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Onward.

Onward to the grander—
'Tis a song I love to sing,
Cheering all the weary-hearted:
Onward to some higher thing.

Onward to the golden,
To the happy and the true,
Not to fame and hoarded riches,
But some deed of good to do.

Onward to the righteous—
All who go at duty's call,
Here I write them down as heroes,
Though they battle but to fall.

Onward to the noble,
With a spirit not to yield,
With a heart for any weather,
And the truthful for a shield.

—W. A. Havener, in Times-Democrat.

A COSTLY MISTAKE.

"You won't forget, Thomas?" said old Mr. Millingham.

"No, Uncle Bob, I won't forget."

"Because, you know," said Mr. Millingham, with a troubled countenance, "a man looks so old without any teeth. And I'm not sixty yet—not until next week."

"No—to-be-sure, Uncle Bob!"

"And that dentist promised them a week ago—ten days ago!" added the old gentleman.

"Dentists never do keep their word, you know," soothed his nephew.

"And, Thomas, if there are any choice violets and roses in market, you may send me down a box by express, you know," added Mr. Millingham, pretending to be intent on the scientific chipping of his egg-shell.

Thomas, the irreverent, burst into a great roar of laughter.

"Hello!" said he. "So you really intend to give me an aunt-in-law, do you, Uncle Bob?"

Mr. Millingham assumed a demeanor of great dignity.

"Is there anything so ridiculous in that?" said he. "Didn't I just tell you I wasn't sixty yet?"

"But, Uncle Bob, who is it?" persisted Tom Tatlock. "Do you know, I've heard some sort of a rumor of this in the village, but I simply laughed at 'em."

"Oh, you did, eh?" said Mr. Millingham, much offended. "I'm glad you are so easily amused. But isn't it ten o'clock, Thomas. If you mean to catch that ten twenty-five train, you've no time to lose."

"If I can't walk a mile and a half in twenty minutes," observed Tom, helping himself to a fresh slice of cold boiled beef, "I de-erve to be re-hirred. Just a drop more coffee, Uncle Bob. Really, your housekeeper does make superb coffee! Now then, where's my ulster and gripsack?

"I wonder," Mr. Tatlock pondered to himself, as he walked, with the long, swinging strides which proclaimed the practiced athlete, down toward Applegate Depot, "who it is that has woven a network around dear old Uncle Bob? Whoever it is, I hope she'll make him happy. But the idea of a frosty-haired old cove like him thinking of matrimony!"

And at the idea Thomas Tatlock laughed so heartily that he had to stop and pick up the gripsack, which escaped from his hands.

"It is too good a joke!" said he.

Just at this particular turn of the road a pretty Gothic mansion of cut stone with marble trimmings came in view. A rather mature young lady, in an extremely youthful hat garlanded with poppies, came out on the piazza, leading an asthmatic pug dog by a blue ribbon.

She waved a neatly-kidded hand toward the young man, which gesture he cordially returned.

"May I come in?" he called out.

The mature young lady coquettishly drew out a jeweled watch, and motioned toward the red top of the distant railway station.

Thomas shook his head, laughing: but he accepted the hint.

"Yes, I know," said he. "Express trains, like time and tide, wait for no man."

And waving his hat, he plunged down the steep hill, reaching the little station only in time to jump on board the train.

Thomas Tatlock was an embryo M. D., whose brand-new shingle had only just been hung out, and whose ambition was boundless.

Miss Francella Martin was no inconsiderable heiress, though not especially young, and Thomas had aspirations in that direction, although he had not as yet breathed aught of them to the uncle who had furnished him with an education and an outfit of surgical instruments and medical books.

"Time enough for that when she accepts me," said he to himself. "The governor is a jolly old soul, but he'd poke no end of fun at me if I couldn't hit it off. And it would be a comical conglomeration if we should both happen to get spliced at the same time!"

Mr. Tatlock went back to New York and counted his money. He looked tentatively at the cheek which good Uncle Bob had given him.

"Yes," he said to himself, "I think it will do. Those silky-jacketed King Charles fellows cost a pot of money; but she's fond of dogs, and a fellow has got to make a bold stroke once in awhile. Francie shall have the prettiest King Charles in Barker's store, and I'll follow the matter right up with a proposal. I hope Uncle Bob will be equally expeditious—ha, ha, ha!"

