



Judgment

Revere thy seniors for a day!
"Tis better to be last than first
To criticize the wrong way!

For all are human, frail and weak;
And each may err in the night.
To rebuke to compassion speak!

True Charity is "Tisba's" rose!
Wouldst wear its perfume in thy heart?
Suspend thy judgment 'til the close!

You heard it not—the Temple's song—
Know not what need beeth the man;
'Tis only God may judge the wrong!

Byron Williams

SCOTT LOVED BY ANIMALS.

Dumb Pets' Particular Fondness for Great Author.

Somewhat akin to the story of the pony and the pig in the Spectator of March 12 is the following narrative in the life of Sir Walter Scott, illustrating his fondness for animals and their attachment to him. I find it in a volume entitled "Stories of Remarkable Persons," by the late Dr. William Chambers, who gives Sir Walter's son-in-law, Lockhart, as voucher for the authenticity of the story:

"At Abbotsford, in the autumn of 1820, when a large party, including Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wallaston and Henry Mackenzie were rallying out—Scott on his pony, with Maida gambling about him—there was some commotion and laughter when it was discovered that a little black pig was frisking about and apparently resolved to be one of the party for the day. Scott tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy was sent home. 'This pig,' says Lockhart, 'had taken nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging his pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his tail along with the greyhounds and terriers; but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of perinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers—but such were the facts.'—London Spectator.

DESERVED TO SELL SAFE.

Story in Itself Was Well Worth an Order.

Robert M. McLane, the mayor of Baltimore, said the other day: "Naturally, since our devastating fire, the salesmen of safes have been doing a rushing business here. I am told that two safe salesmen, representing rival firms, called simultaneously on a business man one morning last week. The first salesman said: "To demonstrate the quality of our safes, it is our custom to put a cat in one of them, to lock it, to build a great fire around it, and to leave it in the flames for twenty-four hours. At the end of the twenty-four hours we open the safe and the cat leaps out, unharmed." "Wonderful!" said the merchant. "The second salesman spoke up. "We once put a cat in a safe of ours," he said, "and kept it surrounded with fire for a week. At the end of the week what condition do you suppose the cat was in?" "Dead," said the merchant. "Yes, dead," said the salesman. "But do you know how it died?" "No. How?" "It froze to death."

Words for Ordinary Purposes.

"The small number of words actually necessary for ordinary purposes in our everyday life is surprising, and nothing illustrates this better than the limited vocabulary of a little child," Dr. M. Harris said. "I have a daughter 6 years old. She is able to make all her wants known, to talk freely and easily. If an adult knew just the number of words in a foreign tongue that she knows in her own he would be able to get along nicely in a conversational way with people who spoke nothing but that language. What the child's vocabulary comprises, how many words and of what classes I recently made it my business to ascertain in a series of investigations extending over a considerable period of time. I found that the total number of words she knew and used was just 352, omitting proper nouns, and that 54 per cent of these were nouns, 18 per cent verbs and 11 per cent adjectives, the remainder being made up of conjunctions, prepositions and pronouns."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

QUEER BELIEFS OF BUSHMEN.

Their Notions About Many Simple Things Are Vague.

The bushmen of Africa have a quaint belief, according to a recent book, that the world was made by a spirit with his left hand—so unsatisfactory a piece of work is it. The notions about astronomy are many and curious, including the familiar one that the old moons are cut up into stars; "but," as an old man told Mr. Kidd, the author, "we are only black men, and know very little about these things." The natives are very respectful to snakes, which they believe to be a revived form of their ancestors' backbones. They are afraid to look into deep pools lest a monster should lay hold of their shadows and drag them into the water; and they dread being photographed, on the medieval ground that if any enemy gets hold of your portrait he can work you all sorts of harm through its agency. Of course there are witch doctors and rain doctors—most of whom, by the way, come to violent ends at the hands of a disappointed populace—and in Zululand the women sometimes bury their children up to their necks in the ground in the expectation that the heavens will melt with tenderness at the noise they make.

Worth Living For.

The late Dr. Butler of Hartford, Conn., gave as an illustration of the necessity of giving restoratives even to those apparently almost dead this leaf from his experience:

"Old Aunt Sally was dying and had been talking about her hopes of heaven. At the same time I was administering a few drops of brandy and water in a teaspoon. In a soothing voice (referring to her crossing the river) I said: 'And how does it seem, Aunt Sally?' "The old woman slowly opened one eye, and winking at me, replied: "It's likin' good, doctor." "I gave her the contents of the glass, and she lived several years."—New York Times.

Death of Famous Conjuror.

Herr Dobbler, the famous conjuror, died in Aberdeen recently. He was on the stage forty years. It was he who, in 1864 exposed the Davenport Brothers, who had pretended that their tricks were supernatural manifestations.

Belgium and French Coal.

The output of coal in both France and Belgium last year was greater than ever before, that of France being 38,000,000 tons and that of Belgium 23,000,000 tons.

