

## A CONTRAST IN BOYS

TOWN AND COUNTRY LADS IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

Of the Men Who Have Achieved Great Prominence in Public Affairs the Rural Boys Are at Least Twenty to One Over the City Lads.

A country boy's lack of opportunity is his best equipment for the serious struggle of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest hindrances a city boy has to contend with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him till he begins the real business of life, a business which each individual must carry on for himself. For the city boy everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his teens. Brought up in the feverish rush of a place where great things are happening day by day, he sees the world with a cynic's eyes and despises the small things which, like the bricks in a house, go to the upbuilding of characters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value he has little taste and scant regard.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast perhaps as those trained by a system. He may not be able to jump so high or so far or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time and from which we get so much of pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race horse has a fine flight of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we want the draft animals every time.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something not only interesting, but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is apt cynically to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the use?"

Of the men who have achieved great prominence and high influence in our affairs of state the country boys are at least twenty to one over the city lads. Nowadays indeed our cynical city lads look upon men who take an active interest in public affairs as rather low fellows and quite beneath their association and notice. But the country boys are at the top in other lines of endeavor. In finance they are pre-eminent, and the great bank presidents today in the great cities nearly all learned to read and to cipher in country schools where birch and ferule had not succumbed to the civilizing influences of scientific pedagogy. Our great railroads were in the main built by them, and today the administrators of these great companies are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where work began in early infancy and a sense of duty developed while still the lip of childhood lingered.

Some city boys, however, are of such sturdy stuff and endowed with such natural gifts that they succeed by reason of their inherent superiority. Others succeed abundantly because they have used their opportunities wisely and in real life have pursued the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places. Though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of country birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for.—John Gilmer Speed in Brandur Magazine.

### Scotch Civility.

A lady went out in search of two others who had gone out for a walk some time before. She met an old man and asked him if he saw two ladies pass this way. "Na, nor I wisna lookin' for them."

She met another and asked the same question. "Na, but there nicht a' been ten pass't for anything 'at I ken or care."

At last she met a boy and asked the same question. He replied, "Na, I didna see ony ladies, but I saw twa aul' wives."—Scottish American.

### His Boy's Future.

"Are you educating your son for any particular calling?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Well, he made his own selection, and as near as I can find out he is educating himself to be the husband of an actress."—Chicago Post.

## THE BUYER OF BEEF.

He is a Man of Consequence About the Stockyards.

The buyer occupies a position of consequence in the stockyards community. He is an expert, usually a man of middle age, who has obtained his education and technical ability partly in the packing houses and partly on the ranch. An experienced buyer is likely to receive a salary of \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year, and he is worth all of that, for on his ability to tell by a moment's inspection what quality of beef will be produced by a steer that he never before laid eyes on depends primarily the excellence of the product issued by his house and hence the increase of its business.

The buyer's work is not arduous, and to all appearance his task is a simple one. He walks along the flat board laid along the top of the fence, glancing keenly at the cattle in the different pens. Some he passes by without a pause, others he stops to inspect more closely, and occasionally he displays his interest in a group by asking a question or two of the man in charge.

Long experience enables him at a glance to distinguish between a grass fed steer and a corn fed steer, to decide whether an animal is entitled to be classed as "fancy," "good" or "common" and to guess within a few pounds of an animal's exact weight by glancing at him. The buyer makes his purchases "on the hoof," paying the market price ruling for the day for the grade in which it is decided each group of cattle belongs. In a few words the transaction is completed, and the buyer's interest in the affair is ended.—Leslie's Monthly.

### An Anecdote of Bach.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat down to the feast Bach was asked to give an improvisation. The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else. He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said, "We are very much obliged, master, but we must not let the soup get cold."

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word. But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like one demented, struck a few chords and returned to the dining room, evidently feeling much better. "I beg pardon, your highness," he said, "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh, and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic. It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst. Now I have drunk the glass out and am content."

### Falcons in Japan.

In the old times in Japan all the daimios (similar to the old English lords) had great sport with falcons, as they went out to the field to catch other birds with falcons. The falcons were tamed well and used to catch large birds, mostly cranes. When people now go out hunting with falcons, the men in charge hold them upon their fingers. As soon as one sees any bird he lets the falcon rush at the bird; as soon as the falcon reaches the bird he bites at the throat and throws the bird down to the ground. Meanwhile the holder runs to the place where they are and catches both of them.

Falcons are not large birds; but, as they belong to the eagle family, they are strong and brave and never afraid to go at any bird to kill it, but the men in charge of falcons of course take great care in feeding and taming them.