And once more Doctor Tom burst out into a peal of hearty laughter

"I must'n't forget his flowers, the dear old chap!" said he. "Nor yet his false teeth!"

He was as good as his word. He had not been in New York six hours before he had interviewed the florist and Doctor Pulljaws. Violets and long-stemmed roses were reasonably cheap, as the snows of March were just melting under the sunshine of April, and the Easter demand was over.

Doctor Pulljaws was full of abject apologies; the new "upper and lower plate" had been unaccountably mislaid behind a box of assorted teeth which was to be sent, per steamer, to South America.

He could not possibly imagine, he said, how it had happened. He deeply regretted the inconvenience to which he had put his old friend, Mr. Millingham; and as he spoke he wrapped up the useful article in pink jeweler's wool and layers innumerable of silver paper.

"Now, then," said Doctor Tom, "I'll go and buy that dog, and then the matter'll be settled."

When he returned, a strange miracle had worked itself. Nothing short of a patient had appeared upon the scene—a gentleman with a broken leg, who had been carried in from the adjoining square, where a semi-inebriated cabman had achieved the distinction of running over him.

Doctor Tom Tatlock set the leg in the most modern style and felt a thrill of triumph. Then he remembered what time it was and rushed frantically to the express office and sent his parcels off, the early King Charles desperately yelping behind the bars of his temporary prison-house, and the hot-house flowers breathing sweetness even through their damp cotton-wool, that almost neutralized a package of Limburger cheese that was packed directly under it.

Doctor Tom breathed a sigh of relief as he went back to his office again.

But the reader, not being a medical man, trammeled with office hours, is privileged to follow the packets to their final destination.

"Please, sir, the express agent 'ave left a box," said Hannah, Mr. Millingham's old housekeeper, holding the door one-sixteenth of an inch open—for her master had a pious horror of draughts, "Paid?"

"It's all right," said Mr. Millingham, adding, to himself, "The teeth—and high time, too; and probably the flowers, also."

"Marked 'Forward without loss of time!'" added Hannah.

"Perishable!" nodded Mr. Millingham. "I see!"

"With Mr. Tom's card tied to it," said the old servant, whose enunciation was extremely slow and distinct. "And it's barkin' and whinin' dreadful!"

"What!" shouted Mr. Millingham.

"And please, sir," went on Hannah, "if you'll please to come and unchain it yourself, for I always 'ad a 'orror o' them things hever since my heldest brother was bit by a mad dog an' came near losin' 'is life."

"Woman," said Mr. Millingham, "what are you talking of? Unchain a box of flowers? Unchain a set of false teeth?"

"Please, sir, it's a dorg!" explained Hannah.

"A—dog!"

Mr. Millingham started back. He had an inherited fear of dogs. His father and grandfather before him had hated dogs.

"It's—it's one of Thomas' hateful practical jokes," said he, mopping his forehead with a pocket handkerchief. "That boy never will learn wisdom. Ring the stable bell, Hannah. Tell Dennis to bring up a loaded revolver and shoot the brute. Really I've put up with a great deal from Thomas, but there is a limit to human endurance!"

Miss Martin's elegant villa was the next place at which the ill-omened express wagon paused to deliver goods.

The white-capped and ruffled-aproned maid came smirking in, for she was neither blind nor deaf, and had already hazarded several shrewd guesses as to the state of feeling between Miss Martin and the young doctor.

"A package from Doctor Tatlock, miss," said she. "Two packages—one little and one big. How's your toothache, miss?"

Francella Martin put down the hand-glass which she had been dolorously holding before her face.

Her front teeth were blackened with insidious decay, and one was gone, so that Miss Martin's occasional smile was not as unreservedly sweet as it might have been.

"How do you know they were from the doctor, Jane?" said Miss Francella, blushing.

"Here's his card tied to 'em, miss," said Jane, with an incipient giggle—"to both of 'em."

"Such roses!" said Miss Martin, ecstatically, as she opened the larger box—"such Neapolitan violets!"

"Do look at the other, miss!" exclaimed eager Jane. "I'll go bail it's a bracelet!"

Miss Martin opened it, and dropped the precious inclosure with a scream.