Aged London Actor.

Herman Vezin of the Court Theater, London, is 75 years of age, and still playing. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, although English born.

HUMBLE CRITIC WRITES OF WAGNER'S MUSIC

When Shakespeare wrote "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils," he lived in an age that knew only flutes and lutes of that inoffensive sort; an age when people who sang only carolled and trotted about flowers and love and shepherdesses. Shakespeare never heard a piano, nor a German brass band; nobody had invented operas, comic or explosive; it was not considered bad form to admire a ballad; and no one was expelled from society or considered ignorant and uncouth for liking a melody

Easterner Complains He Purchased Domestic Harmony at Frightful Cost—Hereafter Will Stick to Ragtime.

rather easy time trying not to fall in love with a stout, elderly and shop-worn princess or prophetess, who was lovely enough to stop a clock in any climate, or drive the east wind out of Boston.

The real things in this music drama—Wagner's things are not operas or opuses—were a lot of strong, strenuous young women arrayed in nighties and campaign helmets and armed with ox-goads, who butted in periodically with gesticulations and shrieks, while the conductor out in front threw fits, fought with his baton and worked up

were chased off by the scene shifters; and though I was dead tired and stone deaf, I went out and tackled lobsters and Welsh rabbits in a restaurant and cheerfully faced nightmares. I knew when I got the nightmare I'd forget the Valkyries.

In my time I have faced "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin" and other Wagnerian things; and it looked as if I might acquire the habit and stand around like other weak sisters pretending to be enraptured every time a bull fiddle fell foul of a base drum; but, after the Valkyrie campaign I threw up my hands and abandoned Wagner. This is a shameful confession to make, and argues a defective musical and moral sense. I am willing to admit the trouble lies with me, not Wagner; I have not been trained up to him; and I have neither money, nor strength enough to try. I was not distressed when Boston refused to give up its dividends to Herr Corried; I was proud to know Boston could control itself even in the face of Wagner; and I was secretly and vulgarly happy when Corried and his Valkyries started for Chicago, where they are accustomed to cyclones and explosions.

Outside of the music drama, I like Germans and things German; some day I'm going over to Germany to see where the frankfurters, hotbrau and bull fiddles grow; and I'm going to look up Herr Wagner's grave. If they have a marble monument on his chest and his tomb cemented and copper-riveted I shall rejoice. I'd like to come back with the certain knowledge that he can't get up and start in again making raw material for brass bands, hand organs and Valkyries. I don't want his sacred remains disturbed.

When the last day comes, and people are slow in responding, I know where Gabriel can get a first-class assistant to rouse the sleepers and wake the dead; but until that day, I hope no vandal hand will monkey with the great man's tomb.—Joseph Smith in Boston Herald.

The Difference in Mankind.

"There's men and men," said Tommy the Toot, when he got back to Broadway from Jamaica the other day. "Just to show you, take Bill Daly and Bud May. Pa' wins two races with Daly and Amberjack, and I'm broke. I know him and need a dollar. Thinking he ought to stand for a touch I asks him for a plunk." "I ain't got a dollar in change," says he, "but here's a dime I can let you have." "I needed money bad, and when I



and throwing bricks at those who made a noise.

Shakespeare was quite a fellow in his day, and knew almost as much as a spouting police yeager; but he neither knew nor anticipated the late lamented Herr Wagner of Bayreuth, Germany. Wagner was a man who had a lot of music in himself, but he failed to keep it in. Music worked in his system like steam; and when it broke out it made trouble. Wagner tried his music on his chum, a lunatic and king; and if he was pleased, it was considered a proof that the rest of us would want it. I am rather shy about saying much about Wagner; every fellow that plays a fiddle, or a mouth organ, or a cornet, or forty-fives, thinks it's up to him to defend him; and you are pretty sure to be called names and accused of Anarchy and beating your wife if you rouse the Wagnerites. Under the circumstances, it is just as well to be judicious and speak soft and low.

Some people understand Wagner; some try to understand him; some pretend to understand him; while a vast, vulgar, ignorant majority can neither stand nor understand him. I suppose I am numbered among the last lot; and, while I am willing to concede that Wagner is great, I prefer Sousa, Creatore and ragtime. Confidentially, I think he was born too soon and died too late.

The easiest way to distinguish a real Wagnerite from the imitation is to hear them pronounce the great man's name. The real things call him Wagner; the Britannia metal Wagnerites call him Wagner, or just Waggoner, if they are lately from Cheyenne.

When a man has a wife who can cut frills on a planola, or who wants to be in the swim, he just naturally has to get down in his pocket once in a while and dig up a couple of fives to put the Wagner trust on Easy street. As I have said, I don't really enjoy Wagner; but in the end it is easier and cheaper to take four hours of the great German's spasms than four weeks of your wife's obligatos in C sharp. Four weeks of domestic harmony is cheap at \$10; a divorce will cost more than that.