### Why He Laughed.

Rylands, who had purchased a new horse warranted to be quiet to ride and in harness and a good trotter to boot, had invited a friend to accompany him for a trial drive.

They had not gone very far when the horse bolted, ran against a heap of stones lying in the road and pitched both occupants violently into the lane. When they recovered, the horse had disappeared, leaving the buggy shaftless and a heap of wreckage. Rylands began to roar.

"What on earth are you laughing at?" dejectedly inquired the friend.

"Why, the fellow who sold me that horse lent me the buggy!"—New York Times.

### Wellington as an Art Connoisseur.

In his "Reminiscences" Frederick Goodall tells a story of Wellington as an art connoisseur. He paid Wilkie 600 guineas for his "Chelsea Pensioners" and laboriously counted out the amount in cash. When the artist suggested that it would be less trouble to write a check, the great duke retorted that he would not let his bankers know "what a blank fool I have been to spend 600 guineas for a picture."

### Acquired Greatness.

It is the saying of a great man that if we could trace our descents we should find all slaves to come from princes and all princes from slaves. Give me blood acquired in preference to blood inherited—"to be born of oneself," as Tiberius said of Curtius Rufus.

### Condensed.

Sideshow Man—See here, your paper said the biggest snake in my state fair show was twenty feet long when it's really thirty-one feet.

Editor—Sorry, but we were crowded for space yesterday and had to cut everything down.—Indianapolis News.

### A Change of Heart.

When a man first loves, he feels unworthy for no particular reason. Later he acquires the reason and forgets to feel unworthy.—Smart Set.

## A BANK STORY.

An Incident That Startled the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

Some years ago the directors of the Bank of England were started to receive an invitation to meet an unknown man in the strongroom of the bank at midnight. "You think you is all safe hand you bank his safe, but I knows better. I bin hinside the bank the last 2 nite hand you nose nuffin about it. But I am nott a theaf so hif yer will mett mee in the great squar room, with all the moneys, at twelf 2 nite, Ie explain orl to you, let only thor 2 cum down, and say nuffin to nobody." The strongroom was guarded the next night in spite of a disposition to regard the letter as a hoax by police and nothing happened.

The next phase of the mystery was more astonishing than ever. A heavy chest of papers and securities taken from the strongroom arrived at the bank, with a letter complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer, and that he had therefore not appeared as he promised, but to prove that he was neither a thief nor a fool he sent a chest of papers he had taken from the bank. Let a few gentlemen be alone in the room, and he would join them at midnight, said the writer, and to cut short a long and strange chapter of bank history, a man with a dark lantern burst into the strongroom of the bank at midnight after calling from behind the stone walls for the directors to put out the lights. He was one of a strange class of men who gained a living by searching the sewers at night, and through an opening from a sewer he had found his way into the richest room in the world.—St. James Gazette.

### The Strain on Parents.

"What is mohair, mammy?" asked Sally Peterson Jones, looking up from her slow perusal of the newspaper and keeping her place on the page with a dusky forefinger.

Mammy Jones began to rock faster. "You know w'at hair is, I s'pose, don' you?" she inquired.

"Oh, yas'm," responded Sally promptly. "Well, den, does you know w'at a mo is?" asked her mother rocking still faster.

"No'm," admitted Sally with great reluctance.

"Well, chile, you can't 'spec' me to take de place ob a natchel histry ob animals fo' you," said her mother calmly, allowing the rocking chair to slacken its speed. "W'en you've hunted up de mo in one ob your schoolbooks an' know jes' what he looks like, come to me, an' I'll 'splain de rest. But chillen mus' an' take some work on dere own eddication, shorely. 'Tain't right fo' payrents to do it all."

### "Address as Above."

There is one lawyer in Brooklyn who will never again make use of Latin phrases in writing business letters. A short time ago he had to write a letter to a client in a neighboring city regarding an important lawsuit that was to come up before the court in the course of a few days. The information he solicited was highly essential to his case. In writing this epistle he made use of a letter head with his printed address at the top. In closing his letter he signed himself thus, "John Langdon, address ut supra."

After waiting several days for the reply, which did not come, he again wrote his procrastinating client and asked why he had not sooner answered his first letter. The next day he received a reply in which the client said that he had answered the letter and addressed it to "John Langdon, Ut Supra, N. Y."

### She Will Keep Her Word.

When Grandmother Pettingill makes up her mind, she is as firm as a rock. Nothing can move her. Perhaps it was on this account that when she returned from the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Shrubville and made such a determined declaration nobody attempted to influence her.