"Well, I never!" cried Jane, stooping to recover it. "A double set of false teeth—sent to you, with his card!"

Francella burst into floods of semi-hysterical tears.

"I—I knew my teeth were defective," she wailed, "but it wasn't for him to remind me of it! Fling the odious thing out of the window, Jane. I'll never speak to him again!"

Doctor Tom Tatlock's mail was not a thing of joy to him the next day. It contained two letters, and this was their respective contents.

The first one also contained a set of false teeth, packed in cotton wool, and read:

"MR. T. TATLOCK: SIR—I regret that my teeth do not meet your approval. But when I require false ones I prefer to order them myself. May I request that henceforth your visits be discontinued?

FRANCELLA MARTIN."

The second was in Uncle Bob's handwriting.

"THOMAS: Your vulgar practical joke in sending me a dog by express is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Henceforward I desire neither to see nor hear from you. E. MILLINGHAM."

Tom's letters of explanation were returned unopened, and the next week he heard that his uncle and Miss Martin were engaged.

He groaned deeply.

"Just my luck!" said he. "And just because of the merest little mistake."—[Saturday Night.

Shepherds on Stilts.

The Landes, the great savanna of France, which stretches from Bordeaux to Bayonne, is a region similar to the Bad Lands of our own country. Many vain attempts were made to induce trees to grow upon it. At last, one M. Brémontier conceived the idea of planting, with the pine seeds, the seeds of the common broom, whose hardy tuft should protect the tiny sapling until it could stand by itself.

The result surpassed hope: pine forests have sprung up and endured throughout the Landes: they have broken forever the power of the windstorms, and their pitch and timber are even a source of some riches to the department.

"There is one striking specialty of this district," writes Mr. Edwin Asa Dix. "This is the shepherd on stilts, the Xicampue, immortalized by Rosa Bonheur, and mentioned by many travellers.

"He is peculiar to this region. Perched on these wooden supports, at a perilous height above the ground, he stalks gravely over the landscape, enabled to behold an horizon of triple range, and to outstride the fleetest of his vagrant flock. When so inclined, he is quite able it is said, to execute a pas seul, or even a jig, with every appropriate flourish of his timber limbs, and with surprising grace and abandon.

"His stilts are strapped to the thighs, not the knees, for greater freedom, and he mounts from his cabin roof in the early morning, and lives in the air throughout the day. A third stilt forms his seat, and makes of his silhouette a ludicrous and majestic tripod.

"This genius's chief amusement is startlingly domestic: it is knitting stockings, and engages in this peaceful art, he sits with dignity and whiles away the hours. How he manœuvres when he accidently drops a needle, I have not been able to learn.

"A dignitary of Bordeaux arranged a fete and procession in the Landes on one occasion. Triumphal arches were erected, hung with flowers and garlands, and the feature of the parade was a sedate platoon of these beton-like shepherds, dressed in skins, decked with white hoods and mauties, preceded by a band of music, and stalking by fours imposingly down the line of march."—[Youth's Companion.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN

KEEP STILL.

When vexing words are said to you,
Smile, and keep bravely still;
Annoying tongues will have their way,
Let you say what you will;
Then shut your lips, speak not a word,
This is the wisest plan,
And silence hurts tormentors more
Than any answer can.

[Youth's Companion.

THE CONSCIENCE.

An Eastern tale relates that a famous magician presented his sovereign with a costly ring, the metal of which possessed a singular power. Ordinarily it rested with ease upon the finger, an object of beauty and adornment. But the moment a wrong purpose or evil thought was harbored in the mind of the monarch a sting of pain darted from the ring through the sensitive flesh. The magician's gift is an emblem of that priceless jewel that is the peculiar heritage not only of the palace, but of the humblest home. Every one possesses it—a conscience, Heed its warnings.—[Youth's Banner.

A KING IN A DIFFICULTY.

The cradle that a queen should choose for her princely little baby must be a very grand affair, don't you think so? Perhaps made of choice or costly woods or even of a precious metal. In either case it must, you think, be most beautifully shaped and perhaps carved with the figures of sweet little cherubs, watching over the favored mortal baby as he sleeps softly amid his chests of fine linen and delicate lace.

This may all be. What made me think of it was something that I heard a traveler tell about within a few days.