The last time I sampled Wagner's wares it was under domestic duress; and the particular riot which I endured was called the Valkyries. There were several characters in it who reminded me of certain statesmen; they had large voices, long whiskers and peculiar garments. These people didn't make much trouble, though somewhat clamorous; and they had a

drag out a battered patriot they made noise enough to make a D. A. R. convention seem like a prayer meeting in comparison.

The night I sat shuddering at this shrieking sisterhood Fritz Schuff was one of the Valkyries; but as she eloped from Wagner shortly afterward and went into comic opera and brief clothes, I imagine she was cloyed by Wagner as much as I was. The difference between us was she was paid to yell at me; and I paid to hear her yell. Men are dead easy.

I was glad when it was over, when these shrieking Sutherland sisters

DER MAN DOT KNOWS IT ALL

You see dot feller efer black
Where'er you may vent;
Vedlicher in holidays or trade,
He don't would gif a cent
For any one's opinion,
Vrom Peter down to Paul;
Sufficient vas in to himself;
Der man dot knows it all.

Der Philipeenus in der East
He haf provided for,
He figured dot oudt long ago,
In fact, before der var,
For der Ruaso-Shapan question
He schust haf got der gall
To say: "You leaf dot all to me";
Der man dot knows it all.

Der Panamama muddle
Vas similitiy to him,
He'd know exactly vot to
Eef he vas "in der schwim";
Der drouble vas, he vasnt,
Und hees vriends say, "Hise a hall";
Vhen he commence der subject;
Der man dot knows it all.

Der presidential question
He already—as looked ofer,
Can size up all der candidates
Vrom All-Knee down to Groover;
Can dell you all their ancestors
Vay back to "Adam's Fall";
You don't could fool him much, py
shings;
Der man dot knows it all.

He dells you barry secrets
In a vay you don't could doubt it;
Oxblains about der tariff
Und how House vell about it.
Mine cracious! how those candidates
He schust vill pool and haul;
Pity he vasn't "in it";
Der man dot knows it all.

Ve meet him down in Valt Street
Among der bears and bulls;
Off "pointers" he haf plenty,
Und say he got some "pulls";
Ubon those Algamation chaps,
Und dot a "put" or "call";
Vas solid, eef he runs it;
Der man dot knows it all.

Und so it goes; mine cracious!
Vhen vill it efer schtop?
I find me oudt diere schtill vas room
For merit on aer top;
Und vhen it comes to peenisz
Among der first to fall
Vrom off Fame's ladder, look for him!
Der man dot knows it all.



butts into May I makes up my mind to try him, but Major Pelham had been beaten out and I didn't want to make it too strong, so all I asks for is a quarter.

"I haven't got a quarter, Tom," says he, "but here's \$2, if it's all the same to you."—New York Times.

It Was Wished On.

Johnny's sister has a ring that Johnny is very fond of. He is allowed to wear it sometimes for an hour or so, when he has been very good, or has promised to be. One day he suddenly found that he wanted to wear that beautiful little gold band, and so he informed his sister. She wasn't just in the mood, so she told him, as he insisted, that she couldn't take it off because it was "wished on." Johnny said little and thought much, and the next afternoon, when his sister had callers he rushed in and plumped down on an ottoman in the middle of the room.

"Johnny," reminded his sister, "your cap, dear."

"Oh," returned the boy, innocently, "I can't take it off, Sis; it's 'wished on.'"

Costly Railroad Tunnel.

One million dollars a mile is the estimated cost of constructing a tunnel, four miles in length, on the line of the new Moffat railroad, from Denver, Colo., to Salt Lake City, Utah. Contractors hesitate about bidding for the work, because of the hardness of the granite through which the tunnel must be bored. Sticks of dynamite make little impression on the rock, and the railroad company, itself, may have to build the tunnel.

Tired of the Delay

Representative Richardson of Tennessee tells of an old darky living near Nashville who, has according to his theory, been dying for many, many years. Notwithstanding his persistent belief that he is near death's door, this darky, Isaac Botts by name, is apparently as well and able-bodied to-day as he was forty years ago.

Recently, says Mr. Richardson, Isaac was seized with one of his "spells." A week or so passed, but Isaac, according to his own statement, grew no better. One day a neighbor, in passing the Botts domicile, chanced to observe Mrs. Botts standing at the gate. "How is Ike this morning?" asked the neighbor.

"Only to'able, only to'able," replied

Mr. Botts' better half, a weary expression coming into her face.

"That's too bad," responded the neighbor, sympathetically; "I had hoped he would be well by this time. He is no worse?"

"No, he ain't no worse," went on the wife, dejectedly, "an' at de same time he ain't no better. It's allus dis way. Fust he's worse an' den he's better. Den he's worse agin. Allus dis way! 'Pon mah soul, honey, ole Botts' been doin' dis way eversince I kin remember."

Then, after a long pause, as if in deep reflection, the darky's wife added, in a plaintive tone:

"Honey, I do wish ole Botts 'ud do somethin' definite!"—New York Times.