spaniards you can see the greasers hike;
We are creeping through the jungle and marching o'er the plain,
And floundering through morass drenched in hot pelting rain."

"What's the matter with old Halsted, where they butcher all the steers;
We can see the greasers' finish sprawling down the hungry years;
They are crouching in the trenches and crawling through the grass,
As treacherous as a rattlesnake, they wriggle through the pass.

"It's tough to die in foreign lands," said Clancy, with a sigh,
"Far from your lassie's roseleaf face, her soft and tender eye,
To be shot down in the trenches by some lurking hound of Spain,
To be chucked into a muddy hole and anchored in the rain."

"To die at home is nice, and snug among the friends you know
You take the plunge into the dark, blithe as a bird you go.
Your friends all rally round your bed and grasp you by the hand;
They give you a good send-off ere you touch the shadow land.

"I'm blue moulded for a batin', faith I'm rusty for a fight;
Sure, hoarse grunting of the cannon is me bloomin' heart's delight;
I always was a roamer and from Bubbly Creek I came;
My soul exults in fighting and war's a glorious game!"

"There's nothing here but swamps and mud and rattlesnakes and trees,
And jungles filled with renegades that pick you off with ease;
Oh, for a whiff of Bubbly Creek, where first I saw the light;
The roaring of old Halsted and the stockyards bunch at night!"

What's the good of always roaming with the hunger in your soul,
And questing like a swarthy gypsy as you sashay to your goal;
What's the use of always wheeling, like a swallow on the wing,
And trailing like a supple hound upon the track of spring.

Goose Island breeds no cowards; we have got to do or die.
War is hell, with all the lid off; how those sneaking cutthroats fly.
As exiles from our native land, cast on this sultry shore,
We've got to chase those renegades and trim them as of yore.

—JAMES E. KINSELLA.
Registry Division Chicago Postoffice.

A South African Kingdom

King Lewanika of Barotseland, in South Africa, made a voyage to England a few years ago in the company of Col. Harding, the British government agent. He was much puzzled by the voyage. "How can we travel by night?" asked the king on one occasion. "There are no lights to steer by, and no land to keep in sight of." Again he asked: "What are those things above my head?" pointing to the life-belts in his cabin. When it was explained that the pople put these things on when shipwrecked and they wished to swim to land, he replied: "Where is the land to swim to?" The king got seasick. Col. Harding says: "Once when there was more tossing than usual I, too, felt queer and told the chief. He was delighted and said: 'Well, if you are ill on your own river, you can't laugh at me. On my river (meaning the Zambesi) you never feel headache, and your stomach does not move up and down, so I used you better than you use me.'"

In Barotesland Col. Harding one day delivered to a native chief a message which King Lewanika had talked into a phonograph. The chief "gazed blankly, wildly, from side to side, looking this way and that, and finally, in spite of rheumatic difficulties, rose to his feet, and stumbling to the table, gazed long and hard down the mouth of the trumpet, with the evident lively hope of seeing there his master's head. Not finding it, he turned away dazed, and said: 'How can iron speak? How can it know my language?' Then he added, with the air of one who has solved all difficulties: 'This is witchcraft.'"

Royal blood in Barotesland has to be accompanied by merit if it amounts to anything. Says Col. Harding: "To be a prince in Barotse in no way assures a high social standing until the same is won by some good work for the state, or by a high character for sobriety, or marked talent of some kind."

Colonel's Change of Heart

The following story is told of Col. Asa Barron, whom old-time patrons of the Crawford house will remember as the proprietor of this famous resort in the White mountains.

Henry Ward Beecher, while on one of his pleasure trips, found himself at the Crawford house one Sunday morning in July. The colonel, meeting his guest on the veranda, proposed a walk, to which Mr. Beecher agreed.

Col. Barron inquired if Mr. Beecher would not like to see his hogs, of which he was very proud. Mr. Beecher, who was very fond of livestock, said he would be delighted, and they turned aside toward the pens. As these were much higher than ordinary, Col. Barron called one of his men to drive out the hogs for his guest to see.

The driving commenced, and with many impatient grunts at this unwonted disturbance the drove was at last brought to view, except one old boar. Hearing his frantic mates and protesting grunts, Col. Asa, who thought the world of his hogs, straddled the muddy entrance of the pen, and, stretching himself within as well as he could, cried, "Careful, Jim. Don't hurt him. Take your time with him. Don't hurt——"

But at this moment the boar, with a sudden turn, dashed for the entrance, and, rushing between the knees of the astonished colonel, upset him into the slimy entrance way, dressed, as was his custom in summer, in a suit of white flannel.

When at last he regained his feet, the colonel was a sight to behold. Jumping up and down in his wrath, he fairly yelled, his sentences punctuated with marks of emphasis of which he is said to have been a master. "Kill him!——!——!——! kill him!"

When Mr. Beecher finally regained control of himself, he remarked: "Well, colonel, it appears that the devils are still in the swine."—(Boston Herald.)