The traveler had lately come from France. While in that country he had visited the town of Pau among the Pyrenees Mountains. In this town, high up, looking over the valleys, stands an old, old castle, dark and gray and gloomy. It was built in the olden days, when there was much fighting, and nobles and princes had to live in castles, with walls made so thick and strong to keep out their enemies that the blessed sunlight was kept out too, and the big rooms and halls were dark and dismal enough. Here in this castle of Pau, in the year of 1553, said the traveler, lived the old King of Navarre, and here, in this same year, was born his grand-son Henry, Prince of Navarre, afterward known the world over as Henry the Great, King of France and Navarre. He was called great not only because he knew how to lead the armies of his kingdom, fighting his enemies, but because he loved his people and tried to make them happy and prosperous as well as glorious.

So his people loved him, and after his death they cherished everything that had belonged to him with the greatest care. Here, in his castle of Pau, is still treasured the cradle in which the royal baby was rocked to rest.

It is a cradle made all of tortoise-shell.

Shouldn't you think it would break very easily? It would if it were thin and polished tortoise-shell, like a girl's dainty bracelet, which is almost as brittle as glass; but there is little danger of this royal cradle meeting any such fate—no more danger than if the shell were still on the back of the turtle, its first owner! The shell is not polished or altered in any way. It was taken from the back of the big sea-turtle (who had carried it so long, and thought himself so safe in his stout shell-armory and was cleaned and turned over on its back.

Then only a little blanket was laid in it, for the young Prince of Navarre was not brought up delicately, and in his very cradle was taught to lie wrapped in a rough blanket, instead of on soft cushions, amid luxurious linen and lace.

The traveler did not tell the friend with whom he was talking whether or not the turtle-shell cradle was mounted on rockers. If not, how could the cradle have been rocked without giving the poor little baby a most terrible jouncing?

A little boy, who was walking with the traveler and his friend, said that he didn't think the little Prince Henry had half so comfortable a time of it as his own little baby brother at home; and I shouldn't wonder if that were true. But, perhaps, after all, it isn't good for babies to be quite so comfortable. It may be that more babies would grow up to be strong and hardy men and women if they were not treated quite so tenderly at the first.—[St. Nicholas.

Rent whalebones can be restored and used again by soaking them for a few hours in cold water.

A KING'S CONQUEST

How the Late Ruler of Hawaii Captured Samoa.

One of the Most Ridiculous Expeditions on Record.

At one time during his career the late King Kalakaua had a hankering to possess Samoa, and, as this move involved conquest, he had to have a navy. By dint of squeezing his own money bags and those of his intimate friends he contrived to get together $40,000, with which sum he bought a small man-of-war. Hearing, however, that the Samoans were tolerably well fixed for defending themselves against invasion, the Hawaiian king concluded that it would be the real smart thing to make his warship still more terrible. Accordingly he converted it into a gunboat at an expense of $20,000, which sum he raised by further levies upon the gentlemen who were with him in the scheme of conquest.

These preliminaries having been provided for, his majesty appointed a goodly lot of naval officers, and they were all congenial spirits—not inured to life upon the billowy deep—oh, no! but thoroughly jovial fellows who could be counted upon as loyal to their king so long as there was a drop of cider in the royal cellar.

The last thing his majesty and these gallant old salts did before setting sail was to unite in a grand banquet at Honolulu, and having eaten and drunken to excess the whole party set off in a tug for the formidable gunboat that lay in the harbor. Now, as luck would have it, the sailors in charge of this gunboat, following the illustrious example of their king and his noble fellows, had also been indulging in a banquet aboard ship—not so much of a banquet, either, as a drinking bout—and every last one of them was hilariously drunk when the royal tug steamed up aside the gunboat and made an attempt to grapple thereunto. The sailors, fuddled beyond the conditions of responsibility, refused to let the new-comers board the ship and threatened to throw the whole lot into the sea if they set foot on the vessel.

This was a pretty state of affairs, but the king and his party had nothing to do but wait until the sailors got sobered up, and that was a long time say, twenty-four hours.