"I've been there, and it's over with," she said, "and now I'm home safe after all the noise and bands and scared horses and crying children and men making speeches. I want to tell you one thing, I shan't ever go to another centennial in Shrubville, no matter what the circumstances are and no matter who asks me. You children may as well bear that in mind."

### Maidens Sold by Auction.

A singular custom obtains to this day in some of the towns on the lower Rhine—namely, that of "selling" maidens at public auction. For nearly four centuries on Easter Monday—auction day—the town crier or clerk of St. Goar has called all the young people together and to the highest bidder sold the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only, during the entire year. The fees are put into the public poor box.

### A Serious Matter.

"So he's trying to live on other people's brains," said the publisher indignantly.

"What's the trouble? Has some one been stealing the ideas from your books?"

"I suppose so. But that's a minor matter. They're trying to coax away the man who writes my advertisements."—Washington Star.

### His Conscience.

First Bohemian (to second ditto)—I can't for the life of me think why you wasted all that time haggling with that tailor chap and beating him down when you know, old chap, you won't be able to pay him at all.

Second Bohemian—Ah, that's it! I have a conscience. I want the poor chap to lose as little as possible!—Punch.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S WIFE.

She is Really Her Husband's Business Partner and Acts It.

"In England," says Ainslie's Magazine, "a man's wife is in reality his partner, and whether or not the two are in harmony with each other in affection in all material things they recognize that their fortunes are irrevocably bound together, that the interests of both are quite identical and that each has just as strong a motive for making things go well as has the other, since they share equally the labor and the reward therefrom. They may have their private disagreements, but they front the world together. The wife takes the keenest interest in the most minute details of everything that affects her husband's welfare. She knows his income to a penny. She manages her household as a chancellor of the exchequer manages the nation's outlay, so that the annual budget shall not only avoid a deficit and shall accurately balance, but so that it shall show a surplus. She will practice a rigid economy if necessary, and in doing so she will feel that she is merely carrying out her share of the marriage contract. It is the man's part to make money; it is her part to help him save it. She plans nothing for herself apart from him. She cannot think of him as in anything apart from her. If he is in political life, she enters into his ambitions with intelligence and zeal. She will write his letters for him and entertain his constituents. She will study the bluebooks and teach herself to understand the public questions with which he has to deal, so that she may discuss them with him and follow his career intelligently. She belongs to him, in fact, as he belongs to her. There is not much display of sentiment in an English household after the first year of married life has ended, but there is the bond of a common interest which grows stronger every day and every year and which gives to man and wife a unity of purpose and of feeling that will beyond comparison outlast the cobweb tissues of emotionalism."

### He Was a Butcher.

"Now, I rather pride myself on my ability to read character," said the man who was given to buying detective tales, "and yet why should I? It is really a very simple thing; requires nothing but close observation. For instance, it is easy to tell a man's occupation. His facial expression, his actions, even his dress, are stamped by his daily work. You see that man sitting opposite us? Well, I am just as sure as though he had told me that he is a barber."

"You are mistaken," replied his friend. "That man is a butcher."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the amateur detective. "You never saw a butcher with slim white hands, like his."

"Perhaps not," admitted the other, "but he is a butcher—just the same."

"How do you know he is?"

"How do I know? Why, the scoundrel shaved me once."—Household Guest.

### Burial Alive.

Though it is possible that cases of burial of living persons may still occur, fortunately they are more rare than in former times. Even the doctor's orders against interment were not always obeyed, for the Gentleman's Magazine of 1751 relates the case of Richard Carson of Hay, Herefordshire, England, who was supposed to have died, but a doctor declared that Carson still lived and ordered that he was not to be buried. His relatives paid no heed to the injunction, and the body was committed to the grave next day. A person passing through the churchyard heard a noise and prevailed on the clerk to open the grave, where the supposed corpse was found in a profuse sweat and bleeding at the nose. Unfortunately the man was beyond recovery and soon died.

### The Llana.

In Bolivia, one of the highest inhabited countries on the globe—La Paz, the capital, being 12,000 feet above the sea level—much use is made of that graceful and invaluable pack animal, the llama, which will travel farther and with even less food than the burro, but will not carry more than 150 pounds. The llama in some respects resembles the camel, kneeling in camel fashion to receive its load, and it will not rise if more than 150 pounds are placed on its back; moreover, the weight must be evenly distributed over its back and sides.

### Grapes.

"Grapes dissolve and dislodge gravel and calculi," says the doctor. They bring the stomach and bowels to a healthy condition. Even the consumptive finds new life in them and should take grape juice by the tumblerful daily, as it makes new, rich blood. It builds up the tissues and feeds starved nerves. It is also cleansing.