Once embarked and fairly on their way, the royal party resumed their carousal, and it befell that the more liquor they drank and the nearer they got to Samoa the less anxious they became to engage in hostilities with the people they had set out to conquer. But whether this was due to the liquor or to the gradual change of climate, or both, we shall not say, for we do not know. This much, however, is a part of history. When they entered the harbor of Samoa it was as friends of the Samoans, and disembarking they carried in their hands not the weapons of war, but certain implements and utensils of peace—viz: empty bottles, flasks and jugs, whereby was indicated a thirst not for blood but for a gentler beverage.

Well, King Kalakaua and his navy bummed around Samoa until their funds were exhausted—yes, and their credit, too. Then (for necessity engenders sagacity) they wisely determined to return home. At the last moment they discovered that they needed fuel to keep the gunboat going; moreover, the ship's larder required revictualing. Here was a pretty how-d'-y'-do!

The Samoans—inhospitable wretches!—declined either to give or to lend the Hawaiians the needed supplies.

"But you will trust us, won't you?" demanded the king. "We're a trifle short just now, but we'll remit the cash by next mail steamer."

The Samoans laughed a hollow, heartless laugh. There was nothing green about them. They were not on earth for their health. With these and like metaphors and allegories they gave their visitors to understand that they, as parties of the first part, would require cash in hand for the coal and victuals needed by parties of the second part. To make short of a long story, the king had to leave with the Samoans the big brass whistle of his gunboat, the two splendid cannons and all the small arms, as security for the payment of the debt incurred by the enforced purchase of coal and food sufficient to take the party back to Honolulu. In due time the whistle, cannon and small arms were redeemed, but never again did Kalakaua go in search of conquest or suffer his thoughts to be directed by ambition to the contemplation of possibilities involving either bloodshed or hardships.—[Chicago News.

A Florida tree gives milk.

New York's Oldest House.

The oldest house in New York stands at No. 122 William street. It was built in 1692, during which year the corporation opened up the streets between Wall and Fair streets. Fair street is now called Fulton street. Lots were sold by the city and one of the terms of purchase required the buyers to erect buildings thereon of brick or stone not less than two stories high. This house was built of narrow Dutch bricks brought over from Holland as ballast and laid in an imperishable cement, which is as hard to-day as the bricks themselves.

On the grounds immediately back of the house was shed the first blood of the Revolution. This was at the battle of Golden Hill which was fought two months before the Boston massacre. About eighty members of the Sixteenth Regiment of Foot (British) had taken up their position on the highest point of the Golden Hill which was situated on the block now bounded by William, John, Fulton and Gold streets. The sons of Liberty hastily collected some muskets and pistols and marched to the hill determined to disperse the soldiers and make them prisoners. Blood was shed on both sides. One old man was shot through the head, three citizens and five soldiers were wounded. The house was used at various periods before and during the Revolution as a tavern. Among its patrons were George Washington, Baron Steuben, General Putnam and Lafayette.—[New York Telegram.

Showers of Blood.

Showers of blood from the sky are very rare in this day and age of the world, a fact which makes their comparatively common occurence in the olden times only that much more extraordinary and unaccountable. In the "Annals of Remarkable Happenings in Rome" mention is made of 14 different showers of blood and other substances mixed between the year 349 A. D. and 1170. Besides these there were two "showers of much intensity, of which the liquid resembled pure blood and was not intermixed with other matter as heretofore reported." In 1222 we find record of a shower of blood and dust over the larger part of Italy. In 1226 snow fell in Syria, "which presently turned into large pools of gore." A monk who wrote in 1254 tells of a three days' shower of blood all over Southern Europe. In the same year a loaf freshly taken from the oven "did bleed like a new wound" when sliced at the table. In 1348 the great chasms made by the earthquake at Villach, Austria, "sent forth blood and a great pestilence followed." Burgundy had a bloody shower in 1561, and Dedfordshire, England, witnessed the same phenomenon in 1450. In 1686 hailstones fell in Wurtemburg which contained hollow cavities filled with blood. The last bloody shower on record occurred in Siam in 1802.—[St. Louis Republic.

The Opium Habit in China.