### Lightning Rapidity.

It is absolutely impossible for us to conceive of the rapidity and brilliancy of lightning. It has been estimated that a flash occupies less than one-millionth part of a second. As one-tenth of a second is needed for the full effect of any light upon the eye, we get only a very faint idea of the brilliancy of the flash.

### Cause For the Condition.

"You don't shine so brilliantly as of yore," remarked the oil.

"No," said the wick; "I have been turned down by Miss Maude because that young simpleton is coming."—Town and Country.

### In Wall Street.

She—Are you a bull or a bear on change?

He—Both. I bull the market and bear the losses. See?—Chicago News.

## "A MONTANA BLUFF."

How Four Troopers Made Seventy-five Filipinoes Flee.

What is regarded as one of the tallest bluffs on record furnished Captain Edgar Russel, chief signal officer in the Philippines during the insurrection, with a story which he told as an example of western nerve.

"We were outside of Manila in some little scrap," said the captain, "and about seventy-five natives were lying in a trench ahead of us, shooting away merrily, but not hitting anybody. By and by I noticed a little disturbance in our front. Presently four Montana troopers trotted out of our lines and started straight for the Filipinoes. Everybody looked at them with wonder and waited to see them all killed. Bullets whistled all around them, but they never halted. Slowly, just at a trot, they jogged on toward the enemy. The natives fired and fired, but for some unknown reason did not hit. On and on went the quartet, disdaining cover. At last there was a shout, and to our utter astonishment we beheld the seventy-five Filipinoes suddenly jump out of their trenches and take to their heels in mad flight. The nerve of the Montana troopers was too much for them. When they had all fled, throwing their rifles away as they ran, the troopers came back, their arms full of guns. That is what the army called 'a Montana bluff.' It's the sort of nerve that lets a man open a jackpot on a pair of deuces."—New York Tribune.

### The Women of Langum.

Woman supreme—without the ballot! And this feather which London Answers sticks in the cap of woman is no less brilliant because she is allowed to wear it only in the town of Langum.

In that little Welsh village man neither is nor pretends to be. In other villages he sometimes pretends to be, but in this sequestered nook on the Pembrokeshire coast he is simply Annie Williams' man or Mary Jones' man and recognizes himself as such.

In Langum woman is the dominating force in the market; she is the household financier, the family accountant, and in fact fills all the positions which in any other community, civilized or barbaric, are established by precedent given to man. Whether he of Langum has resigned or been divested of all responsibilities of life is no part of this story.

There is another important fact in Langum life—oysters. The place is famous for them. But Langum oysters are in no sense rivals of Langum womanhood; their proverbial dumbness precludes that.

### Newport's Architecture.

The cottages of Newport afford a strange commentary upon the contrasting tastes of the American nation. Their heterogeneity were impossible in a race of settled culture, in a race of common blood, in a country of limited extent. But the United States is a nation of nations. Its people are not Americans, but Englishmen and Scotsmen, Frenchmen and Germans, Italians and Spaniards of the third or fourth or tenth generation, says the Smart Set. Their taste in architecture is a taste that was born on the sunny Mediterranean shore, in cozy Normandy orchards, in classic Spain and Italy, in baronial Scotland and England. It is revealed in the chateaux, the castles, the villas, the loggias of Newport. Seville and Welbeck, Florence and Falaise, here stand side by side on the same strip of grass, separated only by a grille from Venice or Antwerp.

### Noah Left the Ark on April 29.

Saturday, April 29, is the day marked in all ancient calendars as being the one upon which Noah and his family quitted the ark after having withstood the siege of the great deluge. The day is marked in all ancient calendars, especially British, as egressus Noe de arca, the 17th of March, the day upon which Noah, his family and their great floating collection of natural history specimens set sail, being designated in the same class of early printed literature as introitus Noe in arca, "the day of Noah's entrance into the ark." Why these days were chosen as the ones upon which the supposed embarkation and disembarkation were made are enigmas which the antiquarians have not yet solved.

### Instincts That Lead to Death.

Professor Mivart proved that there are "instincts" that lead to death by failing to adapt themselves to a change of circumstances. Migratory quail by thousands perish in the deserts of northern Africa, where their ancestors used to find a comfortable winter resort, abounding with forests and even with grainfields, if we shall credit Pliny's account of the Numidian coast lands. The forests are gone, but myriads of quail still follow in the same route at the risk of starvation.

### A Long Green One.

"Bridem's interested in that bill you voted for," said the first councilman.

"Sure," replied the other. "Don't you suppose I know that?"

"Did he ask you personally to vote for it?"

"Well—er—he just handed me a note."—Kennebec Journal.

### Repudiates It.

"Where did that child get her manners?"

"Not from my side of the house."

"Why not?"

"Because she hasn't any."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In writing a letter the great genius is the one who remembers what should be left out.—Exchange.

There is no crime. All crime is ignorance. Its remedy is education.—Freedom.

## HIS ONLY REGRET.

The Great Sorrow That Consumed Bichat When He Was Dying.

One century ago died Xavier Bichat, the famous physician and anatomist, author of "L'Anatomie Generale." He probably dissected more human corpses than any other man in the world's history. He established a record when he opened 625 bodies during one winter. He was not a vivisectionist and was wont to say, "I would rather dissect two dead people than kill one chicken."

Of his nerve a tale is told. When he lay on his deathbed, he called his colleagues to him and said: "Dear friends, I am done, but what comforts me is the fact that my case is a remarkable one. I have had unusual symptoms for some days which I have analyzed. They have greatly surprised me." The doctors sought to reassure him. He answered that he was under no illusion with regard to himself. "I shall die fairly satisfied with my life and go to the grave with only one regret, one great sorrow."

"What is that?" he was asked. "I am distressed that after death I cannot dissect my own body. I could, I am certain, have made some beautiful scientific discoveries." Then he sank back, murmuring: "I must not think about it. It won't bear thinking of."

### Birds' Nests and Poetry.

Birds' nests have attracted the attention of inquisitive geniuses from the days of Aristotle down to the present time. This is not wonderful, because the nests are invariably curious and often beautiful, besides offering a cradle, as it were, for a host of romantic speculations and poetical theories. Imagination has taken hold of birds and their nests with singular affection, drawing forth meantime some beautiful legends to enrich romance withal and to add to the sum of what is most persistent in the song of mankind.

The ancients told that the halcyon, a beautiful aquatic bird, had its nest on the sea's breast, a little floating palace around which the water was always calm and sweet. Halcyon, or alcyon, was the kingfisher, it is supposed, but we now know every species of this bird, and none of them builds its nest to drift about on the sea. Indeed, as if to make the contrast of fact with fancy as great as possible, most of the kingfishers dig deep holes in the ground for their homes.

### How to Prolong Life.

The following rules for warding off death have been compiled with great care for the Modern Miller by experts, and meet with the indorsement of the most competent medical authorities in the world:

Never step into an elevator hatchway when the car is not there.

Do not permit yourself to be run over by a street car or railroad train.

Under no circumstances allow a brick to drop from the top of a building on to your head.

Be careful not to be in a place when a bolt of lightning strikes it.

Never fall from the top of a high building.

Do not take hold of a live electric wire. Both you and the wire cannot remain alive.

### Training Is Necessary.

The time has come when, to be master in any line, it requires long years of careful training and preparation. It is true that the opportunities open to young men are greater today than they ever were before; but, on the other hand, there never was a period in the world's history when the qualifications requisite for success in any line of worthy endeavor were of a higher character, says Success. The artisan, the farmer, the business man, the clergyman, the physician, the lawyer, the scientist, each in his various rank must prepare to reach up to ever enlarging ideals if he would attain his full height.

### Negro's Kicking Hair.

A boy big enough to have reached the subject of races of men—not horses—in his geography class was asked to describe the negro. His answer, "The negro has kicking hair and producing lips," showed that he had at least heard the teacher when she spoke of the "kinky" hair and "projecting" lips characterizing his dark skinned brother. His answer really was not so funny as the remark made by a woman who in speaking of her sister said feelingly, "Oh, she's all misconstrued, so we had to take her to the hospital for a performance."—New York Herald.

### Her Saving Way.

Mrs. Scale Downie—I will have to get another girl, though only temporarily, perhaps a month or so.

Mr. Scale Downie—Three dollars more a week and board! What do you want an extra girl for?

Mrs. Scale Downie—I have found out how to make just the loveliest little hanging cabinet you ever saw at a cost of only \$2, but it will take me several weeks to do it.—New York Weekly.

### A Discouraging Position.

"Do you think a literary woman ought to marry?"

"Not if she is a novelist. Her ideas of manly perfection as depicted in her books would be enough to make any conscientious husband give up in despair and leave home to look for work as a truck driver."—Washington Star.

### Time.

Time is the most paradoxical of all things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past while we attempt to define it.

When a man has difficulty in finding a chance to propose, he can make up his mind that the girl doesn't want him.—Chicago Record-Herald.