In conversing with a Japanese gentleman recently I obtained some interesting and truly Oriental inside information regarding the prevalence of the opium habit in China, in which country my informant resided for some years. He says that at home the lower classes, corresponding to our Celestial indwellers, are not, as a rule, addicted to the insidious habit. Opium smoking is, in fact, much above the average of their purses, but the mercantile and upper classes are, with some honorable exceptions, given up to "hitting the pipe." The very officials who promulgate edicts for bidding the people to use the drug are themselves, in most cases, victims of the habit, and the house of a wealthy Chinaman is pretty apt to contain a special room fitted up in gorgeous style and provided with a paraphernalia necessary for the enjoyment of opium smoking.—[New York Sun.

Cantilever Bridge.

The word cantilever is variously derived from cant, an external angle and lever. The principle of a cantilever bridge is this: Take two see-saws and place them in a line, so that the ends of the two balanced boards shall be some distance apart; weight the outer ends, and lay a board between the inner ends. Now, if you have anchored the inner ends securely, you have a crude cantilever bridge. The piers of the bridge need not be directly under the centre of the see-saw boards or cantilevers; they may be more or less under the ends of the cantilevers. The new Niagara bridge is a fair example of a cantilever bridge: the new Forth bridge is a perfect example, because its cantilevers are accurately placed.—[New York Dispatch.

Waking and Sleeping.

I.

The open eye
May scan the sky,
And stray the blue
From star to star,
But eyes that close
In soft repose
Can traverse realms
Remoter far.

II.

The eye unbid
By lash or lid
Can gird the ocean
With a glance;
But eyes locked tight
In sleep take flight
Beyond the waking
World's expanse.

III.

The eye, by day,
Can soar away
And grasp the green earth
In its span;
But folded eyes
Can pierce the skies
And their diviner
Secrets scan.

—[James Newton Matthews.

HUMOROUS.

The crawfish is an expert on side walks.

The bill-poster knows his place and there he sticks.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" as the tin horn said to the small boy.

Women are wedded to fashion and they love, honor and obey it cheerfully.

Talk is cheap, when you can send it through the telephone at the rate of 10 cents an hour.

Argument is often introduced to establish falsehood. It takes few words to make truth convincing.

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. Many a man who looks happy is wearing a shirt his wife made.

I suppose it's all profit in the drug business?" "All profit? Do you suppose we get fixtures and showcases for nothing?"

"Jane, the biscuits were like lumps of lead this morning." "Yes'm, I know that, but then I heard you say the master had to have a heavy breakfast before going to his business.

Minnie—Oh, yes, Jennie Figg was there, of course; and making herself generally obnoxious, as usual. Mamie—You ought to be ashamed to talk so. Jennie doesn't make herself obnoxious. She's born that way. She merely makes herself conspicuous.

Agent of Benevolent Society—The people of that tenement house on Kay street are wretchedly poor, but they are proud and independent. They say they need no help. President of society—Then how do you know they are very poor? Agent—I stumbled over nine dogs on their stairway.

First Public Mention of the Gold Discovery.

In the spring of 1848 San Francisco, a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, had two newspapers, the Californian and the California Star, both weeklies. The printed mention of the gold discovery was a short paragraph in the former, under date of the 15th of March, stating that a gold mine had been found at Sutter's Mill, and that a package of the metal worth thirty dollars had been received at New Helvetia. Five weeks later the Star announced that its editor, E. C. Kemble, was about to take a trip into the country, and on his return would report his observations. He went to Coloma and either saw nothing or understood nothing of what he saw, for he preserved absolute silence in his paper about his trip. On the 29th of May, after a number of men had left San Francisco for the mines, he came out with the opinion that the mines were a "sham," and that the people who had gone to them were "superlatively silly." The increasing production of the mines soon overwhelmed the doubters; and before the middle of June the whole territory resounded with the cry of "gold! gold!! gold!!!" as it was printed in one of the local newspapers. Nearly all the men hurried off to the mines. Workshops, stores, dwellings, wives, and even fields of ripe grain, were left for a time to take care of themselves.—[Century.

The English Crown's Rich Perquisites.

The total sum that annually reverts to the crown of England by reason of the owners dying intestate without known heirs, lapsed legacies, etc., is about $500,000. The exact figure for the year 1889 was $493,995, as stated by the treasury solicitor in the return presented to Parliament last session. Of the balances in hand, a portion is from time to time handed over to the exchequer on account of "crown shars of estates," and a part for grants to successful claimants.—[Philadelphia Record.